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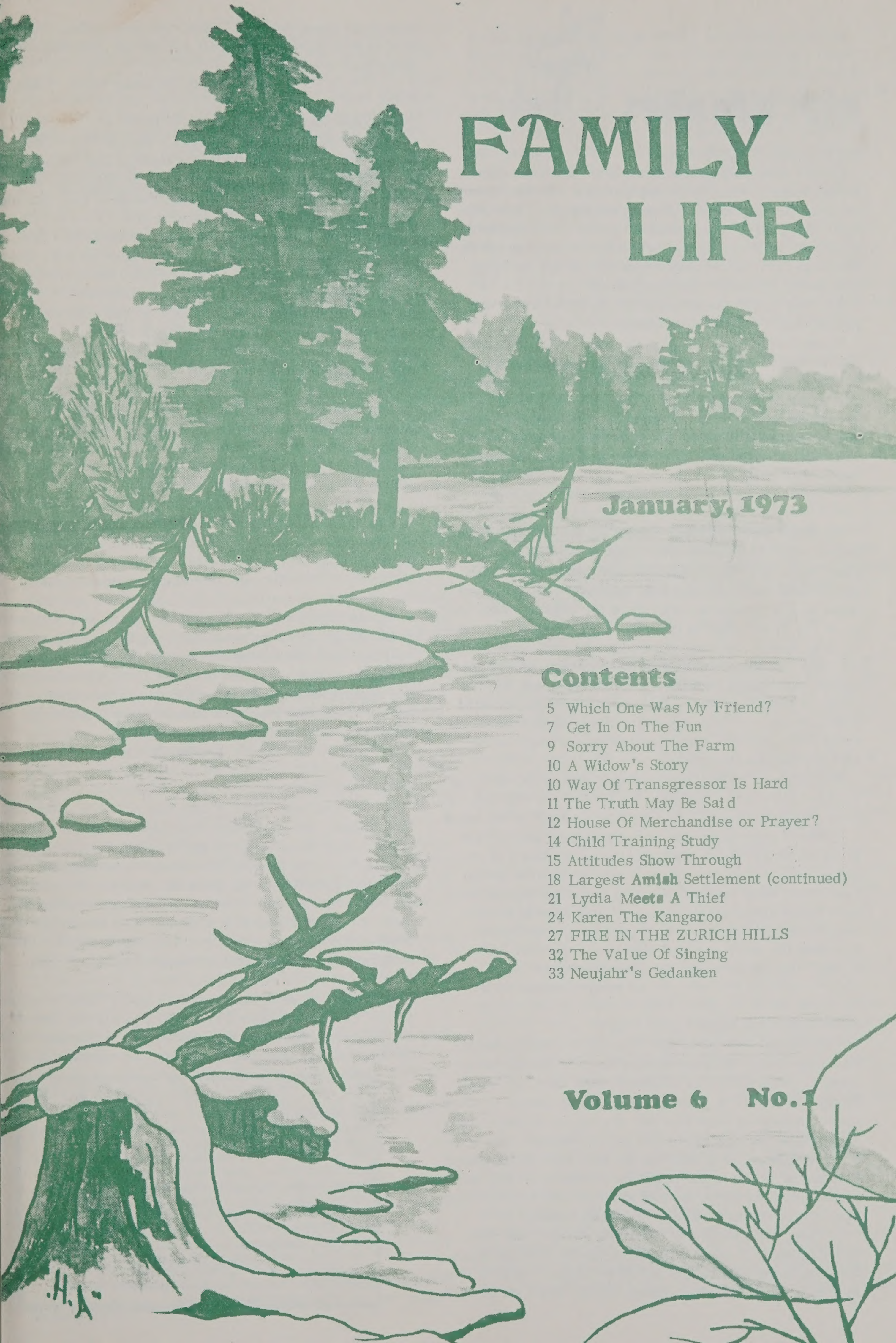

FAMILY LIFE

January, 1973

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Volume 6 No.1

letters to the editors

MONEY NOT EVERYTHING

I had a deep feeling for Annie (see "But What Does Money Mean?" October issue) and also for Dan because he didn't notice the many things she did for him. The farm was paid off but this didn't bring true happiness. True love was lacking and not enough Christ centered in the home. To be carnally minded is death and to be spiritually minded is life and peace.

But Jake and Iva were happy for he filled her needs and she did his. This is true harmony.

It seems the older we get, the more real life looks. And with teen-agers, we live and learn every day. Parents don't have all the answers but it is plain to see that money isn't everything. "The love of money is the root of all evil." If we do have problems at times, we can always look to God. If He wouldn't chasten us we would never be fit for his kingdom. They who sow in tears shall reap in joy.

—Indiana

I just got done reading, "But What Does Money Mean?" and it is all so true-to-life. I feel sorry for any married couple who has it like Dan and Annie, for I have such a kind and understanding husband. We also have debts and believe in working hard for a living. But I believe the little things in life are worth more than in seeing who makes the most money or who gets their crops out first, or who gets done husking corn first. It seems people are always running a race for the first and the most. I think success is the way we walk the paths of life each day. It is in the little things we do and in the things we say. It's in the person we are each day through happiness and care.

So husbands, take time to look at your wife, she may be tired right now. I think you will find out that you will have a happier home if you can feel needed for the other.

I think Family Life has many good articles the last while which bring out much needed points and has answered many questions we have been wondering about. Last week when we were working in the patch, my husband came along with the mail. When I asked what it was he told me and last of all he said, "Family Life." Just then the girls and I all chorused together, "Give it to me!" So you can see, we all enjoy it.

—Pennsylvania

HOW HER MAN LOOKS IN PUBLIC

The article "I'd Rather Be Poor", (November issue) was very good. It is noteworthy that the family farmstead is going more for neatness, etc. than for family living. Why this is, I don't know, but it seems a wife is much concerned as to how her man looks in public, perhaps forgetting how important it is to support him in the more important jobs with the family. How much better it would be if she would help him in keeping order and plainness in the home instead of being overly concerned that everything looks good around the house.

My aunt once visited in Lancaster County and tells how they were at a place where a woman came in from working in the garden and in rather ragged clothes. The woman said, "I could go change clothes but I would lose that much time visiting." And visit she could. My aunt said that was one of the most interesting and worthwhile stops they made that day.

—Mt. Pleasant Mills, Penn.

IT'S YOUR PRESENCE THAT COUNTS

"Have You Worn Your Brother's Shoes?" (November issue) was certainly worthwhile reading and perhaps one of the best articles ever printed in Family Life. It is as the writer says, those who have trod your path are the only ones who can actually feel for you.

We visited with a young widower recently who said, "The handshake of a person who has gone through something like this is different, it just has a bit more meaning to it." This places a duty upon our shoulders, We ought to leave our work and take time to go and comfort those who have had experiences similar to our own. We may feel we don't have the talent to say the right things but it's our presence that counts.

But on the other hand, if we didn't have the experience we ought to be careful what we say. A friend made the remark to a young widow, "It would be so much easier if you didn't have all these little ones to care for." This cut deeply for she loved the little ones dearly. How could anyone say something like that?

Just a few words of comfort from the inexperienced are better than saying too much. If we aren't careful, we may put ourselves in the place of Job's friends, where Job had to say to them, "Ye are miserable comforters."

—Pennsylvania

"Have You Worn Your Brother's Shoes" was interestin and so true. It so happens that I am the mother of several retarted children and recently one of my friends made the remark that she does not think that other peopl can understand the problems I have. After thinking it over a bit, I answered that I believe she is right for there is really no way in which they can.

—Pennsylvania

HELP FOR WHAT TROUBLED LINDA

We have enjoyed Family Life since its beginning and the children are especially happy when there is a Samm story. We, along with our young folks also like Young Companion. But we read with concern the ways of some of the young folks among the plain people. We are not o the Old Order Amish faith but still have a concern for them as one soul that is lost of any faith is one too many We do not like to see it when young people don't follow their parents Christian advice and the rules of their church.

A thought came to my mind as I read "What Troubled Linda" (August issue). The seventh grade boy wanted t do what was right or in Linda's words, he seemed to be serious minded and conscientious. But when he was 17,

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he was a different boy, smoked and dressed out of the church rules. Orpha said when the pupils left the eighth grade most of them were obedient, serious and sensible, just children but still showing promise. These children were still in the home under Christian parents and their desire was to follow them. But when they got out with the crowd and saw the things that were being done, the desires of the flesh took over. And why should they not go along and do like the others? The church can not do anything, for they are not yet members.

Wouldn't it be better for them to be baptized younger on their faith and desire. I know at that age they don't understand it all but neither do we. We can liken it to a man going out with a lantern. He can't see all the way to the barn but he doesn't stop at the gate just because he can't see all the way out. He goes on and the light goes with him till he sees and gets to the barn. In a spiritual sense, Jesus is the light and if we follow him step by step, we can get to heaven.

If these young people belonged to church and the church used discipline then maybe a lot of the bad things could be kept out of the church. I know this is easier said than done, but it's just a suggestion and I do hope a solution can be found for I know many hearts are heavy because of it.

—Mena, Arkansas

EDITOR'S NOTE: Some people feel it is better if young people wait until they are more mature before joining church so they will better be able to realize that they are doing. But if they are too young to be baptized then surely they would not be mature enough to be turned loose to go to places where evil things are going and to associate with companions who are apt to lead them astray.

According to the Bible, children are to obey and respect their parents, not only until they are baptized and belong to church, but afterwards as well. We believe the parents and the church should work together in teaching and discipline the children both before and after they are baptized.

GREET WITH THE HOLY KISS

You mentioned in Family Life (November issue) that Living Letters Paraphased edition have omitted the holy kiss. Our daughter talked about this as she and her husband are doing mission work in a city and she made a suggestion why it may have been changed.

The members of the mission church were not brought up with Amish or Mennonite background. We always take it that where it says about the holy kiss it means brother with brother and sister with sister. However, it does not clearly state that. She said they had a man who strayed but later came back again and was taken in again. They were so happy to see him again and one of the sisters greeted him with the kiss. She was so glad to see him and thought nothing of it.

I don't like to see them change anything in the Bible, but I thought this account might interest you.

—M. Snader, New Holland, Pa.

Some time ago Homer Kandel, a Mennonite minister from Berlin, Ohio was on a tour of Russia. While there, he met Kenneth Taylor, the translator of the Living Bible. Perhaps they were on the same tour, I don't know, but anyway, they got acquainted.

Several weeks ago Mr. Taylor came through Ohio and stopped in to see Homer. While in Berlin he saw many Amish people. He expressed a longing to attend an Amish church service. Just how it happened, I don't know, but out of the dozens of Amish churches in this area, Mr. Taylor, his wife, and two teen-age daughters were in our church two weeks ago today.

After church, he was asked about his translation of the various verses dealing with the holy kiss. His answer was that if we talk about the holy kiss, very few people in the United States know what we are talking about. To most people a kiss means sex. In fact, he himself didn't know much about it until he saw it practiced in a certain church in Russia. After seeing that, and also how it is practiced among the Amish, he felt that a footnote should be added explaining that it means a greeting, a kiss of love between two believing Christians. Also that it is still being practiced in some churches today.

Mr. Taylor said that he had always thought the Amish people were not friendly, but now that he had met some, he didn't find it that way at all. I asked him what gave him the idea but he really didn't have an answer. He must have read some books or something and this really shocked me. Is this how outside people in general feel about us?

It is true that when we are driving down the road and someone tries to take our picture, it is hard to be friendly. So many people are interested more in our customs and culture than in what we believe. Because of our dress we attract attention and what a good chance to tell them about the faith that is within us instead of rushing away.

--Monroe Beachy, Sugarcreek, Ohio

I am just another hired girl, so I always like to read about the experiences of other hired girls. I enjoy and appreciate my work. For the last few years I have worked at the same place so it seems like the second home to me. I used to work for families with small children and there were many trials to be endured but maybe they had to endure with me, too. I learned many valuable things in those days that have helped me since. I know that just a few words of encouragement or praise from the mother can do wonders for a hired girl.

I think it's so sad that so many of our young girls work in town and don't want to work for our own people. But aren't the parents responsible for this? And many of the girls dress in such a way that it's a shame and almost can't call them Amish. I am afraid money is the root of it all.

I am so thankful that my parents never allowed me to work for anyone except for our own people. It just makes me shudder to think about all those young girls working out. We just have to hope and pray that God will guide them so they won't go astray. But sometimes I wonder, is the Lord ready to help us if we allow ourselves to be found in such an environment?

—Hired Girl From Ohio

To the mother that needs her girls at home, I can sympathize with you. I have no girls out of school yet but hope to have in another year. I am very busy and like to work outside, too, but I can't get near everything done. I am looking forward to more help and think I will not let them go to work other places when they are needed so bad at home. But there is a difference. If a mother is in bed and has a lot of small children who need care for a few weeks then it is so kind of people to help her. I know I really appreciated it so I hope that someday I'll remember other mothers, too. A mother can rest better and become stronger quicker if she has someone to help out in the kitchen.

—Just another Mother

BETTER OFF DEAD

In answer to your question about Silver Creek Brave, the horse that smashed so many buggies,could not the owner have sent him direct to the butcher? He could have specified that the horse must go for slaughter and positively not sold to anyone for we know that some horses are bought out of the killer pen. Of course he would have had to lose all but about $65 of what he had paid for the horse. Would this not have been better than to have him sold by some unscrupulous dealer to an unsuspecting party and end up causing another serious mishap?

—M. M. ,Pennsylvania

EDITOR'S NOTE— Several people made this suggestion but the trouble is that even if the horse had gone for butchering, if the butcher wanted to be dishonest, he could still sell him to a dealer at a good profit. Apparently the only certain way to put an end to Silver Creek Brave would be not let him go off the farm alive, but then he would probably have to go for fertilizer.

FACTORY WORK NOT AN EASY LIFE

Ever since I am reading Family Life I see articles about working in the factory and also about being on the farm. First of all, there are two sides to every story and it seems people like to hear about the bad part. My husband used to work in a factory but he doesn't now. Neither is he a farmer so I can see both sides. I know that some things go on in a factory that doesn't fit to a Christian but why do people have to judge them all in the same class just because some out of the group do wrong. Farmers aren't all the same either.

If you would go around and ask all the men who work in factories, I wouldn't be surprised 95% of them would say they don't enjoy working in a factory. Well, then, you say, why don't they move on a farm and do the work they enjoy? That's easy to say but with land at $700 to $900 an acre besides all the machinery you need and the livestock, it's not that easy to start up on the farm. Usually the ones who think it is easy are the ones who moved on their father's farm and everything was set up to go. Not all the farmers are a good light to the world, either.

Everybody thinks the factory workers make so much money, but I also know of some farmers who make more money in a year than some men who work in the factory. It seems a farmer can have lots of hogs, a large herd of cows to milk, hundreds of chickens and many acres of crops to cultivate and sometimes they are out working way past bedtime. I'm not trying to point my finger at anyone, just bringing out some of the facts you don't hear about so often.

You also hear about the factory workers having so much spare time. We must not forget that in the evening and on Saturdays is the only time he has to fix the fence, paint the barn, shoe the horse, run errands, haul manure, fix broken windows, help his wife, and then there are times when he takes his neighbor's place at putting up hay so he can go home to milk his cows. Maybe if some of the people who like to talk about factory workers all the time would take their place for a few weeks, they would learn something.

—A Wife Who Has Seen Both Sides

LOOKING FOR A HIGHER CHURCH

I enjoy reading Family Life and I notice that mention is frequently made of a higher church. It seems to me, we should all want to belong to a "higher church." I mean the church that lives above the worldly things and wickedness. Our aim should be higher than the world. Our aim is Christ and heaven and we hope someday to see our Saviour face to face and meet with the loved ones who have gone to glory.

--Pennsylvania Reader

A PATIENT AND UNDERSTANDING MOTHER-IN-LAW

As I sit down to write these lines, my heart is heavy with sorrow. I just came back from the Grandpa house and my dear mother-in-law was not there. It is now six weeks since she passed away. My mind goes back to some articles in Family Life where people did not get along with their in-laws. I feel sorry for them and all I can say is that if I live to be a mother-in-law, I hope I can be as patient and understanding as mine was.

No longer will she have to stand in weeds up to her knees when she comes to her daughter-in-law's garden for a friendly chat. No longer will she have to step over toys and assorted other objects when she comes to the home of her daughter-in-law. No longer will she open her door in a good natured way for her little grandchildren and tell them to come on in. There are many more things that could be mentioned. But the things I have to complain about, I can't think of anything now. I am sure if she ever borrowed anything and forgot to bring it back that would seem very small now.

—Mrs. Harvey Miller, Illinois

MOVING TO A SMALLER COMMUNITY

In the discussion about moving out of settlements to new ones, I wonder if it wouldn't get so out of hand with the young folks if there wouldn't be so many at one place. I know of more than one large settlement that when there's a lot of young folks together, it is very hard to keep things from getting out of hand. It seems the parents do not have any control over them any more. Maybe if they'd be more scattered, they wouldn't be able to get together so much.

We ought to be concerned that our young folks have companionship with others of their age and of like faith but I wonder if it's good for them to be in a community where such large groups come together.

—Townville, Pennsylvania

WHAT GOES ON IN THE HOME

It makes us bow our heads in shame to hear that there are communities of plain people where such an ungodly practice as the open door policy is found among them and nothing is done about it. I agree that it is beyond the realms of understanding, and what is even worse is to have it brought before a court of the land.

When will ministers wake up to their responsibility as the head of the church and parents as the head of the home? We talk about what goes on in the world. Our fistr and chief concern should be what goes on in the church and the home. "Prove all things, hold fast to that which is good, asbrain from all appearances of evil." I Thess 5:21-22. —D.B. ,Iowa

MODERN HEALTH WRECKING DRUGS

So Family Life is not as good as it used to be (Dec. issue)? Well, I can hardly wait till it comes and I enjoy every bit of it, home remedies and all. How can anyone feel that the old fashioned remedies are garbage? It's hard to understand why anyone would say that the Amish and Mennonites are the most gullible people in the world, just because they believe in old fashioned remedies instead of always depending on the modern health-wrecking so-called wonder drugs that you have to wonder whether you're going to get a reaction from them or not. Sometimes the body has to work harder to get rid of these drugs than the ailment itself.

Maybe it's because some people are too lazy to brew up a cup of good healthy herb tea and they would rather run to a medical doctor and get a needle stuck in them and relieve them of a lot of their money at the same time. I guess we can't agree on everything.

—Delaware

THE BIGGEST "PEST"

Under the title of "Beware of Angry Bees" (November issue) you told about some of the pests which have been imported into America from foreign countries. You mentioned sparrows, starlings and now these angry bees. In connection with this, I thought of one more imported "pest" which dwarfs all others.

From the standpoint of the original inhabitants of the American continent, the worst imported species which came to this hemisphere was what the scientists designate as European Homo-Sapiens. These creatures depleted the natural resources and destroyed the wild animals upon which the natives depended for food. In many cases, they killed the inhabitants of the land wantonly or reduced them to "fire-water drinking parasites." They brought disease which were before never known. They constructed big and filthy cities and through the invention of carbon-monixide belching machines they succeeded in polluting the pure air as well as the land and the streams of the nation until they themselves could scarcely endure the product of their own creation. The Indians called them "pale-faces."

—Grant B. Martin, Hagerstown, Md.

PATHWAY PEN POINTS

WHICH ONE WAS MY FRIEND?

When I was a boy about 15 years of age, we lived on a small farm near Martinsdale, Pennsylvania. I had three brothers and three sisters and I was the fifth one of the family. When my brothers were old enough, they got jobs away from home which left the younger ones to help Dad on the farm.

Since we had only a small farm, Dad used to rent some land, We lived one mile from Martinsdale Country Store. This store was owned by George L. Witters and there were two acres of land that went with the store. This patch was in alfalfa and Dad made hay from it for several years, until the stand of alfalfa became rather poor.

So George asked Dad to put this piece under cultivation and Dad agreed. This is how I got the job to do some plowing in town and I looked forward to it. We used three horses on the walking plow. The thing which bothered me was that Dad had bought a young horse and we were trying to break him to be a single line leader. But this horse wasn't very well broke yet.

So one morning we got the team ready and started for the Martinsdale Country Store. Dad went along to get me started. He stepped off the ground and marked off where the furrows were to be. The lead horse wasn't trained very well but I did manage to get started.

Across the road was the blacksmith shop and hardware store of Harry Treich. He had a customer, a good friend of my Dad's and also about his age. They stood and watched me plow for a round or two and saw that I was having some problems.

Those alfalfa roots were pretty big, at least they seemed so to a 15-year-old boy. The plow would not cut all of them and every so often they would turn the plow out of the ground. I had a carriage line over my head and shoulders so I could slow down the young horse. I had my hands full with the plow and the big alfalfa roots.

The man at the store watched me for a while and since he knew Dad well and knew that I was his son, he decided to come and see if he could help me. First he checked the team to see if they were hitched properly. Then he checked the setting of the plow and made a few minor adjustments. Then he pointed to the line around my head and shoulders and kindly explained to me that if the plow would hit a rock, the horses might break the doubletree or the three-horse hitch. If this happened, they might drag me over the plow and if the horses got scared and ran away, they might even drag me to death.

I accepted the advice of this man and took the lines off my head and shoulders. So I kept on going, trying to clasp the line tight to the handle of the plow. This did not work so well as I had more trouble to control my horses. It seemed my problems had increased instead of getting smaller.

About this time my second advisor came along, and I soon decided the first man didn't know what he was talking about. I wasn't plowing for him, I had a horse to train, and it was not my neighbor's! I put the line over my head and shoulders again and things seemed to go better once more.

But I was not happy with the idea of doing this which I was advised not to do. Something seemed to ring in my ears, "If the horses take off they could drag you to death, drag you to death!"

Finally I yielded to my conscience and took the lines from my head and shoulders. I decided to face the difficulties as best I could. Later in the day I was glad I did for the triple tree broke and the lines were jerked out of my hands before I know what had happened. I managed to grab the lines again and got the horses under control. So I unhitched the horses, climbed on the lead horse, and rode home.

As I was riding home I did some serious thinking. I have not forgotten the lesson yet today. What if I had listened to the second advisor and had left the lines around my head and shoulders. Everything would have gone fine for a while but the ending might have been altogether different.

I sometimes wonder if the youth of today are listening to the second advisor instead of the first. Many don't seem to heed the advice of the friend.

HURTING OR HELPING THE LAMB?

It was Sunday afternoon and as we were coming home from church we saw that something was wrong in the pasture field. We have a group of sheep and some of them had lambs already. We saw several dogs in the field and they had a mother sheep cornered in the field and were chasing her. We chased the dogs away and for some reason didn't think more of it.

That evening at the supper table we told Dad about what we had seen and done. He seemed alarmed right away, and as soon as he had finished eating supper, he went back to the field to get the sheep. When he brought them home we counted them and found there was one lamb missing. It was almost dark so he went back right away into the woods which is in the pasture field and there he saw several dogs running around a trash pile. He chased the dogs away and then heard a lamb bleat. So he called for us to come and help him and bring a light.

The lamb had run into the trash pile and gotten into the middle of some old roofing. It couldn't go any further and it couldn't go back. It was wedged in tight.

Dad got a pole and tried to push it back for he knew it couldn't go forward. It hurt the lamb to push it and it struggled against the pole. But we knew of no other, way to get it out so Dad kept on pushing, even if he did hurt it a little.

We kept working, and pushing and gaining a little all the time. When he got it back up I tried to reach in and grab it, but it was still too far. The lamb would kick and struggle against the pole. It wanted to go forward, not backward and Dad had to use much patience to get it back.

Finally it was only six inches from my hand. Dad kept pushing it and finally I grabbed its leg and we pulled it out.

We took turns carrying the lamb up to the barn to the other sheep. Even in our arms it was nervous. Our dog was around there all the time. He would not have hurt the lamb but when the lamb saw the dog it became nervous. We tried to soothe it and make it relax for we would protect it from all harm.

I had to think, how much like that lamb we are at times. We get outselves into tight places and sometimes God has to hurt us in order to make us back up and get us out. As we bent down on our hands and knees to get that lamb out of the trash pile it came to my mind that God would not near think of leaving us any more than we would have left that lamb to die. He wants to help his children.

Sometimes we are like that lamb, we get into sin and the further we go, the tighter and tighter we get wedged. Our sins get a tighter grip on us. That is when God has to use a pole to put us in our place. How much easier it would be if we would give ourselves up when he wants to correct us, and follow his Guidance.

But even as the lamb was nervous after we had rescued it, so are we too apt to be at times. We ought to trust God that he will take care of us just like we were concerned and took care of that little lamb.

—Y., Missouri

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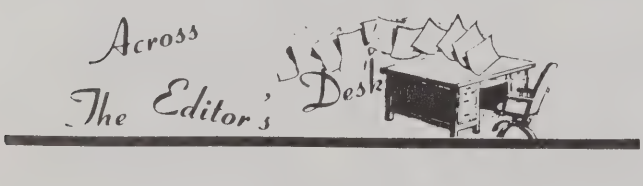
Across The Editor's Desk



Family Life has now completed five years of publication and this issue is the beginning of the sixth. It is hard to realize that this much time has already passed since we put out the first issue.

We wonder how many of our readers remember the first issues of Family Life. At that time it was something new, and for those of us who had to see about getting it out, each issue was a major undertaking. The cover of the first issue (January, 1968) was blue, and the picture was a typical Holmes County farm scene with a big house and barn, a garden and the "kettle-place" in the foreground and the rolling fields and hillsides in the background. There was even a man with a manure spreader unloading a load of manure in the field behind the barn.

The cover of the February issue was green, March was lavender, and the April, May, and June issies were green. In August we changed to a white cover with colored printing. Since then there has been little change.

For the first few issues there was plenty of material available but we somehow had a feeling that within a year or two, the supply might well become exhausted. During the first year every issue had 40 pages, but since that it has dropped to 36 pages occasionally. But thanks to our reader-writers, we have always had enough to fill the pages each month. At times it took a little urging to get the pens started, but many of the best articles came from unexpected places. It seems evident that many of the readers have the ability to write, all they need is something to give them the urge to get started. One of the greatest incentives is when they realize the need.

In the August issue there appeared a letter from a disgruntled subscriber predicting that at the end of the first year, Family Life would collapse because no one would renew. So far this perdiction has not come true. Although we do lose a number of subscribers each month, many of them come back later, and we always get some new ones each month. During the past year, the number of subscribers has leveled out and is either staying steady or increasing at a very slow pace.

Many different topics have been covered during the first five years and sometimes we think there is nothing new left to print. At other times we realize there are still more topics left than what have been touched upon. Also many topics that were covered could well afford to be gone over again.

The suggestion has been made that some of the articles we printed in the first issues should be reprinted. It is surprising how fast young people grow up and how many of today's readers have forgotten articles that appeared only a few years ago. So far we have not reprinted any articles, but a series of books is being planned covering the different categories of articles which have been printed in Family Life during the first five years.

As we start another year we want to sincerely thank each and every one of you who has supported us in any way, whether it was by sending in articles, comments, personal letters, or criticisms. We would like to again extend an invitation to anyone who feels that they have anything which would be worthwhile to send it in. There is always more time to read and write during the wintertime than in the summer. Even though we have a certain amount of material on hand now, we are always on the lookout for more to carry us through the year.

I would like to say again that we are pleased with the response to the child training problems. We urge anyone who has any constructive answers to the questions to be sure and send them in. Although we have received a good number of answers on the first question and also on the second one, we will need a lot more to make the study worthwhile.

Several people what written who were becoming impatient to see some of the results of the study. But because of the number of miles between Aylmer and Honduras, it may take a while to get it done in the way we want it done.

The way it looks now, this may well be one of the most important undertakings we have ever become involved with in the pages of Family Life. Truly the need is great, but the task is also very difficult. We will all need to pull together in order to accomplish anything worthwhile. Be sure and read the problems this month and every month and if you have any thoughts on the subject, write them down on paper and send them in.

* * *

HOMESICK FOR HEAVEN

Homesick- I feel it deep and strong
As I walk life's road so long;
But I would be patient and true
Earnestly seeking God's will to do.

As I turn the well worn pages
That endured down through the ages;
It seems I can almost see
Lovely mansions prepared for me.

The city's streets are of pure gold
And of many glories, we're told
Jesus is the temple and light
Never again there cometh the night.

Jesus will wipe away all tears;
We leave behind all earthly fears;
With Christ's help, I'll pass the test
And hear him say, "Come, enter rest."

And so shall we ever be
With the one who died for me.
I pray , Lord Jesus , do come quick-
Again, tonight, I'm feeling homesick.
- E.R.L.

Views and Values

By Elmo Stoll

GET IN ON THE FUN

There is an old, old story which has been told and retold. I have heard ministers relate it countless times in their sermons, and yet each time I find it as absorbing as it was before. The story comes in assorted versions, different in small details, but alike otherwise. Here's the story:

Two men were travelling down the road, each carrying a heavy cross on his back. They carried their crosses cheerfully and willingly, for they did not seem too heavy at first. But as time passed, mile after mile, the men began to tire. The crosses pressed down heavier and heavier upon their weary backs. They stopped to rest when they had to, then pushed on again, so tired at times thay they had to force themselves to continue on down the road.

At last the one man had an idea. The thought came to him that he could saw off a very small piece from the end of his cross and make it lighter to carry. It seemed rather a bold thing to do at first, so he hesitated to actually do it. But he kept rolling the idea around and around in his mind, and the more he thought about it, the more he wanted to try it. So at last he sawed off a piece. It wasn't very much, but it did make a big difference.

"Why, a person wouldn't even notice that my cross is shorter than it was before, just look at it," the man told himself. "But it's surprising how much lighter the cross is to carry."

The two men travelled on. After a while the man who had sawed a piece from his cross began to wonder whether he couldn't saw off a little more and make his cross still lighter. So he sawed off another piece. Again his cross felt much lighter and the man felt better.

Since carrying the shorter cross was so much easier, the man started to think about his companion, who was still struggling with his cross, as heavy as ever. "Wonder why he doesn't follow my example and saw a piece from his cross, too," thought the man to himself. "Surely he can see that the shorter cross is much easier to carry." So he turned to his companion, who was sweating in the not summer sun, "Hey, fellow, you really wouldn't need to sweat like that, you know. Just saw off a piece of your cross, and you'll find it much lighter. I did."

His companion walked on as if he hadn't heard.

So the man tried again. A littler louder this time. "I say, friend, why don't you cut off a piece from your cross and make it lighter to carry? You might as well, there's no harm done. I did and it really helps."

The weary man with the heavy cross paused just long enough to reply. He was tired, but he wasn't discouraged, and there was no self-pity in his voice as he said, "I believe I'll be given the strength to carry the cross as it is. When I reach my journey's end, all these hardships will then seem as nothing." Then he continued on his journey, as he apparently did not wish to stand and argue about the matter.

The man with the shortened cross shook his head and chuckled to himself. "Some people sure are stuck in their ways," he said, as he happily went on down the road. His cross was quite light, since he had sawn two pieces from it, but now as he journeyed along, he began to think of how much lighter it would be if he sawed off another piece.

So he stopped by the side of the road and again the sawdust blew in the wind. Soon another piece of his cross was sawn off and fell to the ground. He kicked it off the road into the ditch, out of the way, and went merrily on. Pretty soon he stopped again at the side of the road and sawed off another piece.

By this time he had only an abbreviated cross left, light and convenient to carry.

The man now walked on with the shortened cross. As he rounded a sharp bend he came suddenly upon the bank of a swift and narrow river whose waters churned over sharp rocks between two high banks. The man was just in time to see his former companion in the distance before he disappeared behind some trees.

"He gained on me while I was sawing off my cross," murmured the man to himself. "But I won't fret, with my lighter cross, I shall soon overtake him again."

He looked up and down for the bridge, but could not see one anywhere. "Hmmm," he said, greatly puzzled. "I don't see the bridge, but there must be one, for my friend passed over and has gone on ahead."

Then his eyes noticed a sign by the roadside, which he had overlooked at first. It read, "Your Cross Is Your Bridge."

It took a few seconds before the meaning of the message dawned upon him. The man turned pale as the color drained from his face. He reached with trembling fingers for the shortened cross which hung lightly from his shoulders. He held it up, his eyes measuring the distance across the dangerous chasm. In dismay he saw that he had sawed it off too often, it was too short to span the gap.

He looked around for another way, but there was none All he could do was at least try it, maybe it would be long enough after all. His hand shook as he lifted the cross into place and dropped it across the chasm, but it did not reach the opposite cliff. Instead it brushed on past, and fell, twirling and spinning dizzily into the depth below. His shortened cross had been easier to carry, but now it let him down in the hour when he needed it the most. He stood there is despair, weeping bitter tears of regret and remorse while his companion travelled on to his destination.

It's just a story and it never happened literally, and yet in a spiritual sense we know that it is happening all the time. We live in a day and age when along life's road we hear the sound of sawing as people and even whole churches stop and saw away at their crosses.

It seems that right now it is becoming popular again in the world to be religious, but a person has to wonder if people are really taking up the cross of Christ, or whether they are picking up some modern, abbreviated substitute. Modern man likes everything easy. From the moment the average American gets out of bed, everything is designed to be easy. It's easy to get breakfast with instant foods and prepackaged, pre-cooked everything. It's easy to get to work by stepping into the heated garage and turning a switch inside the soft-cushioned automobile, and easy driving with power steering and power brakes and automatic transmission. It's even easy to work, with modern technology replacing hand labor and back muscle. It's easy to call the neighbors. It's easy to find entertainment by simply turning the dials on the TV. It's even easy to spend money with credit cards and banking accounts. Everything is designed to make living easier and easier. In an environment like that, only an easy religion fits in.

And there can be no doubt that the world has sawed off the cross of Christ until today it's easy to carry. Just believe and confess, and you're a child of God. Go to any church of your choice, and if that's not easy enough, listen to a sermon on the radio on Sunday morning. If praying is hard for you, there's an easier way— dial-a-prayer on the phone and listen while a recorder says a fitting prayer for you. If it's hard to wear modest clothes in the presence of your friends, then never mind, go ahead and wear a mini shirt; God looks on the heart anyhow. Don't worry about repenting— no matter how hard you try, you can't save yourself. Just the other day someone sent us a tract called, "The New Birth." They must have made a mistake in the title. It might better be called, "The New Birth (Revised Version)." It's the painless kind of birth. The writer, a man from Waterloo, Iowa, makes special efforts to stress the fact that you have nothing to do to be born again except believe. Plus, of course, sign the blank at the end of the tract, but that's easy, too, for the space has already been provided, along with the following easy confession:

"I realize the need of the New Birth. I do here and now sincerely receive God's risen Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, as my Lord and Saviour, trusting Him to wash my sins away. I will stand on His promise, 'He that hath the Son hath life,' and when I have opportunity I will confess Him before men as my Lord." What could be easier than that? Makes salvation as convenient as a TV dinner. The entire tract does not mention repentance once. No, the new easy religion knows nothing of surrendering self, of suffering, no self-denial, no pain, no crucifying of the flesh, no brotherhood, no discipleship— in short, no cross-bearing.

The lives and letters of our forefathers were filled with suffering and trials. But today people aren't prepared or willing to suffer. In fact, some believe that coming to Jesus is not only free of suffering, but it's really more fun than anything else there is to do. Just the other day I found a startling example of this. For some reason a small monthly paper comes to our mailbox put out by a Mennonite Board of Missions. In the November issue a young person wrote about the blessings of being a Christian. He told how his life was at one time "dry," but now it's "full of joy and excitement." This theme runs throughout, the general idea being that no one has as good a time in this life as the Christian. He ends up his last paragraph with this admonition, "Get in on the fun! There is a big pile of blessings Christ wants to pour out on you!"

And ever since I read it, that one phrase has kept going through my mind, "Get in one the fun; get in on the fun." What a fitting motto for a generation of professional cross-shorteners. And what a contrast from the way Jesus called men to him while on earth. He did not walk around, inviting his disciples by telling them, "Come on with me, I'll show you the best time you ever had." Instead he made it plain from the start that the

Christian's life wasn't always an easy road. He taught that it was a worthwhile road, one that led to heaven, but it was a difficult road where many would attempt to travel and not make it. His invitations told of the blessings and rewards, but also warned of the hardships and misunderstandings and trials and sufferings. Jesus did say, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest..." but he also said, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow me."(Matt 11:28 and Luke 9:23)

Instead of making emotion-packed altar calls for an instant committment, Jesus seemed to advise men to count the cost first. In Luke 9:57 a man came to Jesus, all excited, his mind already made up to follow him. According to modern evangelistic efforts, Jesus should have said, "Yes, yes, sign here on the dotted line and you're saved." Instead it was as if Jesus said to the man, "Wait a minute, here. Do you know what you are getting into?" For Jesus' reply to the man was, "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the son of man has nowhere to lay his head" (Luke 9:58).

But let's not make the mistake of imagining that all the sounds of sawing crosses along the roadside are coming from the popular, worldly churches. The same spirit of seeking an easy way, an easier way than the Bible teaches, is among us as plain people. Little by little we have also become influenced by the trend to want to have life easier and easier. Many of the commands and requirements of the Bible look hard to us, and we seek an easier way. Following are some examples of how we may be caught in this: It's too hard to make our own clothes; it's easier to just buy what we want, even if it isn't too modest or plain. It's too hard to expect the young people to dress in the ordnung like the married people; it's easier to just overlook and excuse the smaller coverings, the shorter dresses, the way the boys cut or comb their hair and have no beards at all, or only mini-beards. It's too hard to discipline and rid the church of smoking and low courtship standards and other wrong practices which have been around for so long; it's easier to justify them, or just preach against them and hope they'll go away without disciplining. It's too hard to sit still and stay awake and attentive for three hours in church; it's easier to shorten the services, or fall asleep, or chew gum, or walk in and out. It's hard to learn slow tunes and be content with the reverent songs of our heritage; it's easier to keep getting in new songbooks and singing faster and livelier and repeating choruses and words in "vain repetition." It's hard to make a living working at home with the family; it's easier to work away and let the wife worry about the children. It's too hard— well, simply too hard to do a lot of things the way we know is right and the way we should. Let each of us think of the things and conditions that fit our own church and community, and then ask ourselves if we want to choose the right way or the easy way. The way we decide may make a tremendous difference when we come to that place in the road where we read the sign that says, "Your Cross Is Your Bridge." How sad if we take the easy way so often that our cross is too short to span the gap. There are two spirits with two messages. The one spirit says, "Get in on the fun!" The second comes with the quiet words of the Master, "Take up your cross and follow me."

SORRY ABOUT THE FARM

(This is a true story, but names have been changed for obvious reasons.)

Joe and Anna Mast were at the breakfast table one summer morning when Joe said to his wife, "Wouldn't it be nice if I could just stay at home this morning and get my horses ready and go to the field instead of having to be gone all day?"

Of course he knew what the answer would be before it came, "Yes, I've often wished you would be at home. The days are kind of long sometimes for the children and me."

"Maybe sometime," said Joe hopefully.

About that time a shiny blue pickup truck pulled into the Masts' lane and Joe was off to his job on the construction gang. Joe knew most of the men he worked with and some were of the same faith. He enjoyed working with them and yet he often found himself dreaming of having a farm of his own.

He knew his wife felt the same way as he did and it was often the topic of conversation at the Mast home. Joe didn't like the idea of being gone all day while his wife and the children were at home. "Someday," he told himself, "and Lord willing we will have a farm of our own and then I can be at home with the family."

Months and years slipped by and as the children grew older, Joe and Anna realized more and more the importance of an occupation where they could work and play with their children, to answer their numerous questions and most of all, teach them their spiritual needs.

Through the years, Joe kept watch for a farm but it seemed as soon as he heard of one, someone else had already gotten it. He felt pretty discouraged and often felt it was hopeless. Finally they did find a small farm but it wasn't large enough for Joe to be at home full time But their neighbor, Dan Troyer had a large farm and ofte had to hire someone with a tractor to get the field work done.

Joe and Anna decided to take the farm for they felt certain they could rent some land from Dan Troyer. If they couldn't—well, Joe would just have to work away part time.

At the first opportunity, Joe went over to Dans and asked if there would be a chance of renting some land. "Our farm is too small," he said, "and if I had a little more land, I could spend full time in farming."

"I'll think it over and let you know," Dan said.

When he got home Anna was anxious to know what Dan had said. Joe told her and then added, "If he says no, I'll be a very disappointed man. But it's his land and he can do with it what he wants to."

"Just don't get your hopes too high," warned Ann.

It was a few months later before Dan Troyer came driving in the lane one evening. As Joe went out to talk to him his heart was beating faster than usual. They talked about the weather and the crops for a while and then finally Dan said, "Well, I've decided to just farm that land myself next year. Everything's so high and if it happened to be a bad year, I wouldn't have very much left for myself if I rented it out...."

Joe tried to give attention to what Dan Troyer was saying as he talked on but for some reason Dan seemed so far off, he could hardly hear the words. ■■

A WIDOW'S STORY

It seems wherever one goes there are many widows. How often do we stop and think of the widow's lot in life? I am sure God helps a widow more than if both parents are living. Why do I think so? Because I've been a widow for many years.

When my husband died, we had a large family, from the age of 15 years to a baby yet unborn. I was such an inexperienced person to be left with all these little ones. How could I ever do it? Alone I couldn't.

For the first time in my life, it was as if an unsurmountable stone wall were before me and there was no turning back. There was only one thing to do, I must give myself up and put all my trust in a higher power. At first the road was hard, but as time went by, each day seemed a little brighter. During those dark times, I would feel that if we had enough to eat and clothes to wear just for today, I would not worry about the morrow.

The children were too young to keep the farm going so we sold the stock and the tools and paid our debts. We had $1,000 left. But out greatest need was for a house to live in. So we borrowed $2,000 more to build a house.

With a lot of help from relatives and kind neighbors the house was completed near enough so that we could move in. There was no siding on the house, no inside doors, no painted floors but we did have a place we could live in. The farm was rented out which gave us some income. The oldest children were able to do some work after school was out. I must say they were willing workers, even at the age of 13, and with the money they brought home, we were able to pay off the mortgage and the monthly bills. We lived on what was left. Sometimes when the taxes were due, we ate green beans and applesauce for a week or so. But we made out.

As time went on the baby was soon going to school. One by one, the children were getting married. Then I started doing housework, scrubbing, painting, canning and mending for others. At one time I was substitute janitor at a school for several weeks. Another time I was substitute cook which lasted a whole year. I also had a loom and at times I wove rugs for others.

We put siding on the house, installed storm windows, and added two rooms plus a screened porch for when the children grew up we needed more room. Finally we put water in the house, something I had never before had. Before that, our water was always carried from a pump.

How thankful we were for our good health. With the exception of a few broken bones and a car accident, we were always healthy.

How fast time has fled! It is now seventeen years since my husband died. Only the oldest of the children remember their father. As I look back, I realize I didn't always do as I might have, but I must say, I did the best I knew at the time.

I thank the Lord for the help he has bestowed upon us and daily I pray for His wisdom that he will care and stay with me until the day I die.

--AN OHIO WIDOW

IF YOU WANT TO BE LOVED

Don't contradict people even if you're sure you are right.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of others, even your most intimate friends.

Don't underrate any thing because you don't possess it.

Don't believe that everybody else is happier than you are.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.

Don't believe all the evil you hear.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't jeer at anybody's religious belief.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. Few care whether you have an earache, headache or rheumatism.

Learn to attend to your own business — a very important point.

Finally, don't try to be anything else but a gentleman or lady; and that means one who has consideration for the whole world.

Do unto others as you would be done by!!

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR IS HARD

(A true story, but names have been changed.)

Mary was a shy little girl, botn into a well known Mennonite family around the year 1800. She was never as strong as her brothers and sisters. But when she was a teenager, she became somewhat stronger. They lived neighbors to a family that were not of the Mennonite faith and as they grew up, the children learned to know each other well.

When Mary grew up, the neighbor's son, John, came to see her. Mary's parents were very much displeased and they sent her to live with an aunt. But John would not be so easily gotten rid of. He found his way to where Mary was staying and visited her frequently. Before long, a great sin was committed and they were married outside of the Mennonite faith. Mary's father was greatly displeased and many harsh words were spoken.

Mary's husband took his wife away from the beautiful farm to live in a city. Here they joined a church, but it was not a plain church. They were very poor and Mary seldom got to see her parents and her brothers and sisters.

Then one night Mary's father became very sick. Before he died, he said, "Go and visit Mary. She had a baby boy but she has hardly any clothes for him and they have very little to eat."

Then he died. Afterwards when Mary's brothers and sisters went to the city they found that a son was born to Mary the night before her father died. But she did have some clothes for him.

After that they saw very little of Mary for several years. After her fourth child was born, Mary's niece went to the city to help her aunt. They were very poor but her husband was kind to her.

The baby was doing well, but Mary's health was very poor. She just couldn't eat. Tasty foods were brought to tempt her but this did not help very much.

Mary improved some but ten months later the baby died. After that, Mary's health became gradually worse. Her mother went to the city and brought Mary and her family back to the farm. Here she was taken care of while she wasted slowly away. During the time she was sick she asked to be received into the Mennonite church again and she confessed that she had done a great wrong. She lamented the fact that her father was no longer living for she yearned to ask his forgiveness for what she had done.

Soon afterwards she fell asleep in peace never again to awaken on this earth. She was buried in the family cemetery which was on the old home farm.

Thus ends the story of a girl who found out that the way of the transgressor is hard. But we rejoice that she was able to make right her wrong and we believe that she did find peace before she died. How much better, though, would it have been if she had been obedient to God's word and would have honored her parents and have given them much joy instead of tears. At the same time she would have saved herself much anguish and grief.

- Pennsylvania.

THE TRUTH MAY BE SAID

"Yes, I believe that!" Liz exclaimed. "It sounds just like him. He was such a naughty boy when he was little and by the sounds of things, he hasn't changed much yet. I always thought he'd learn but it looks like he never will." Liz talked on and on, giving her opinion in no uncertain terms. Not only did she talk about one person, but soon she was discussing the evils and faults of others as well. It was so "interesting" that she could hardly stop, interesting to her, that is. Once someone was kind enough to remind her that this kind of talk was both unkind and unscriptural, but Liz retorted, "Well, it's the truth and the truth may be said."

Yes, the truth may be said. In fact, the tongue will say anything which the mind wants it to say. This small muscular organ has certain unusual characteristics which we would do well to consider. It seems to be functioning almost continually during our waking hours. Every time we swallow we push it against the roof of our mouth. It is capable of assuming many different positions inside the mouth, which when combined with out lips and sounds from our vocal cords, will say out loud what we are thinking in our minds. This may be classed as no less than a miracle, but sad to say, therein lies our main problem.

The Bible tells us that as a man thinketh, the mouth speaketh (Matt. 12:34). Jesus said, "For by thy words thou shalt be justified and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." (Matt. 12:37).

What are the words we say? Do we repeat everything we hear? How do we know it is true? Have we checked with the person to see whether or not the things we heard about him are true? No, we'd never think of doing that. What would he think of us? We'd sooner just keep on saying it around because after all,"We did get it pretty direct."

Proverbs 6:17 tells us that a lying tongue is an abonination to God. The consequences of this is found in Rev. 21:8, "All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone."

The next chapter tells us that outside of Heaven will be "Whosoever loveth and maketh a lie." It is a serious matter. Dare we repeat everything we hear and try to justify it with the thought, "That's the way I heard it so it must be true. Therefore I can pass it on."

The Bible tells us, "The tongue can no man tame. It is an unruly evil full of deadly poison." (James 3:8). But Jesus Christ can and will tame it. But in Thess. 4:11 we are commanded to be quiet. But what do we do instead? We must tell our best friend the latest juicy bit of gossip. Why not? It's interesting, so why not?

The results of gossiping are far-reaching. Let's look at some of these results. From Prov. 16:28 and 17:9 we learn that it separates friends. "A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city."(Prov. 18:6). You will probably not take it too seriously provided you are the one who is "just passing on" gossip. But if you are the one who is being slandered, you'll realize how deeply the wound goes. Solomon tells the wound goes into the innermost parts of the belly (Prov. 18:8). It takes a genuine Christ-like love to overlook and forgive such an injury.

Gossiping causes strife. Some people, it seems, get a certain enjoyment out of keeping the fires of friction going. He that soweth discord among brothers is listed among seven adominations in Proverbs 6. We are responsible for doing better than this. I Thess. 5:11 tells us to edify one another. This means to build up, to instruct and improve, especially in moral and religious things. How can we help a brother along in his spiritual

DIE UNRUHIGE ZUNGE

Wenn Mann schlägt mit die Zunge
Gehet es tief zu Herzen,
Es macht oft ein wüstes Wund
Und auch viele Schmertzen.
Wer weist wie hart dein bruder
Inwendig ist am kämpfen?
Tue ihn nicht afterreden,
Hilf ihn sein Feinde dämpfen.
Wie siehst du so viel Unkraut
In deines bruder's Garten?
Guck du doch erst daheim,
Viel Arbeit ist am warten.
Geh zu dein liebe bruder
Und tue dich freundlich melden,
Du kannst ihn nich gewinnen
Mit schimpfen und mit schelten.
Helfe doch dein bruder
Sein schwere Last zu tragen,
Er hat ein teure Seele
Lasz sie doch nicht verzagen.

-J. Graber

life if we permit ourselves to take part in gossip about him?

Very often gossip is slander. Webster tells us that slander is bringing false charges or misrepresentations which defame another's reputation. The Bible says he that uttereth a slander is a fool, but he that refraineth his lips is wise. (Prov. 10:18,19).

When we gossip we talk about others but we are really telling a lot about ourselves, too. We are revealing our own character by what we allow our tongues to repeat. What does the Bible say about out tongues? "For out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh. (Matt. 12:34). "Whosoever keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from troubles." (Prov. 21:23).

Let's see a few more things the Bible tells us as to what should take the place of gossip. "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how you ought to answer every man. (Col. 4:6). "Let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak and slow to wrath(James 1:19). "Pleasant words are as honeycombs, sweet to the soul and healthy to the bones (Prov. 16:24).

-Pennsylvania

HOUSE OF MERCHANDISE OR PRAYER?

The following article and the accompanying question were submitted by an Old Order Mennonite. Although the Amish do not have churchhouses, we believe they do have some of the same problems. The author wishes to have his name and address withheld because of the nature of the article and the fact that the suggestion which he makes would be a radical departure from what is now the accepted patter, Answers or suggestions will be gladly received. Address them to Family Life Editor, R.4, Aylmer, Ontario and they will be forwarded to the author.

Louella Leinbach hung up her wraps in the anteroom and entered the main room of the church house. The church was already fairly well filled but there were still a few of the last ones arriving. The big boys came shuffling in and filled the boys' side, the younger ones taking the back benches and the older ones sitting further in front. Then there were the young married men and then the older men up front.

"Oh, what an awful racket!" thought Louella to herself. "To think that some of it has been going on for half an hour already."

It seemed as if all the tongues were wagging. The men were visiting with the men and the women with the women. The young girls were jabbering and the young boys, especially those on the back benches were talking and laughing out loud.

"Yes, this is supposed to be a place of worship," Louella thought to herself. "But just whom do we come to worship?" The verse came to her mind, "For God is not the author of confusion, but of peace, as in all churches of the saints" (I Cor. 14:33).

When the first hymn was announced, the noise greatly subsided, for most of the people joined in the singing. Louella took her book and started to sing, but just then Becky Burkhart, who was sharing her book decided to chat. "Where did you get the material for your dress?" she whispered. "I really like that print."

Louella didn't feel like answering but she did not wish to be snobbish so she said, "At Shirk's store."

Becky then turned to chat with Hannah Nolt who sat on the other side of her but soon she turned to Louella again and gushed out, "I'm glad we came here today instead of going to the West Side. Frank Stauffer, the new preacher, is here and I never heard him before. Did you?"

Louella just nodded her head.

They say it goes a little hard for him," Becky rambled on. "But no wonder. I've often said if it weren't so noisy in church, the preachers wouldn't have such a hard time of it. Why, just look at those boys back there— how they're carrying on. And I think the children are so noisy today. I wonder why no one does anything about it?"

Louella wondered, too. Inside, she was thinking, "Maybe if each one of us started by working at himself, this condition could be bettered."

Harley Eby was at the age where he was beginning to take a deep interest in religious matters. He was eager to hear what the preacher was saying. But this morning the back bench was a-buzz with boys' voices. Occasionally a subdued guffaw would break out. Harley strained to catch the preacher's words. But the noise was so great that he found it difficult to get the gist of what was being said. He looked forward to the time when he would be sixteen, but now he almost wished he were six so he could sit on the front bench with his father. It would be easier to keep his mind on the sermon there.

Sue Ann Zeist was 12 years old. Although she didn't have a good singing voice, she liked to sing. Her family often sang together at home. Her parents urged her to help sing at church, too, or if the song was unfamiliar, to at least follow along in the book.

But this morning Sue Ann was too embarrassed to sing. Lucy High was sitting beside her. It was Lucy who had made fun of her singing the last time she tried to help, and had said she sounds like a grandma. Lucy and Ida weiler had put their heads down and had talked about Sue Ann and had giggled together.

"Oh, if only some other girls were interested in helping to sing," Sue Ann thought to herself. "Maybe in a year or two Hettie Rhodes and Nancy Showalter can sit on the same bench with me. They like to sing."

Marvin Zimmerman gave a jump as someone gave him a punch in the ribs. Then he whirled his head around and looked back. The boy behind him was looking the other way, but Marvin was sure it was him who had done the punching.

Marvin looked forward again and looked at his father on the bench ahead of him. His father had seen him as he turned back and now looked stern and shook his head. Marvin settled down again.

After awhile the boy behind him took hold of Marvin's suspenders and snapped them. Marvin reached back with his hand but the boy's hand was gone. Marvin glanced at the other boy's father but he appeared to be sleeping.

A moment later the boy reached up and grabbed Marvin's hair and gave them a good tug. This was the last straw. Marvin whirled around and gave the boy a slap. Before Marvin realized what was happening, his father's hand was pulling him off the bench. As he was towed to his father's side, Marvin was thinking, "Just wait till I'm eight. Then I can sit on the other bench and talk and pester other people like Lester does, and my pop won't do anything about it."

Frank Stauffer was uneasy during the singing. He had been ordained a minister only three months before and this would be his first time to preach in this district. Talking still went hard for him but he hoped that here, where many of the people had never heard him before, they would give good attention and perhaps it would go easier for him.

When the singing ended, Mike Bowman, the local minister, made an opening. After the silent prayer, Frank rose to preach the text.

Frank had been aware of a slight disturbance on the boys' side during the opening sermon but all was quiet as he started to preach. Could he dare to hope that he would have the opportunity to preach to a quiet attentive group. The thought gave him a measure of encouragement. The words seemed to flow more freely than usual.

But soon several of the big boys on the back bench put their heads together and began to talk and laugh together. Frank shifted his gaze to another part of the room so that the talking of the boys would not bother him so much. But here he saw two men talking together and one of them was motioning with his hand. Several little boys were tapping the floor with their feet. Frank's flow of thoughts was interrupted as he wondered where the little boys' fathers were.

On the other side of the room several girls were whispering together and holding their handkerchiefs in front of their mouths as if to cover up what they were doing. Two women were carrying on a conversation and were nodding their heads vigorously.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Another year? What of it?
But we grow more certain
Of the good things that we know
Less crushed by the trigles
And more confident
That benefits have been
Divinely sent.

So-- Happy New Year!
May the new snow fall
Upon the hurting things
The heart should recall
And when the bells cease ringing
And the sun
Has risen on another year begun,
May only love and faith
Their beauty trace
A lasting pattern
On your glowing face.
-Dorothy P. Albough

Frank's spirits sank. What was it he had started to say and what difference did it make, anyway? If only there were more attention, more hunger and thirst for the Word of God! Yes, he knew that many were listening and this thought did give him some encouragement. But to think how Satan must be smiling with so many gossipers in the church helping him with his business of keeping the Word of God from taking root. "The Lord can grant us only such a message as we are worthy of," Frank thought. "If only the desire were greater, perhaps He would put more words into my mouth."

Fannie Good was 72 years old but she was still pretty spry. She seldom missed a service. Fannie was a concerned woman and now as she knelt with the congregation she was praying earnestly for the church. She poured her heart out to God in silent prayer and asked His blessings on the young preacher who would soon stand up to try to expound a portion of God's Word to her and the rest of the congregation.

But as Fannie prayed she became aware of some goings-on which did not belong. A loud whisper from across the aisle interrupted her solemn thoughts and she could actually hear what the woman was saying. "It was the first time Linda Schrock was at the singing and she's so bold already. But no wonder! The way her mother was, you can't blame a young girl for acting like that. I wouldn't want to relate everything her mother did when she was that age, why when—"

The gossiper turned the other way and Fannie's thoughts were much disturbed. "How can we call this a house of prayer? That is, unless we are praying to the god of this world. If only everyone would be praying, maybe there wouldn't be so much disunity among the congregation and less worldliness in the church. Maybe then the ministers could preach sermons like the apostles did in days of old. What a blessing could be ours!"

Do these cases sound familiar to you? Although the above characters are fictitious and the conversations imagined, the problems are only too real. Perhaps there would not be so many disturbances in one church service, but is there not too much irreverence shown during singing and during the preaching services, and even (of all times) during prayer? Of course there will always be some noise where babies are present for this is unavoidable.

The question I would like to ask is this: What could be done to make our church services as quiet as possible? One suggestion has been made which I would like to submit. What would be wrong with the families sitting together, the father with all the boys on one side of the room and the mother with all her girls on the other side. In this way the children would not be so apt to talk nor would the parents.

It would seem to me that this would be worthy of careful consideration, at least for all the children to sit with their parents until they go with the young folks.

We would be interested in hearing from others who are concerned about these problems. Would the above plan work, or do you have a better solution? How do you feel about noise in the church? Send your answer to Editor, Family Life, R.4, Aylmer, Ontario.

CHILD TRAINING STUDY

By Joseph Stoll

PROBLEMS IN CHILD TRAINING No. 3

"Here, sit yourself down and rest a spell before we go back to work," said Levi Lehman to his brother-in-law, Isaiah Bender. Isaiah has come over to help buzz wood. They had just finished eating dinner.

Isaiah dropped comfortably into the rocking chair, and stretched his legs. "We should be able to finish that woodpile before choretime," he mused, with a toothpick in his mouth.

"Yes, if it doesn't snow us out," observed Levi, glancing out the window. "We need a little rest. Buzzing wood gets to be dangerous when a man is too tired."

"Say, did you hear about Dan's Henry?" asked Isaiah.

"No," replied Levi. "What happened?"

"He ran away from home."

"Oh, really," said Levi. "I thought maybe he had an accident. Well, that's too bad. Isn't that the third one of Dan's boys that's left home?"

"Yes, it is," said Isaiah. "It's hard to figure out what Dan's are doing wrong, but it must be something."

"But I think a lot of both Dan and Emma," said Levi. "They seem to be very much concerned and want what is right."

"I know, but they must have made some bad mistakes in training their children. The Bible says clearly, 'Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it.' If they don't turn out right, must be they weren't trained right."

"Now, Isaiah, I don't know about that," objected Levi. "You're a young man yet and your children are still little. I don't think it's so simple in black and white as you make it sound. There's a lot of things involved in bringing up children, and I don't think none of us do a perfect job of it."

"Simple or not," replied Isaiah with certainty, "the Bible means what it says, and I can't see how we can get around it. That verse says plainly if they're trained right they won't depart from it when they're old."

"When they're old," mused Levi. "Maybe that's the explanation. I think I've heard it laid out that way, but it was never clear to me. Dan's boys aren't old yet; I don't suppose the oldest one is twenty-one yet. Maybe they'll settle down after a few years and come back to the church and be good members. A lot of Amish boys do that nowadays."

"I don't know," said Isaiah doubtfully.

"Where's the verse found?" asked Levi.

"Proverbs 22:6," replied Isaiah. "I remember, because years ago it was on the front page of the Black-Board Bulletin every issue."

Levi got up from his chair and drew a Bible from the bookshelf. He paged through it till he found the verse. "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it," he read slowly.

"The trouble is," said Isaiah, "if boys like Dan's boys get into a wild life, they don't always get to be old. Especially not with those fast cars..."

"That's right," agreed Levi. "I'd rather think that where it says, 'when he is old,' it means when a child is grown up, when he is accountable for his own doings. If he's old enough to choose wrong, he's old enough to choose right."

"That's the way I feel," declared Isaiah. "The verse means absolutely what it says, too. It must be Dan's boys weren't trained right, or they wouldn't run away from home."

"But..." faltered Levi, "I'd be a little slow in saying something like that."

"Why?"

"Because I don't think it's that simple. Now take old John Yoders. They raised twelve children, and all of them turned out good except Cristly. Do you think they trained Cristly different than they did the other eleven?"

Isaiah studied a little bit. "I don't know," he admitted. "But I know that God's Word should not be taken lightly. If John Yoders feel they trained Cristly right, they don't need to worry. He'll turn out all right yet. When God makes a promise, I don't think there are any exceptions."

"But can't you take something like that too far?" asked Levi.

"Can't see how."

"I can," declared Levi. "If it's like you think, the parents decide the salvation of the child. If they train him right, he can't go wrong. That takes away his free will, his choice of serving God or rejecting Him."

"Er..." for a moment Isaiah was stumped. He had not thought of this before. But he soon recovered. "I still think Proverbs 22:6 means exactly what it says. It's a dangerous thing to take God's promises halfway, and depend on human reasoning for the other half."

"Maybe we'd better go back to buzzing wood, and ask advice from some other people about Proverbs 22:6," said Levi, getting up from his chair. "I'd like to know how others understand it."

WHAT DO YOU THINK? Who was right, Isaiah Bender or Levi Lehman, or were they both wrong? What meaning does Proverbs 22:6 have for us? Is this verse sometimes misunderstood or misapplied?

Do you know of any examples that seem to have proved this verse untrue? If so, in what way? What, in your opinion, is the cause when children do not turn out the way they should?

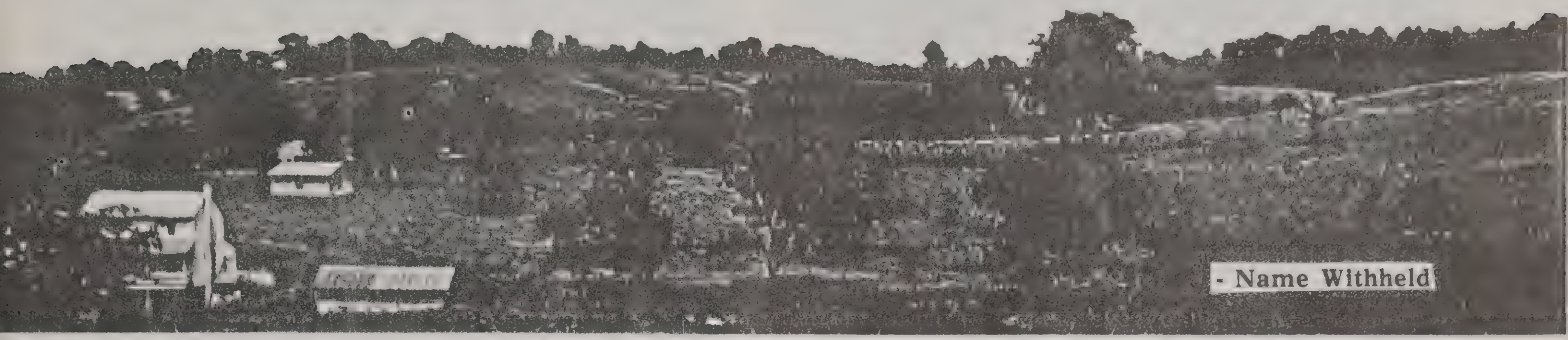
Why not write down your experiences and your observations, as well as your opinion on Proverbs 22:6, and send your letter to the address below. Express yourself just the way you feel. Your name will not be used, and personal information will be kept confidential.

Send to:

CHILD TRAINING
c/o Pathway Publishers
R.4, Aylmer, Ontario, Canada

Watch for next month's Problem in Child Training.

ATTITUDES SHOW THROUGH



- Name Withheld

"Wait a minute, not so fast," warned Abner Troyer as he pushed back his chair and reached out to catch two-year-old Rachel who stood on the highchair, ready to fall into her daddy's arms. At the same time Ruth, the four-year-old, slipped from her chair and ran around the table to claim her share of Daddy's lap.

"Ach, my girls," scolded Daddy playfully. "What are we going to do when Lester is old enough to want to sit on my lap after supper? I don't see where we can put him."

Ruth looked perplexed, but not for long. She could usually figure something out. "He can sit here," she said, patting her own lap.

"Well, I guess maybe he can," laughed Abner, looking across the table at his wife. Emma smiled in return, then got up and started clearing the table. She wanted to do the dishes before the baby woke up.

Even though the girls enjoyed Daddy's lap, they never sat still long. "Come, time to go to Mommy's" urged Rachel, sliding down and pulling Abner's hand.

"Let's help Mom with the dishes first," said Abner. "Then we can all go to Mommy's." He looked at Emma to see if she was agreed with his plan.

"You go ahead," she said. "I was over a turn this afternoon and besides, the baby will soon wake up."

"But we'll take him along," said Abner gently.

"No, not tonight," answered Emma in a final tone. "I'm tired, and--and I can't be running over there every evening."

Abner didn't answer. He just helped Rachel with her coat and scarf, then scooped her up. "Let's go," he said. By this time Ruth was ready, too, and waiting by the door. "We won't stay long," Abner said over his shoulder as he was leaving.

For a long moment after the others had left, Emma stood and rested her hands in the warm dishwater. She tried to quench the thoughts that were rising within her. She couldn't quite define the feeling, but she knew it shouldn't be there. And yet it was there, more forceful and stubborn than ever before. Was this what their life would be like from now on? For how long? Maybe they would never have their evenings to themselves like they used to have.

Emma's thoughts went back a month. Yes, it was exactly a month today that she had been doing the breakfast dishes when she had heard Mommy's frantic call for help. Abner had heard the call from the barn and Emma had seen him come running the minute she got outside the door. They had reached Dawdy's at the same time and found Dawdy sprawled on the floor, unconscious. Emma remembered how she had hurried around, helping Mommy get ready to go along to the hospital. Then she and Abner had followed as soon as they could.

Tears stood in Emma's eyes as she recalled certain scenes at the hospital, but the one that stood out most vividly was Mommy sitting at Dawdy's side, holding the hand of the one most dear to her. She knew that of the two, Mommy had suffered the most. She and Abner had suffered with her, and they had all hoped Dawdy would at least regain consciousness and talk to them, but he didn't. He passed away that forenoon yet.

A siege of loneliness for Dawdy came over Emma and she let the tears roll down her cheeks. In the five years she had lived with Abner's folks, she had grown quite fond of both Dawdy and Mommy. There were times when they had slight disagreements, but as a whole, they had gotten along good. But then they had been two separate families, living in separate houses. Each family came and went as they pleased, each living their own lives. But almost overnight this had changed.

Emma sighed and wiped the tears on her dress sleeve. Yes, she had felt sorry for Mommy at the time of the funeral and in the long days that followed, but she hadn't realized then how much Dawdy's death would affect her own life. She could understand why her husband wanted to go down and spend some time with his mother each evening during those first weeks after the funeral. No, Emma didn't minded at all; she felt it was their duty to help Mommy pass the time. But now a whole month had passed and Abner still kept going every evening. Usually Emma took the baby and went along, but tonight she wouldn't.

A cry from the bedroom interrupted Emma's thoughts. "Yes, Baby, I'm coming," she said, quickly draining the water. Her troubled thoughts were forgotten as she took up little Lester and saw to his needs. Soon Emma heard what she was listening for—Abner's footsteps on the porch.

"Mommy made a new doll," said Ruth eagerly as she came into the living room. "Now she has two and we can each play with one. Rachel had the new doll tonight, but Daddy said I could have it tomorrow night."

Tomorrow night. The words stung. Would the girls learn to look forward to going to Mommy's every evening? Emma determined to voice her opinion as soon as the little girls were in bed. And as it turned out, she didn't have to open the subject; Abner opened it for her.

"You know, I wish Mommy's house and ours were under the same roof," he said, bringing up the matter rather abruptly.

"Why?" asked Emma.

"Because it would be a lot handier," answered Abner. "Sure, as long as Dawdy was here it was nicer this way. But now it would be handy if we could at least go back and forth without putting on boots."

"Yes, maybe it would," answered Emma slowly. "But I'm sure there would be disadvantages, too. Like the girls—I have enough trouble keeping them at home the way it is."

Abner was thoughtful for a while. "I think Mommy enjoys the girls, as long as they're not down with her too much. It's a pastime and better for her than to be alone all the time."

Emma stiffened slightly. "But I need the girls, too. Ruth can take care of Lester real well, and they're old enough to run errands for me and things like that."

"Of course," said Abner quickly. "I don't mean they should be with her all the time. I-I just thought maybe a little turn every day wouldn't hurt them and at the same time, help Mommy a lot."

Emma didn't say anything right away, then she ventured, "How—how long are we going to keep this up—going down every evening after supper?"

Abner looked up as if he were surprised at his wife for asking something like that. "Why, I—I guess as long as she's alone," he answered. "It won't be every evening, because she sometimes has company. Dad's sisters will come now and then. At least, they did when Dawdy was still here and I can't imagine they'll be coming less now."

Emma was silent. As long as she was alone. That sounded like a long, long time. Years, perhaps. Steadily the feeling to resentment toward Mommy grew. Would she be a part of their family from now on? Would Mommy be included in everything Emma and her husband and the children did?

"What's on you mind?" asked Abner, looking intently at his wife.

"It's just that—that," Emma stalled, wondering if she should go on. But she and Abner had learned long ago that it was better to talk about their problems instead of letting them build up. "Shouldn't Mommy get used to staying alone sometime?" she asked.

"Staying alone?" asked Abner. "She's alone right now."

"But you know what I mean," objected Emma. "Like staying alone all evening instead of us going over all the time."

Abner was silent for what seemed like a long time to Emma. When he did speak, his voice was soft and a little husky. "I think Mommy does very well," he said. "I know of widows who wouldn't think of staying alone in their house overnight. I-I hope we can keep on going over each evening, even if it's just for fifteen minutes or half an hour. It doesn't take that much of our time, and it does mean a lot to Mommy."

Emma didn't answer. She couldn't help but think back to the time when she and Abner and the children had every evening to themselves. They looked like such happy times, now that she thought about them. "I-I don't think we appreciated our happy times together enough," she said wistfully.

Abner leaned forward in his chair. "What do you mean?" he asked. "There's no reason why we should stop being happy now, is there? We've still got each other and we've got our children and that's a lot more than Mommy's got. I think we ought to do for her what we can, and by sharing what we have with her, we're not going to be less happy. At least, not as long as we do it in the right way. Sure, there will be times when we'll have to make sacrifices for her, but let's remember, our parents sacrificed for us, too." His voice lowered a little as he added. "I can't help but think the day could easily come when either you or I will be in Mommy's place. We don't know which of us will have to live without a companion some day, but all I can hope and pray for is children who will think enough of us to help us when we get to that place."

Once more Emma's eyes filled with tears. When Abner talked like that, she couldn't help but let her heart melt. "I'm sorry I—I was so selfish," she said brokenly. "Tonight when you and the girls went down to Mommy's house, I couldn't help but wish—wish things were different from what they are."

Abner spoke again. This time his voice was filled with understanding. "I don't blame you," he said. "Life isn't always like we wish it would be, but we have to accept the things we can't change and make the best of them. I know it's hard, but after a while we'll get used to doing things we haven't been doing. It will be easier for all of us then."

Abner spoke in such a reassuring way that Emma felt confident that things would turn out all right. She resolved to try harder to do her part in making life more pleasant for Mommy.

But in the days and weeks that followed, Emma learned that making a resolution was easier than keeping it. There were so many times when the feeling of resentment toward Mommy would rise again. Along with the feeling of resentment came self-pity. She felt cheated — deprived of the privilege of having her family to herself. It seemed she was constantly sharing her children and husband with Mommy. It was especially hard to accept the fact that Abner did things for Mommy that he didn't do for her.

One morning after breakfast Emma thought Abner had gone to the barn. She was doing the dishes and the girls were playing on the floor. "Oh, come look how fast Daddy can shovel snow," exclaimed Ruth to her younger sister.

Rachel obeyed immediately and a moment later Emma joined the girls at the window. Ruth and Rachel laughed at how Daddy could make the snow fly, but Emma didn't feel like laughing. How could she feel happy when Abner had waded through the snow on their walk and porch to shovel the snow away from the front of Mommy's house.

All forenoon Emma couldn't get rid of her unhappy feeling. She did her morning chores, then cleaned off the walk and porch. "I must remember Mommy's old and can't shovel her own snow," she kept telling herself as shovelful after shovelful of snow flew out over the edge of the porch. Just as she had herself convinced that Abner hadn't meant to be thoughtless, she would give way to another feeling. "Surely, he knows I would have appreciated it if he had shoveled our snow, too," she thought.

At the dinner table the subject of shoveling snow came up rather unexpectedly. "Daddy, Mom can shovel snow, too, but she can't make it fly as fast as you can," said Ruth innocently.

Abner laughed, but sobered when he saw the look on Emma's face. Before he could say anything, Rachel asked, "Why doesn't Mommy shovel snow?"

"Mommy's too old to shovel snow," said Abner. "She might fall and hurt herself. Maybe when you're a little older you can go shovel snow for Mommy, then I won't have to."

"Yes, yes," agreed the girls, smiling happily at each other.

"Mommy's snow?" thought Emma bitterly. "Sure, it'll be Mommy's snow they'll shovel before they shovel ours." The lines on her brow became a little deeper and she finished her dinner in silence.

If Abner sensed anything was wrong with Emma, he didn't mention it. After dinner he took a little rest, then went back to hauling manure. Emma did the dishes and put the girls to bed for their naps, then sat down at the sewing machine. The house was quiet and seemed so empty. She found herself wishing Mommy would come up to spend the afternoon, but she didn't. Emma wondered why. Was it because of the cold weather that she didn't come up as often as she did before, or was it that she sensed Emma's feelings? Emma felt a little guilty and disappointed in herself as she realized how often she had fallen short in doing what she had resolved to do. Once more she determined to start over and try again. "If I didn't have to stay with the children I'd go down a turn right now," she said, glancing at the clock. But she decided against it. "One of the girls could wake up any time and if I'm not here she'll cry and wake up the others, too," she thought. "I'll just go along down tonight."

Thus Emma's life continued. It seemed to be a constant battle. She longed to be a loving mother, a faithful help mate, and a patient daughter-in-law. Sometimes it seemed like her role was too big for her to fill.

From time to time Abner's sisters came to spend the day with Mommy. They usually came up to visit with Emma before they went home. Emma enjoyed these times except for one thing. She sensed that Abner's sisters didn't realize what it was like to live with

Mommy.

"Our children think it's not fair that Ruth and Rachel can go visit Mommy every day," Cora said on one such visit. "I said they should be thankful they could come as often as they do. If we didn't have a horse I can drive, then we'd come a lot less than we do this way."

Emma didn't answer but she resented Cora's attitude. "She doesn't know what all we do for Mommy," she thought. "I wish she would exchange places with me for at least a few days. I'm sure she wouldn't put up with the things I have to put up with."

On another occasion Abner's sister Wilma came to visit. After dinner she and Mommy came over to visit with Emma a while. Mommy was carrying a pile of clothing she had mended for Emma. "Here are your things," she said, putting them on the dresser.

"I just said to Mommy I wish I could carry my mending over to the neighbor's to have it done," said Wilma. "Maybe I could catch up with my work better than I can this way."

Emma stiffened, the old feeling of resentment flared up again. She felt like telling Wilma that she and Abner did a lot more for Mommy than Mommy did for them. She felt like telling Wilma to take Mommy awhile and live with her, then see if living with Mommy would still look as appealing as it did now. But she didn't say any of these things. She just swallowed hard and tried to join in the conversation of the other two women.

That evening Emma was out feeding the chickens when Wilma was getting ready to go home. Abner had hitched up the horse and stood talking to his sister, so Emma walked over to the buggy, too. After chatting for a while, Mommy said, "Now the next time you come, just bring your patching along. I'll do it for you. It'll give me something to do."

"But don't you have enough work as it is?" asked Wilma, looking at her mother. "I'd hate to pile my patching on you. You work too hard as it is."

Emma turned and walked away. She heard Mommy say something, but she didn't understand what she said. "You work too hard as it is." The words had been like a slap in Emma's face. Did Wilma mean to say that doing Emma's patching was too hard for Mommy? Maybe it was. But Mommy always seemed glad to do it, saying it helped her pass the time. Right then Emma resolved that hereafter Mommy wouldn't work too hard doing her patching.

The next week Emma washed on Monday as usual, but instead of ironing in the afternoon, she opened the sewing machine and spent some time mending rips in the girl's dresses and holes in Abner's pants. But she was interrupted so many times that she didn't get done. Feeling a little guilty, she closed up the sewing machine so Mommy wouldn't see what she had been doing if she happened to come up sometime that evening.

The next morning soon after breakfast, Emma heard Mommy's footsteps on the porch. Her heartbeat quickened, for she knew what Mommy had come for — the weekly patching.

Emma forced a smile as Mommy came in, but then turned back to her dishwashing. "Sorta chilly this morning," she said.

"Yes, it is," answered Mommy. "Looks like a late spring, but then maybe once it gets warm it'll stay warm." She looked expectedly toward the dresser where the patching usually was waiting for her. "Anything to mend this week?" she asked.

"No, not this week," answered Emma. Then when she saw the surprised look on Mommy's face she knew she would have to explain. "I—I decided to do it myself," she said. "I—I didn't want Wilma to feel you wouldn't have time to help her because you have to help me so much."

"Ach, but I'd have plenty of time to do your patching and Wilma's too," objectd Mommy, a look of disappointment on her face. "Are you all done?"

"Almost," answered Emma. "There's not enough that it's worthwhile for you to take it home."

"Maybe you'd have something else I can do," said Mommy. "How about Abner's new pants, and Lester's? Are they ready for buttons and buttonholes?"

Emma almost relented, but not quite. "No, they're not quite ready yet, and besides, I need practice, too. I haven't done anything like that myself of a long time."

With that Mommy had to be satisfied. Without another word she turned and left. Emma wasn't sure, but she thought she heard a sigh as Mommy went out the door.

All morning Emma didn't feel right. She couldn't forget the way Mommy had left the house. But still something kept her from admitting that she was at fault. "I don't see why it should bother me," she thought. "If Wilma wants her to work for her, then she should bring her something to do. Or better yet, take her along home for a week or so. I'm going to see to it that she has time to do things for the other children from now on."

Around ten-thirty Abner brought the mail into the house. "I wonder what's wrong with Mommy," he remarked.

"Why?" asked Emma. "Is something wrong?"

"Not really, except I thought she looked extra lonely when I took the mail in," answered Abner. "Why don't you let the children go down a while this forenoon?"

"But I'm almost ready to make dinner and I need the girls to help me and to watch the baby while I work," objected Emma.

Abner had another idea. "Then let's ask Mommy to come up for dinner," he suggested. "She hasn't been here for a meal in a long time."

"Not today," said Emma, looking at Abner and pleading to be understood. "Maybe some other time."

Abner didn't say anything more. He turned and left. Quickly Emma went to the window and watched. As she had expected he would, he headed for Mommy's house. Fifteen minutes later she saw him walking toward the barn, whistling as he went.

Ruth had her sixth birthday and started to school. Rachel missed her sister and in the afternoons while the other children slept, she often asked to go over to spend some time with Mommy. Sometimes Emma let her go, but at other times she didn't. She didn't want Rachel or Mommy get the idea that Rachel would be coming over every afternoon that winter.

Some of Emma's struggles continued, but more and more she learned to accept the circumstances as a part of her life. She did what she could to hide her feelings from Abner and Mommy, and most of all, from the children. The children all thought a lot of Mommy, and Emma didn't want to do anything to ruin this feeling.

But if Emma thought she could hide her real feelings she was mistaken, as she learned one afternoon soon after Ruth had started to school.

It was soon after dinner one day when Emma looked up from her work in front of the window and saw Ruth come in the lane. "Why, here's Ruth," she said. "I wonder if she's sick or something."

But Ruth wasn't sick. She came hurrying toward the house with a big smile on her face. "Teacher had to go to the dentist so we could come home early today," she announced as she came in the door. "I'm glad, because I haven't been home except Saturdays for a long time. And on Saturday we don't have much time to play."

Emma smiled. "Go change your clothes, then you can play with Rachel until the little ones wake up."

Rachel's eyes shone. "We'll play house, won't we?" she said, taking her sister's hand. "We haven't played house for a long, long time."

Emma finished the dishes, then resumed her work at the sewing machine. Soon the little girls were setting up their "houses." Ruth was to live in the living room and Rachel's "House" was in the kitchen.

"Mommy lives here," said Ruth, walking toward the closet in one corner of the kitchen where the family kept their everyday clothes.

"Oh, no, Mommy lives with you this time," objected Rachel. "She lived with me the last time and now it's your turn."

Emma felt stunned at the girl's little argument. She listened silently for it to continue.

"But there's no place in the living room where she can live," Ruth was saying. "This is where she always lives."

Rachel was stubborn. "All right then, but I'm going to live in the living room and you can live out here," she said, already dragging her doll's bed toward the living room.

Ruth stopped her. "I know," she said eagerly. "We just won't have a Mommy. We'll both live alone like Dans and Freds do. Neither of them have a Mommy living with them."

Rachel agreed and the game went on. It took Emma a while to recover from her shock. She had a notion to make the little girls sit on chairs and give them a good lecture. But she didn't. She just sat and tried to untangle her jumble of thoughts. Where had the girls picked up the idea that they didn't want to live with "Mommy?" Both girls loved Mommy; Emma was sure they did. Then she got an idea. "Girls, how would you like to go down and play at Mommy's a while?" she asked.

"Yes, yes, let's," said both girls eagerly.

"May we take our dolls along, then we can each have two?" asked Rachel.

"Yes, I guess, but you have to put everything back in place before you come home," said Emma.

"We will," promised the girls. Already they were gathering up their "children" and getting ready to leave.

Emma felt a little relieved to hear that the girls were still eager to go spend some time with Mommy. But why had they disputed about "living" with her in their play? Slowly the truth dawned on Emma. In real life they loved their Mommy, but when they imagined they were grownups, they copied the grownup's attitudes. Emma cringed when she realized whose attitudes they were copying. They were not Abner's, they were her's!

Bowing her head, she thanked God for showing her this truth. Then she prayed for help to change her attitude. "Maybe with the influence Abner has been on the girls, it will not be too late," she thought. "At least I hope it isn't."

Later that evening Emma told Abner about the girls' argument and what she had been made to realize through it. Brokenly she confessed that she had been harboring ill feelings toward Mommy all along and also toward Abner for being so willing to help Mommy. "I-I tried to hide my feelings, but it must be they showed through at times when I didn't expect them to," she finished.

Abner listened soberly. "Our attitudes do show through, whether we want them to or not," he said. "I think this should teach us to be careful what kind of an attitude we take toward a lot of different things in our lives." He paused and then added. "We have to remember, this is one attitude that will not only affect our children, but also us later on in life. You and I are going to be "Mommy and Dawdy" when our children grow up."

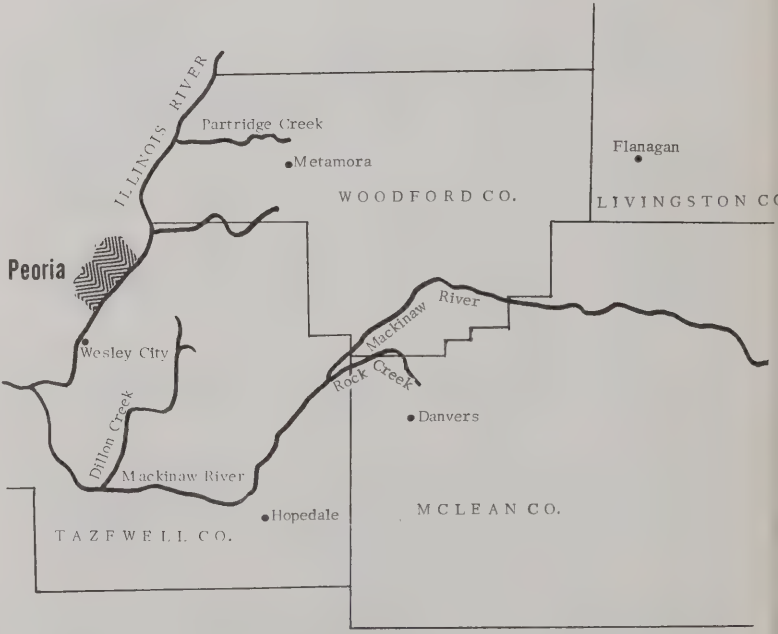
Emma nodded slowly. Suddenly that day seemed startlingly near in the future. "Yes, you are right," she said softly. "And this time I hope I can really change them instead of merely try to cover them over."

■■

YESTERDAYS AND YEARS

The Largest Amish Settlement in 1852

(Continued from last month)



Part 5: Five Congregations Are Formed

Between 1829 and 1852 approximately 130 Amish families located in Central Illinois. During the early years of the settlement the people did not live in compact groups but were scattered along the creeks and timbered sections. To attend church services was not the easiest thing for there were no roads and thus no buggies. Church services rotated from one homestead to another, and it was not uncommon for a family to walk 10 miles to the service or to travel 15 or 20 miles by wagon over the raw prairie. At first, services were held every four weeks and later every two weeks. People looked forward to the services no matter what the distance was. Not only were they glad to hear God's Word preached but also happy to sit and visit after the service. The Sunday gathering was a religious and social event.

The first group of Amish settlers to be organized into a congregation was the group living by Partridge Creek in Woodford County between the present-day towns of Spring Bay and Metamora. The earliest Amish families had arrived there in 1831 and had no minister with them. Then in 1833 Bishop Christian Engel arrived with a group of emigrants from Alsace. He organized the scattered families along Partridge Creek into a congregation, meeting in homes in the traditional Amish way. He had been ordained bishop in Alsace and was the first bishop in America to settle west of Ohio. For several years he was the only Amish bishop in Central Illinois. He died in 1838. His son Joseph, who had been ordained minister in Alsace, succeeded him as bishop.

The second congregation to be organized was the "Busche Gemein" near the village of Wesley City a little south of Peoria on the east bank of the Illinois River in Tazewell County. A group of Amish had located there in 1831. But since there was no minister among them, a congregation was not organized until 1837 when Bishop Christian Engel of the Partridge Creek congregation ordained a minister for them. The lot fell on Michael Mosiman. A few years later he was ordained bishop.

The third congregation was organized in 1837, the same year as the second congregation. It was called the Dillon Creek congregation and was located east of the "Busche Gemein" but also in Tazewell County. The present-day town closest to its location is Tremont. Amish settlers had hewn out homes from the timber along Dillon Creek as early as 1833. Some of them had reached the area by coming up the Illinois River by boat, but others came by horse and wagon from Canada where they had lived for a few years. One of the settlers who had sojourned in Canada prior to settling along Dillon Creek was Andrew Ropp. He was ordained minister to serve the new congregation and was ordained bishop in 1840.

The fourth congregation was organized along the Mackinaw River in the very southern part of Woodford County. This area had received Amish settlers in 1834, but it did not receive as many families as the above three congregations. In 1840 it was organized as the Mackinaw Meeting with Christian Ropp (a brother to Andrew Ropp of the Dillon Creek group) being ordained minister. About 1846 he was ordained bishop.

The fifth congregation was located along Rock Creek in McLean County. It is interesting to note that it was the last of the original five congregations to be organized, but it had been the first to receive an Amish family. Peter Maurer and his family had settled there in 1829, the first Amish people to settle in Illinois. It is thought that the Maurers walked from Ohio to McLean County, Illinois; but when other settlers came to Illinois they came up the Illinois River by boat. Since McLean County is inland from the river about 25 miles, the early settlers chose to locate instead in the two counties right beside the river, Woodford and Tazewell. Thus McLean County was slow in getting Amish settlers. Over the years a few families joined the Maurers, but it was in 1849 that the boom came. Amish families from Juniata County, Pennsylvania began moving in. In 1851 a bishop settled there. His name was Jonathan Yoder, and he was to play an important role not only in the formation of the Rock Creek congregation but also in the direction the entire Central Illinois Amish settlement was to take in the next 20 years.

By 1852 there were five Amish congregations in the Central Illinois settlement. Each had its own bishop. The settlement was the largest in America.

Part 6: A Time of Change

The Amish in America lived in unity for many generations. But by the 1850's there was tension between different settlements and within the settlements. Congregations still used the **Ausbund** as their songbook; the men wore beards and had hooks and eyes on their coats; the women wore large prayer coverings—there were many similarities among the Amish in America. But new things were creeping in. The camera had been invented and some Amish were having family photographs taken. Young men were beginning to wear neckties, and other customs in dress were changing. The ban was not strictly enforced in some congregations; some ministers were discarding prayer books. Insurance was catching on among the "English" and some Amish were interested and subscribed to the plan. A few congregations wondered if it wouldn't be better to baptize in running water, standing in a nearby creek with the bishop pouring water over the applicant's head. These and other problems arose in many congregations. Bishops were able to handle some of the problems but on others they did not know what was best to do.

In 1851 David Beiler, a well-known and strict bishop of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, wrote a letter to Moses B. Miller, the bishop at Johnstown, Pennsylvania: "I have often been thinking that a general ministers meeting is needed, so we could admonish each other orally with love, in humble spirit, with Christian simplicity, so that nobody would insist on his own opinion, but take the Word of the Lord as a guide."

A general ministers' meeting (Diener-Versammlung) was not held until eleven years after David Beiler made the suggestion. Meanwhile another problem arose among the Amish churches—meetinghouses. Actually the first Amish meetinghouse in America had been erected as early as 1795 in Chester County, Pennsylvania, but the settlement had become extinct within a generation and no other Eastern Amish settlement followed the example of the Chester County Amish. It was in the West, as the Mid-West was called in those days, that the meetinghouses were being introduced. A small log meetinghouse had been built in 1830 by the Amish in Stark County, Ohio and a frame one in 1848 in the Clinton district in Elkhart, Indiana.

The Illinois Amish had met for worship in private homes for a little over 20 years. But beginning in 1853 this changed. Bishop Jonathan Yoder, the organizer of the fifth Amish congregation, was the first to have a meetinghouse. Since his arrival in 1851 from Juniata County, Pennsylvania a large number of families had moved in. Many were his followers from Pennsylvania. Rather than divide the congregation into two districts as was the traditional Amish way, Jonathan Yoder recommended building a meetinghouse. His suggestion met with the congregation's approval. Material for the meetinghouse was hauled from Peoria, a distance of some 20 miles. It was a frame building measuring 28 by 36 feet and cost $500. Large stones were used as the foundation. These were laid end to end, and often gaps were left. In the summer months the church services were sometimes disturbed by the grunting of pigs which had left the nearby timber and sought the cool shelter beneath the meetinghouse.

The following year, 1854, the Partridge Creek congregation in neighboring Woodford County also erected a meetinghouse. Among the Holmes and Wayne County Amish in Ohio, meetinghouses were built in 1862, one near Walnut Creek and one near Smithville. By 1862, the year when the first general Amish ministers' meeting was held, there were seven congregations which had erected meetinghouses.

Part 7: The General Ministers' Meetings

It is true that a strict Amish bishop, David Beiler of Lancaster County, suggested holding a general ministers' meeting. And it is true that some strict Amish bishops attended the sessions. But is obvious from studying in which communities the meetings were held and who the chairmen were that from the beginning the meetings were under the control of the progressive Amish bishops, not the stricter ones.

The first general ministers' meeting was held in June of 1862 in Wayne County, Ohio. The host bishop, John K. Yoder, was in favor of meetinghouses and either built one a few months prior or a few months following the general meeting (At any rate he built it in 1862, the year of the first meeting.) If he had a meetinghouse in June, he did not use it for the first general ministers meeting. The 72 ministers met in a large barn three miles east of Smithville. A morning and afternoon session were held on four consecutive days.

The first session of the general ministers' meeting in Wayne County opened with a German song. Then Bishop Jonathan Yoder of Illinois stood up and gave a short admonition (Vermahnung) which was followed by a prayer by Bishop Elias Riehl of Union County, Pennsylvania. When the prayer was finished and the ministers were again seated, Jonathan Yoder rose once more and talked briefly about love, peace, likemindedness, and unity. He then told how it came about that a general meeting had been called, the necessity and weightiness of such a gathering. Next he motioned that a chairman be appointed. Someone nominated Bishop Solomon Yoder of Long Green, Maryland but he declined. Then Jonathan Yoder himself was nominated and accepted. Bishop John Esch of Juniata Co., Pennsylvania was appointed as his assistant.

It is interesting to note that Jonathan Yoder of Illinois was the first speaker at the ministers' meeting and seemingly was in charge of it even before his official appointment. This seems odd for the meeting was held in Wayne County, Ohio, not in his home community. It would seem more natural for the host bishop, John K. Yoder, to have presided at the opening of the meeting. Had Jonathan Yoder, perhaps, been the main promoter and organizer of the general ministers' meeting and thus was expected to make the opening speech? History does not tell us the answer, but it is fairly safe to assume that such was the case.

During the four days of morning and afternoon sessions at the meeting, a number of questions and problems were discussed. Quite a bit of time was spent in trying to heal the break which had occurred between the Amish in Holmes and Wayne counties and between the Elkhart and Lagrange County Amish. The stricter bishops felt that the liberal ones should put away their offensive things to make peace. But the advice of the leading bishops at the meeting was that the stricter bishops should bear with (geduld) the more liberal ones. Their advice might be summed up in the words spoken by the chairman, Jonathan Yoder: "Bear one another and forgive one another, if anyone has a complaint against the other." Such advice sounds good on the surface and is good, if used in the right way. But at the first general ministers meeting it meant that the stricter bishops should be quiet. So instead of the ministers meeting being an aid in stopping drift in the Amish church, it opened the door and let the changes in.

A year later in May of 1863 the second general ministers' meeting was held. This time it took place in Mifflin County, Pennsylvania. Only about half as many ministers were present as had attended the previous year in Ohio. The reason for this was probably that the location for the second meeting was not as centrally located as the first. The host bishop, S. R. Beiler, opened the meeting. Bishop Abner Yoder of Somerset County was named as chairman and Jonathan Yoder of Illinois as his assistant.

During the morning session on the second day a question arose which had not arisen the year before. The host bishop asked; "Can meetinghouses be tolerated according to the Gospel?" The first person to answer this was Jonathan Yoder. He said that it was necessary to have a meetinghouse in his McLean County, Illinois church because the congregation was large and the houses small. (He did not mention the possibility of dividing the congregation into two districts as had been the Amish pattern for years.) He also said he did not feel that a meetinghouse was unscriptural because Jesus preached in the Temple, Jewish schools, on the mountain, and wherever he had the opportunity. John K. Yoder of Wayne County, Ohio then said he had allowed a meetinghouse in his congregation because so many members had wanted one, saying their houses were too small. Jonathan Yoder then added that he felt better order could be kept in a meetinghouse than in homes. Bishop Abraham Mast of Holmes County then agreed, saying, "By us, we feel a meetinghouse is a good thing."

Barely a word of opposition to meetinghouses was spoken. Bishop Abraham Peachey of Mifflin County mildly stated that he had nothing against others having meetinghouses but didn't care to have any in his community. Jonas Peachey of Maryland had nothing against them if they were necessary, but he wondered if they were necessary everywhere. The fact that such an innovation was readily accepted by the general ministers' meeting without any strong opposition shows which way the presiding bishops were heading.

The general ministers' meetings continued to be held annually (except in 1877) for the next fifteen years. The fifth meeting was hosted by Jonathan Yoder's Rock Creek congregation in Central Illinois. By then Jonathan Yoder was an elderly man, 73. He was still a bishop but had ordained a younger man, Joseph Stuckey, in 1864, to assist him as bishop. A year after the meeting was held in his community, Jonathan Yoder passed away. He had served the Amish church in Central Illinois for 28 years and had had a great influence on it. As a Mennonite historian writes: "He was progressive when compared with the other Amish bishops of his day. He very often showed a liberal attitude toward new things that came up."

The final general ministers' meeting was held in 1878 in Woodford County, Illinois. After that session the ministers decided to discontinue holding the meetings. They saw that the meetings were failing to restore unity among the Amish in America. The stricter bishops had by now given up hope of holding the progressive ones back. And the progressive bishops had grown tired of being reminded of "the old way." The meetings had begun in 1862 with the hope of arriving at new unity, but the only new unity which was reached was among the progressive bishops. For them the annual meetings had served as a welding force. They soon formed three regional conferences of their own: Indiana-Michigan District Conference; Western District Conference; Eastern District Conference. Altogether there were approximately 70 congregations. They no longer referred to themselves simply as "Amish" but adopted the term "Amish-Mennonite" which was very fitting, for they were a church between the Amish and the Mennonites. It has been estimated that two-thirds of the Amish in America went with this liberal movement, the other one-third remaining Amish and called themselves "Old Order Amish." The Amish-Mennonites continued to change, and by 1927 nearly all the congregations had dropped the term "Amish" and had united with the Mennonite Church.

Part 8: Broken Into Pieces

When the railroads came to Central Illinois in the 1850's and the prairie was beginning to be drained with ditches, the Amish began moving from the creeks and timber land onto the open prairie. Two prairie congregations were organized, raising the total to seven Amish congregations in Central Illinois. The first prairie congregation was organized in 1855 near Hopedale; Christian Nafziger was ordained minister and five years later bishop. The second prairie congregation was organized in 1860 near Flanagan barely over the Livingston County line, directly east of Woodford Co. and north of McLean Co.

By 1860 there were seven Amish congregations in Central Illinois—all of them in harmony. But by 1868 the harmony began to break. In the "Busche Gemein" along the Illinois River near Wesley City the bishop, Michael Mosiman, and a fellow minister, Nicholas Roth, led most of their congregation in a church split. They became followers of Bishop Henry Egly of Adams County, Indiana who had left the Amish church there to establish his own church. He believed in a more personal religious conversion. The group was called "Egly Amish" at first but adopted the official name of "Defenfless Mennonites;" in 1953 the name was changed to "Evangelical Mennonite Church." The Amish members in the "Busche Gemein" who did not join this new group affiliated with the Dillion Creek Amish congregation to the east of them, for their own congregation died out because so many went with the Egly split. A few members joined the "Egly Amish" from the Dillion Creek congregation and the Flanagan prairie congregation, but the "Busche Gemein" was the only Illinois congregation that went extinct because of it.

In 1872, four years after the "Busche Gemein" near Wesley City went with the Egly division, another division occurred in Central Illinois. This time it concerned the Rock Creek congregation. This was the congregation which Jonathan Yoder had been bishop of until his death in 1869. The present bishop was Joseph Stuckey. The Stuckey family had been a charter member of the Rock Creek congregation. Joseph Stuckey had been one of the chief promoters in the building of the church house in 1853. In April of 1860 he was ordained minister by Jonathan Yoder and bishop in 1864. The problem which arose concerned a member, Joseph Yoder, of the Rock

Creek congregation.

Joseph Yoder was a brother to the deceased Bishop Jonathan Yoder. He was "eccentric in his ways and very liberal in his religious views." He was a Bible student and his interpretation of Scripture did not always correspond to that of the church. He enjoyed writing poems and expressed his religious views in them. At one of the general ministers' meetings he had someone distribute some of his poems. The Amish bishops denounced them, especially "Die frohe Botschaft" which upheld the idea of universal salvation—that God is so merciful that all men will be allowed a place in heaven.

Joseph Yoder's poetry was discussed at the general ministers' meetings for several years (1870-1872). The bishops asked Bishop Stuckey to expell Joseph Yoder from his congregation, for he refused to give up his views. Bishop Stuckey held Joseph back from communion, but he refused to expell him. After meeting with Bishop Stuckey, Amish bishops elsewhere declared they could not consider him any longer in harmony with the Amish church. From 1872 on Bishop Stuckey took his congregation on an independent course. Locally his followers were called "Stuckey Amish" but they referred to their church as the "Central Illinois Mennonite Conference." By 1914 it consisted of congregations in other areas besides Central Illinois, so the name was changed to "Central Conference Mennonite Church." At that time there were 21 congregations in Illinois, Indiana, and Nebraska. Concerning this growth one historian writes: "It can truthfully be said that he (Joseph Stuckey) was always willing to assist through his effective leadership where a group of people were without conference affiliation or the proper leadership to make progress." In other words he was always ready to help liberal church members who wanted to leave their congregations. By 1945 this group had merged with the General Conference Mennonite Church, a liberal element which had broken off from the Mennonite Church in the 1850's.

By 1878 the seven congregations in the Central Illinois Amish settlement had broken into three pieces: Egly Amish (one congregation), Stuckey Amish (one congregation), and Amish-Mennonites (five congregations). None remained with the Old Order Amish. Thus, present-day Amish know little of the settlement which flourished in Central Illinois and was once the largest Amish settlement in America. Gone, too, are a variety of once-familiar Amish family names: Ackerman, Auer, Bachman, Beck, Beller, Belsely, Birkey, Danner, Ehrisman, Engel, Farni, Graybill, Guth, Heiser, Kennel, Kissler, Klopfenstein, Litwiller, Martin, Maurer, Mosiman, Nafziger, Ramseyer, Rediger, Roggy, Roth, Rusche, Schertz, Schlegel, Schweitzer, Springer, Stubhar, Stuckey, Summer, Ulrich, Unsicker, Verkler, and Yordy.

CHILDREN'S SECTION

Lydia Meets A Thief

-by Elizabeth Miller

In this story, the thief that Lydia Keim meets up with is not a man with a mask on his face and a gun in his hand—but he's a dangerous thief just the same.

Lydia Keim sat on the smooth hard bench, trying to keep her mind on the sermon. But no matter how hard she tried to listen to what the minister was saying, she couldn't keep from thinking about the good time she hoped to have that afternoon. That morning before church began, Alma Nissley had invited Lydia and a few of the other girls to go home with her.

"I hope Mom will let me go," thought Lydia. "I think she will, because I haven't been to any of the girls' homes for a long time."

When the preacher finally picked up the Testament to read a chapter, Lydia glanced at the clock. It was only a quarter after eleven. "Good," she thought. "Church will leave out early today." But then she rebuked herself for letting such thoughts come. She knew that the time she spent in church was supposed to be the most important time in her life. She was glad they had the privilege of worshipping God like they did. Just today she had heard the minister preach how the Anabaptists had not had this freedom. They had to gather in secret on dark, rainy nights when the weather was too bad for other people to be out. Even then they were sometimes caught and put into prison and even killed for their faith. When Lydia thought about these things, she felt ashamed of herself for wishing the church service would be over so she could go home with her friend and have a good time.

Evidently Lydia wasn't the only girl who kept thinking about the afternoon in time of church. At least, when the services were over, four girls immediately gathered in a group and smiled eagerly at each other. "Let's go ask our mothers if we may go," Lydia suggested.

"Let's go right away," Alma said. "I can make sandwiches for us at home. That way we'll have more time."

If the girls thought Alma's plan was a good one, the mothers didn't. All of them said their girls could go to the Nissley's after lunch, but not a minute sooner. Even then, it wasn't late when the four girls went out to the summer kitchen to put on their wraps.

"Oh-h-h, look at Alma's new coat," exclaimed Rachel Miller.

"Hey, that's nice," said Naomi Troyer, running her hand over the soft-textured material. "Did your mom make it?"

"No, my aunt did," answered Alma. "Aunt Sarah sews for other people and she's pretty good at it."

"Well, she really did a good job with your coat," said

Rachel. "I wish I had a new coat. I need it."

Lydia didn't say anything. It wouldn't be the truth if she said she needed a new coat, because hers was almost new. But it wasn't nearly as nice as Alma's.

New coats were soon forgotten as the four girls finished bundling up, then left the house. "Oh, it's bright out here," exclaimed Lydia, squinting her eyes. The sun shining on the white snow made the world a mass of dazzling whiteness.

"We'll get used to it after a while," said Naomi.

"I'm going to put on my sunglasses," said Alma, reaching into her coat pocket and bringing out an expensive-looking case. Opening it, she took out a pair of sunglasses and put them on.

"Where did you get those?" asked Rachel, eyeing them with admiration. "They're really nice."

"Mom bought them someplace, I don't remember where," answered Alma, making it sound as if having new sunglasses wasn't anything special.

"I've got a pair at home, too," said Naomi. "But they're just real cheap ones — not anything like yours."

"Why didn't you bring them along?" asked Alma. "Then I wouldn't be the only one wearing them."

"I never thought of bringing them," answered Naomi. She laughed. "Who would have thought of wearing sunglasses to church?"

"But I didn't wear them to church," said Alma, sounding a little hurt. "I'm wearing them home from church and if I ever needed them, it's now. I can't stand bright light like this. It gives me a headache."

Once more Lydia found herself without anything to say. She hoped the girls wouldn't ask her if she had sunglasses, because she didn't. She would be even more embarrassed if the other girls found out that she had worn her dad's sunglasses last fall when she had helped paint the shed. They had been too big, but Mom had fixed that by fastening a piece of elastic to the temples which Lydia had worn around the back of her head. It had kept the glasses from falling off and her eyes had been protected from the bright light. Yes, the sunglasses had been satifactory, but Lydia didn't care to have the other girls find out about them.

Soon the girls were talking about other things. Lydia forgot about Alma's new coat and sunglasses and joined easily in the girls' chattering. But in the back of her mind she couldn't help but think Alma was a fortunate girl. "Why, she has simply everything," she thought.

"Say, I'm anxious to see your kitchen," Naomi said to Alma. "Is it all done?"

"Yes, it's done," answered Alma. "I'm used to it now, but at first it sure didn't seem like our kitchen."

"I've seen it," Lydia put in. "Well, it wasn't quite done when I saw it, but I could tell how it was going to look. It's nice."

"I believe it," replied Naomi. "New kitchens are always nice."

"It's not new, just remodeled," Alma corrected.

"That's the same as new," Naomi said. "One thing's certain; I'd settle for a remodeled kitchen, even if it wasn't new."

"Same here," agreed Rachel. "Is it any more fun washing dishes in a new kitchen? I mean, in a remodeled one?"

Alma made a face and shook her head. "The dishes are just as sticky and messy as ever," she said. "Especially when you have to wash them for your older sister who's baking."

The girls laughed. "Lydia's got it nice. She doesn't have to wash dishes for her older sister," said Rachel.

"Yeh," agreed the other girls. "Sure would be nice, being the oldest girl in the family."

"I've got to wash Mom's, and I don't think that makes the dishes any easier to wash," defended Lydia.

The girls had reached the porch by this time. They took off their boots and soon they were exclaiming "oh's" and "ah's", admiring the new kitchen in the Nissley home.

"I sure like this sink," said Naomi. "Such a long worktable."

"How'd you like to have it piled full of dishes?" asked Alma.

The girls burst out laughing. Lydia walked over to the sink and examined the faucet. "I've seen one like this before," she said. "Aunt Lena's got one like it. I think they're handy."

"We like it, too," said Alma. "See, this lever regulates both the hot and cold water. The further you push it over this way, the hotter the water is."

Next one of the girls commented about the linoleum on the floor. Lydia noticed it for the first time and mentally compared it with theirs at home. "My, I wonder what Alma thinks of our kitchen," she thought.

The girls finally moved out of the kitchen into the living room. They found seats and continued their talking. Alma brought out a can full of popcorn and passed it around. Then she got some grape juice from the cellar and brought each of the girls a glassful.

All too soon the afternoon passed and the girls had to get ready to go home. "I wish one of you lived out my way," said Naomi wistfully. "You can keep each other company and I have to walk all by myself."

"Go home with me, then you can walk with us," suggested Lydia quickly.

"Then turn around and walk home again?" asked Naomi. "I'd have further to walk alone than I do from here!"

"I'll walk with you part ways," offered Alma, slipping into her coat. "That'll give me something to do until the others come home. They stopped in at Grandpa's on the way home, but they'll be home in time to chore."

Once more the girls put on their wraps. Lydia hurried to put on her shawl before anyone noticed her coat. She didn't want anyone to see that she had a new one, because it wasn't as nice as Alma's. Besides, she didn't want to tell the girls that Mom had made it. For the first time Lydia noticed that it didn't fit like she thought it should. At least, it didn't fit as nicely as Alma's did.

The four girls walked to the end of the lane together, then stood and chatted for a few minutes before they parted. "Thanks for the nice afternoon," Rachel said. "You'll have to come to our place now sometime."

"Yes, and to ours too," added Lydia. But she didn't exactly look forward to having the girls at her place. Expecially not when she thought of how their kitchen compared with the Nissleys'.

As soon as Lydia and Rachel were a short distance from the other girls, Rachel said, "Well, how was that for an afternoon of bragging?"

Lydia looked up sharply, but was slow in answering. What did Rachel mean? Was she inferring that Alma had been bragging?Maybe she had been; Lydia wasn't sure. She looked at Rachel and smiled. "Well, Alma does have a lot of things to brag about," she said.

"And she does it, too," said Rachel hotly. "I thought I couldn't stand it one minute longer, the way we talked and talked and talked about their pretty kitchen."

Now that Lydia thought about it, she remembered that Rachel hadn't had too much to say about the Nissleys' kitchen. Before she could think of the right thing to say, Rachel was talking again.

"And that new coat she keeps showing off with," she said. "That's why she wanted to walk part ways with Naomi. She just wanted to put on her new coat and parade around with it."

Lydia was slow in saying anything, but now that Rachel mentioned it, she could see that Alma had been pleased with her new coat. "Seems to me she could have worn an older one to walk with Naomi," she said.

"Of course she could have," agreed Rachel. "And the same way with those sunglasses. She doesn't any more get a headache from the bright sun than anything. I still say she wouldn't have invited us to her place if she hadn't wanted to show off their new kitchen."

"I-I never thought about that," said Lydia. "But maybe it's true. We did have a nice time though. We don't get together as often as we used to. I miss the good times we used to have in school."

'I do, too," said Rachel, sounding more like her normal self again. "I think, too, that we had a nice time after we got through looking at everything Alma had to show us."

Lydia didn't answer. She walked along silently, trying to decide if Rachel was right about Alma, or if she was just envious. "Maybe Alma did act a little proud of some things this afternoon, but I'd be pleased, too, if we had such a nice kitchen," she thought. Then she remembered her own feelings when she had seen Alma's nice coat. Was she envious herself?

The girls came to Rachel's home and stood for a minute to chat. "Please don't tell anyone what I said about Alma," Rachel said. "I-I guess I shouldn't have said what I did, but I was pretty full over how things went."

"Sure, I won't tell," promised Lydia. "I—I like Alma and —and wouldn't want anything to spoil our friendship."

"I like Alma, too," answered Rachel quickly. "But Mom says she has more nice things than what's good for her, and I-I think so, too."

Lydia was still thinking about these things as she walked slowly homeward. When she got home she took off her shawl and bonnet, then gave her coat a critical going over. There was no question about it, her coat simply didn't compare with Alma's at all. Alma's was made from nicer material and it fitted much better. Lydia tugged at the bottom of her coat, trying to make it overlap like Alma's did. But it seemed too small. And one sleeve was puckered like it wasn't supposed to be. "The worst part about it is that it's going to last me a long time," Lydia complained to herself. "Mom said when she made it that it should be three or four years before I need another new coat."

Just then the door opened and Lydia's sister Mary burst into the house. "Hi," she said. "Did you have fun at Alma's place?"

"Um-huh," answered Lydia, not showing very much enthusiasm.

"My, you sure don't sound like it," said Mary. "Hurry up and get your clothes changed. Mom said you're supposed to make supper till we come in from choring. We're all going over to John Masts with the bobsled tonight."

"Oh, really?" asked Lydia, picking up her things and heading for the upstairs. Then she turned and asked, "What am I supposed to make for supper? Did Mom say?"

"Oh, yes, I almost forgot. Vegetable soup. You'd better hurry because we're ready to start milking and have everything else done."

Lydia's troubles were momentarily forgotten as she hurried to change her clothes. But when she came back into the kitchen to start supper she couldn't help but compare their kitchen with the Nissleys'. She wondered what it would seem like to be making supper and washing dishes in a pretty kitchen like that. She went a little closer and examined the worktable. It had even more scratches and marks than Lydia had remembered. "Just taking the varnish off and refinishing it would help," she decided. "But it still wouldn't look as nice as the one we saw this afternoon."

Soon Mom and the younger children came in from the barn. Mom was pleased to find supper ready and decided to start changing the children's clothes until Dad and Mary came in. The family didn't have much time to talk until they were seated at the table and eating supper.

"Say, you ought to see what Fred Nissley's kitchen looks like," said Lydia. "This place doesn't even look like a kitchen compared to theirs."

"Is it done?" asked Mom.

"Yes, it's all done and it's really nice," answered Lydia. Then she explained to the others in full detail what the kitchen was like. "I wish we had akitchen likethat," she said wistfully when she was finished.

"Uh, uh, now Lydia," said Dad mildly. "Don't go wishing for something like that."

"I guess, too," added Mom. "Dad remodeled this kitchen for me right after we moved here and it's plenty good enough for us."

Lydia didn't say anything right away, but then she couldn't resist saying," But couldn't we at least refinish our worktable? That would help a whole lot."

Mom turned and glanced at the worktable. "I guess it wouldn't hurt, but it's not really too necessary yet. There are other things that need attention a lot more than the worktable does."

"Are you jealous that Alma's folks have such a nice kitchen?" asked Mary bluntly.

"No, I'm not," retorted Lydia. "I can wish for something without being jealous, can't I?"

"Girls, that will do," reprimanded Dad. "If we're going to go away we'd better stop talking so much and get ready."

Neither Lydia nor Mary said anything more right then, but a short time later when they were upstairs getting ready to go away Lydia found herself telling Mary about Alma's new coat. "It's really nice," she said.

"We've both got new coats, too," said Mary.

"Yes, but they're nothing compared with Alma's," objected Lydia. "Just wait till you see Alma's coat. It's real soft and it sure fits, too."

Mary didn't say anything. Lydia could tell that she wasn't overly interested in Alma's new coat, so she dropped the subject. But later that evening after they had come home from John Mast's, she brought it up again. This time it was to Mom.

"Mom, does my coat fit like it should?" she asked, tugging at the bottom of it. "I don't think it's big enough because it doesn't stay shut like it should."

Mom came over to see what Lydia was talking about. "You could put another snap on it. That would help," she said.

"What about this sleeve, Mom?" Lydia said next. "Look how it puckers when I reach out my hand."

Mom sighed. "What's wrong with you?" she asked. "I thought your coat fitted real well and now you're complaining about this and complaining about that."

"She's just wishing she had a nice coat like Alma Nissley does," Mary spoke up.

"I am not," denied Lydia, provoked that Mary had to blurt everything out. "I'm just wishing my coat would fit a little better."

"Well, I don't think your afternoon did you any good," said Mom. "I guess the next time you'll just have to come along home if this is how things turn out."

Dad had come in and was listening to the conversation. "What's this about a new coat?" he asked.

"Oh, Lydia isn't satisfied with the coat I made for her," sighed Mom. "The strange part about it is she didn't say anything about it until she saw that one of the other firls had one that is nicer than hers."

Lydia started to protest, but then she decided not to.

STORIES TO REMEMBER

Here are 23 stories which appeared in the 1968-1970 children's section of FAMILY LIFE put up in book form for home libraries. These are stories with lessons or nature stories but not Bible stories. Ages 8-14.

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She knew that what Mom said was true. "If only I would have kept quiet about it," she thought.

"Sounds like Lydia met up with a thief this afternoon," said Dad, sitting down and taking David on his lap.

Lydia looked up sharply, wondering what Dad was talking about. But Dad didn't seem to notice the questioning look on her face. He just went on taking off David shoes without saying anything.

Lydia wasn't the only one who was curious. "Thief?" asked Mary. "What thief?"

Dad laugh ed a little. "The thief Lydia met up with today isn't one with a mask over his face and a gun in his hand, but he's a dangerous one all the same."

Lydia had an idea of what Dad was getting at, but she wasn't sure. Even though she was curious, she didn't feel like asking any questions.

"Usually when we think of a thief we think of a wicked man who breaks into other people's homes and takes money and anything else that's valuable," Dad said. "But the thief I'm talking about doesn't take money; he takes something that's worth even more than money. He takes away our happiness."

The clock on the shelf struck nine. Dad went on. "Isn't it true, Lydia, that this morning you were fairly well satisfied with what you had?"

Lydia shrugged, hesitant to admit that what Dad had said was true.

"But now you no longer are, and I think I know why. Today you compared what you have with what others have, and you discovered that there are people around you who have more and nicer things than you do. When you discovered this, you were no longer satisfied with what you had. That's the first thing the thief took from you—your contentment."

Dad looked first at Lydia, then at Mom. He went on, "Once the thief had your contentment, it was easy to take your happiness away, too. And he didn't stop there; next he took your good feelings you had toward your friend."

Lydia looked up sharply. How did Dad know how she felt about Alma? She hadn't told her parents about the conversation she and Rachel had had on the way home from Nissleys'.

Dad chuckled at her pluzzled expression. "You wonder how I know that you don't feel towardAlma like you used to, don't you?" he asked. "Well, I just happed to know, because I've met this thief myself, and I know pretty well how we feel after he's robbed us."

Lydia was a little surprised to hear Dad say this. But before she could think about it for very long, Dad asked a question.

"Do you have any idea who the thief is I'm talking about?" he said.

Lydia didn't answer, although she had a pretty good idea.

"I think I do," Mary spoke up.

"All right, you tell us," said Dad.

"The-the devil," answered Mary, no longer seeming so sure of herself.

"Y-Yes-s, I guess your answer is right, because it certainly is the devil who sends this thief out," said Dad. "It's Old Man Envy I was talking about. I doubt if there ever was a thief who robbed more people of their contentment and happiness than Old Man Envy did. It would be hard to name all the harm this old crook has done. Besides robbing people of their most valuable possessions, he's destroyed homes, ruined friendships, made people hate and even kill each other."

Lydia gasped. It made her shudder to think about what Dad was saying."I-I didn't mean to be envious," she said lamely.

"I'm sure you didn't," said Dad quickly. "That's one reason why Old Man Envy finds it so easy to rob people. He sneaks up on them and takes just a little bit at a time. Take today, just for an example — he started with your coat. Even though you have a new coat, a warm coat, and a nice coat, he came and made you notice that someone else had a coat that was a little bit nicer than yours. Right away you didn't think so much of your own and longed for a different one. That was just a little bit of contentment that he took from you, but later in the afternoon he took a little more. This time he made you notice that the Nissleys' kitchen was nicer than ours, and right away you were no longer satisfied with ours. And unless you put a stop to his robbing, he's going to keep after you until you won't be satisfied with anything any more."

Dad paused, then went on. "Let's say Mom decided your coat wasn't nice enough for you and made one that was exactly like Alma's. Well, pretty soon another one of the girls would get one that was still nicer. Do you know what you happen then? You wouldn't be satisfied with your coat any more than you're satisfied with the one you've got now."

Lydia wanted to protest and tell Dad that if she had a coat like Alma's she would be satisfied, no matter what the other girls had. But she didn't. Deep down she had a feeling that maybe Dad was right.

"It's like my mother used to tell me when I was your age," Mom said. "She told me to stop wishing for things I couldn't have so that I could appreciate what I do have."

Lydia looked at Mom. "You mean—you mean you used to wish for things you didn't have, too?" she asked.

"Yes, I think all of us at times are caught by the thief Dad was telling you about," admitted Mom. "But I've learned that the best way to shake him off is to be thankful for what we do have."

Lydia didn't answer, but she decided to try Mom's method. If it worked for Mom, then it would probably work for her, too. One thing she knew—she didn't want to let Old Man Envy take anything more from her. "Maybe if I try real hard I can make him give back what he took today," she thought.

Along Nature's Paths

Karen

The Kangaroo

By
Titus

At the southeastern corner of the globe is Australia, the smallest continent but the sixth largest country in the world. The fact that it is both a continent and a single country makes it one of the most unusual areas in the world. But it is unusual for another reason: it has various animals which are found no where else in the world. Perhaps the most interesting and famous of these is the kangaroo. Most people in the world did not know such a creature existed until 137 years after Columbus discovered America. In 1629 a Dutch ship was blown off its course by a storm and wrecked on the coast of Australia. The captain and his men who swam ashore were surprised to see large hopping animals. They had no idea what they were. By accident they had visited the only area in the world where such animals exist. We can imagine the sailors rubbed their eyes to see if they were dreaming or if the animals were real. Perhaps for a brief second they even imagined that they had landed on a mysterious or "fairy tale" island.The captain wrote an entry in his ship's journal about the "queer animals" he and his men had seen.

Today nearly everyone knows what a kangaroo looks like and that they aren't fairy tale creatures at all, but real-live animals which live in one corner of the globe. Even so, they still are unusual and interesting. And Karen, a typical female kangaroo, is no exception.

At our first glimpse of Karen we might say that she looks like a deer, for her small slender head with large ears sticking straight up does resemble a deer's head. But as we study her short front legs with paws, not hoofs, we know she is different from a deer. Then gazing at her large hind legs and long feet, we might think she is related to a giant jack rabbit. But then we notice her very long, thick tail which does not resemble anything we have seen before. We come to the conclusion that even though Karen can hop like a rabbit with the speed of a deer, she really isn't like any animal we have ever seen. She is very much her own self—a kangaroo.

There are more than 50 types of kangaroos found in Australia and the islands along its coast. The rat kangaroo is the smallest, measuring barely 12 inches from its nose to the tip of its tail. Karen, though, is a member of the largest kind of kangaroos—the great gray kangaroo. Even though she is not as tall nor as heavy as a male which stands seven feet high and weighs 200 pounds, she is quite good sized. Because she is an adult female, the Australians call her a "doe." When she has a baby, whether male or female, it will be called a "joey." Her younger sister who hasn't reached full size is called a "flyer." And her father is "Old Boomer" which all adult male kangaroos are called. The herd with which Karen lives is called a "mob."

Karen's main activity is grazing with the mob across the plains of tall grass. She nibbles at the new, short grass as it is more tender. Grass is the only food she eats. During the cool hours of the day she grazes, and during the hot afternoon hours she rests. Her brownish-gray fur nearly matches the brownish grass in which she lies. The shade of a nearby grove of trees keeps her cool. As she rests she sniffs the air occasionally for any strange scent and flicks her ears to catch any unfamiliar sound. She is alert to danger. Really there are no animals in Australia which she fears. There are no lions, tigers, leopards—no animals that prey on her. The wild dogs, the dingoes, could kill her if they ganged up on her alone, but she travels with the mob and does not fear them. No it isn't animals that she fears—it is hunters.

Actually it is not Man that Karen fears, but his jeep which can outrun her and his gun which can outfight her. If a man without these would attack her, she would have no fear of him. Karen, like all kangaroos, is timid by nature. She does not pick fights with animals or men. But if she is trapped, she can put up a deadly fight. A man with a gun can, of course, kill her from a distance. But if he were to corner her and attempt to kill her with a knife, he would find her much more dangerous than she looks. Karen would stand up straight and poke at him with her short front legs, acting as if she were going to punch him like a boxer. Having caught the man's attention, she would suddenly thrust herself back on her thick tail and strike forward with both her long, powerful hind legs. Not only would the man have the wind knocked out of him but also be seriously, if not fatally, clawed. Karen's hind feet have four claws; the one on the middle toe is dagger like, much thicker and longer than the others. A ripping blow from it is often deadly. Karen doesn't look ferocious as a tiger but her kick is as deadly as a tiger's pounce.

One day as the mob is leisurely grazing, an Old Boomer's alert ears pick up the whine of an approaching jeep's motor. He raises no warning call with his voice, for all a kangaroo can make is a rasping, coughing sound. Instead, he thumps the ground with one of his large hind feet. Instantly the kangaroos beside him lift their heads. Karen is grazing toward the center of the mob. The mob begins to run in all directions, splitting into smaller groups. She chooses a direction and runs too, not knowing what it is that has frightened the others but knowing that danger lurks nearby.

Karen's powerful hind legs spring her forward, her speed increasing with each hop. Her leaps are 25 feet apart and she reaches 25 miles an hour. She knows that she can run 10 miles an hour faster if she's in a tight spot, but that would wear her out. As she hops faster her tail is carried higher; it does not push her along but acts as a balance and rudder. After several minutes the kangaroos with whom she has fled slacken their speed and finally stop running. They return to grazing as if nothing unusual has happened. Soon other kangaroos from the mob appear and the mob reassembles. Karen does not know what the danger was, only that now it has passed. Actually had the mob known it, they would not have needed to run. The jeep contained only tourists who wanted to take their picture. But the kangaroos had no way of knowing that the jeep didn't contain hunters who would shoot them for their meat and sell their hide for leather.

Several months later Karen is resting in the tall grass and gives birth to her first "joey" or baby kangaroo. It is amazingly tiny, considering the size of Karen. Joey is barely an inch long, about the size of a cricket. He is pinkish, hairless, and blind. Yet his front legs are formed well enough that he can pull himself through his mother's fur to her pouch a foot beneath her front legs. Karen does not lift tiny Joey into the pouch but licks a path through her fur for him to follow. The pouch is very roomy and Joey finds warmth there and a nipple from which to nurse.

Joey was tiny at birth, but feeding on his mother's milk he grows fast. In a few months he is large enough to peek out of Karen's pouch as she grazes. He enjoys his traveling home, for wherever she goes he goes along without any effort. But at four-months-old Joey decides he would like to climb out of the pouch and sample what Karen is eating. So pushing with his long hind legs and pulling with his short front ones, he leaves the pouch. But the world outside is so new and strange that at the first odd noise he leeps headfirst into the safety of Karen's pouch. Soon he peers out and climbs back out. Several times more he dives headfirst into the pouch, but soon he is not so fearful and nibbles the grass at his feet. He likes its taste and eats some more.

At eight months Joey weighs 15 pounds and the pouch is now a tight fit. Besides he is quite heavy for Karen to carry. So one afternoon when Joey has been grazing and wants to climb back into the pouch, Karen slaps him with her front paw. Startled, Joey eyes his mother and then attempts to climb into the pouch. Once more Karen slaps him. This continues until Joey realizes that the pouch is no longer his home. He is no longer a pouch baby but part of the mob.

Even though Joey is now part of the mob, he is not anywhere nearly fullgrown. He has enemies who would like to have him for a meal. One of these is the dingo, the wild dog. A pack of them might raid the mob not with the hopes of killing any of the adult kangaroos but intent on capturing the joeys. So Karen keeps a protective eye on Joey. She knows, too, that the green python snake might harm him. And there is the big Australian eagle which can swoop down and carry Joey away to its nest as a meal for its young and itself.

A year passes and Joey grows. Karen need not protect him now from the eagle and python, for he is too big for them to capture. But the wild dogs are still a threat. Also, she has a newborn joey in her pouch which will soon be climbing out and needing her protection. There is something else on Karen's mind and on the mind of the mob. The summer has been very dry and the grass is not plentiful. The kangaroos need to look for a better grazing place. They travel a few miles into a new territory and find the grass some thicker, but they also discover that they are not alone on it. Grazing beside them are thousands of sheep. Unknowingly and unconcernedly the mob has invaded a sheep ranch.

The sheep, being peaceful by nature, do not mind sharing their range with the kangaroos. But the owners of the ranch do mind it. When a shepherd saw the mob he reported it to the ranchers. Immediately they make plans to destroy the kangaroos.

The sheep ranchers in Australia consider the kangaroo a pest, for they take the valuable range over and crowd the sheep out. The kangaroo eats the grass down too short and leaves saliva on it; the sheep refuse to graze where the kangaroos have eaten. Sheep raising in Australia is big business. 750 million dollars a year is brought to the country from the export of wool. The country produces one-fourth of the world's wool. The sheep ranchers consider the kangaroos the same way an American grain farmer considers rats—pests to be destroyed.

Rifle shots pierce the air. The sheep huddle together, but the Kangaroos scatter. The ranchers attack astride horses and can keep up with the hopping invaders. About half the mob falls dead. Karen and Joey escape. The mob reassembles, its number greatly reduced. Perhaps it will grow again in size, but likely not. Each year civilization creeps in farther and farther on the kangaroos. Each year their survival is threatened. Gone forever is the wide range which they had in 1629 when white men first saw them hopping freely about Australia. ■■

Joy, temperence, and repose
Slam the door on the doctor's nose. — Longfellow

*

One thing we can learn by watching the clock is that it passes the time by keeping its hands busy.

Lieder Lernen.

Lehret eure Kinder Lieder,
Ich rat euch dies, liebe Brüder,
Helſt ihnen recht in ihrer Jugend,
Das treibt ſie zu wahrer Tugend.

Selber hab's nicht wahr genommen,
Bis meine Mitteljahre kommen.
Die köſtlich Zeit hab' ich verfehlt,
Zuzeiten dies mein Herzen quält.

Nun fühl ich meine beſte Zeit
Verſchwunden iſt in Eitelkeit.
Glaub' es wäre dann meine Pflicht
Anderen geben ein wenig Licht.

Nochmal will ich euch dann ſagen:
Lehret ſie in ihren jungen Tagen.
Schafft daß ſie ein Anfang ſehen,
Ehe ſie in die Schule gehen.

Lehret ſie die Abendlieder,
Wann ſie ſich legen nieder.
Die als brauchen für zu beten,
Wir alle haben das von Nöten.

Wann ihr dann erwachet wieder,
Saget von den Morgenlieder.
Und Gott fraget für ſeinen Segen,
Iſt es uns recht angelegen.

Dann wird Gott es euch mitteilen,
Doch geht's nicht nach Wunſch zuweilen.
Wie viel Frucht wächſt auf den Bäumen,
Wenn die Sonne ſollt immer ſcheinen?

Trübe Tagen zum denken helfen auch,
Daß ihr nicht fallt in Sündenſchlaf.
Beides bringt fruchtbare Zeiten,
Gleich als wenn wir müſſen Leiden.

Wenn du dann ſo Lieder weiſt,
Und gibſt Platz dem guten Geiſt,
Kannſt du ſie täglich ſingen,
Und dei'm Gott ein Loblied bringen.

Willſt du ihn von Herzen lieben,
Und dich recht mit ſolchem üben;
Kannſt damit viel Böſes meiden,
Und den Teufel von dir treiben.

Sind dahin deine beſte Jahren,
Laß das Lernen doch nicht fahren;
Und nur denke, Das geht hart,
Geh nur dran und mach darin fort.

Ich hab' ſelber das erfahren,
Wie's dann geht, wann biſt bei Jahren.
In dem Winter geht's recht gut,
Wann mit Ernſt dir es tut.

Lernſt ein Lied nur alle Jahr,
Dann haſt du gar wenig vor;
Denke mal, wie gut das zählt,
Wann kein Jahr du haſt verfehlt.

Vermahnet euch mit ſolche Lieder,
Tue es täglich und als wieder;
Laß ſie ſpielen in dem Herzen,
Das gibt dem guten Geiſt viel Platz.

Habt ihr ſolches im Gebrauch,
Das möcht ſteigen wie ein Rauch,
Hoch! bis in den Himmel ein,
O wie lieblich wird das ſein!

Wann ihr täglich dies tut ſingen,
Und die Engel es hören klingen,
Sie tun ſich über ſolches freuen.
Niemals wird es euch dann reuen.

Denke mal wie ſolche Sachen
Dir ein Zeitvertreib kann machen;
Wann damit, erfüllſt dein Herzen,
Wie wenig hat der Feind hier Platz!

Dieſes möcht dir köſtlich werden,
Wann dein Ziel ſteigt hoch auf Erden;
Und deine Augen werden ſchwach,
Ein groß Vergnügen das dir macht.

Lancaſter County, Pa.

FIRE IN THE ZURICH HILLS

This is a condensed version of the story which gives a gripping account of the early days of the Anabaptist movement. It is the cold stark facts about the times of persecution in which our forefathers lived. Information for the story has been taken from the court records of Zurich, and every major inciden actually happened.

The condensed version will appear in Family Life in eight installments. The complete book, when it is ready will give more details on some of the happenings. The book should be available in the fall of 1973.

Chapter 2

By Joseph Stoll

IT WAS NEARLY MIDNIGHT when Marx Boshart got to his own room and his own bed. He had shown the two visitors where they were to sleep, and they had started talking. Regula had not waited up for him. She was sleeping.

Marx sat on the edge of the bed to remove his shoes. A turmoil of thoughts was running through his head. The events of the evening stood out vividly— the baptizing of Uncle Hans and Grandfather, the words of the ministers, the chapters that had been read.

Barely a week had passed since the evening he had gone to Fridli Schumachers. That evening he had told Johann Brotli, "I am not a religious man." It was true, and until tonight Marx had never been ashamed to admit it.

Not a religious man. No, he never had been. He had often stated it as a fact of life, it was that simple. He was just not interested in religious things, the same as he had never been interested in reading books, or in fishing on Lake Zurich. It was not his line. Marx Boshart was a farmer, a grape-farmer of Zollikon, not a religious man at all.

But tonight as he got ready for bed, Marx could no longer say with truth that religion did not interest him. Tonight he had to admit that the Bible was not just for old people and preachers. This January night Marx Boshart felt the guilt of his past life pressing down like a filled bag of wheat between his shoulder blades. Suddenly growing grapes did not seem like such a big thing, not half as important as grace and pardon and a godly life.

But I've not been such a wicked fellow, Marx argued with himself. He could think of a half-dozen of his companions who had been wilder. There was Jörg Schad, just his age, too. Schad had really lived it up— ran away from home, drank like a drunkard, gambled his last guilder. By comparison Marx Boshart had lived decently.

Nevertheless, the burden did not lift. Maybe he hadn't sinned like Jörg Schad, yet Marx knew he was not living a godly life. He knew he did not have what Manz and Blaurock and Brotli had. He felt left out, dissatisfied, smothered.

Marx climbed into bed, but he knew he could not sleep until this struggle in his soul was somehow settled. Oh well, he decided, I'll wait till morning, and then my thoughts will be clear, and I can know what is best to do.

But the Spirit would not be postponed.

You heard tonight what becomes of the hypocrite and the lukewarm, Marx. Give yourself up and do what God wants you to do, whatever it may be. Pray for forgiveness for your sins and ask for the New Birth, and for strength and courage to live a new life. To be carnally-minded is death, but to be spiritually-minded is life and peace.

Life and peace. Life and peace. That is what I want, Marx told himself, and yet...

What would Regula think? Had she overheard enough tonight to want baptism too? And Rudi, his father-in-law. Marx had watched him but he could not tell from his face what he was thinking. Rudi was like that; he could hide his feelings. He had been friendly toward the ministers, but then, he was naturally a sociable man. He might be sympathetic toward the new church and still not want to join it.

And then Marx thought of his own parents, especially his father. Joder Boshart would call it all nonsense, Marx was sure. His father was like Heinrich Thomann, scornful of any new idea. He would certainly be displeased when he heard that his son had been present at a forbidden meeting.

The thought of how displeased his father would be, hurt Marx. Last night's meeting would upset Joder Boshart, but not like baptism would. Without thinking, Marx shook his head. No, he could not do it.

The vision of a church of God, a church patterned upon the New Testament-- that was the vision which filled the hearts of Felix Manz and Georg Blaurock. It was a vision that was shared by Conrad Grebel, too; Manz had said that Grebel was gone to Schaffhausen to preach the Gospel there.

What would Ulrich Zwingli do when he learned that the rebaptizers were spreading their message all over the country? Would the vision of a New Testament church catch fire and overwhelm Zwingli's whole program? Marx's thoughts wandered from one thing to another, but always they came back to himself, to this fork of the road ahead of him, this decision he must make.

He wanted peace in his soul and eternal life, and he wanted it with a fierce longing. But he also wanted peace in the family and a quiet life among his friends here in Zollikon. Was it not possible to have both?

No. Georg Blaurock had made it clear. The act of baptizing an adult, or of being baptized, was an unlawful act according to the decree of the Zurich council. Blaurock had wanted this understood before he baptized Uncle Hans and Grandfather.

The council of Zurich, Marx knew, was not in the habit of overlooking disobedience.

The night wore on and Marx's mind kept churning. He tossed in his bed, then got up quietly again so as not to awake the slumbering Regula. For nearly an hour Marx stood by the window, staring into the darkness outside. By the light of the waning moon he could see the rooftops of the houses along the lower streets of Zollikon. Beyond that he could see nothing. But he knew what lay there— Lake Zurich, and at the lower end where the lake emptied into the Limmat River, there lay the city of Zurich itself.

There in Zurich were the prisons, huge and dark and cold, great stone castles of fear and dread. There was the Wellenburg with its torture chambers, and the new Hexenturm— the Witch Tower. Marx shivered. For a moment he imagined there were bars across the window in front of him, and that he was locked in a prison cell.

Would the council demand an explanation of the evening meeting? Undoubtedly. There were ears everywhere, and Heinrich Thomann had been there. When the news got to the bailiff, there would be questions and probings and threats. There would be court hearings. And quite possibly, a prison sentence.

Can I bear going to prison? The voice within Marx caused agonizing doubts and fears to spread. His flesh cried no, and yet Marx could not forget the words of the New Testament, if ye live after the flesh, ye shall die; but if ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live.

Marx broke into a cold sweat. He had to get this thing settled. A new doubt hit him. Those words of Jesus that Blaurock had read, "No man that puts his hand to the plow and looks back is fit for the kingdom of God." Even though he let himself be baptized, could he stand up to the persecution that would come? Could he keep his hand to the plow when the plowing got rough? Marx was afraid he could not. I am too weak, he thought. And if I can't go through with it, it would just be better not to start at all.

The struggle worsened. At last Marx sank to his knees beside the bed. What had been wrong with him, to have forgotten prayer? But did he know how to pray?

"God in heaven," he cried in a half-whisper. "Come to my help. You show me what to do, I can't decide. Whatever..whatever is your will, let me do it."

For a long while Marx stayed on his knees, ready to quit fighting now, to give up to whatever God's will might be for him. As he surrendered little by little, he began to feel better. He began to see what he must do if he was to have peace. Peace and life.

A rooster crowed and Marx knew that morning must be near. Regula stirred, and sat up in bed. When she saw her husband in prayer beside the bed, she slipped wordlessly to his side and knelt down.

Marx sighed in relief. They got to their feet, then sat down on the bed. For nearly an hour they talked, going over the battleground of the night as Marx told his wife about it.

"Why didn't you wake me?" asked Regula, with tears.

"I should have. I'm sorry," apologized Marx.

As it became more and more clear what he must do, Marx Boshart gathered courage. Cost what it might, he would cling to the victory he had won. Talking to Regula had helped. She said she could not understand it all, but she was sympathetic, and she did want to do only what was right in God's sight.

At the first streak of dawn, Marx announced, "I am going to wake the others right this minute. Felix Manz said last night they want to go back to Zurich early this morning, and there is a great deal I want to discuss with them first."

Marx began to stir about, lighting a lamp and adding wood to the fireplace in the front room. Then he called his father-in-law.

Rudi Thomann appeared shortly and Marx could see he had been lying awake. By the time the two preachers joined the family, the room was cozy and warm.

Marx cleared his throat. "I...I could not sleep last night," he began. "It kept attacking me all night long, and not till this morning was it clear what I must do. I want to be baptized." Marx bowed his head.

"May God have the honor and glory," exclaimed Felix Manz.

Goerg Blaurock turned to the young man before him, and with great feeling he spoke, "Marx, you have hereto been a gay young man, but now you must become another man. You must put off the old Adam and put on the new man which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness."

"I am willing," stated Marx, his voice trembling. "I will do the best I know."

"Do you truly desire the grace of God?" asked Blaurock.

"Yes."

"Then come here and I will baptize you."

Marx drew near to Georg Blaurock and knelt before him. His heart was pounding, and he was sweating. In a moment the memory of the night's struggle swept over him. Thank God it was past. As he bowed his head in prayer, Marx felt the cool water splash upon his head and run down past his ears.

The deed was done. He, Marx Boshart, had been rebaptized. There was no undoing it.

Marx got up and Blaurock greeted him with a holy kiss. "The Lord be with you," he said. Felix Manz followed and greeted him likewise.

Valentin, the hired man, entered the room self-consciously. Regula pointed him to a chair.

Blaurock was now directing his attention to Rudi Thomann. "Rudi," he was saying, "you are an old man and nearing death. The time may be short for repentance. You too should better yourself while there is opportunity. Do you desire the sign of baptism?"

"I do," replied the little man.

Marx was amazed that his father-in-law, usually so talkative, had so little to say at this time. Perhaps the experience was too deep for words.

Blaurock baptized Rudi Thomann.

Regula had been watching wide-eyed, listening to every word and praying to God that she might understand them. Now as her father rose to take his seat, she began quietly weeping.

Blaurock walked to her. "And you?" he asked gently, "do you desire to live a new life in Christ, as your husband and father have set the example?"

Regula was indeed willing, and she too was baptized.

Valentin alone remained unbaptized, and now it was his turn. Thus the last member of the household was added to the new church that was emerging in Zollikon.

THE VILLAGE OF ZOLLIKON was in a ferment. All day Thursday snow fell steadily, and in among the snowflakes men hurried from house to house, talking worriedly. Closer than the snowclouds, excitement clung to the town.

Marx Boshart stayed at home all day, reading from the Bible which Felix Manz had given him. Regula sat by his side as he slowly spelled out the words.

They were interrupted by callers— neighbors and relatives who were curious to hear more of the strange hap-

> If we have not peace within ourselves, it is in vain to seek it from outward sources.

penings. Fridli Schumacher stayed for an hour, talking quietly. His enthusiasm rubbed off on Marx, filling him with new hope. Surely, if God was with them who could stop the new faith?

Johann Brotli dropped in to give a word of encouragement. "There is a meeting again this evening," he announced.

"Where?" asked Marx.

"At Felix Kienast's."

"At Felix's?" Marx could not hide his surprise and joy.

"Yes, he invited us."

"That is wonderful," Marx exlaimed. Felix Kienast was a leader. If he and such men as his grandfather Jacob Hottinger endorsed the new faith, Marx knew that many more of the villagers would follow their example.

Still other friends came in out of the snowstorm to talk with Marx and Regula, or to chat with Rudi Thomann. But the visitors Marx had expected all day did not come.

"I was sure Father and Mother would come today," said Marx to his wife as darkness began to settle. He cleared his throat nervously.

"So did I," said Regula. "Oh, I'm afraid they'll be upset when they do come."

"I'm certain of it. But why haven't they come? Surely they have heard by this time..."

"Maybe they will come this evening."

"Hardly," said Marx. "They make a habit of going to bed early. Besides, we won't even be at home. We must go to the meeting tonight at Kienasts."

Regula busied herself with supper, and Marx leaned back in his chair, thinking. Outside, the snowflakes thinned, and by the time the moon had risen the sky was clear. The village lay in peace beneath the new blanket of snow.

An hour later there was activity in many parts of Zollikon. Men carrying torches strode toward Felix Kienast's home. People came out of houses and then disappeared into other houses. The excitement of the day was still alive.

By the time Marx and Regula arrived at the Kienast home, a large group of villagers had crowded into the parlor. Many had to stand. Both Georg Blaurock and Felix Manz were present.

They read from the Bible and preached, just as they had the evening before. Tonight the audience was much larger. Marx wondered how many had come because they were just curious.

One of the first persons to ask for baptism was Jörg Schad, Marx's boyhood friend and Zollikon's delinquent son. Schad was a married man now, and he had married into a good family. His wife was a daughter of Felix Kienast. In spite of this, Jörg Schad's reputation for rowdy and loose living still clung quite closely to him.

As Marx listened, Schad confessed in broken words that he knew he was one of the village's worst sinners, but he was ready for a new life. He cried for grace and forgiveness, and hoped he might live differently, with God's help.

Felix Manz baptized Jörg Schad. Other baptisms followed.

AT MID-MORNING FRIDAY, Joder Boshart stamped into his son's house on Gstad Street. He was followed more meekly by his wife. Marx looked up as they entered, and was almost frightened by the sternness on his father's thin, lined face.

"Son, you have been foolish," pronounced Joder Boshart loudly even before he sat down in the rocking chair Marx pushed toward him.

Marx's mother sat down too. She had been crying, and she looked more troubled than angry.

Marx did not know what to say. Then his father went on, "You have disgraced the family, besides placing us all in danger. I never heard of the like, I never did. Surely you acted in a moment of weakness, and you see the mistake now." The elder Boshart eyed his son hopefully.

The silence grew painful. Marx cleared the mucus from his throat. He blew his nose. What could he say? He didn't want to say anything that would add to the wrath of his father, and yet...

"Father," he began slowly, struggling to keep his voice level. "I knew you would be displeased; I hated to do it..."

"Then why did you, Marx?" The question cut like a knife.

Marx took a deep breath. His voice choked, but he went on. "I..I..you can't know what I went through the other night... Wednesday night...how I suffered. I didn't want to hurt you..." Marx looked at his father, then turned to his mother. "You believe that, don't you?"

His mother nodded her head, the tears starting to flow again.

Marx went on. "I was in a misery the other night. More than anything else I wanted the life and peace that the brethren read about..."

"Life and peace!" Joder Boshart almost threw the words at his son. "That's just what you won't have now. Mark what I say, there will be no peace in Zollikon till this foolishness is forgotten. You'll be lucky if you're not chased out of the village like Brotli."

Marx chewed his lower lip. Regula edged closer to him, and placed a trembling hand on his shoulder.

The father went on. "If you know what's good for you, you'll both go to Zurich this afternoon and make a confession before the council that you were misled... deceived...tricked. Tell them you're sorry it ever happened, and they'll maybe let you off..."

"But Father," Marx spoke up with conviction, "We're not sorry for what has happened. We...I do have peace; it's a different feeling than I've ever had before. This is God's work, and He wants to raise up a church to do His will..."

Joder Boshart started to speak, but Marx pressed on, "The church has to be made up of people who want to leave off sinning and get right with God. That's what baptism stands for, a sign of the new life. All the examples in the Bible are men and women being baptized, not babies."

"You don't know what you're saying!" shouted Joder. "No one understands the Bible better than Ulrich Zwingli...certainly a grape grower like you doesn't...and Zwingli says babies must be baptized."

"Yes, but..." began Marx.

"But what?" growled his father.

Marx bravely tried to explain. "Felix Manz has studied with Zwingli, and he says Zwingli knows infant baptism is not in the Bible. He admitted it some time ago, but now he is no longer willing to give it up."

"Hummph! The idea of being baptized a second time! Marx, we didn't raise you for something like this, running after strange notions and getting baptized again."

Those at war with others are seldom at Peace with themselves.

Collapse in the Christian life is seldom a blowout; it is usually a slow leak.

"Father, I'll say this, it did seem strange at first. But when I heard it read right out of the New Testament, why it seemed the most proper thing in the world to do. So far I can't see that I made a mistake."

"You will see it, you will," said Joder, pounding his right fist into his other hand. "You'll realize it once the bailiff comes to take you to prison."

Marx Boshart was silent. He knew nothing more to say. His father and mother got up to leave. Marx thought his mother was about to say something, but then she turned and followed her husband out the door.

"Regula, dear," said Marx feelingly after his parents had left, "it was hard to talk to my parents, but I am more sure than ever we are doing the right thing."

"So am I," said Regula. "Maybe if more and more of the village people join us, they will see that it's not just us, but that something is happening."

"Yes, something is happening," mused Marx, "something has already happened. And tomorrow...I wonder what tomorrow will bring."

EARLY SUNDAY MORNING Marx and Regula bundled up in their warmest clothes to go to church. The windows were frosted, and the wind off the lake was raw. They pulled their wraps around themselves more tightly as they stepped out the door. Rudi Thomann and the hired man, Valentin, would follow later.

"Today we go in a new direction," Marx announced. "Other Sundays we always went to the church house, but today we are going to Felix Kienasts."

The two headed up the street toward the Kienast home. They were early. Not many of the villagers had left yet for church. A traveler approached, however, from the direction of Zurich, and Marx recognized the brisk swinging step as that of the young pastor, Nicholas Billeter. The pastor walked out the lake road from Zurich each Sunday morning to hold services in the Zollikon church.

Billeter slowed in his walk as he neared the Bosharts. Marx saw the question in his eyes. Why were two of his parishioners going the wrong way? But the pastor said nothing, only a polite good morning, and he passed on by.

Marx and his wife were soon at the Kienast residence. The son-in-law, Jörg Schad, met them at the door and motioned them inside.

"It's good to get in out of the cold," remarked Regula, removing her coat. The warmth of the fireplace welcomed them closer.

Felix Manz was already there, and Fridli Schumacher. Marx greeted them with a holy kiss. The door opened and Grandfather Hottinger entered, followed by several of his sons.

Regula had seated herself beside Jörg Schad's wife. Marx turned to his brother-in-law. "Johann and his family left Zollikon, did they?" he asked in a low voice.

"Yes, they left," answered Fridli, with sadness in his voice. "We will miss them."

Jörg Schad was speaking to Felix Manz. "This will be a new experience for us," he was saying. "Meeting here instead of going to church. What do you think the pastor will do?"

Marx and Fridli both turned toward Felix Manz to hear his answer.

"We must not let it concern us too much," answered Manz. "We are confident that where two or three are gathered together in Christ's name, He will be in their midst. If persecution comes to us, we must bear it patiently. Pastor Billeter must answer for himself before God."

Just then Georg Blaurock arrived. Following the greetings, Marx saw Blaurock call Felix Manz aside, and he could hear them talking fast in low tones.

Suddenly Manz called him. "Marx, please come here a moment," he signaled with his hand.

Marx joined the two, curious to know what they wanted.

"Look," Manz explained, "Brother Georg has a bold plan. I am not at all sure it is a wise one..." Felix paused and looked at Georg. "I was a little doubtful at first, but Georg is convinced he should go. He would like to attend the services at the church house and watch for a chance to preach to the people there. He needs someone to go with him."

Georg Blaurock stepped back and forth restlessly. His eyes shone with purpose and determination. "You see, Marx," he explained rapidly, "it is a good thing to have services here, to feed the flock and to teach God's truths. But the people who need the Word of God in the worst way aren't going to join us here. So we must go to them. Are you willing to accompany me?"

Marx Boshart caught his breath. Go with this bold man, this restless preacher who was so sure of himself, right into the church and there face the people? His parents would be there, Marx was sure.

"Will you come, or shall I ask someone else?" Blaurock's words were like a challenge.

"Yes, I will go with you," Marx answered meekly.

"Then let us set out at once. It would be best if we got there before the pastor."

"But he has already gone."

"He has? Are you sure?" Blaurock could not hide his disappointment.

"Yes," replied Marx, "we met him when we came."

"All the same, we shall go at once." Blaurock reached for his coat.

MARX CAUGHT HIMSELF almost running to keep up with the long strides of the man ahead of him. Georg Blaurock was in a hurry to get to the church house.

As they neared the church, Marx could see men and women going in at the door. He felt himself growing nervous, and he scolded himself for it. He had entered the church hundreds of times before, and had never felt like this. He would merely follow Blaurock and let him do the talking, if any talking was to be done. He, Marx Boshart, would watch.

Marx kept close to Blaurock as he led the way into the dim building. Rays of sunlight slanted down from the high narrow windows. Marx remembered boyhood Sundays when he had been fascinated by the dust particles floating in the sun's rays, and how he had stealthily sent them zooming with a blow of his breath when no one was looking. Funny to think of such a thing this morning.

Blaurock pushed his way toward the front of the church. Marx was right behind him. A hush fell upon the church; the whispering and rustling ceased completely, and Marx was conscious of the eyes boring into him. The two men sat down in a front pew.

Marx shifted positions restlessly. The back of his neck burned red beneath his collar. Then he saw that his companion had taken his New Testament from his pocket and was paging through it.

Pastor Billeter coughed, and Marx knew he was getting ready to mount the pulpit. Carefully Marx turned his head to the left. Billeter had gotten to his feet and was coming toward them. He would pass directly in front of Blaurock on his way to the pulpit.

Time stood still. Marx was aware of his pulse throbbing in his neck, and of his heart pounding in unison with it. Would Blaurock let the pastor pass by without challenging him?

In an instant Georg Blaurock was on his feet, standing squarely in Pastor Billeter's way. "What do you intend to do?" he asked the pastor.

Nicholas Billeter was a clean-cut and handsome young man in his early twenties, a promising disciple of Zwingli. He was caught off guard by Blaurock's unexpected question. For a moment he did not reply.

"What are you planning to do?" Blaurock repeated. The words carred clearly to the far corners of the church.

The young pastor straightened himself till he was almost as tall as Blaurock. In a firm strong voice he answered, "I will preach the Word of God."

"Not you, but I have been sent to preach," replied Blaurock forcefully.

"You are mistaken, my friend," said Billeter, now fully in control of himself. "I have been appointed by the proper authorities in Zurich, and this has been the practice for many years."

"I grant you that, you do have the authority of man..." retorted Blaurock, reaching for his New Testament. "...but the authority of God..." He held the book aloft.

In that instant Nicholas Billeter slipped past Blaurock and made his way to the pulpit. While Blaurock was still talking, the pastor began to preach. For a few minutes there was confusion as the two voices mixed.

Marx Boshart looked from one speaker to the other. Of the two, Blaurock was more excited. The pastor appeared outwardly cool.

And then suddenly Billeter was silent. Slowly, deliberately, he closed the big Bible, came down from the pulpit, and walked toward the door at the rear of the church.

Had he surrendered the pulpit to Blaurock? Marx could feel the big man beside him quicken with anticipation.

But then from the audience came voices of protest. "No, go back and preach to us."

"Don't leave. We are with you."

Marx heard his father sputter, "Out with the imposter!"

Nicholas Billeter stopped, indecision written on his face. He looked out over the audience. Then he turned, retraced his steps, and once more was in the pulpit. He began to speak.

"I am sorry for this disturbance," he said. "We should worship God quietly and in peace, and show a reverent spirit toward Him. My request is that if any of you have a complaint against me, or see that I am in error, to come to me privately and tell me my faults. But let us not have a public disturbance, for nothing good can come from such an outcry." Billeter was looking directly at Blaurock.

Blaurock squirmed, and then he cried out, "My house shall be called a house of prayer; but you make it a den of robbers. The holy temple of God must be cleansed!" With these words, he raised his walking cane and struck the pew in front of him three or four times for emphasis.

Marx was awed by the energy of the man. But then once more silence reigned in the church. It was broken only by heavy footsteps shuffling up the aisle.

Bailiff Hans Wuest was a short round-stomached man, who was always short of breath. He had been seated in the audience, and now he knew it was his duty to bring an end to the disturbance. He waddled up to Georg Blaurock and said, "Sir, I must ask you... to be quiet so that... the services may proceed." The bailiff was puffing. "If there is any further...er, trouble, I have no choice but to put you in prison."

Bailiff Wuest returned to his seat. Blaurock was silent, and the pastor began once more to preach his sermon. This time he was not interrupted.

Marx's thoughts were in a turmoil. He found it difficult to pay any attention to Pastor Billeter's words. He felt hurt, disappointed, let down. Instead of preaching to the people in the church and bringing them to repentance, Blaurock had made a bad impression. What had gone wrong? Had Blaurock been too forward, too sure of himself?

Marx snatched a glance at the face of the man sitting beside him. He could see disappointment and frustration written there too.

When the services had ended, Marx followed Georg quickly out of the building. The sun shining brightly on the snow outside blinded them for an instant. Then they struck out for the Kienast house, ahead of the rest of the worshipers.

Felix Manz met them at the door and led them inside. "How did it go?" he asked, a questioning look on his face.

"Not so good," answered Blaurock heavily. He was plainly not his usual talkative self.

"Then I should have insisted that you stay here. Why didn't I?" Felix Manz was troubled, wanting to know more of the details.

"It would have been best," agreed Blaurock.

Marx nodded his head, but said nothing.

"It was a bold move," mused Blaurock, his voice discouraged. "I hoped we could win the whole village quickly, but now I'm afraid it is really bungled. I was so sure this morning that the Spirit of God was leading me to go, but perhaps I was mistaken...perhaps it was the impatient spirit of Georg Blaurock and nothing more." The big man sat down and placed his face in his hands.

Felix Manz sat down beside him to comfort him. Marx sat down too.

WHEN MARX BOSHART awoke on Monday morning, he could not shake the feeling of foreboding that had settled on him the day before, following Blaurock's humiliation at church. Marx could only guess what calamity might befall the brethren, but whatever it was, he sensed it was near.

Until Sunday everything had been going so well. The church had grown rapidly, and new members were added

The mouth of a wise man is in his heart; the heart of a fool is in his mouth. What he knoweth or thinketh he utter

- Lubbock

almost every day. Except for parting with Johann Brotli, there had been only gladness and rejoicing. Already, nearly one-third of the men of Zollikon had been baptized. Thirty-five members from the ninety families.

But now...Blaurock had been openly put to shame. Pastor Billeter had been insulted. Bailiff Wuest had threatened prison.

No, Marx told himself. There was nothing to fear from the fat little bailiff. His own son, Hans Wuest the younger, was a member in the new church! The bailiff's wife, too, had begun attending the meetings. If serious trouble was about to fall upon the brethren of Zollikon, it would come from another hand than bailiff Wuest. It would come from Zurich. Up the lake road from the city.

"Surely, it will come," mused Marx, despondent. He spoke the words aloud, unthinking.

"What did you say?" asked Regula, as she carried away the breakfast dishes. The morning meal had been past for a half hour, but Marx had not yet joined Valentin at work outside. Rudi Thomann had left for Küsnacht, a neighboring village on business, right after breakfast.

"Did you say something?" Regula asked her husband again.

Marx had no chance to answer, or to explain, for there was a pounding at the door. His heart sank. With fear in his throat he went to open it.

Three men were standing there. Marx did not know them.

"You are Marx Boshart?" asked one of them.

"That is my name."

"I am a member of the Zurich council," the man announced coldly. "You are under arrest for civil disobedience, or to be more specific, for letting yourself be rebaptized against the mandate of the council." He motioned to the two officers at his side, and they came forward to tie Marx's wrists.

Regula was with her husband in an instant. "No," she cried. "Oh, Marx, must you go?"

The councilor looked admiringly at Regula and apologized, "I'm sorry, ma'am, but he will have to come with us. The law is the law."

Just then the hired man, Valentin, came around the corner of the house and happened on the scene. He had been splitting wood, and when he heard strange voices he had come to investigate. He still held the ax in his hand. Startled to see the officers tying Marx's hands, Valentin stopped in his tracks.

The officers looked up. The young giant standing there with his ax frightened them, and they drew their swords.

"What is your name?" called out the councilman.

The hired man tossed his ax into the snow. "Valentin Gredig," he replied.

The councilman looked at the paper in his hands. "Another one," he muttered. "Get him, too." One of the officers moved over to Valentin.

A moment later the officers led their two new prisoners to the village square, where a group was fast gathering. Prisoner after prisoner was brought in, each one accompanied by frightened wives and sobbing children. Many of the villagers had come to see what was going on, curious and interested. Marx looked around and spotted his father and Heinrich Thomann standing side by side, talking together. His father glanced his way, caught the eye of his son, then quickly turned his head.

Marx nodded to the other prisoners. Most of the brethren were there, those who had gathered the day before to worship God at Felix Kienasts. Yes, there was Felix. With him were his oldest son, Hans Kienast, and his son-in-law Jörg Schad. All had their hands bound.

To one side stood Felix Manz and Georg Blaurock. Marx could see that they were more securely tied than the others, and a guard with a drawn sword stayed with them.

Sure enough, there stood young Hans Wuest, the village bailiff's son. Having a constable for his father was no protection. Zurich was not passing out favors.

Regula was at her husband's elbow, crying now. "I wonder how long they will keep you, or what they will do to you," she said, clinging to his sleeve.

"Not much," said Marx, trying to cheer Regula. "They'll probably question us, then send us home again. It would cost too much to keep a bunch like this in prison very long."

But Marx knew the outlook wasn't as hopeful as he wanted to make it sound. This was the persecution Johann Brotli had talked about. Now they must suffer for their faith in Jesus Christ. They must be true and full of courage, and not flinch. It had been Brotli's parting prayer.

Down the snow-covered street, out past the last cottages of the village, the straggling line of prisoners marched, their faces toward Zurich. At the front of the line walked Blaurock and Manz with special guards on each side of them.

Marx struggled to control his emotions. He was being led away from all that was dear in his life— his home, his wife, his friends, the dear memories of childhood. When would he be allowed to return, and how?

(to be continued next month)

THE VALUE OF SINGING

The preface of the German Liedersammlung gives the reason why singing is so important in the worship of God. I have translated it from the German into English as follows:

"Even before the law of Moses was given, the singing of songs had already been a religious practice. The Israelites sang a song unto the Lord and praised God for deliverance from the hand of Pharao and his hosts. The Psalms and the singings of King David put him into the same bracket as the greatest poets. The Psalms are not necessarily an expression of religious intention, but in depth they excell the poets of all the other nations.

"We are especially admonished in the Gospel to be earnest in the singing of songs. In Eph. 5:19 it says, "Speaking to yoursleves in Psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord.' In Col. 3:16, 'Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your heart to the Lord.'

"We read of Christ himself and his apostles in Matt. 26:30 how they sang a hymn as they went out into the Mount of Olives.

"While singing is therefore a form of worship which is taught us in Holy Scriptures to be practiced in religious meetings, it is plain to see that all shall sing together, or at least know what is being sung so that the minds and hearts may be turned to God.

Dasz die Herzen von die Erden
Ganz zu dir gezogen werden.

(Continued on top of page 35)

Editorielles —

Neujahrs Geſänge.

Nun laßt uns gehn und treten,
Mit ſingen und mit bäten,
Zum Herrn, der unſerm Leben
Bis hieher kraft gegeben.

Wir gehn dahin und wandern,
Von einem Jahr zum andern,
Wir leben und gedeihen
Vom Alten bis zum Neuen.

Durch ſo viel angſt und plagen,
Durch zittern und durch zagen,
Durch Krieg und große ſchrecken,
Die alle Welt bedecken.

Dann wie von treuen Müttern,
In ſchweren Ungewittern,
Die Kindlein hier auf Erden
Mit Fleiß bewahret werden:

Alſo auch, und nichts minder,
Läßt Gott ihm ſeine Kinder,
Wann Noth und Trübſal blitzen,
In ſeinem Schooſe ſitzen.

Ach Hüter unſers Lebens!
Fürwahr es iſt vergebens
Mit unſerm Tun und Machen,
Wo nicht dein' Augen wachen.

Gelobt ſei deine Treue,
Die alle Morgen neue,
Lob ſei den ſtarken Händen,
Die alles Herzleid wenden.

Laß ferner dich erbitten,
O Vater! und bleib mitten
In unſerm Kreuz und leiden,
Ein Brunnen unſrer Freuden.

Gib mir und allen denen,
Die ſich von Herzen ſehnen
Nach dir und deiner Hulde,
Ein Herz, das ſich gedulde.

Schleuß zu die Jammerpforten,
Und laß an allen Orten,
Auf ſo viel Blutvergießen,
Die Freuden Ströhme fließen.

Sprich deinen milden Segen
Zu allen unſern Wegen,
Laß Großen und auch Kleinen
Die Gnaden-Sonne ſcheinen.

Sei der verlaßnen Vater,
Der irrenden berather,
Der unverſorgten Gabe,
Der Armen Gut und Habe.

Hilf gnädig allen Kranken,
Gieb fröhliche Gedanken
Den hochbetrübten Seelen,
Die ſich mit Schwermuth quälen.

Und endlich, was das meiſte,
Füll uns mit deinem Geiſte,
Der uns hier herrlich ziere,
Und dort zum Himmel führe.

Das alles wollſt du geben,
O meines Lebens Leben
Mir und der Chriſten-Schaare,
Zum ſel'gen neuen Jahre.

„Darum fahren alle unſere Tage dahin durch deinen Zorn; wir bringen unſere Jahre zu wie ein Geſchwätz." Pſ. 90, 9.

Was meint ein „Geſchwätz," in dieſem Spruch? Nagler in ſeinem Handwörterbuch nennt es: „Ein gehaltloſes oder unſittliches Geſpräch, es verdirbt gute Sitten." In 1. Kor. 15, 22 werden wir davor gewarnt, wie auch in 1. Tim. 6, 20.

Wir möchten ſagen, wenn ein Geſchwätz vorbei iſt dann bringt es keinen Segen zu niemand. Der Engliſh ſagt: As a tale that is told.

Wenn wir dann noch ein Jahr vollendet haben, und zurück denken, wie viel Gutes haben wir getan? Haben wir etwas getan daß uns oder jemand anders einen Segen bringt?

Einer möcht denken: „Ich hab ſo ziemlich gut getan, hie oder da hab ich etwas geſagt daß wirklich gut war, jemand hat mich noch ein Lob zugemeſſen dafür, und dort hab ich auch etwas getan daß eine gute Tat war."

Zu ſolche möchten wir ſagen: „Gib acht, der Heiland ſagt, wenn wir alles getan haben das wir zu tun ſchuldig waren, ſollen wir als noch ſprechen, wir ſind unnütze Knechte." Ja, wir haben noch keinen Ruhm vor Gott verdient.

Ein andrer möchte denken: „Wel, ich hab nicht viel verrichtet in dieſem Jahr, ich hab es oft verfehlt; aber der Apoſtel ſagt, wir fehlen alle mannigfältig, ſo iſt es denk gut genug."

Hier wollen wir auch ſorgfältig ſein. Es iſt ja wahr, der Apoſtel ſagt, wir fehlen alle mannigfältig; aber wenn es uns nicht leid iſt, daß wir es nicht beſſer zuweg bringen können, und nicht immer zielen weiter zu kommen dann fehlt etwas. Wir erinnern uns an die Worte des Paulus: „Meine Brüder, ich ſchätze mich ſelbſt noch nicht, daß ichs ergriffen habe. (ſchon vollkommen ſei) Eines aber ſage ich: Ich vergeſſe was dahinten iſt, und ſtrecke mich zu dem, daß da vorne iſt, und jage nach dem vorgeſteckten Ziel, nach dem Kleinod, welches vorhält die himmliſche Berufung Gottes in Chriſto Jeſu."

Wenn wir im neuen Jahre eintreten wollen wir immer zielen für vorwärts zu gehen. Wenn wir aber das alte Jahre zurück legen, wollen wir nicht die Gedanken kriegen, wenn wir Sünden getan haben im alten Jahr nur dieweil es über Neu-Jahrs Tag gehet ſolche ſelbſtſichtig verſöhnet ſind. Wir müſſen als noch rechenſchaft geben dafür und Buße tun.

„Der Geiſt der ſpricht es deutlich aus:
Er leitet uns zur Buß!
Wir bücken uns von Herzensgrund,
Und fallen ihm zu Fuß.

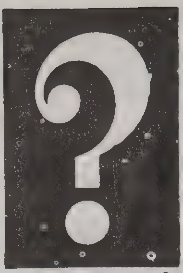
Im Ausgehens vom alten Jahr möchten wir uns viel Anſchläge gemacht haben was wir tun wollen im Neuen Jahr. Nun bei all dieſem wollen wir nicht vergeſſen Chriſtus bei uns zu haben, wenn er fehlt ſo iſt alles andere umſonſt. Doch will Jeſus bei uns ſein alle Tage bis an der Welt Ende. „Ich will in ihnen wohnen und will in ihnen wandeln, ich will ihr Gott ſein und ſie ſollen mein Volk ſein." Ohne mich könnet ihr nichts tun." Doch wird vieles getan in dieſer Welt ohne Jeſum, aber nicht was zum Segen und Seligkeit der Menſchen dient. Wenn wir Jeſus dabei haben wollen ſo müſſen wir es tun nach inhalt ſeinem Wort.

Heute iſt Dankſagungs-Tag, der Boden iſt bedeckt mit Schnee ſchon etliche Tage. Bis dieſes aber vor die Leſer kommt ſind wir wohl ſchon im Neuen Jahr wenn wir leben und die Welt noch ſteht. Wir haben es im Gang ein neues Haus zu bauen, aber ſo wie das Wetter iſt ſind wir ein wenig verhindert. Wir hatten viel Regen und jetzt über den letzten Sonntag kam der Schnee, ſo ſind unſere Anſchläge oder Plans nicht alle ausgeführt worden wie wir gedenkt haben. Vielleicht trachten wir zu viel nach dem das auf Erden iſt und nicht genug nach dem das droben iſt, wir wollen aber immer dankbar ſein, Regen oder Schnee, kalt oder warm. Es kommt alles von dem der da recht richten kann. „Seid dankbar in allen Dingen, denn das iſt der Wille Gottes in Chriſto Jeſu an euch . . ."

Wir haben dieſen Artikel zurück gelegt und ein wenig vergeſſen. Er möchte zu ſpät ſein für der Januar Iſſue, doch kann unſer Schreibes wohl allezeit nützlich ſein wenn es nur ſchriftmäßig iſt, ob es gerade paßt zu die Jahreszeiten oder nicht.

Laſſet uns wachen und beten. ■■

DEADLINE FOR ANSWERS JAN. 31



WHAT DO YOU THINK?

???

Question:

I feel the Amish people should show more respect toward their own people and knock at the door before enterng in, just like we do before entering an English home. Now I know some of them do and I respect them for it.

I have experienced being in my own home and didn't know anyone was around till someone came walking in.

I heard a remark once a boy made about what he saw upon entering a sick room. He left again without being noticed. It would have been embarrassing had he been noticed.

Am I wrong in thinking so?

— L., Ohio

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ANSWERS TO "PAY FOR THE CHILDREN"

What do I think about paying children for doing chores and odd jobs"?Our two boys are 6 and 8 and we find they do need reminders for doing their chores. We use a peg board with hooks enough for 2 for each child for 6 days. On these hooks we hang bits of stiff paper listing he little chores for each one for that day.

For the bigger jobs during the summer, they do get a ittle pay. They get paid a few cents for taking care of heir rows of beans, carrots, etc. This teaches them hat in the world today you get paid according to the amount of effort you put into a thing. For picking berries, they get paid a few cents a box.

I think it is good for the children to earn a little money. This way they can learn how to manage. When they want something, they will learn how much it takes for each hing. As they grow older they get more and are expected to do more with it, but it is always under supervision of the parents. Some of the money they spend for things hey want, for presents, etc., some of it goes for charty and part goes into savings.

In our home and in my parental home, it never got to he place where we expected to be paid for everything. On the other hand, in the world today people get paid for working and don't get paid if they don't accomplish anything. I think this concept needs to be learned by all.

-Mrs. K., Ontario

That allowance business is quite a racket. I've seen it already where the children get paid for sweeping floors or washing a few dishes or just little odd jobs. The bigger they get the more they want and then start buying things which aren't good for them. I think a little more love and training would do a lot more good.

—W., Ohio

I think children should be taught to do willingly and without pay the things they are to do at home. If they do something for a neighbor and the neighbor wants to give them something, they should feel thankful for it. They should never have that attitude that if they don't get any pay, they won't help them again. Where do we find kinder and bigger-hearted people than those whose parents were too poor to pay them for what they did? They will learn to appreciate it more what they have.

-Delaware

I am unable to say whether it is right or wrong to pay children for the work they do. However, my thoughts went to Jospeh, son of Jacob and Rachel, who at the age of 17 was cast into prison innocently. This is an age where many of the young people today think they have a right to earn some money of their own.

Joseph was paid no money but I believe he had clothes to wear and food to eat. We can not read that he complained. I do believe he had many sorrowful days but he had a confidence in the Almighty God and as he was taught by his parents, he learned to be content. This happiness and contentment cannot be obtained be receiving or giving money.

--A.S.C., Wallenstein, Ontario

I feel sorry for the children and the parents who depend so much on "money" to get things done. I don't think children should be bribed with money or with other promises to do things they don't want to do. This spoils them and will never break their "self-will" but actually makes them more selfish. I've seen so much of it and it's really not fair to the child in the long run. He grows up physically, but emotionally he is not well-balanced.

Children should have their self-will broken through love and discipline in the fear of God. They should learn to do their family responsibilities willingly. If they do, the parents should let them know that they appreciate it.

It is sad to see how many teen-agers get allowances, up to $15.00 a week, and how the money is used. If we give our children money and they spend it on something which is harmful to their souls, then we will have to answer for it.

We give our children a small allowance, too, but always with the admonition that if they misuse it, it will be taken away from them.

-Indiana

We have three school children and ordinarily they don't get paid for their regular chores around the farm. We tell them their pay is the clothes they wear, the food they eat, and the warm beds they sleep in. We try to bring them up in the fear of God.

But there are times when I think they should be given a little reward for extra effort. Like the time when eleven-year-old daughter slipped into the house before the others were done choring and without being told, washed a big stack of dishes, put everything neatly away, swept the floors, and by the time the rest of us came in, she was contentedly taking care of the baby.

Or there are evenings when we have come home late from town and the eight and ten-year-old boys had their chores all done, the cows fed, and everything ready to milk. At times like this, I tell them, "Now because you did something extra nice for us tonight, I want to give you another dime to put into your piggy bank."

But at other times these same children can fuss and quarrel over "whose turn it is" longer than it would take to go and feed the chickens or carry in wood. It's not easy to always settle such an argument or to know what is best. There have been times when I acted too fast and said or did things I shouldn't have. But all in all, I think it's a good experience to be a mother.

--Fredericksburg, Ohio

I've never given our children a set price for doing their work by the week. At one time I started giving them something like a stick of gum or five pennies. After several months of this I got very tired of it. Seemed like every time I asked them to do something, they would first have to know how much I would give them. Then they'd want to bargain for more.

Finally I got them together and gave them a little lecture. "From now on," I told them, "I'm not giving you anything for the work you do. What you do is for your own benefit as well as for everyone else's. You get your food, clothing, and a place to sleep. From now on you are going to do your work because it needs to be done, and I as your mother will ask you to do it whenever I see anything that needs to be done."

Now I think we all like it so much better. They do their work and don't even think of first asking what they will get out of it. I think it's too low a spirit to implant in them that they have to know what they will get before they do anything.

The older boys work with their dad at carpenter trade and they get a small percentage of their wages. But Dad puts it in the bank for them and they can not draw it until they are on age. But none of them stop and ask me what I will give them whenever I ask them to do a job for me.

—Ohio Mother

We never got paid for doing regular chores at home, but there were times when Dad would say, "If you help me hoe thistles this afternoon and work real well, I'll give you a dime." This helped to make an unpleasant task more pleasant. And we knew that if we didn't work well, we not only missed out on the dime, but got "something else" in its place. Another time we were paid a quarter each for pulling wild mustard out of the wheat field. I don't remember how long we worked, but I do remember that when the afternoons were long and the sun hot, thinking of all the "riches" we could buy with that quarter kept us at it.

We usually got paid for doing a good job of something, but not nearly always with money. Often it was nothing more than a compliment or a word of appreciation, but even that meant a lot to us. The times we got paid with money were pretty rare, and one thing we learned quite young. It didn't work to ask to be paid for something, because that was one time we didn't get anything.

I don't think paying children occasionally for unusual or tiresome work should be considered bribing, although it could come to be that.

Isn't the attitude children take toward money and working for money often a reflection of their parents' attitude? At least, it would be pretty rare that a child would have a better attitude toward this than the parents do.

--Ohio daughter

* * *

If you give some people an inch, they will think they are the whole ruler.

There is no right way to do a wrong thing.

God put the church in the world, but Satan puts the world into the church.

He stands best who kneels most.

SINGING (continued from page 32)

(That the hearts of all on the earth
May entirely be pulled to thee)"

I now have a question to ask. If we are therefore admonished in Scriptures to the singing of songs, why do we so often after the Loblied is sung, just sit and wait on the ministers to return. Wouldn't it be better not to wait so long to start another song, even if we would only get through one verse until the ministers appear? I have heard some ministers say that they would like for the brethern to be singing when they come down from the "abroth."

Jacob J. Yoder
R.5, Box 743
Dover, Deleware 19901

THE NEW YEAR

God gives a page all pure and white
With every coming year
Ere I begin to write, I quake
With direst dread and fear
Lest I should blot the page so clean
Or mar its beauty fair
I'd like to put my hand in his
And breathe a little prayer.

He who eternal is, and great
Who gives the page so fair
Can guide our weary faltering steps
And hear our faintest prayer
To him the way of life is plain
And pages all are pure.
With Him I'll walk the darksome way
With Him, my step is ~~pure~~ sure.

What holds the unknown future year
Of pain or joy for me?
Where leads the path that I must go?
The end I cannot see.
What of the seas so blue, so fair,
That lie beyond my ken,
That beckon to the stoutest hearts
And call the sons of men?

O boundless is Thy universe,
And great Thy keeping power;
My soul can safely rest in Thee,
And trust thee every hour.
The future page of life is fair,
The path unknown to me,
The sea uncharted, yet none sailed-
I leave them, Lord, with Thee.

IF YOU ARE GROWING OLD

You're never too old, if you can sing
And smile your hours away;
You're never too old, if you can laugh
At troubles along your way.
What though the years drift on and on,
Leaving your body worn;
You're never too old if you can love,
No matter when you were born.

Across The Window Sill

by Aunt Becky

NOCH ESSA ZEIT (Supper Time)

Wo ich en yunger bu wor in die kintheit,
Hob ich gashpeeled bis in die owet zeit,
No bin ich des bakond alt pad mol nunner,
Mi Mudder hut garufa kint kum hame.
Chorus:
Kum häme, kum häme, sis essa zeit;
Die shodda worra long.
Kum häme, kum häme, sis essa zeit;
Mir gaina häme eb long.

A dawg hob ich ganeed an eera bedside.
Ich hob die engel g'hard draus an die deer;
Da Herr hut g'sagt sis essa zeit im Himmel;
Ich mäne ich häre sie rufa loud und kleer.

Ich mäne ich däte se seh-en staeh dot druvva,
Ihr sproch die is mer als noch so bakond,
Der dish is g'setz dot druvva in dem Himmel,
Sis essa zeit dot uf dem goldna strand.
-B. Z., Lancaster

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We're standing again at the doorway of another year.

The first of January brings memories of the time when we were children at home. Early on every New Year's morning we'd hear Dad singing, "Heut fanget an das neue Jahr..." His voice seemed to reach into every corner of the house. Naturally we were soon all awake. Being this was a special day— no school and no work— we quickly tumbled out of bed and ran for the old Round Oak heater down in the living room, where our shoes were lined up waiting for us.

When you gather around the stove these cold winter evenings and want something new for the popcorn bowl, add 1/3 cup "red hot" cinnamon candy to 2/3 cup popcorn. The popper needs to be washed afterwards.

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This Year's Recipe

Take 12 fine full-grown months; see that they are thoroughly free from old memories of bitterness, rancor, hate, and jealousy.

Cleanse them completely from every clinging spite; pick off all specks of pettiness. Cut each month into 30 or 31 equal parts. Do not attempt to make up the whole batch at one time.

Prepare one day at a time as follows: Into each day put equal parts of faith, patience, courage, work, hope, honesty, kindness, rest, prayer, meditation; add plenty of good spirits, a dash of fun, a sprinkling of play, and a heaping handful of good humor. Pour love into the whole and mix with vim. Serve with quietness, unselfishness, and cheerfulness. —Selected

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Dear Friends,

As a busy mother with many small children, I often look and long for words of encouragement from other mothers. Especially from older ones who have already gone the way— those whose families are half-grown, or maybe gone.

Too often busy young mothers feel too busy or inexperienced to write. It is true if we wait until all the work is done, there is never time for this. This morning with unswept floors and a pile of mending on the sewing machine, I feel inspired to write.

The five oldest are off for school and Daddy has gone to his job. Not because we would not enjoy having him at home but because we have given up "the crop" which has weighed heavily on our consciences for years. God seemed very definitely to lead us in this direction. It is not easy to watch Daddy go down the road each morning when we would so much rather have him here. Although we went forward in God's will, I at times have found myself very discontented and complaining in the past year. But I feel I am now resigned and Daddy is happy.

Through the long lonely winter months we keep looking forward to the busy seasons of the summer when Daddy will again join us at the dinner table. But God has truly blessed us. When I look back over the past fourteen years of our life together, I have only one great regret. This is the many, many times I looked ahead and worried, and became discontented when thinking of the future and of all the trials and impossiblilities it might hold. How miserable I felt many times and I must have made my family also often miserable.

But thank God He has forgiven me and I have resolved anew to try harder than ever to make a happy home for my family. Mostly by living one day at a time.

Most years have seen us blessed with another healthy new bundle of life. We often thought of the great responsibility in this day and age. But here we were, looking ahead again, and worrying. Today was never hard to bear but tomorrow looked awfully big and uncertain. And it still does! But with the grace of God and the prayers from all you other mothers, all will be well. We have the same God to trust in and to care for us that all mothers have had down through the ages.

And to all young mothers, don't spoil what could be a happy day by worrying and complaining. Live for today and enjoy each day as though it were the last. The things we worry about hardly ever happen and the few that do are not helped by worry anyway.

Today I am alone with the four pre-schoolers. When the schoolchildren come home there is more companionship. They have so much to tell. The loneliness is gone and there are chores to do and supper to be prepared, dishes to be washed.

None too soon we are settled down for a time of reading. After the children are in bed, Daddy and I will sit and talk of the day's happenings before retiring. Then morning comes again with its endless round of tasks. Is not this motherhood!

I feel I have not written half my thoughts, nor are they well written. I am not a poet or a writer but just a common ordinary mother with hands too full for carnal pleasure. Is this why God has so filled them; that I have need to daily call upon Him for strength and guidance.

Truly, of all God's creatures, we mothers have more to be thankful for than all others. Who but a mother of a new baby almost each year has the same pleasure so often? May we pray earnestly and daily for all mothers everywhere in the great task of motherhood.

-Just a weak and imperfect mother who is wishing for prayers.

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Pot Luck Potato Casserole

- 2 lbs. jacket boiled potatoes, peeled and chopped
- 1/2 stick melted butter
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1 can cream of chicken soup, undiluted
- 1 pt. sour cream
- 10 oz. (2 cups) grated sharp cheddar cheese
- 2 cups crushed cornflakes mixed with 1/4 cups melted butter

Combine potatoes with 1/2 cup melted butter in large mixing bowl. Add salt, pepper, onion, soup, sour cream, and cheese. Blend thoroughly. Pour into greased casserole 9 x 13. Cover with crushed cornflakes mixed with melted butter. Bake at 350 for 45 minutes. -Sue Mullet

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Perfect Dairy Whip

- 1 quart prepared powdered milk (use only powdered milk)
- 1 can evaporated milk
- 2 cups white sugar
- 2 teaspoons imitation vanilla

This is for a four-quart freezer. One package of pudding mix (instant) may be added. We like this very well. It is delicious without adding the pudding mix. All ingredients are easy to keep on hand at all times. This will not come out right if cows milk and cream are used. I made this recipe myself and have been thankful for it many times. I feel it worth passing on to others.

—Ohio

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Junket Ice Cream

- 1 junket tablet
- 1 pint milk
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 teaspoon vanilla

Heat milk to lukewarm. Stir in sugar and vanilla. Dissolve junket tablet in a little water and stir in. Let mixture stand 10 minutes. Cover, and freeze. This tastes delicious made with powdered milk. If put in a freezing unit, beat real well when half frozen. Put back into freezer and when about half frozen again, beat the second time, and it's ready to eat!

--Mrs. Reuben B. Shirk, Pa.

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Canadian Summer Sausage

- 66 lbs. ground beef
- 4 lbs. salt
- 1/3 lb. pepper
- 33 lbs. pork
- 5 lbs. white sugar
- 2 oz. saltpeter

Mix as you would sausage and stuff tightly in muslin sacks (I usually make my sacks 5 inches wide and 30 inches long). Hang in cellar for 1 to 2 weeks, and then smoke. Let dry for 6 to 8 weeks before using and you'll have some good eating.

—Mrs. Ben A. Coblentz, Indiana

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To Can Sausage

Cook lard out of sausage.
Put sausage in pans and brown both sides in oven.
Make a brine with 1 cup brown sugar, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon pepper, and 1 gallon water. Mix well.
Fill cans with sausage and brine. Cold pack 20 minutes.

-Mrs. M. H., Millersburg, Ohio

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To Can Bologna

Do not peal. Cut in pieces. Put in cans. Add 1 teaspoon salt. Mix tomato juice and water half and half and add to bologna. Fill about 1 inch from the top. Cold pack 30 minutes. —Mrs. M. H., Millersburg, Ohio

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A Child's Morning Prayer (in Pa. Dutch)

Ich dank dich, Gott, für ein gute nacht;
Der ganzen tag gieb auf mich acht
Und hilf mich das ich freundlich bin
Und gehorch auf meine eltern.

Ich weis du sehnst mich allezeit;
Vergieb wann mich wann ich letz du heit
Hilf mich das ich brauf kann sein
Wie Jesus war wo Er war klein.

Halte mein kindlisch glauben rein
Hilf das es wachst wei ein kornlein,
Ja, gröszer wird bis ich grosz bin—
Immer zu leben wie ein Gottes kind.

Mrs. S., Pa.

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Some Mothers Write

You know, I found that being continually thankful really destroys grumbling and complaining in a person's life. It's awfully hard to make a fuss about something if you have already said, "Thanks!" -J. B., Pennsylvania

Our 5-year-old was following his daddy, along with a neighbor's little girl. They went into the shop and the little ones started exploring the contents of the boxes and nail kegs. One box was opened by the girl and then she said this has nails in it. The boy looked in, too, and said, "Nay, sel sin bobby pins." (They were cotter pins.)

—A Mother, Ephrata, Pennsylvania

Our six-year-old daughter noticed the "washfast" tag on some black ribbon and pointed out that that's to be washed fast. —A Mother, Ohio

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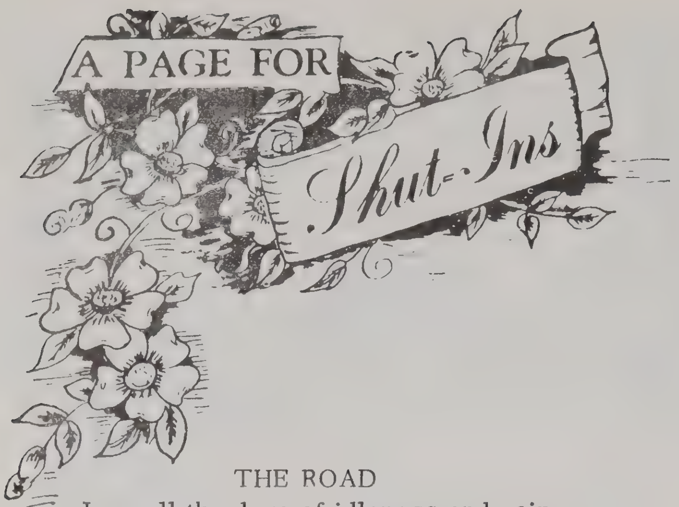
Thoughts from My Rocking Chair

January 2
Dear Diary -
I found it is much easier to make a resolution than to break one.
- Aunt Becky



A PAGE FOR Shut-Ins

THE ROAD

I recall the days of idleness and pain,
The long dark nights when tears like rain
Come all unbidden to my stinging eyes
And yet I knew that He was wise, all-wise.

How many times I pleaded then
That He would make me able once again
To tread the busy path of days gone by
And help in wiping clouds from other's sky.

"Perhaps, my child, I have a plan for thee
That will be better far for you, for me;
And some glad day, my child, you'll see
I walked that long, long road with thee."

And still I am shut in, shut in with Him
And still sometimes my eyes grow very dim,
But still I know His way is always best
And in His everlasting love I rest.

Sadie Mathers Miller

IN GOD'S VINEYARD

In God's vineyard there is much work to do and God has a place for each of us. Our portion in life may differ, yet one is as needful as the other. Whatever it may be, may we do it willingly for our Lord. Sometimes the way may twist and turn and all around it seems dark, but He has promised guidance and strength to help us on.

Oft we do not know why sorrow comes our way. But regardless of the test, we trust it is the best for us. Our Father makes no mistakes. If we met no disappointments could we see our need of Him? Oh, for a faith that will not shrink...though pressed by many a foe...

Many times I have been faced with trials and struggles, for I have had rheumatoid arthritis now for sixteen years— a very crippling disease. I am now nineteen years old. All my joints are affected and I am quite helpless. I have had much pain to endure. I can no more reach up to rub tired eyes or brush a wisp of hair from my face. Nor can I reach to my knees. I can still feed myself which I'm very thankful for.

In the fall of 1970 my rheumatic heart gave me much trouble. Often it would pound so hard that my head and covers jerked right with it. Oh, such discomfort! I tried to assure myself that whether we live or die, we are the Lord's. I felt so helpless...so very helpless. Gradually I improved again, but was in bed for four months. This severe sickness was one of the hardest trials in my life but the Lord taught me valuable lessons that continue to help me. I realized more than ever before that surely it is only Christ's atoning blood that can save me when I die. I can never thank Him enough.

I continued to gain more strength as time went on. But the following summer I could still not go to church and had a desire to be baptized. I found it a hard struggle to sacrifice my own will for I was not able to go with the rest of the class to church. The Lord had a way for me ....a most wonderful way. We had separate instruction meetings here at home. I often had to feel "as for God, his way is perfect:" (Psalm 18:30).

On a Saturday afternoon we once more assembled here in my home. Upon my confession of faith in God and Jesus Christ, being truly sorry for past sins and willing to submit myself to Christ and His Word...to be faithful unto death, I was baptized with water in the ever-adorable Name of the Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost.

Things were done a bit differently because I could not kneel. I only stayed in my chair. The meaning was the same and it was a rich experience. It is my prayer that everyone could feel the great love that I did then toward my brothers and sisters in Christ.

The time has gone by and I'm now able to go to church once more. This is an inexpressible joy. We all need encouragement and admonishment in the Lord— the invalid as well as those who are strong.

I'm in a wheelchair since my rheumatic heart condition. God knows my disappointments in not being able to walk. At times the mists hang heavy and my store of endurance seems low. Sometimes I am tempted to wonder why, oh, why? But it is a blessing that I do not have to understand it all. If I only can be submissive to His holy will. I trust He has a purpose for it all. Someday the clouds shall roll away and we shall understand. "For now we see through a glass, darkly: but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as I am known" (I Cor. 13:12).

Most wonderfully Christ has provided that a handicap has as much privilege as anybody else to rejoice and to be happy, even when deprived of some things. My cup of blessings runs over. —Sarah Brubacher

HOME REMEDIES and suggestions--------------------

Scared about aspirin! Did you know a tea made from willow bark and leaves has pain killing properties? It is also cooling and helps reduce fever. I just peel the bark from the hanging whips of the weeping willow (or regular willow will do) and simmer it slowly for 5 minutes. Then add the leaves and let steep at least 15 minutes. For adults the dosage would be a heaping teaspoon willow per cup of water, but dilute it for children.

--Port Trevorton, Pennsylvania

****

If you have a new born baby and would like a remedy for those often hiccups, try honey.

--Mrs. Sam Hostetler, Mo.

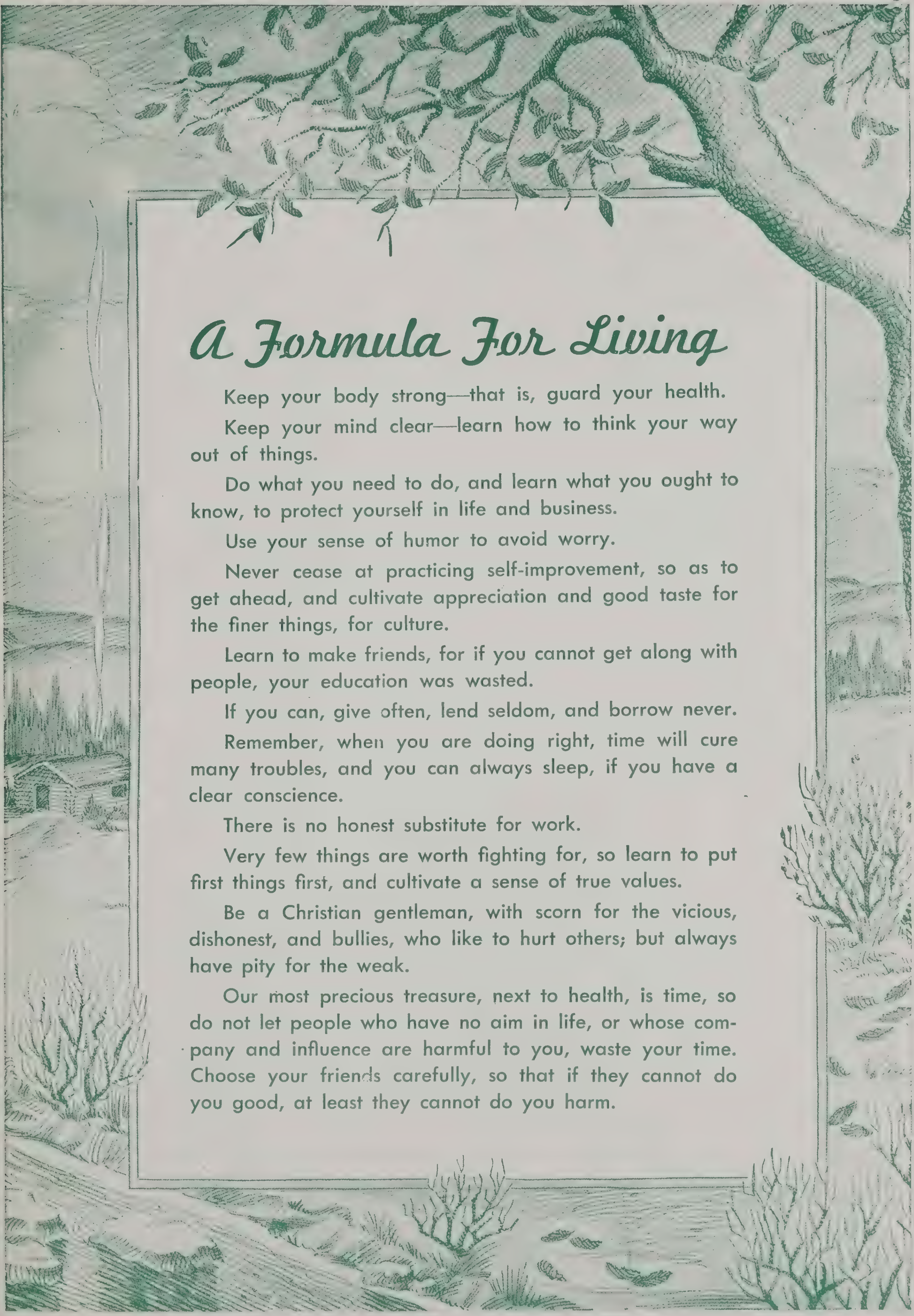
****

BLOOD POISON SALVE

1/2 pound beeswax	1/2 pound sheep tallow
1/2 pound clean lard	1/2 pound turpentine
1/2 pound carrots (grated)	

Fry carrots in lard till hard and brown, then press them through a cloth. Put the pressed-through sauce back on the stove and add the other ingredients. Heat until well mixed. (Rectified turpentine N.F. by Mc Kesson and Robbins will do if white or gum turpentine is not available.) Good for pimples or all sores. This recipe is known in Holmes County, Ohio as the "Mona Yoder Schmier."

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT -- Our cover picture was sketched by Mrs. Leroy Hershberger of Salineville, O.



A Formula For Living

Keep your body strong—that is, guard your health.

Keep your mind clear—learn how to think your way out of things.

Do what you need to do, and learn what you ought to know, to protect yourself in life and business.

Use your sense of humor to avoid worry.

Never cease at practicing self-improvement, so as to get ahead, and cultivate appreciation and good taste for the finer things, for culture.

Learn to make friends, for if you cannot get along with people, your education was wasted.

If you can, give often, lend seldom, and borrow never.

Remember, when you are doing right, time will cure many troubles, and you can always sleep, if you have a clear conscience.

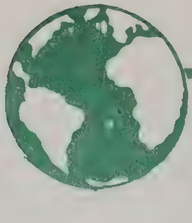
There is no honest substitute for work.

Very few things are worth fighting for, so learn to put first things first, and cultivate a sense of true values.

Be a Christian gentleman, with scorn for the vicious, dishonest, and bullies, who like to hurt others; but always have pity for the weak.

Our most precious treasure, next to health, is time, so do not let people who have no aim in life, or whose company and influence are harmful to you, waste your time. Choose your friends carefully, so that if they cannot do you good, at least they cannot do you harm.

THE SKIES FOR JANUARY



This is always an interesting time of the year, to be able to sit back and look through the almanacs for the coming twelve months.

The year of 1973 will have an unusually large number of eclipses but none of them will be particularly noticeable in North America. There will be four eclipses of the moon but three of them will be penumbral or "halbschatten." This is not really an eclipse, All that will happen is that the earth will shut off a large part of the sunlight which ordinarily hits the moon. But no part of the moon will actually be dark in these penumbral eclipses and you have to look closely in order to notice the difference. However, on the evening of December 9th there will be a partial eclipse of the moon and about one-tenth of the area of the moon will be dark.

There will be three eclipses of the sun but the only one visible in North America will be a partial eclipse of the sun on the morning of December 24th. A small portion of the sun will be covered by the moon at sunrise.

Eclipses can occur only at certain times of the year. It is when the moon crosses over the celestial equator which happens about every 5 1/2 months. Ordinarily there are only two periods of the year in which this happens, but this year there will be three. The moon crosses this point around the middle of January, the last of June, and the middle of December.

No bright planets are visible during January. Venus, Jupiter, and Saturn are all fairly close to the sun during this period. However, by the end of the month and during February and March, Venus can be seen as the morning star. In April, Venus again crosses to the other side of the sun and will be an evening star the rest of the year. It will be particularly bright during December and especially at Christmas time, 1973.

The group of bright stars in the southeast in the evening hours is the well-known constellation Orion. The Pleiades or Seven Sisters are always ahead of Orion the Hunter, and Sirius the dog star is always at his heels. Mention is made of both Orion and the Pleiades in Job 9:9 and 38:31. In the German, they are called the Glucke (the hen with her little ones).

Almanacs are always of interest to children because of the weather forecasts they contain. It is fascinating to think that anyone would be able to make weather forecasts for a whole year in advance. Even the modern forecasters with the weather bureau, with their knowledge of weather conditions all over the country are not able to make accurate forecasts for more than three or four days.

Some almanacs have what they call a "hundred year weather forecast." Someone apparently came up with the idea that the weather for the coming year will be exactly like it was a hundred years ago. It is not certain exactly who made this discovery or why it should work this way, but most people are satisfied that if anything is a hundred years old, there has to be something to it. It is surprising how many people will vouch for the accuracy of these hundred year forecasts.

Any long range weather forecast has the advantage of a wide difference in weather conditions over the country. If the almanac predicts a wet summer, there is almost certain to be some section of the country which will be wet. If it says there is going to be dry weather, there is nearly always some area that will suffer from drought. The same goes for hot and cold, too. For example, last summer when the eastern states were having the wettest and most disastrous summer in history, the farmers in Indiana were wishing for rain and watching their cornfields shrivel up in the hot sun.

The old almanacs are interesting even if we have to take a lot of the statements with a grain of salt. Some of the weather forecasts are based on an eclipse of the sun, yet we know of no one who can explain what connection an eclipse of the sun would have on the year's weather. Along the same line is the claim that the next year is going to be reigned over by a certain planet such as Jupiter, Venus, or Mars. I have often wondered and wondered who has the responsibility of deciding which planet is going to be the reigning planet in any given year and whether all the almanacs agree as to which one it is.

Of course, these things are of little importance and possibly no harm is done if anyone does believe in them. There are some things, though, in the almanac which might better not be taken seriously. Some almanacs contain horoscopes which claim that anyone who is born in a certain month, under a certain sign, will have a pre-determined set of characteristics. Some of these horoscopes will say, for instance, that anyone who is born under the sign of the waterman (January 19 to February 28) will be proud, puffed up, envious, foolhearty, and generally unsuccessful in anything he undertakes. But if he happens to be born under the sign of the Lion (July 22 to August 23) he will love righteousness and truth, hate falsehoods, be healthy and can be depended on to do whatever he undertakes. It is true that there are people who fit into these types but it would be unfair, and we believe untruthful, to say that the signs of the Zodiac are the causes of this.

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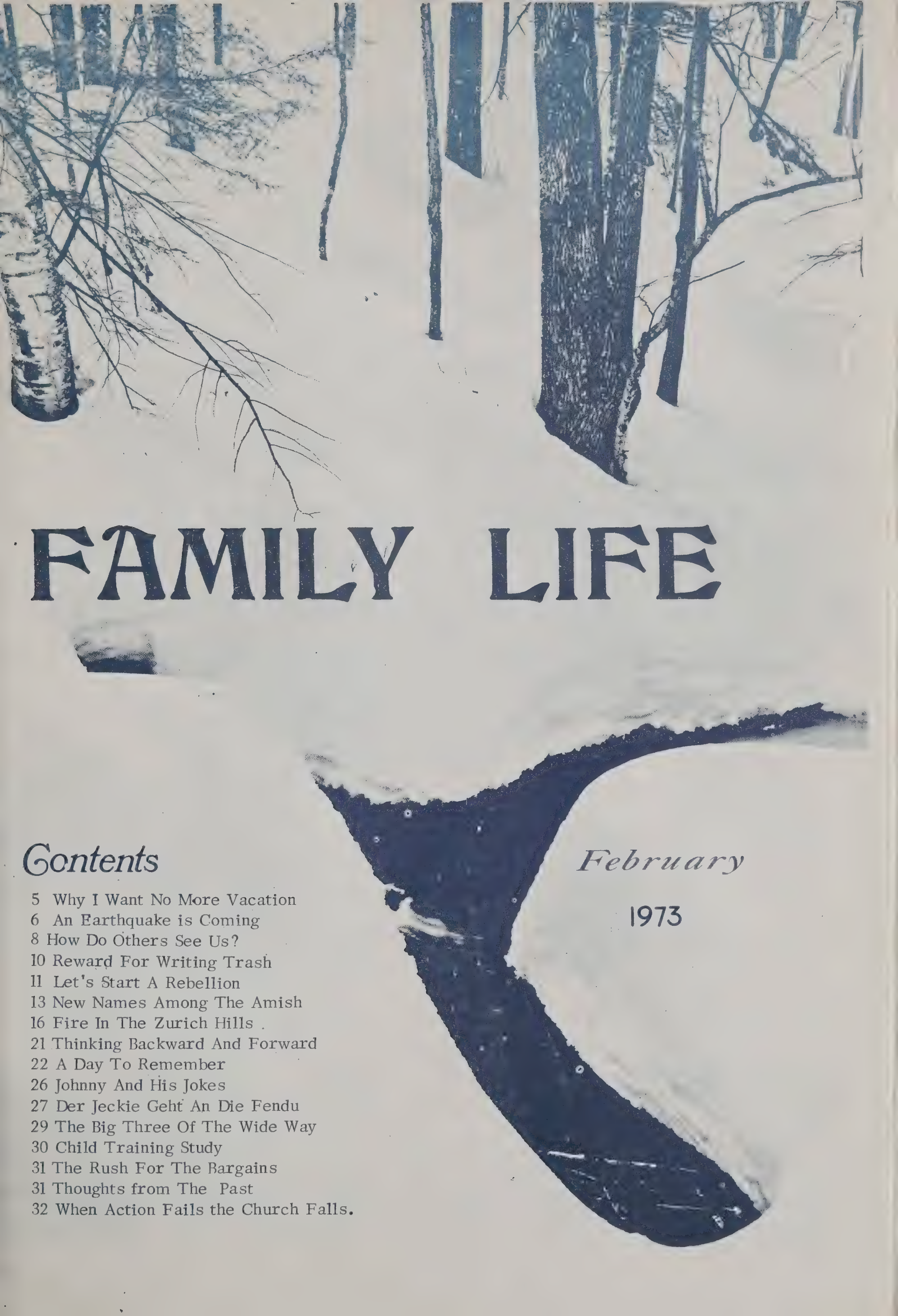

FAMILY LIFE

February

1973

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letters to the editors

PHYSICAL AND SPIRITUAL STRUGGLES

I appreciated very much the article "I Lived With The Spirit of Fear" (December issue). I had similar experiences and I often wondered if others have had struggles like this. Perhaps there are more people, but they don't admit it for it is a rather embarrassing subject.

I'm agreed on how to conquer these fears, but with each individual, the circumstances may be different. I have a physical problem to live with which has been the cause of many of my struggles. It has also created many unnecessary fears. I came to realize that common sense must be used against both physical and spiritual struggles. Often they go hand in hand. One can bring on the other if not properly cared for.

I have never been a slave to tranquilizers but I have no conscience against using natural products to help calm the body or even occasionally stronger measures if necessary, especially after a rundown condition.

The battle is hard at times but let's not get discouraged. We should do what is in our strength, then carry our cross with triumph, knowing that God will take care of His own. Who knows, these struggles may be our gateway to Heaven so let's be thankful at all times.

—Name withheld

As a child I remember lying awake and hearing others sleeping so good. This often brought tears to my eyes because I wanted to be asleep, too. Hearing a train at night was comforting to me as then I knew there were others who were awake, too. There was a time when I dreaded to see nighttime come, thinking of not being able to sleep. But I knew it was the course of nature for night to come and I tried to accept it that I wasn't as good a sleeper as some.

As I grew older, I recall that my sister-in-law once said, "Maybe God doesn't want us all to sleep all night. Maybe he wants us to spend more time in prayer and meditation." Now when I have wakeful hours at night, I think of this. These can be pleasant and soothing thoughts if we don't let the cares of this life crowd them out.

Sometimes there are certain songs which I find myself singing over and over again in my heart. I believe God wants prayer and praises in the night. Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises to God at night and the prison doors opened. Jesus left examples of spending the night in prayer.

The night before His death was a sleepless night for him. When Jesus rose from prayer and found his disciples sleeping, he said unto them, "Why sleep ye? Can ye not wake with me an hour?" Though sleepless hours may not be so pleasant for the flesh, they can be profitable for the spirit if we turn out thoughts to God at those times.

—Mrs. E.M.

MORE HELP FOR LINDA

Stories like "What Troubled Linda" (August issue) bring out the fact that outside influences can be a strong force to tear down what parents and teachers tried to build. The child is often unable to resist the flood of friends bent on having "fun". If we by God's grace are able to implant the fear of God in our children, then we should also protect them from the blight and storm of worthless (or worse) companionship. We have fences for our cattle and sheep and surely our children are worth more than a whole field full of cattle. We as plain people are often times put to shame by outsiders. I well remember a Catholic family where the mother once went to bring her 17 year old son home because he was out after midnight. Would we know where to go look for ours?

—Pennsylvania

I, too, have wondered what age young people should join church and be baptized. I was the youngest in the class when I joined. I tried to bring forth fruits of repentance and conform to the rules of the church. I wonder sometimes if I wouldn't have been tempted more to go with the crowd if I would have been the same age as the rest.

But then on the other hand, if they would all join young, I fear they would just bring more sins into the church. I know the church should keep such things out, but somehow this can not always be done. It would all end up that boys and girls would be together younger and younger.

So I really don't know what age is the best. That should not be so important. The main thing is that they are born again and sincere when they are baptized.

—Pennsylvania

WHY WAS TOBY TEASED?

"Toby and the Teaser" (Dec. issue) was a good story but I am afraid not too good reading for children who are taught the Golden Rule. Where were his parents? They must have failed to teach Raymond to do unto others as he would have others do unto him. But maybe they did not know about Raymond teasing but where was their teacher? Or did they not go to a parochial school? I think the Golden Rule should be taught in our schools.

—A mother who likes to teach children to love one anothe

ABOUT THE HOLY KISS

A few years ago we found ourselves in the position of the writer of "Greeting with the Kiss" (Nov. issue). In weakness we did try to practice the Holy Kiss even thoug it was not customary in our area. The reaction varied from open resistance to indifference with a few who appreciated it. We felt we received a blessing in following our convictions but it was expensive in terms of losing our reputation and those whom we thought were our friends. We tried to be consistent in other areas but in o case we had to relocate, not to a higher church, but to one where we felt the Scripture was more fully taught an practiced. I believe the Lord will grant wisdom if we ask and are then willing to submit ourselves and obey hi

—A concerned friend

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The Bible says Esau kissed Jacob but we can not read at Jacob kissed Esau. For my part, I do not feel that iving the kiss to just anyone who comes to church would e pleasing to God. With so many demonations now-a-ays attending each other's churches, doesn't the Bible ll us that not all those who say "Lord, Lord," will inerit the Kingdom of Heaven?

—Ohio

EPHTHAH'S SACRIFICE

Concerning the Jephthah story (November issue) I once eard a minister say that perhaps Jephthah had a house og that always came to meet him when he came home. ould it be that this is what he had in mind when he made is vow? Also read Nagler's Handworterbuch as it seems ey have a different interpretation. However, let us note at Jephthah is mentioned in the New Testament among e heroes of faith. Hebrews 11:32

—Just wondering, Ohio

ORE ABOUT HIRED GIRLS

The article about the Handy Hired Girls in the November sue made me wonder, where did the mother send her rls, was it to needy homes or was it to homes where ey would get a lot of pay and wouldn't have to work so rd. If it was to needy homes, then I believe she will reeive a reward for it. I have eight small children and I ave seen times when my children had hardly enough othes to wear. When I asked for a hired girl, they would y no, she has to work on Tuesday. And where was she orking? Not for any of our people. How cheap it made e feel to think of asking again.

—Ohio Mother

Being a hired girl in a plain church is alright. But some our plain people don't know when a hired girl has had ough. A girl working where there is a new baby and a nch of little ones should not be required to go to the rn to help milk and to do a lot of chores. Some people e so hard on girls and want to get all their money's orth out of them they can. It's no wonder they'd sooner ot work in such homes. I know they aren't all like that ut I know some women who leave their dirty dishes for e girl on Monday morning, that were used over the eekend. Then the weekly washing has to be done and have done by noon in time to get dinner. The little ones need tention, too. Then in the afternoon the wash must be ought in, the diapers folded and what not. Go help with e milking, do other chores and get supper. After supper e dishes are to be washed again without any help. The ildren put to bed and at last the hired girl drags herself bed. Then gets up at five o'clock the next morning inking, "I believe I'll get me a job somewhere that I n't have to work so hard." Maybe I'm wrong about is. I hope so.

—Indiana

In our community there are quite a few older girls and en if we could all find work among our own people hich is doubtful) no one could afford to pay a full time aid. I have worked as a hired girl and feel it's a good perience for anyone but I never got more than $2.00 day. How could anyone hope to save anything at that ice? Some say we shouldn't look for a lot of money, ut who wants to take care of us when our parents are one? No one! I know one girl who spent most of her life lping others. Now she's old and sickly and has hardly ough to live on and no one wants to take her in. True, the church would help her financially, but I can hear many remarks in such a case that she's "an old maid and can't even support herself."

Maybe we won't live to get old but all the same, I feel we should try to take care of ourselves as far as we can. Maybe I'm not looking at it the right way and I don't like to "pick" when people mean well but it's not pleasant to hear such remarks when there's nothing we can do about it. After all, most of us would prefer housework and a chance to be like others but we try to seek God's will, not our own. Most people mean to be nice but sometimes without thinking they say things which hurt deeply but that is no reason to be discouraged.

—A Faithful Reader

FARMING WITH HORSES

We would like to support the views that have been expressed regarding farming with machinery. It would seem to me that those of us who drive horses should also do our farming with horses. Scripture does not call for church rules over how to use controversal "meat" but it tells us to be content with "straw"(herbs and greens). If the effort to support tractor rules would have been used to encourage contentment with horses, many mistakes, troubles and inconsistencies could have been avoided. If tractor rules are set up, defended and encouraged but then later abandoned, what good have they done? Have they not come short of every virtue listed in Phillippians 4:8?

--J.R., Pennsylvania

PLAIN CLOTHES RECOMMENDATION

We have read different opinions about horses and horse dealing in Family Life. I well remember when I was still in the lower grades in school my father bought a horse from a man he knew quite well. He figured maybe the horse was not quite what the dealer said he is. However, there was a man along from our own faith who said, "Oh, yes, the horse is all right. I drove him for a while but my wife didn't like him so I decided not to keep him."

It turned out that the horse was a balker and simply no good at all single. He was not too bad double although he did balk at times, too.

Hearing my parents talk about it, I realized it wasn't so much the disappointment in the horse for we had him a number of years, but the fact that a man wearing plain clothes had recommended him. My dad had been deceived into buying a horse which was actually unsafe and not to be trusted.

My dad had his shortcomings same as anyone else, but he always taught us that honesty in selling is very important.

—Elmira, Ontario

ONE ISSUE WORTH A LOT

I read a back issue of the November, 1971 Family Life with the article, "The Greatest Gamble"(about suicide). That article is worth a five dollar bill so please send it to the address given. It hit the nail on the head. I know for I am also bothered with mental illness. One can get help but it does not come easy. The Hand Above will help if asked and thanked. Also doctors can help with medicine, etc. A lot has to be done by the person himself.

—Name and address withheld

EDITOR'S NOTE: It might be well to mention the fact that the suicide article along with 33 other stories of general interest are to appear in book form yet this year. The title of the book will be "Life Is For The Living" and the price of the whole book will be less than $5.00.

WHERE TO SEEK ADVICE

Whenever we wish to know something, we go to someone who is in position to give us advice on that particular subject. When we're sick, we go to a doctor. When we want to build a house we see a carpenter. Why don't we follow the same rule in regards to the welfare to our souls? If we can only give up to the will of God, we have nothing to worry about. Let's try someone's advice on this. Maybe the preacher's advice in church on Sunday would be a good start.

—M.R.M., Indiana

WE CAN'T WAIT ON OTHERS

I agree very much with what one writer had to say about the "open door policy." In this matter we can't wait on our friends and neighbors to share our convictions in locking doors. Every father and mother must decide for themselves what is right and wrong and act accordingly. Turning the key is a very simple act. This of course, could run into difficulties if we haven't done the harder task of teaching our girls to abstain from all appearances of evil.

—Indiana

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

In our church district "Unehliche Beischlaf" is denounced in ordnungs gmay. But as soon as anyone is against bed courtship, it seems everyone thinks he has a "neu glaube" What is the difference between bed courtship and "unehliche beischlaf"?

—Just wondering

HELP FOR NERVOUS CHRISTIANS

I feel that injustice has been done the nervous Christian by those who have had no experience along this line. People do not understand the great difference in medicines or their actions. Each medicine affects the nervous system in a different way. The nervous system includes the brain, the spinal cord, and nerve networks. A tranquilizer is taken to give peace of mind and a sedative is taken to slow up body activity. Medicines can be given to the overly anxious person, another to the depressed. A person with an emotional problem often has reasons beyond his control. An overly active pancreatic gland will cause a low blood sugar at certain times of the day especially when under any kind of tension. Such a person will feel weak, jittery, irritable and quick tempered. His hands will sweat and yet he may feel cold. He may find it needful to take a mild sedative to slow down. People with hardening of the arteries are also usually nervous, forgetful, and often misunderstood.

People who are overly energetic have a tendency to overwork, thus breaking down at the weakest point. One person may experience partial deafness, another may not be able to speak loud. If the right nerve medicine is given along with plenty of rest, these conditions often correct themselves.

Should we say it is wrong to take these drugs? It all depends on the reason. If a person takes tranquilizers to fight conviction then it is wrong. The Lord speaks to people because he loves them and doesn't want any to be lost. It is wrong to take tranquilizers to cover hidden sins. This can cause a great emotional problem. Many people are in institutions because of sin and the powers of darkness. But I don't want to leave the impression that all mental patients are there because of hidden sins. However I believe as many people say and it is true, that they would have lost their minds if they had not turned to Christ.

God has given man the knowledge of medicine for a good reason. God also holds the power to heal in his own wonderful way, which is many times unknown to man.

—By a Licensed Practical Nurse, Pennsylvania

HOME REMEDIES THAT WORK

I am glad for the home remedies which are printed in Family Life. I think the people in this country are gullible as a whole and not just the Amish and Mennonites. I once contacted ringworm from calves which caused me a lot of suffering. In spite of frequent visits to the doctor, the fungus spread to both sides of my face. It was like an oozy sponge and caused me misery during the day and loss of sleep at night.

Finally my wife suggested I try hot milk and bread poultice which her uncle in Ohio had used for boils and he had gotten good results. The first evening I used it, I slept till nearly midnight, then she fixed another poultice for the other side and I went to sleep again almost right away. It healed promptly from then on. I gave the same recipe to one of our egg customers who was troubled with a boil on her leg. She was head dietician at Laurelton State School and had done a lot of doctoring but her leg would not heal. After using the bread with milk, she said it healed promptly.

It seems to me the main reason the home remedies are not used more is because they are too simple. A little like Naaman washing in the Jordan River, everyone wants something greater.

To make the poultice soak the bread in a pan with milk and apply as hot as can be borne directly on the affected parts for about fifteen minutes at a time. Then dry thoroughly. Do this about every three hours.

With the price of medical help what it is today an ordinary farmer could spend a year's earnings in a few weeks in the hospital. It has been said that if a man were standing on your toe, you wouldn't ask for an asprin to ta away the pain, but would rather kindly ask him to get off your toe. Too often medicines merely work at the symptoms and not at the cause.

If we can go anything by history of such nations as the Romans, the Persians, the Incas, and the Jews, then our society's debt is pretty heavy. When the corruption fr within has finished its course then those who are the mo self-sustaining and willing to help one another will probably be the best off. I hope you will keep on printing the home remedies, even if we sometimes have to take them with a grain of salt.

—Marvin Rhodes, Pennsylvani

Perhaps we are too gullible at times but I believe that solid home remedies are God given. It is not too hard t pick out the ones that are from superstition. In Gen. 1:11-12 and 29-30 it tells us that God gave man the plan and herbs from the field for food, but now man is turnin to be devitalized and processed foods which have been robbed of their vitamins and minerals. Too much suga is not good for the body. Vitamins can be a help to the body to heal it after an operation. For vitamin C, ther is nothing better than rose hops which are the red berri from the wild rose. You can eat them plain or simmer them gently in water for fifteen minutes, and drink as a tea. Vitamin C is destroyed by boiling. Many such he are right around our homes and fields if we but recognize them. But if we don't know about them, how can we use them?

Red clover, chaparrel tea, and carrot juice are good for the blood. When I was a girl at home we took sulphur every spring to clean out our system. Above all, a strong faith in God's healing is essential. Without him we can do nothing.

I would understand Romans 14:3 to mean that we should not look down on those who disagree with us. But I do enjoy the health hints and home remedies as they do save many doctor bills.

Please don't sign my name as some people would think I'm a health fanatic. But we are more and more convinced that God made the "weeds" for our good.

—Pennsylvania

NOT LIKE IT USED TO BE?

I see somebody's been complaining again that Family Life is not what it used to be. Maybe it isn't but I think it is. I believe it's like a new toy for a child. It soon wears off to where the child doesn't care so much for it anymore.

—L.H. Beechy

I will put in a poem what I think about it:

To say Family Life is not what it used to be
I just can't see how this is meant to be
I get lots of good things from what is sent to me
A lot better example,I know I ought to be.

—A grandmother, Sugarcreek, Ohi

THE JOYS OF HOMEMAKING

A few lines to tell you how much I appreciated the poem on the inside back cover of November F.L., entitled "My Work." It is a wonderful expression of the joys and challenges of homemaking. I was impressed with the way each verse of the poem deals not only with the physical but also with the emotional and spiritual needs of baby, husband, and home—all so well balanced. I think this poem has become so meaningful to me because it describes my own duties so very fittingly and makes me wish I could meet the writer. At any rate, it seems to me this is one of the best poems you have ever printed and it is occupying a place on our kitchen bulletin board.

—Kentucky

EDITOR'S NOTE—We plan to print up this poem separately and make it available for framing or pasting on the kitchen wall. Send 25¢ for one copy or 75¢ per dozen and they will be mailed to you when ready.

PATHWAY PEN POINTS

WHY I WANT NO MORE VACATIONS

It was summertime and a very beautiful one like all summers seem to be. My husband's boss decided it was time his help had a little vacation so he decided to take them all for an overnight stay at a place alongside a lake. The only day they could go was on a Saturday evening and stay for Sunday. Some of the workers didn't like the idea of going over Sunday, but this was the time it was going to be.

Finally the day came. We got some eats and bed linens ready to take along. We decided to take the two older children along and put the baby at a neighbor's place. The bus came and we were on our way. Our oldest child, a girl, had rather not gone with us, but she soon made up with the other children.

Soon it was time to get supper ready, which we cooked on a grill and also ate under a shade tree. Supper was good and the evening soon passed. The men did some fishing, but had no luck. It was kind of nice by the lake but for some reason, I couldn't enjoy it like I thought I would. Soon it got dark and time to go to bed, but where would we sleep? We made up some beds on the floor of the bus and some slept outside.

My husband is bothered with sinus trouble and the foggy and damp weather wasn't any good for that. He said he slept on the hardest bed he ever slept on and so did I. My bed consisted of a thin blanket to lie on and a pillow and a thin blanket to cover up. Somehow I managed to get some sleep. One of the children rolled off her bed and slept on the bare floor half of the time. Toward morning, it got colder. How long the night seemed! Finally it was time to get up and the others were making breakfast.

When breakfast was over we hunted for a place that would not be so crowded to spend the day. Finally we found one where there was a boat landing and I just thought, "I hope my husband doesn't go out in a boat to spend the day." Sure enough, that's just what happened. I didn't want him to go but he said, "They'll all think I'm chicken if I don't go along."

This worried me for I knew so many things could happen. I didn't feel very good to begin with over the idea of spending the Sunday for what if something would happen to my husband or one of the children?

As I saw them go further and further out on the lake, I tried to put my trust in the Lord although it was a bit hard to do under the circumstances.

The children were splashing in the water so I went to where they were. I hadn't been seated very long until I heard a shout. Our girl had fallen into deep water! I screamed and ran as fast as I could to go to her aid. The little boy started crying.

By the time I got there she had gone down twice and when she came up again I reached out to get her. She started going down again, but I somehow managed to grab her dress. I almost fell in myself, but I kept pulling until I had her out on the dock. I saw she was still all right so I changed her clothes right away.

She was all shook up and nervous and I was, too. The thoughts came to me right away, "She almost drowned and my husband wasn't even here!"

That pretty well ended the fun for me that day. At home my mother was worried about us and kept thinking, "What if one of the children fell into the water?" That is exactly what had happened.

Towards evening it got windy and looked so stormy and the men weren't back yet with the boat. We saw them coming but they seemed to be making very slow progress. Finally they did come back and we got on the bus to start for home.

You can believe there was a pretty serious-minded couple that night. Our little girl said, "I wish I wouldn't have fallen into the water. I didn't want to go along to start with." We knew that she was really smarter than we were. Never again will we go to such a place on Sunday and try to get some pleasure out of it. Instead we'll go to church, for we can get some pleasure out of that.

—Iowa ■■

WORLD WIDE WINDOW

SIX THOUSAND DIE IN QUAKE

Managua, the capital city of the Central American country of Nicaragua, was hit by an earthquake on the night of December 23, After two hours of violent shocks, 6,000 people were dead and at least 20,000 injured. The first shock struck the city at 11PM. The shocks continued at intervals for nearly two hours. One of the survivors related, "The first shock shook back and forth horizontally and this gave many people time to get out of their homes. The second and third shocks came vertically."

Apparently the third shock was the killer and struck after midnight. Nearly all the clocks in the city stopped at 12:27. A crack near the lake front opened and swallowed houses, cars, and people. A 320 block area was termed a "wasteland."

In the days that followed, the government tried to get the survivors to leave the devastated city for fear of disease outbreaks. Many of them refused, but roamed the streets, looting stores which had collapsed. Soldiers tried to keep order. It was reported that thirty people were admitted to the hospitals for gunshot wounds.

The city seems to be located directly on a "fault" which is a crack in the earth deep down, which rises and falls. Volcanoes are also active along this line. Twice before, in 1885 and in 1931 the city was badly damaged by earthquakes, but not as badly as this time. It is reported that the latest quake was centered directly under the city and only nine miles down, which is shallow for an earthquake.

The United States has offered to help rebuild the city, but think it should be located elsewhere away from the fault line.

AN EARTHQUAKE IS COMING

Did you read about the terrible earthquake in Nicaragua? Aren't such things hard to grasp? Just think of it—in a matter of minutes, a whole city lies in ruins. Perhaps even before they were awake, multitudes were dead. At times we are depressed when we lose a horse or a cow. But a whole city—traffic blocked, fires raging, screams for help here, there and everywhere. With so many needing help. Who was there to help?

Since human help did not come, did some cry to God? Did they think of their sins? Did they also cry for spiritual help? We hope so.

Do we take this as a warning, do we realize it was a call from God? He is calling sinners to repent, calling us to a holier life, reminding us to be thankful, to praise him for our many blessings. He wants us to be grateful and to appreciate our many blessings before we lose them. He wants us to weep with those who weep, to remember the victims of this earthquake when we pray. We should be thankful each day that God has spared us such miseries and that our homes are intact. How glad we should be that we need not seek with anxious minds, with throbbing hearts for our friends, our children, or perhaps our dear companion, under the rubbish.

As they sought for their loved ones, did they imagine they heard a faint cry, a cry from underneath the unmovable rubbish? Did it sound like the voice of the one for whom they were seeking. Oh, for help to move this rubbish! Are there none to help? Are none merciful? Don't they realize that life may soon be gone?

Their belongings are gone, but can they also endure to lose their loves ones— their lifelong companion, their only son, their beautiful dark-haired daughter? Why does no one come to help? Must they sink into despair as they sob longer and louder?

Did they turn to the Mighty One, to the only One, the One who can help them bear all things? One who can make us thankful for all things, the One who can answer all prayer? He is the One who gives more than man can ask. He giveth strength to bear the unbearable. He can lift the rubbish, yes, the rubbish of sin. He can deliver the ones who cried the feeble cry, the cry of anguish.

There is no need for despair. How thankful— there is hope, blessed hope. There is hope for the soul even though the body may perish. The Lord will not suffer the soul of the righteous to perish.

Who are the righteous? Who can claim this promise? Are they the people who felt the quake, the people who fell out of bed? Those that heard the crash, the deafening roar, saw the fire, heard the screams, ran for their lives? Are they the righteous who knew not which way to turn or where to look for help? Those who knew not where to go? If it caused them to realize their sinfulness and to seek God, if it made them realize the urgent need of a Saviour—the only Saviour, then perhaps they may have been the righteous. If it made them realize there was no other escape, no other way of salvation except to turn to Jesus, the great Helper, a refuge to all who seek to be free from the misery of sin, then perhaps they were freed from their great despair. To Jesus all sinners must go if they wish to escape the fire, the raging fire, the tormenting fire, the everlasting fire, the unquenchable fire.

To Him saints must look, in Him they must trust, in Him they must abide. They must love Him and serve Him. They must adore Him and worship Him, not because of others, but because they love Him, Then they need not be afraid if it should happen right here, yes, right where we live.

For another earthquake is coming, a terrible earthquake. It shall not destroy only one city, but all the cities. It will happen not only in Nicaragua, but also in North America, in Europe, in Asia, over the whole world. The whole earth shall quake, it shall be moved, yes, moved out of its place.

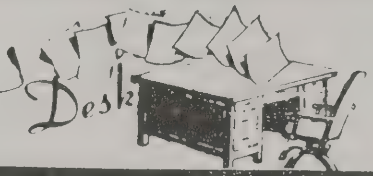
There shall be fires— the elements will melt from fervent heat. Men shall not escape by hiding themselves for even the dead shall be raised. Men from other cities, from other countries will not send help for none shall be able to help. There shall be no escape for kings, or for rich men or for poor men, except they have fled to Jesus.

Dare we hope that the earthquake which demolished a city was not in vain? Dare we believe that souls turned to God and were saved? Surely God does all things well.

Let us thank Him that He has warned us, warned the wicked, warned the righteous. Let us thank Him that when there were none to help, and they turned to the Lord, He saved them (Ps. 107:12,13).

Do we remember the unfortunate, the homeless, the wounded, the bereaved, the nervous wrecks, when we pray? Do we remember them when we give alms? Do we love them as ourselves, love them with a godly love? If not, then how can we love Jesus? How can we love God? Let us search our hearts, and let the Lord search us. Soon it may be too late, for soon an earthquake is coming. -N. Stoltzfus ■■

Across The Editor's Desk



It would be interesting to know how many of the women folks try out the recipes which appear in the "Across the Window Sill" pages of Family Life. It has been rumored that there are some very good recipes to be found on those pages, but it seems our women folks around here don't get around to trying out all of them. The Family Life workers have at times threatened Aunt Becky to omit these recipes unless she tries them out and gives us all a sample of each one. So far she has never complied to our wishes and we have never carried out our threat.

In the June, 1972 issue, a recipe appeared for making homemade grapenuts. Nobody was particularly excited about this because recipes for making homemade grape nuts have been around, if I remember correctly, since 1932. This would make it forty years ago. At that time it was something new and I recall how my sisters brought home that recipe and the hungry little boys which stood around anxiously awaiting to sample this new product which up until then could only be bought in the stores.

Since that time, numerous recipes have appeared, some of which turned out pretty good, and others turned out like a rock. So nobody really took too much notice last summer when the recipe appeared in Family Life.

But soon the reports started coming in about those good grapenuts from the F.L. recipe. Visitors from other lands, when they would come by, asked if we had tried those grapenuts and told us how good they were. Finally my wife was ashamed to keep on admitting that she had not even tried them so she stirred up a batch.

Now this particular recipe is for more than a family-sized batch. It calls for enough ingredients to make fifteen pounds of grapenuts. But what would we do with that many? We decided we would deal them out to the neighbors.

Imagine our surprise when the first servings appeared on the table to hear our children calling for more and more grapenuts. The first week we had grapenuts for breakfast, for dinner, and for supper, usually with second and third helpings. When the boys came into the house at half-forenoon and in the afternoon for a bite to eat, they would call out, "Where's the grapenuts?" Then they would get a dishful of the cereal, pour on milk and sugar, and settle down at the table to eat them.

But like any fad, the edge soon wore off. And lucky it did or our supply of wheat would soon have been exhausted. We grind our wheat to make whole wheat flour with a hand grinder, (see December, 1970 issue). However with the increased demand we decided to get a sprocket wheel and a chain drive for the grinder and let the motor do the turning.

The recipe in the June issue is the one which Mrs. Tobe Hostetler of Danville, Ohio, uses to make grapenuts to sell. No wonder they sell if they all turn out as good as our batch did.

P.S. The soda was omitted from that recipe. It should call for three tablespoonsful of soda.

SPEAKING OF MEMORIES of other days, how many remember the joys of making cheese at home? There was always a lot of excitement generated when the word was passed around that "this evening we're going to make cheese."

The copper boiler full of whole milk was warmed up to lukewarm and a few drops of cheesemaking acid were stirred in. Then the milk was stirred vigorously until it went into curds. What tastes as good to a little boy as a handful of soft sweet curds?

These memories came back to me recently when I was at a local cheese house and saw a customer come in and ask for a pound of curds. It looked so good that they made another sale right away. We also took home a bottle of cheesemaker's acid and decided to make our own curds. On most farms milk is plentiful and many children like curds better than cheese.

A drop of acid per quart of milk will turn it clabber if allowed to set over night. It can then be turned into curds by pouring hot water over it and squeezing out the whey. Incidently, this is also an excellent way of making sweet cottage cheese.

Maybe we had better change the subject for we don't want to run competition with Aunt Becky's pages.

HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED about the different translations of the Bible? From time to time we hear how the latest translations are so perverted, and some people have even called them the Devil's Masterpiece.

Recently a book review in Young Companion recommended the "Good News For Modern Man" translation commonly called the TEV. This brought in a flood of protests so the editor of Young Companion spent quite a bit of time and effort in finding out the facts about these new translations.

An article is to appear in the February issue of Young Companion on this subject. If you have ever wondered about these things then you should be sure to read it. Not only does it give a lot of information on the new translations, but also on older translations such as the King James Version and the Luther translation. It also gives some of the problems which all translators face in trying to translate the Bible into any language and do it accurately. If you do not get Young Companion, the subscription price is $2.50 per year, or you may get a copy of the February issue by sending 25¢ to YOUNG COMPANION, Route 4, Aylmer, Ontario N5H 2R3

DO YOU READ THE "What Do You Think?" pages? We think there is an unusually good assortment of answers to the problem which is discussed in this issue. We feel there are valuable suggestions to anyone who is faced with the problem of deciding whether or not to buy a farm.

We want to thank all of our readers who have sent in answers to this month's problem or for any month. Only if the readers take an active interest in these pages will it be worthwhile. What we need is people who have a strong enough interest that it moves them to action.

DID YOU KNOW THAT SOME PEOPLE are getting Family Life free of charge? Not that we intend it to be that way, but because our records are always subject to human error, such things can happen. We have on our files over 20,000 names and each month they are checked for those whose subscriptions expire that month. If a subscriber does not renew, his card is taken from the files and his addressing stencil is removed from the addressing drawers. For some reason or other, it occasionally happens that the name card is removed, but the addressing stencil is not taken out. If this happens, then that subscriber keeps on getting the magazine or magazines indefinitely. To detect these names is costly and time-consuming, which we ordinarily do not do.

Some time ago we did run a check on a very small portion of the addressing stencils and discovered several people were receiving the magazine free of charge. Of course, this was our mistake, so we can not blame them for they were not aware of the fact that we were sending the magazines unintentionally.

If you did not receive an expiration notice during the past twelve months (unless you had subscribed for two or more years) then will you kindly let us know so your name can be removed. If you wish to continue getting the magazine or magazines, then send in your renewal, but also please mention the fact that you were getting it in error. Otherwise you would probably get two copies. ■■

"HOW DO OTHERS SEE US?"

(some names have been changed)

The little Volkswagon turned into the driveway and came to a halt in front of the house. A pleasant-looking middle-aged woman stepped out. After a few words about the nice weather and so on, she asked if she could come into the house and have a little talk.

"Hmm, Jehovah Witness," were Sam's first thoughts. But the woman continued, "It's about the Supreme Court decision which was handed down yesterday. Haven't you heard? We're out to find out what the Amish reaction is now that they are free to have their own schools without coming under the public school laws."

Yes, Sam had heard about it. In town that day he had been asked by some of the storekeepers and others, and they all seemed very well pleased about it. If there was any resentment at all from the non-Amish, he hadn't detected it.

This woman seemed anxious to come into the house, and said, "I won't keep you long— probably half an hour. Can you spare that time?"

Sam didn't like the idea of turning anyone away from his door, so he agreed to her request and she followed him into the living room where she seated herself on a hickory rocker Sam had offered her. He was rather mystified just what was cooking.

"Our office was busy all morning answering the phone from people who expressed their approval of the decision. I don't think one call came in that didn't feel that way. So the editor called me and told me to come out and see some of you folks to see how you feel about it. I'll bet you feel pretty good."

"Editor? What's this?" Sam wondered. He didn't answer right away and the woman noticed that he was rather hesitant in answering.

"I'm from the ----", she said, naming a daily newspaper from a large city about 40 miles away. "I live here in Middleburg and work for them part-time and that's why he called up and told me to come out."

Sam still didn't know how to handle this. Something told him to be on guard. Like a flash his mind went back to some of the unpleasant experiences some people have had with news reporters. Judging from what he had seen and heard they simply couldn't be trusted to give a truthful account.

He recalled how another large daily paper had carried a long article of an "investigation" of the Amish schools of Ohio some years back. The story went something like this:

The county superintendent called on one of the schools to inquire why the school didn't send in the attendance reports. He was met at the door by the teacher who very impolitely refused to let him in. "But I'm Robert Smith, the superintendent of this county and you are supposed by law to send the reports in. May I look them over?"

"No, you may not," the teacher said. "I've got orders from the school board to let no English in here."

Puzzled as what to do next, Mr. Smith asked, "Where do your board members live? I'd like to talk to them. Perhaps I could explain this."

At this the teacher became angry, saying, "That's none of your business." She slammed the door.

The superintendent then called on another school and got much the same reception. He went back to his office, ready now to do what he could to fight these Amish schools.

Word of this incident leaked out somehow and a news reporter called on the superintendent at his office. He told of his effort to get the attendance reports and how he was rebuffed by the teachers. Hence the "investigation" into the conditions of the schools.

What followed was quite a write-up. According to the story there was mud ankle-deep all over the schoolyard. The boys came to school with their hair "uncombed and unkempt." The teacher had only a sixth-grade education, and spoke very poor English, as the writer remembers it. There were other statements in that news story of similar vein which, in reading it one had to wonder which was truth and which was imagination. Also to be wondered about was simply this: If the county superintendent was denied entrance and could not talk to the teacher, how and where did the reporters get their material?

Another incident passed through Sam's mind, this one near home. A photographer and a reporter of the same paper had invaded a neighborhood school soon after that and raised quite a ruckus before they left. At first the teacher wanted to be polite and cooperate, but had refused to allow pictures to be taken on the schoolgrounds. However, they did anyway, and became so bold and bothersome that the teacher finally ordered them to leave, which they reluctantly did. What followed was also quite a story, with pictures and all.

So what was Sam to do? He deliberated a while, trying to kill time while he decided whether to ask this reporter to leave, or to answer her questions. He finally decided it might not hurt to cooperate with her— as long as the questions were not personal. After all, she could publish anything she wanted and, as in aforementioned cases, there would be no defense, no way to correct it. Sam would be careful in his answers, and hope for the best. Surely this was an entirely different situation from those school articles. The main question was, how do the Amish feel about this decision? Sam answered this to the best of his limited ability. (Deep inside he had to wonder if he was expected to say the Amish were angry about the decision.)

Other questions came, such as whether Sam believed it would have any effect on the course of the schools, and a few others. Not too bad, Sam thought after it was over with, but he did ask her not to publish his name. "Don't worry," she said. "We won't use it more than necessary. I also want to see a few Amish bishops today yet and get their opinions."

That interview aside, the reporter then asked about visiting a school and writing a report on it. "So many people have the wrong opinion of your Amish schools," she explained. "They believe things that aren't true. They think you don't care whether your children get an education or not."

"So what," Sam said. "Let them believe it. That won't hurt us. It's the truth that hurts, you know. Do they think an average family would spend around $160 for tuition a year if they weren't interested in education, besides paying taxes on the public school?"

"That's just it, the people in town hear a lot of rumors about your people and your schools. Some day I'm going to correct them. I'll write and tell them what good schools you have, and I'm going to come here for some information. How about it?"

But Sam had had enough for the time being and decided to stall her off from asking further questions.

She left, quite happy to have gotten her answers. Her news article was quite accurate, too, but Sam felt a bit uncomfortable about it. "We need a case of mumps about as much as we need all this fuss and publicity," he kept telling himself.

In a few months here came this Volkswagon again, but after a short visit she left again. These stalling tactics may work, Sam thought. He knew, though, that if she really decided to write an article describing Amish schools she would do it by other sources, whether right or wrong, and the thought bothered him. When would she come again and what would she say then? Would she take "no" for an answer?

The showdown came in November. To make a long story short this news writer was now determined to carry out the assignment from her boss and Sam was in a spot all over. How he wished she had never found him in the first place! His first thoughts were to clam up and refuse to answer any questions. But then what would happen? Then there would be an article coming out one way or the other. News people can be nosey and nuisances even if you cooperate, but they can be something worse if you offend them. And there is no defense once they come out with a story based on heresay and imagination. Sam had had enough of that. Finally he asked whether his name would be published.

NEW YEAR

1. Face the New Year with the Old Book.
2. Face the New Needs with the Old Promises.
3. Face the New Problems with the Old Gospel.
4. Face the New Life with the Old Remedies.

"Very little," she said. "The people are interested in your schools, not people and names."

So, with a few carefully chosen words Sam answered the questions on the number of pupils an average teacher had, and other general information. It was soon over and the reporter headed for a school to see what the teacher had to say. Sam told her about our rules on picture taking, and a few other things to make it easier for the teacher to handle her. He also had sent word to this teacher beforehand that it was up to him on whether to answer her questions or not. Like Sam, this teacher also realized that a story might come out if he refused her admittance in her efforts to get material for the story.

This teacher handled himself well enough, but when the story hit the pages the next week it still contained a few inaccuracies and worst of all, there were pictures of the classroom in spite of what Sam and the teacher had told her. It was one of those things in which all would feel better if nothing had ever been published.

To the non-Amish the article was considered well-written and informative. The author evidently had gotten across her point in correcting the impression that the Amish were not interested in educating their children, which she had told Sam was the only reason for doing the story.

The local outsiders seemed to be well pleased with the article. One business man told Sam, "Now that's what I like to see. This is a good article and you folks should feel very happy about it."

Sam still had his misgivings. Well-intended as it was, it still amounted to unneeded publicity. The title of the article was in part, "A Belief that Endures" and the author spoke well for the Amish in their willingness to sacrifice time and money in hopes of carrying on in the faith of their forefathers. But all the same, it was still unwanted publicity.

Whether we like it or not, the so-called plain people are more in the limelight than ever before. The publicity they received because of the court decision, the promoting of the "Land of Shoofly Pie" and "Amish Stuff", bicycle routes through Amish country, and recently published books on the Amish have heightened the interest of the general public. Such a thing has a habit of snowballing. One thing will lead to another.

For example, newspapers are in the business of making money by selling papers. To prosper and increase their circulation they must publish what the readers want to read. It is their bread and butter. So, if something makes good reading material they are going to get it, and recently it seems they have decided that the "plain people" make good reading material. Why?

One summer day a few years ago a college student stopped at one of these homes to get some material on writing a thesis to help get through school. This is a frequent occurrence in some parts of the country, so it came as no surprise to Sam to have another one stop in. He had found them not hard to satisfy—a dozen or so questions, nothing personal, nothing hard to answer, a hearty "thank you" and they would leave, to be heard of no more. But to this one Sam popped the question, "Why do so many of you take the subject of the Amish to write a thesis? Surely there must be other topics on which a thesis could be written."

The boy pondered the question a long moment, then answered, "The Amish way of life evokes a lot of public interest recently. My professor is very much interested in how you keep your religion intact." Then he smiled and added, "And you know, we try to write a thesis on what makes the best reading in the eyes of the professor. He grades our papers, and we're working for high scores."

There was another man who used to come out to Sams who professed to be keenly interested in Amish life, and seemed to be very sympathetic with them. One day the man, who had a master's degree from Cornell and several well-known colleges explained why so many outsiders are studying the Amish culture in recent years, and why they are an "interesting" subject to write a thesis on. This was the explanation:

"In this modern,fast-moving so called space age when the rest of the world is trying to keep up with the Jones' you people seem to be content to live the slow, easy-going life of your forefathers. You have something many people would give their right arm to have again. You don't have this abominal hurry, hurry rat race to compete with. From our viewpoint it appears that you have changed very little the last thirty years. We used to have that easy-going, brotherly-love society back in our grandfather's days. Take horse and buggies, for example. If you don't get there right now, you will after a while which is just as good. What about us? We have to be there right now, not later.

"When a neighbor's house burns down you folks get right together and build another one. You have family units that are close together. What do we have? Dad and Mom both working, kids running loose. When Mom wants to step out in the evening, they get a highly-paid baby sitter who turns on the T.V. and forgets all about the children.

That's something else you don't have. Television has helped more in tearing apart the home and inciting kids to violence and crime than anything that has ever come along. I understand your children have work to do at home, and if they don't they go fishing and hunting instead of running around on the streets. And if they deserve it, they get a good old fashioned woodshed lesson. Most important of all, they are taken to church regularly and taught their religion from babyhood on. See the difference?

"And this good, pure country air. No exhaust fumes to burn your nostrils. The water doesn't taste like some mixture from a chemist's laboratory. You eat your own garden stuff, your own beef and pork, eggs, milk without any danger of getting infested with some dangerous preservative. In short, you people are living close to nature."

The man said a lot more, like the absence of crime and juvenile deliquency among the plain people and their refusal to accept pension and welfare. Finally he paused, gave Sam a long, searching look and asked, "Now do you wonder why many people envy your way of life and see you as interesting people? Don't feel offended and think they are nosey when someone happens to drop in and ask a few questions. They probably deeply respect you people for the lives you live."

This is one person's explanation for the recent new interest in our way of living. Probably it is a rather rough description of the conditions in his kind of people and surely an exaggeration to some extent. We must believe that there are many people, other than Amish, who do care about their children, and who are deeply hurt when they get into trouble.

Nevertheless, this fellow's description does give an indication of what we are trying to bring out— that a good many so called outsiders are trying to figure out how a plain, old fashioned people such as the Amish can exist and prosper in a land with such a great difference in living habits and culture. So, because this makes good reading to a news-hungry public, there will be people trying to get the information.

Nosey? Meddling in our affairs? In all fairness, and from their viewpoint, the answer is no. They are not intending to be meddlesome. There evidently seems to be a certain amount of admiration, some respect, a littl curiosity, and a strong desire to find out about the "plain people."

Where does that leave Sam and the others who are asked for this information. Should they follow the first impulse and tell them politely it's none of their business how we live? Should they also tell them they would rather not answer any questions? Or would it be best to very carefully answer the questions as long as they are "answerable"? That is, such that are not personal, and do not violate our religious beliefs. ■■

THE REWARD FOR WRITING TRASH

What would it feel like to have written a lot of cheap and trashy stories? Following is the report of a correspondent of the Boston Journal who interviewed such a writer a number of years ago. This is what he wrote:

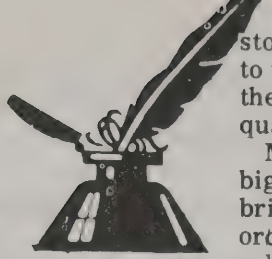
"I was talking, a few days ago, with a man who has perhaps written more trashy stories for the cheap weeklies than any other writer. For twenty-seven years he has done nothing else. He now lives comfortably from the returns which his work has brought in. I asked him how he now looks back on his life and works and he answered, 'I count my life as a failure.'

When I asked him to explain, he answered, 'This trash I have written, it is true, has brought me returns on which I can live comfortably for many years. But look on the other side. When I think of all the havoc I have wrought on the young and innocent minds, I can find no peace of mind. I cannot find anything in the vast amount I have written which is of any value to anyone. I am ashamed of it all. Even my children would hang their heads in shame if they knew their father was the author of all this trash. Do I tell them? No, a thousand times no. God forbid that they should ever discover it—at least not in my lifetime.

'You saw my oldest daughter at the table. Would I wish for her, so beautiful and pure a girl as she is, or her sister to know it or to read this stuff? No, never. My hope is that I will be spared the agony to see the blush on their beautiful faces if they ever learned the truth. How people can care to read such stuff is more than I can understand. If they would despise it as much as the one who wrote it, then I would still be a poor man, which I really am.'"

—Selected and adapted

Views and Values



- By Elmo Stoll

LET'S START A REBELLION

Escape. Freedom. Home. The man's dark eyes burned with a fierce light when he let himself think such thoughts. He had thought many times of escaping to freedom, but it was always only a distant dream, something far beyond his reach. For Spartacus knew, knew only too well, when he thought about it soberly, that there was no escaping from the Romans. If there had been, he would not have permitted himself to be taken captive to begin with. And yet... The dream lingered on. Was it possible?

Spartacus had not always been a slave of the Romans. And even now he was not a common slave, like the thousands that toiled long hours on the surrounding farms of southern Italy. Instead of thankless toil and drudgery and sweat and grime and dirt, Spartacus lived a life filled with excitement and danger and applause, and even fame of a sort. For Spartacus was a gladiator—person who fought in the public arena with wild beasts or other gladiators. While thousands of Romans gathered to watch, slaves would fight each other, often until one or the other was killed. It was a bloody sport, dangerous and deadly, but that was life for Spartacus in the year 73 B.C. It was only Spartacus' superior strength and cunning, and quick movements that had spared his life so long.

For all his success as a gladiator, Spartacus was still a slave, captured and carried away from his homeland. He longed for freedom. And now plans began to form in his head. Perhaps if he... He knew he was a madman to even dream of such things, and yet he kept at it day after day, plotting and planning. He had no chance of making it alone. But maybe if he started a rebellion—got others to help him, others who were also slaves, who also dreamed of freedom...

Spartacus watched his chance. Somehow he, along with 70 other gladiators, managed to slip away from their guards. They hid in a nearby mountain, a small band of men, desperate and only alive because they could fight well. But still Spartacus knew their strength was no match against the Romans. The roads were guarded. They couldn't leave the country, and yet they could not hide in the mountain forever. There was only one answer to their problem —their rebellion must grow.

So at night while the land lay in darkness, Spartacus and his men crept into the miserable huts of other slaves and whispered to them of escape and freedom—and rebellion. The whispers were passed from slave to slave. Spartacus' army swelled as hundreds and hundreds of slaves joined his rebellion against the Romans.

Spartacus armed his men as best he could and attacked a Roman army that had come to take them captive. The Romans were defeated. They met a second army and defeated it. They were jubilant with their sudden success. The slaves conquered most of the southern part of Italy.

There was no doubt about it. Freedom was within reach. Spartacus saw his chance. He wanted to lead his men over the Alps and out of Italy and back to their homes. But his men were swaggering with the sudden strength they had won, drunk with the taste of victory. "Let's march on Rome," someone shouted.

The cry caught on. They would capture Rome, throw the emperor from his throne, and all of them would be kings the rest of their lives, living not only in freedom, but lording it over others in royal luxury and splendor.

Spartacus did not like the plan. But he was helpless to stop it. His men forced him against his better judgment to turn toward Rome. On the way his men began to find their courage faltering. Worse yet, they started quarreling and fighting with each other.

Meanwhile the Romans had gathered a fresh army, bigger, stronger, better. The wild fierceness and unbridled fury of the slaves was no match this time for the order and discipline of rank upon rank of trained Roman soldiers.

The slaves were defeated. Many were killed and the rest captured. Spartacus was among those killed in battle.

The Romans decided that what had happened once must never happen again. They would make an example of the captured slaves that would serve as a warning to anyone else who dreamed of escape and freedom and rebellion. They did not want any more rebellions to cope with.

A massive order went out for planks and posts. Thousands of crosses were built. The captured slaves who had fought in the rebellion were fastened to the crosses, and these were erected all along the great roads of Rome where travelers had to pass them for miles and miles. It was a scene of unforgettable horror and agony—miles of crucified slaves.

That ended Spartacus' slave rebellion. But it did not end rebellion.

Rebellion has been a part of the inherited nature of man since the Fall of Man. In fact, it has been a very central part. Well, really, more than a part; rebellion is the core of our nature. Rebellion is the opposite of submission. It is the opposite of giving up, of surrender to the wishes of another. Rebellion insists on self; submission gives up to others. A child does not have to be very old until he shows rebellion. If you hold his arms up, he struggles to put them down. If you hold them down, he wants to put them up. It's not the position of his arms that is at stake—it's rebellion. Rebellion says, "I want to do what I want to, when I want to, where I want to, how I want to, with whom I want to, simply because I want to."

Rebellions have been around for a long time. They were around long before 71 B.C. when the Romans crucified the slaves to end all rebellions. And they have been around ever since. There have been countless rebellions and uprisings and revolutions down through the years. Even today governments fear rebellions among their citizens, large companies fear rebellions among their employees, and parents fear rebellions among their children.

Rebellions everywhere. It is the fallen nature of man.

But what about the church? Surely that's one place where no one starts rebellions. Or is it?

It should be, you say? Yes, within the church, people should be content. That's true. There, if anywhere, people should have learned to say, "Thy will, and not mine be done." There people should say to each other, "I'm willing to do as you think. I'll give up. I don't have to have my way. I won't insist. I could be wrong."

Yes, they should, but do they? Or, more to the point, do **we?**

The unhappy truth is that even within the church, where all of us should have learned to submit in love to Christ and to each other and to the authority God has ordained, too often we are still rebelling. If the church says one way, we would like to do it the other. But like the child who wants to put his arms down when held up, and up when held down, it isn't the thing the church is forbidding or commanding that is really at stake. It's rebellion in the heart. It's that our nature, our selfish will, our pride is rebelling at having someone else tell us what to do. We have not yet learned one of the most important lessons in the New Testament, the very basic foundation upon which Christ builds his kingdom, **submission to authority.**

The tricky part is that rebellion shows itself in many ways, some of them very sly, hidden, and hard to detect. Sometimes rebellion comes dressed up as something else, even as something good.

One community I know of had a hard time for a few years with rebellion among the young folks. But it was the hidden kind of rebellion, the dressed-up-to-look-better kind, the kind of rebellion that pretended to be something else. In that community rebellion showed itself as religious zeal. Some of the young people resented giving up to authority. They did not want to have the church tell them what to do. So they rebelled. But they did not rebel in the usual sense of being bad. They didn't want to rebel by being worse than the church required, so they decided to be better. They would be more religious, more righteous than even the ministers. They read the Bible, memorized it, and interpreted it. They began to question many teachings of the church. According to the way they read the Bible, this practice wasn't necessary, and that custom wasn't necessary. Some things being done in the church shouldn't be done, and other things not being done, should be. It was a case of rebellion, of wanting the arms down when they were up, and up when they were down.

This type of rebellion is the most dangerous of all, because it is not easily recognized for what it is. Even those involved in it may not realize that rebellion is really at the root of their actions. Young people looking on are deceived by it and accept it as a good thing. But very soon their association with rebellion and questioning and criticism erodes their confidence in the church. Even older people, parents, and sometimes ministers fail to see the rebellion that is really there, and side with it, thus making it worse. And yet, for all its good appearance, rebellion gnaws at the very foundation of the church, and weakens the respect members have for Scriptural authority. Rebellion is a poison that is deadly, its toxic effect destroys the health and working power of the church.

No matter how our rebellious nature wants to show itself, by being "over-righteous" or by being "under-righteous", rebellion is still rebellion. It is still the opposite of submission and of surrender. The Bible teaches strongly the need for submitting to the authority God had ordained—children to parents, pupils to teachers, younger to older, citizens to governments, wives to husbands, members to the church, ministers to the bishop, and Christians to Christ. (Rom. 13:1-8, Eph. 5: 21, 22, 6:1-9, Col. 3:18-22, Titus 3:1, Heb. 13:7, 17, and I Pet. 2:13-18, 5:5.)

Rebellion is not only harmful in the church, but it also makes those miserable who are filled with it. A rebellious person has never been a happy person. Satan comes and stirs up our self-will and tries to make us believe we would be happier if we could have our own way. But we soon find that rebellion is selfishness, and selfishness is misery. Rebellion makes us slaves to our own self-will, and the longer we resist rightful authority, the more self-willed we become.

Back in B.C. 71 when the Romans crucified all those runaway slaves it was an attempt to stop rebellions once for all. But rebellions have continued ever since.

Since rebelling against God and the authority he has instituted only leads to misery, suffering, ruin, and disorder, why don't we rebel at rebellions? Seeing what an attitude of rebellion is doing to us, why don't we rebel and say, "I've put up with this long enough. Jesus came to give me victory over Satan and my sinful nature. I don't have to be a slave to my own will." The next time Satan stirs up our self-will, the next time we find it hard to submit, find it hard to give up, why don't we rebel and say to our selfish will, "You just stop struggling around and hold still a while. You've had your own way too long already. I'm sick and tired and fed up with being your slave. I'm going to rebel!"

That's the type of rebellion that might get us somewhere. The next time we feel like rebelling at the authority of our government, our parents, our church, our ministers, our God, let's rebel at rebellion. That's the kind of rebellion that not only looks good, but is. Let's start one. ■■

WHEN YOU KNOW A FELLOW

When you get to know a fellow, know his joys and know
his cares,
When you've come to understand him and the burdens that
he bears,
When you've learned the fight he's making and the trouble
in his way,
Then you find that he is different than you thought him
yesterday.
You find his faults are trivial and there's not so much to
blame
In the brother that you jeered at when you only knew his
name.

You are quick to see the blemish in the distant neighbor's
style,
You can point to all his errors and may sneer at them the
while,
And your prejudices fatten and your hates more violent
grow
As you talk about the failures of the man you do not know,
But when drawn a little closer, and your hands and
shoulders touch,
You find the traits you hated really don't amount to much.

When you get to know a fellow, know his every mood and
whim,
You begin to find the texture of the splendid side of him;
You begin to understand him, and you cease to scoff and
sneer,
For with understanding always prejudices disappear.
You begin to find his virtues and his faults you cease to
tell,
For you seldom hate a fellow when you know him very we

When next you start in sneering and your phrases turn t
blame,
Know more of him you censure than his business and his
name;
For it's likely that acquaintance would your prejudice
dispel
And you'd really come to like him if you knew him very
well.
When you get to know a fellow and you understand his
ways,
Then his faults won't really matter, for you'll find a lot
to praise.

Land Poor

"Land poor" they called this farmer, who
Had great respect for all that grew;
His home was small, but warm and snug,
With curtains and a braided rug.
His wife laid well their simple fare,
His sons grew strong in the fresh, pure air
"O so poor" they said: at night he'd stroll
And his steps would turn to the highest knoll.
Alone with God and stars he'd stand
And his prayers would reach and touch his land.
His life was simple, but deep and true,
And he was richer than they knew.

A man's character is like a fence— it can't be strengthened by whitewash.

Spiritual resources built into our lives sustain us in times of crisis.

YESTERDAYS AND YEARS

Part 4

New Names Among the Amish

Burkholder—Borkholder

This is a very old Swiss family name. In Switzerland today it is spelled "Burghalter" and means "holder of the mountain." Hundreds of years ago a certain family lived on a Swiss mountain. The neighbors called them the "holder of the mountain," or "Burghalter." When the ownership of the farm changed hands as it occasionally did, the new owner was also called "Burghalter." So over the years many people had the name "Burghalter" (or one of its other spellings) and were not related by blood. All that they had in common was that an ancestor had lived on the "Burghalter" farm.

It is not known how soon a "Burghalter" joined the Anabaptists, but it was before 1700. The name "Hans Burkhalter" appears in a list of Anabaptists who fled from Switzerland to the Palantinate in the 1670's because of religious persecution. After that date the "Burkhalter" name appears a number of times in lists of Anabaptists living in Canton Bern, Switzerland. It is not believed that any "Burkhalters" went with the Amish side of the division of 1693 in Switzerland when the church there divided into Amish and Mennonite denominations.

In 1755 a Mennonite, Christian Burkhalter, decided to come to America. But he took sick and died before he could immigrate. On his deathbed he had told his wife to go ahead with the plans. So shortly after his death she took the family of three girls and three boys to America. She settled with her children in the Mennonite settlement in Earl Township of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. There she watched her children grow to maturity and she died in 1789.

The youngest of Christian Burkhalter's children was Ulrich who was five years old at the time he arrived with his mother in America. Later he married and was ordained a Mennonite minister for the Bowmansville district in Lancaster County. He died in 1804. One of his children was named John and must have married just a few years before Ulrich's death, for the first of his children was born in 1803. Altogether there were nine children born to the John Borkholders. Either John or his wife then passed away (it is thought to have been his wife) and the children were put out to other homes. John Jr. and his brother Jacob were taken in by Amish families. With time they both accepted the Amish faith and married Amish girls. It is through these two brothers that the "Borkholder" name entered the Amish. (Some descendants choose to spell it "Burkholder," while others spell it "Borkholder." No matter how they spell it, they are all "freundschaft".)

John Borkholder Jr. was born May 27, 1815, the sixth child in the John Borkholder Sr. family. After his mother's death, he was raised by an Amish family, accepted the Amish faith, and married Rachel Hochstetler of Somerset County, Pennsylvania. In their early married life they moved to Holmes County, Ohio where their seven children were born. They purchased a farm northeast of Berlin and a short distance east of the Bunker Hill schoolhouse. Two of their children, Henry and Noah, died young and were buried on the farm in a small cemetery.

In May of 1852 the John Borkholders Jr. began a fourteen-day journey to Marshall County, Indiana where they had decided to move. They traveled in two covered wagons. One time they came to a river which had a floating bridge, the corners anchored by chains fastened to nearby trees. They hesitated to attempt crossing the flimsy bridge with their heavily loaded wagons. So they unloaded some things and made four trips across. Finally the heaviest wagon was unloaded enough that the family thought they could take it safely across. Partways over, one of the horses slipped and its hind feet went off the bridge. The family thought the wagon would surely tip over and they would lose, possessions, wagon, and team. But the other horse strained hard forward and the slipping horse caught itself and clambered back onto the bridge. The opposite bank was reached with a prayer of relief.

The John Borkholders Jr. settled in Marshall County on a farm four miles northeast of Bremen on the old Goshen and Plymouth trail. A few months after the Borkholders arrived, their twelve-year-old son, Jacob, died. He had been a cripple from birth. He was buried on the farm. Later Mrs. Borkholder died and was also buried there. John remarried and when he and his second wife died, they were buried on the farm. Others were buried there from the Amish community. The cemetery became known as the "Borkholder Cemetery" and is used yet today. In 1951 a piece of the pioneer Borkholder farm was used for an Amish parochial school. The school was named "Borkholder School." (The farm is presently owned by Daniel J. Borkholder and his son Alvin.)

John Borkholder Jr. had seven children by his first wife and none by his second wife. His third child was Moses who was born Oct. 27, 1838 in Holmes County and was 13 when the family moved to Marshall County, Indiana. He was married to Anna Miller in 1860. To this marriage were born 10 children. In 1874 his wife died; two years later he married Sarah Miller. Seven children were born to this marriage. Moses was ordained an Amish minister in April 1862 and bishop in October 1878. Moses Burkholder is remembered today for the large number of descendants he had. When he died in 1933 at the age of 94 he had 561 direct descendants: 17 children, 138 grandchildren, 388 great-grandchildren, 18 great-great-grandchildren. This is believed to be a record in America if not the world. In 1961 the "Population Bulletin" of Washington, D.C. published an article which said a newspaper in Sweden ran a competition in 1958 for the largest family in that country. The best they could come up with was a family with 265 members. Soon reports were sent to the newspaper from families in other countries. A Mormon couple in Utah wrote that they had 334 living descendants. A man in the U.S. saw that and thought of the Amish. He ran a questionaire in the BUDGET and came up with 95-year-old John Eli Miller of Geauga County, Ohio who had 410 living descendants. Had the competition been held while Moses Burkholder was yet living, he would likely have won.

Jacob J. Borkholder, a grandson of John Jr., has the distinction of being the family member who lived the longest. He was born in 1864 and married Anna Schlabach in 1887. Both of them lived to be over 100 and received birthday greetings on that occasion from the President of the United States, Dwight D. Eisenhower. They also lived past their 75th wedding anniversary.

Moses Burkholder was the first "Burkholder-Borkholder" to be ordained to the Amish ministry. This occurred in 1862. The next to be ordained was his youngest brother Eli. The third member of the family to be ordained was Moses' son David. He was ordained minister in 1915 and bishop in 1917. In 1940 he broke away from the Old Order and organized a "Beachy-Amish type" congregation. Locally its members are referred to as "Burkholder Amish" rather than "Beachy Amish." The fourth "Burkholder" to be ordained was a nephew to both Moses and Eli, Noah J. Burkholder in 1919. All these ordinations took place in the Marshall County settlement. Altogether there have been 13 "Burkholders-Borkholders" ordained in the Amish church, the most of any of the "new names among the Amish." Eight are yet living—four ministers and two deacons in the Marshall County settlement, and two ministers in Missouri (Bowling Green and Clark).

It was mentioned in the beginning of this article that there were two "Borkholder" brothers who joined the Amish, John Jr. and Jacob. That is true, but the present-day "Burkholders-Borkholders" descend from John Jr. alone. His brother Jacob was Amish and some of his daughters joined the church, but his three sons were lost to other churches. One son, Jacob Jr., belonged to the Amish church during his first marriage but married the second time to a Mennonite; his children from both marriages then joined the Mennonites or other churches.

Today the "Burkholder-Borkholder" name among the Amish is most commonly found in the districts around Marshall County, Indiana where there are about 40 household heads with the name. The second largest group is found in Holmes County, Ohio where there are 15. The name is found to a lesser extent in various other Amish settlements.

There is another interesting story about the "Burkholder" name entering the Amish church. It centers around a Swiss Mennonite who by 1820 had immigrated to America. Coincidentally the man's name was John Burkholder, the same as the aforementioned John Borkholder. Whether these two men were related in any way is not known. But since they both came from Switzerland and both were Mennonites, the possibility of a close relationship is very strong.

This John Burkholder went to Mifflin County, Pennsylvania where for some unknown reason he wished to leave the Mennonites and join the Amish. The Amish in those days did not recognize the baptism of Mennonites and told John he would need to be rebaptized by an Amish bishop. John could not see why such should be required of him and left the community. He moved to Wayne County, Ohio where there was an Amish congregation centering around Smithville. He asked to be received as a member without being rebaptized. The Wayne County Amish agreed to take him in. When the Mifflin County ministers heard about it, it made hard feelings between them and the Wayne County ministers. It was the first church controversy among the Amish in America, and it was never peacefully settled.

Gradually the Wayne County Amish congregation, which was later called the Oak Grove church, departed from its Amish heritage. It was one of the earliest Amish congregations in America to build a meetinghouse and adopted other progressive or liberal ways. Today Oak Grove congregation is similar in doctrine and practice to the conference Mennonites, but it never joined their conference, remaining an independent Mennonite congregation. Since it did not remain an Amish congregation, the "Burkholder" name returned once more to the Mennonites.

Chupp

In 1809 Frederick Chupp, who was twelve years old, left Germany with his parents for America. The family settled in western Pennsylvania in Allegheny County. Some years later Frederick married a girl who had emigrated from Switzerland, but whose name is now unknown.

Several family records or genealogies list Frederick Chupp's religion as having been "Amish", but his descendants today do not believe that he was. It is a family tradition that he was not Amish. The tradition is likely correct for historians who have done extensive study of early Pennsylvania Amish settlements have not unearthed one in Allegheny County where Frederick Chupp lived and married.

Sometime while their children were young, the Frederick Chupps moved to Holmes County, Ohio. There were eight children in the family—the first six being boys and the last two girls. The two oldest boys, Eli and Nathan, married Amish girls in Holmes County, and that is how the "Chupp" name entered the Amish church.

Eli Chupp, the oldest of Frederick's children, was born in 1819 and married Barbara Miller (daughter of John Miller) in 1841. They had twelve children, three of whom died in infancy. Sometime after their marriage they moved to Elkhart County, Indiana settling in the neighborhood of Goshen. There Eli lived to be nearly 82 and died in 1901 at the old homestead.

Nathan Chupp, the second oldest of Frederick's children, was born in 1825 and married Magdalena Miller in 1847. They moved to Indiana and settled a little west of Nappanee. There they raised a family of eight children. In 1873 they moved to Newton County, Indiana where just the year before an Amish settlement had been started by Bishop David Hochstetler of Nappanee. Both Nathan and his wife lived in Newton County until their deaths and are buried in that extinct settlement's cemetery.

As mentioned already, Nathan's wife was Magdalena Miller. Her family history was similar to her husband's in that she, too, did not descend from a long line of Amish forefathers. Her grandfather, Christian Miller of Mifflin County, did not have Amish parents. His "Miller" name, although a common Amish name, was a very common name among all Germans. Samuel, Christian's father, was drafted into the army during the American Revolutionary War. While he was absent his wife became quite ill. While she lay on her deathbed, her husband far away from home, she became concerned about her five children. She admired her Amish neighbors and asked that the children be placed in Amish homes. Christian, the oldest child, was received into the home of Bishop Hans Beiler. Hans was a blacksmith and taught the trade to Christian as well as the Amish faith. Christian joined the Amish church and married. Because of his occupation as a blacksmith he was called "Schmidt" Miller by everyone. He was ordained to the Amish ministry and served as the first minister and bishop of the Amish church at Johnstown, Pennsylvania.

Christian "Schmidt" Miller had a brother John who bore the nickname of "Broad Run." He, like his older brother, was raised by an Amish family and accepted the faith. Records show that his son, John Jr., married a "Miss Chupp," her first name unknown. The date of the wedding is unknown, but they moved to Elkhart County, Indiana about 1839. Who this "Miss Chupp" was is a mystery. Was she a sister to Eli and Nathan? Records show that they had two sisters, Elizabeth and Susan, but both would have been too young to have married John Miller Jr.; besides, records show that Elizabeth married a Henry Penrod and Susan a Jacob Inbody. Was "Miss Chupp" an older sister to Eli and Nathan whom history has forgotten? It seems very possible. The year she moved to Indiana was 1839, two years before Eli married and nine years before Nathan. It may well be that she was the first "Chupp" to join the Amish church, but her full identity remains hidden somewhere in the pages of history.

The first "Chupp" to be ordained to the Amish ministry was Isaac Chupp, one of Nathan's sons. Isaac moved to Gibson, Mississippi in 1896 and was that settlement's only preacher. In the winter of 1903-04 he and five other families left Mississippi and moved to Anderson County, Kansas to help start that Amish settlement. Isaac lived there only a few months for he died in July of that same year. He was the only descendant of Nathan (bearing the "Chupp" name) to be ordained. Whereas, Eli has four descendants presently serving in the Amish ministry—three great-grandsons and two great-great-grandsons. Two are ministers in the Arthur, Illinois community, and two are ministers in Indiana—one in the Nappanee area and one near Middlebury.

Today the "Chupp" name is most commonly found near Nappanee, Indiana and Arthur, Illinois and to some extent in various other Amish settlements.

Helmuth

The exact details of how this family name entered the Amish church are not known. But enough details are known that the history can be pieced somewhat together.

In the state of Waldeck, Germany there was a family named "Helmuth." The husband, Johannes Helmuth, was a cloth weaver from the town of Kassel. His wife was Johanette Elizabeth Himmelmann; her father was a baker in the town of Mengeringhausen some 20 miles from Kassel. The Helmuths had three sons: Johann, Frederick, and George.

History tells us that there were Amish living in the German state of Waldeck for a century. From immigration records of Amish who came from there to America, we see that some lived at Mengeringhausen, the town where Mrs. Helmuth came from. The family names of Amish known to have lived in Waldeck are Gingerich, Swartzentruber, Schonbeck, Otto, Brenneman, Bender, Roth, and possibly Shetler. Noticeably missing from the list are "Helmuth" and Mrs. Helmuth's maiden name of "Himmelmann." This would seem to indicate that neither of the parents were of Amish background. Another strong indication that they were not Amish is the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Helmuth divorced. (Mrs. Helmuth then had two children by two different men.)

It seems rather likely from the above details that the Helmuth children knew the Amish as neighbors. It is even possible that they were taken into Amish homes as foster children when their parents divorced. At any rate, when the Amish in Waldeck immigrated to America in the early 1800's, two of the Helmuth boys (Frederick and George) did too. Frederick was 23 when he immigrated in 1817 and his brother George was 18. They settled in Somerset County, Pennsylvania, a common stopping place for Amish arrivals in America. Frederick was married there in 1822 to an Amish girl, Anna Yoder daughter of Jacob Yoder. Sometime prior to the wedding Frederick had joined the Amish church. (There is even the possibility that he had joined in Waldeck before coming to America.) In 1826, four years later, his brother George married Magdalena Brenneman, a recent immigrant from Germany to Oxford County, Ontario, Canada. Had George known her in Waldeck, Germany? There is a strong possibility that he had, for "Brenneman" was a family name found among the Amish in Waldeck. History also says that when the Amish left Waldeck they moved to two places: Somerset County, Pennsylvania and Oxford County, Ontario—the two areas where the Helmuth brothers settled.

The book MENNONITES IN ONTARIO contains quite a bit of Amish history and lists George Helmuth as one of the original families in the East Zorra Amish congregation which was formed in 1837 from the original single Amish congregation in Ontario. There George lived the rest of his life and raised a family of eleven children. A most strange accident occurred to one of his married grandsons, Emanuel, also a resident of Oxford County, Ontario. Emanuel did not have the habit of idly strolling around or of partaking in sports, but one day he stopped to watch some boys skating on a nearby pond. He leaned his arms on the rail fence separating the field from the pond. He was barely there a minute when the skaters came racing by, making a sweeping turn in front of him. Just at that moment one boy's skate flew loose and struck Emanuel in the neck. It cut his jugular vein causing him to bleed to death right there in the field. He left a wife and three children behind. It was the strangest tragedy in the "Helmuth" family history.

The East Zorra Amish church, to which George Helmuth belonged, departed over the years from its Amish character. In 1883 a church house was constructed and other traditions and beliefs were discarded. Today it is a member of the Western Ontario Conference of the Mennonite Church. Thus, no Amish "Helmuths" today are descendants of George Helmuth. Present-day Amish "Helmuths" all trace back to George's older brother Frederick.

Frederick Helmuth, as was already stated, immigrated to Somerset County, Pennsylvania in 1817 and married Anna Yoder there in 1822. They had a family of six boys and two girls. Tragedy struck them on February 20, 1830 when their third child, Moses aged two years seven months, wandered off into the neighboring forest. They searched desperately for him, but he was never found. A year later one of his shoes was found between two rocks in a nearby river. The shoe had a certain patch on it which the family easily recognized. But that was the only trace they ever found of their child. Later both their daughters died, one at age 12 and the other at eight.

It is not known for sure in what year Frederick Helmuth and his family left Somerset County and bought a farm in Holmes County, Ohio. But is was before March of 1840 as their eighth child was born then near Mount Hope. Frederick's wife died the following January. Later in the same year (1841) he married a second time to an old maid, Elizabeth Miller daughter of Jonas Miller. She was 32 and Frederick 47 at the time. They raised a family of five boys plus the five boys of Frederick's first marriage. Frederick died in 1873 and his second wife in 1878. He was the first known "Helmuth" to join the Amish church and the only one whose descendants bear the family name today in that church.

There have been 12 "Helmuths" who have served in the Amish ministry, being the second largest number among the "new names among the Amish." The first to be ordained was Frederick's grandson Isaac of Kalona, Iowa; he was ordained minister in 1905 and bishop in 1915. Another grandson, David D. Helmuth, was ordained minister in 1921 in Newton County, Indiana. The following year his wife died. He served in the ministry as a widower for 28 years until he married Savilla Weaver. In 1952 at the age of 75 he was ordained bishop of the North Barrens District in Lagrange County. The following year his second wife died. It is coincidental that both times he was ordained his wife died the following year.

A third grandson of Frederick, Levi N. Helmuth, was ordained minister in 1937 and bishop in 1943 at Hutchinson, Kansas. A great-grandson of Frederick, John W. Helmuth, was ordained minister in Stark County, Ohio and bishop in 1938 in Holmes County. He is remembered by many because of the lawsuit filed against him and his fellow ministers in the Mount Eaton District. It was filed by Andrew Yoder who was in the ban from Helmuth's church.

Presently there are six "Helmuths" serving in the Amish ministry: one deacon, one minister, and two bishops in the Nappanee, Indiana area and two ministers in Buchanan County, Iowa.

The "Helmuth" name is found mainly among the Amish around Nappanee, Indiana where there are about 15 household heads with that name. There are several other settlements where the name is also found. ■■

FIRE IN THE ZURICH HILLS

This is a condensed version of the story which gives a gripping account of the early days of the Anabaptist movement. It is the cold stark facts about the times of persecution in which our forefathers lived. Information for the story has been taken from the court records of Zurich, and every major inciden actually happened.

The condensed version will appear in Family Life in eight installments. The complete book, when it is ready will give more details on some of the happenings. The book should be available in the fall of 1973.

By Joseph Stoll

Chapter 3

THE STORY THUS FAR:

Marx Boshart was a grape farmer who lived with his wife, Regula, in the village of Zollikon, a suburb of Zurich in Switzerland. Marx found himself surrounded by the Anabaptist movement which was only then beginning to emerge. He was determined not to become involved, for he was married only three months and had his wife and the vineyard to take care of. When Marx spent considerable time visiting with his brother-in-law, Fridli Shumacher, Regula became alarmed and pleaded, "But I don't want you in prison." Marx reassured her by saying, "It won't affect my life. I'm not a religious man."

A debate was held in Zurich between the leader of the state church, Ulrich Zwingli and the Anabaptists. As a result of this debate the council of Zurich passed a law that anyone who rebaptized or was rebaptized, was to be banished from the land. Also anyone who refused to baptize their babies.

It so happened that a forbidden Anabaptist meeting was held in the house where Marx lived. The services were conducted by George Blaurock and Felix Manz, the two leaders of the Anabaptist movement. Grandfather Hottinger and a number of other persons were baptized. In the days that followed, others were baptized and Marx and Regula felt that they, too, should repent and live a new life. After struggling with the problem for some time, they gave themselves up and were baptized.

The church at Zollikon was growing. George Blaurock became so bold that he tried to take over the pulpit from the village pastor and preach to the people in the state church. But he was rebuffed by the congregation and the bailif, Hans Wuerst threatened to throw him into prison.

When the Zurich council learned of what was going on, they sent soldiers to gather up all the persons who had been rebaptized. Marx, along with many of the others, was taken captive and led away from his home, his wife, his friends and all that was dear to him. When would he be allowed to return, and how?

MARX WOKE IN THE NIGHT, shivering from the cold. He sat up, frightened for a moment, at first unable to remember where he was. Then in the dim light he could see the forms of many men sprawled on the floor. Some were snoring, he heard.

As his teeth clacked together, Marx pulled his coat closer around his shoulders. He longed for the heavy overcoat he had left at home. Or for a blanket, a warm woolen blanket. He might have known it would be cold in prison.

Marx watched two mice running about the floor as if playing hide-and-seek among the sleeping men. Somewhere in the distance a rooster crowed. The dawn of a new day must be near. Likely we will be questioned today, thought Marx.

Footsteps sounded in the hallway, and a guard entered the room, followed by three servants carrying an early breakfast for the prisoners.

"Time to turn out, Men!" the guard shouted, waking the prisoners who were still asleep. His voice echoed hollowly from the ceiling. "The day starts early here. You must eat and be ready for the councilmen when they come at eight o'clock."

The breakfast was substantial and as good as the men might have expected at home. "This isn't such a hard life after all," remarked Jörg Schad, licking butter from his fingers.

"Not if we measure life by the food we eat," agreed Rudolf Rutschman, biting into a potato. "But we must remember that man does not live by bread alone."

When the meal was finished, the servants departed with the emptied dishes. The guard followed them, turning the key in the lock as he left.

"Now then," spoke up Grandfather Hottinger, "Our bodies have been fed, but our souls have not. Rudolf, I understand you brought along a New Testament."

"I did," answered Rutschman, producing it from beneath his coat.

"Read a chapter to us," suggested Grandfather.

"You may," said Rudolf, holding out the Testament. "But you read better than I."

"I think not, Besides, you are the older."

Jacob Hottinger took the New Testament. He opened it and held it before him carefully. He read slowly the fifth chapter of Matthew, feeling each word and weighing it.

Marx sensed the men about him gathering courage from the words that Grandfather was reading. When the councilmen came, they would be ready to speak.

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK the prisoners were led to an adjoining room where a makeshift courtroom had been set up. Three councilmen, flanked by their assistants, were seated in front, all looking very stern. Yet when they began to speak, it was with courtesy, almost kindness.

"Fellow citizens of the canton of Zurich," began the presiding officer, "you are called here today to give an account of your being rebaptized. You are surely aware of the council's mandate of January 18, stating that infant baptism is the only recognized and valid baptism in this canton." The councilor could not keep from frowning. He continued, "Therefore, I would advise you to openly admit your error, and you can shortly return to your wives and children."

Rudolf Rutschman was the first to be called to the stand. "Have you been rebaptized?" asked the officer.

"Yes," admitted Rudolf, "I have let myself be baptized. As an obedient servant of God, I wish to continue to do whatever the Spirit of God teaches and bids me. This I want to without favor toward man, and without fear of any earthly force that would turn me aside. Otherwise, in everything not against the will of God, I desire to be obedient and respectful to my lords of Zurich."

The councilmen frowned in unison, and the secretary scribbled rapidly into his book. Rudolf Rutschman quietly took his seat.

"Next, Jacob Hottinger," called the councilor who was acting as chairman. He looked down upon the silver-haired grandfather who walked to the front. "Have you too been baptized?" he asked.

"I have been baptized," said Grandfather Hottinger. "And I wish to add my amen to the words of brother Rudolph. That is exactly how I feel about it."

"You can put me down the same way," exclaimed Felix Kienast when his name was called.

One after another the prisoners expressed unity with the statement of Rutschman. The secretary copied down their names.

But the hearing was not yet over. The councilmen bent together, their heads almost touching. Marx could hear their whispering, but could not understand the words.

"Since you choose to be stubborn," began the leader, addressing the prisoners, "it will be necessary to gather more information. This will make a lot of work for all of us. But if that's the way you want it, all right. Just think, by co-operating you could probably be on your way home right this minute." There was disgust in the councilor's voice.

He turned toward Marx. "Marx Boshart," he said, "you were one of the first to be baptized. Tell us exactly how it all came about, and don't bother skipping any of the details. We'll get them anyway, sooner or later."

Marx's mouth turned dry. His tongue felt suddenly stiff and heavy. He hesitated, then looked quickly at his grandfather. Old Jacob nodded to him as if to say, "Go ahead. Just speak the truth."

He began, explaining first how Johann Brotli and Wilhelm Reublin had been invited to supper, and how Blaurock and Manz had come later. He told how the brethren had read from the Bible and had explained what the words meant. He related how conviction had fallen upon Uncle Hans Bruggbach, and of the baptisms that followed.

"A man wrapped up in himself makes a very small package."
- Anonymous

As his memory recalled these events still so fresh in his mind, Marx forgot himself in part. He forgot who the sharp-eyed men in front of him were, and why they wanted to hear what had happened in Rudi Thomann's house one evening. With feeling he spoke of the soul struggle he had gone through before there was surrender and victory. "I meant nothing evil against you, my lords," he explained. "I desired baptism because I felt I had to, there was no other way to obey God. In the same way, I partook of communion because it is the bread of love and Christian brotherhood."

Marx sat down. His legs felt weak and wobbly, his heart was pounding, and he was sweating. Yet he felt strangely elated that he had been given the courage to speak out. The secretary busily copied down what he had said.

Other brethren were being questioned. At last the hairman turned rather sharply to young Jörg Schad, "What are you doing here?" he asked. "You've been in rouble before, but I hardly expected to see you in prison for religious reasons."

Schad blushed, but recovered himself at once. He was a natural speaker. "You are right about my past," he said. "It is a sad story, and it is true that all my days I lived blasphemously and walked about in sin. Nothing was too wicked for me. But I thank God that my conscience was not quite dead."

"My sins pressed upon me," he explained, "and I prayed God for grace and understanding. God gave me the grace to see my sin, and He promised that if I was willing to turn and leave off sinning, He would forgive my guilt. This is what moved me to repentance, and made me want to do to others as I would be done by. So I asked for the sign of brotherly love, and let myself be baptized with water by the hand of Felix Manz."

The councilmen made no comment, but shuffled their papers as Jörg Schad finished talking. Then they turned to Leinhard Bleuler, a villager who for much of his life had been a fisherman on Lake Zurich.

"Bleuler," spoke the chairman, "you're a man of reason and good sense. Tell me you've had enough of this rebaptism, and you're ready to renounce it." But there was no hope and no enthusiasm in the councilor's voice.

In deep ringing tones, the barrel-chested fisherman answered, "I am now the servant of God and no longer have might and power over myself. I have enrolled under the Captain Jesus Christ and will go to death with the same, and what He commands me, I will obey and do it."

As the echo of Bleuler's voice died away, there was a hushed silence. The kindness and courtesy that the councilmen had worn on their faces when they entered the room, had been swept away. Now there were only scowls.

The leading councilman coughed menacingly. He glanced at his fellow councilors, pulled his heavy coat together at the front, and announced, "We are hurt and very much saddened by your attitude. It is unfortunate that you must be so stubborn. We cannot help being disappointed. It leaves us with no choice. We will report to the rest of the council, and then you will hear some more from us. In fact, I predict that tomorrow Master Ulrich Zwingli himself will be here to talk to you. Then you may look to your Bibles indeed!" The councilor sat down heavily. Except for the rattling of sleet against the windows, the room was silent.

Marx looked at the faces of his fellow-prisoners. On a few he saw fright and fear. But Grandfather's face had not lost its confident look, and Rudolf Rutschman was actually smiling, as if he looked forward to talking with Zwingli.

The councilors prepared to leave. The guards rounded up the prisoners and led them back to their quarters.

AS THE COUNCILMAN had predicted, Ulrich Zwingli came the next day. He brought with him the two other people's priests of Zurich, Leo Jud and Kaspar Grossmann. The same three councilmen were present also, but today they took a back seat.

Zwingli opened the session, addressing the prisoners in a firm but gentle voice. The farmers of Zollikon listened. This was the famous Zwingli himself. He spoke with authority, yet he was in no way overbearing.

"I am sorry for the differences of opinion that make this meeting necessary today," he said. "I wish for nothing more than for peace and unity in the church. I would not be here today if I did not hope that this disunity— this false teaching on baptism— could thereby be stopped and peace restored."

Zwingli's face grew serious, and he went on, "I am a pastor and have for many years been a student of the Word of God. These men, too,..." He motioned to the priests at his side. "..these men have studied much in the Bible. By contrast you men are farmers, and cannot have studied much. It is likely that many of you can neither read nor write. Nevertheless, that does not prove we are right and you are wrong."

A smile returned to Zwingli's face, and he nodded graciously to the prisoners. "We came here today to talk these things over, and see if we can come to an understanding. I am sure you want to do what is right before God, and so do we."

Rudolf Rutschman raised his hand to speak. Then he said, "We indeed desire nothing more than to follow the commandments of our Lord. It is our belief that the Bible is the final authority, and especially the New Testament in our day, to guide us in all truth. About infant baptism we find no command written in the New Testament."

"You are right, sir," admitted Zwingli. "There is no command regarding the form of baptism, hence we may turn to the Old Testament and there we find that the children of God's covenant-people were admitted by the rite of circumcision at the age of eight days. In the Christian church, the rite of baptism corresponds to the rite of circumcision among the Israelites."

As Zwingli spoke these words, the two priests at his side and the councilmen nodded their heads in agreement.

Marx Boshart glanced sidewise as he heard his grandfather speak, "Master Zwingli, I beg to disagree." Marx could see that the old man was struggling to keep his composure. "Nowhere in the whole New Testament do I find any hint to link baptism with circumcision. But I do find many examples of men and women who believed and were baptized, and none of them were babies."

"Tut, tut," objected Zwingli, "that is easy to answer. As the church was being formed, it was necessary to begin with adults for they had not been baptized as infants. And so even today we would baptize the heathen or the Turk that would come to the faith. But the children of Christians, that is a different matter."

"Children are innocent before God," stated Grandfather flatly. "Jesus said, 'for of such is the kingdom of heaven! It is only as they grow out of the age of innocence, repent and are born-again of the spirit that baptism becomes a fitting symbol. Repentance and faith, those two things must come before baptism, as I understand the Bible." Grandfather Hottinger was silent.

"Yes, as you understand it," remarked Zwingli dryly.

Rudolf Rutschman was speaking again, "I still think that if God wanted Christians to baptize babies, he would have said so in the New Testament too. Nowhere in the whole New Testament do I read of one and the same man being baptized twice."

The three councilmen snickered.

"But Master Ulrich," objected Grandfather Hottinger. "If infant baptism is not commanded of God, but was invented by the Pope, then it is no true baptism at all, and therefore I have been baptized only once."

"Did you not yourself at one time teach that infant baptism is wrong?" asked young Jörg Schad, joining the debate. Marx knew that Felix Manz had told Schad about Zwingli's earlier belief, and how he had turned his back upon it.

Ulrich Zwingli grew slightly red around the ears, but his voice was level as he answered, "If I did not believe infant baptism to be an institution of God, I would not teach and preach it today."

Rudolf Rutschman had taken out his New Testament and was openly paging through it. Then he said, "Did I understand you correctly, Master Zwingli, to say that nowhere in the New Testament is there a record of a man being baptized twice?"

"That is what I said, nowhere."

"I beg your pardon, but in Acts 19, at the beginning of the chapter, we read of some men who were baptized twice."

"No," Zwingli shook his head, but he turned the pages of the big Bible in front of him until he had found the chapter.

"May I read the first five verses aloud?" asked Rudolf.

"I will read them," answered Zwingli, frowning. Carefully he pronounced the words,

> "Paul having passed through the upper coasts came to Ephesus; and finding certain disciples, he said unto them, Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed? And they said unto Him, We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost.
>
> "And he said unto them, Unto what then were ye baptized? And they said, Unto John's baptism.
>
> "Then said Paul, John verily baptized with the baptism of repentance, saying unto the people, that they should believe on him which should come after him, that is, on Christ Jesus.
>
> " "When they heard this they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus."

The frown had not left Zwingli's face as he finished reading. He made no comment.

"Is this not a clear example in the New Testament of a man being baptized twice, because the first baptism was not sufficient?" asked Rudolf Rutschman, pressing his point.

Surely, thought Marx Boshart, the great Zwingli is trapped this time. He will have to humble himself before a group of farmers and admit he spoke too quickly. If he was wrong this time, might he not also be wrong....

Zwingli was talking. "No, you misunderstand this passage," he said stubbornly. "John the Baptist instructed these men, but he did not baptize them."

This time Ulrich Zwingli did not look to his fellow pastors for support, but stared at the prisoners.

"But...but..Master Zwingli," replied Rudolf, as if he must doubt his ears. "It says clearly that John baptized them with the baptism of repentance!"

"Indeed!" concluded Zwingli, his face stern. "This is what comes of farmers interpreting the Bible. These are deep, deep subjects, and it is not given to everyone to understand the meaning. John preached to these men, but he did not baptize them. They were only baptized once."

Zwingli closed the Bible.

"If those men were baptized only once," said Grandfather forcefully, "then most certainly we have been baptized only once, also. We are not rebaptizers."

Several of the prisoners began to whisper together, but the guards motioned them to silence. An officer walked to the door and opened it, and motioned the men of Zollikon back to their room. The debate had ended.

Marx glanced back over his shoulder as he passed through the doorway. Ulrich Zwingli was gathering up his books and papers and getting ready to leave. His lips were set determinedly.

WITH TWENTY-FIVE MEN gone from their homes, Zollikon was a changed village. Like a cloud, fear cast its shadow, and clung to the town.

Regula Boshart ate very little and moved about as if in a dream. The worst part was the uncertainty, not knowing what was happening to her husband, or how long he would be kept in prison.

Rudi Thomann returned home, but his presence was no comfort. As Regula feared, her father was greatly upset. There was bitterness in his voice as he blamed first Zwingli, and then turned about and blamed the men of Zollikon for not having had the good sense to be away from home when the officers came, as he had happened to be.

Regula was concerned for her father. He had willingly given himself to baptism. Did he already regret it? The dark pockets beneath his eyes gave evidence how hard the ordeal was on him, and that he had not been getting his sleep.

On the third day after the prisoners had been taken, the word was passed around that news had come from Zurich. Hans Hottinger, the town watchman, had talked with the prisoners.

Hans was the black sheep of the Hottinger family, a drunkard. But he was clever when he was sober.

Regula went with her father to the Murer home where a group had gathered to hear what Hans had to say.

"Tell me, friend Hans," Rudi asked, "how did they fare with Zwingli?"

"Ho, Master Zwingli," replied Hans, pushing his chest forward. "Who is he? From what I could hear, the men of Zollikon got the best of the argument. Zwingli was silenced, and that's the truth."

"Are you sure of that now?" scoffed Hans Murer, "Or did you learn it from the wine bottle?"

Han's face colored and he retorted, "It's the truth, I say. The prisoners told meabout it and I haven't had anything to drink since... since..."

"Tell us what they said," commanded Rudi.

Hans straightened himself, and went on to relate what he had learned. As soon as he had finished, the people began to talk with each other, relieved to hear the prisoners were of good courage.

Regula slipped up to Hans Hottinger. "Hans," she whispered shyly, "did Marx send any special message for...for me?"

The watchman looked up, and the smile returned to his face. "No, Regula," he said, "I had no chance to talk to Marx privately, only as a group. And then just for a few minutes."

Regula turned away, disappointed.

"Come," said her father, taking her arm. "It is late and we must get home.

FREE!

Marx Boshart breathed deeply and turned his face toward Zollikon. He stepped rapidly along the narrow steep streets of Zurich, seeking the shortest route to the village road. Once upon it and safely out of the reach of curious eyes, he broke into a run.

A week had passed since the day Hans Hottinger had sneaked into the prison and inquired of their welfare. There had been no word from Zollikon during that week. Marx was anxious to get home.

A sabbath well spent brings a week of contentment.

Happy is the home where words of love and encouragement are spoken.

He swung his arms as he trotted down the snowy road. Marx liked to run, but now he was pushing himself plenty hard. Soon his breath was catching beneath his ribs, forcing him to slow down.

How good it was to be free! Free of those four confining walls, of the locked doors and the guards, free of the daily questioning.

Marx was happy to be free, yet he felt troubled. Mixed thoughts raced through his head. Had the prisoners done right in accepting the terms Zwingli had offered them? Marx could not erase the doubt in his mind. He felt guilty. Uneasy. When he arrived home, he would talk it over with Regula, and with Rudi Thomann.

But it's too late now...too late...too late...too late..too late... The nagging of his conscience kept time with his swinging trot. Marx wondered how the other brethren who had been in prison with him really felt deep down in their hearts. Were they experiencing the same nagging unrest?

And Felix Manz and Georg Blaurock. What would they think of the choice the brethren had made? Marx thought he knew. Manz and Blaurock were still in prison; they hadn't been given their freedom. Marx realized why, and his ears grew warm in the wind as he thought of it.

He was near Zollikon now and running faster than ever. He must slow down, or he could not talk when he got home. He forced himself to slow to a fast walk.

Past the first houses he strode, and on up Gstad Street toward home. Nothing had changed much in nine days that he could see, and yet the village appeared strange. Had it really been only nine days in prison? Only nine days since he had been led a prisoner toward Zurich. It seemed longer.

Marx almost stumbled at the doorstep. He flung the door wide and called out, "Regula!"

"Marx!" gasped Regula, hurrying to meet him.

They clung to each other for a moment, and then Regula turned questioning eyes toward her husband. "How.. how did you get out?" she asked, growing fearful.

"Oh, I am out to stay," laughed Marx, trying to reassure her. "We're all twenty-five released, but I think I'm the first to make it back to the village." He grinned at her.

Rudi Thomann came rushing in from where he had been working behind the house. He had heard his son-in-law's voice.

He clasped Marx's big hand firmly in his own smaller one. "Welcome back, son," he said.

The three sat down and Marx began to answer questions and to tell about the days in prison. "We were treated courteously," he reported. "Not like I figured prisoners would be treated. They brought us good food, and tried to make us comfortable."

"But...how...how?" Rudi did not need to complete the question that was foremost in his mind.

Marx sighed. "The first day that Zwingli came in, he was upset. I think it was because he got forced into a corner in our talk about baptism. But after that he was as friendly as a man could be. He chatted and talked to us as if we were his equals. He really isn't such a bad fellow."

"Of course he's not," said Rudi.

"Is it true that maybe...maybe he'll join us yet?" asked Regula.

Marx lowered his eyes. A look of pain swept his face. "I...I really didn't do much talking myself," he said. "There were older men and they spoke for the group. Zwingli tried to tell us we must have patience and wait for a while and his church would be like the church we want to have. He said it's a shame for God's people to be divided, and we should come back and join him again."

"Did...did you agree to that? You didn't, did you?" Regula asked.

"Well..." Marx paused. "We had to promise not to do it anymore."

"What?"

"To baptize anyone."

Rudi Thomann looked relieved. "They let you off easy, then. You mean that's all you had to promise?"

"Isn't that enough?" asked Marx. "If we are not allowed to gather for services, or to baptize anyone, how can we build a church?"

Rudi got up and paced across the room. Then he sat down again. "Sometimes," he began. "Sometimes I think it was all a mistake anyway." He cleared his throat, and coughed. "Zwingli is not going to give up, even if it means putting us all in prison. I think it'd be smartest to keep quiet, have more patience and see what Zwingli does in the next year or two. Maybe he'll manage to build a good church yet, and if he doesn't, there will still be time for us to try it."

Marx stared at his father-in-law. Had he heard right?

Rudi Thomann continued, "We can keep our thoughts and our beliefs to ourselves, and then there won't be any more trouble...any more nights in prison."

"But...but.." Marx objected, "if we believe something is right and don't live up to it, we'll be in the same place Zwingli is. I'm not ready to give up yet. We've got hold of something that Zwingli will never get, unless he breaks away from the council and begins to live his faith."

"What I can't understand," said Rudi Thomann dryly, looking hard at his son-in-law, "is why they let you out of prison, the way you talk."

Marx squirmed. He had to wonder himself. How mixed up could a person be? It seemed he knew in his heart what was right, yet he had not the strength to live up to it. The promise he had made in prison had been made under pressure.

"I know what we should do," said Marx a moment later, almost fiercely, "we should obey God rather than men. And yet, that is hard to do."

Rudi Thomann did not comment. He sat nervously playing with his fingers. At last he asked, "What did they fine you? How much did it cost to get out?"

"One thousand guilders for the group."

"One thousand guilders!" Rudi shouted. "That's a lot of money."

"I know it is," agreed Marx. "But it's spread over twenty-five men."

"A thousand guilders is still a thousand guilders, no matter if the whole village helps pay it. Do you know your share will come to forty guilders, and that's three months' wages, more or less."

"I know," answered Marx. "But so far the money part is not what's been worrying me."

"I can tell you it worries me!" Rudi got to his feet again. "A few more rounds in prison, and we'll all be beggars. Zurich will drain all the money out of the village. It's another good reason to sit quiet for awhile and not cause any more trouble. I hope everybody is agreed."

BY NIGHTFALL all the prisoners had come home, and the village of Zollikon rejoiced. But the rejoicing was short-lived, for the payment of the huge fine hung in the background, spoiling the happiness. Besides, there was concern for the future. Would peace and quiet reign in the months to come?

A week passed, and all was calm in Zollikon. There were no meetings, no baptisms, no communion services. The winter days resumed their usual drabness, and almost it seemed that the rebaptisms and the stay in prison had been but a dream. Yet it was a dream that was far from forgotten. There were still many excited conversations among the villagers, and groups gathered on the street corners to nod and shake their heads as they talked.

"I WISH BROTLI WAS still here in Zollikon," remarked Marx to his wife one evening. "If he were, I'd run over to the shoe shop right now, and we'd talk these things over. I'm sure he'd know what is best."

"If we can't go to Johann's," suggested Regula, "Why don't we go up to Grandfather Hottingers?"

"But he isn't back from Zurich, is he?"

"Yes, I saw him go past about an hour ago."

"That would be a good idea," agreed Marx. "He might have some news, too, after being in the city since yesterday morning."

Within a few minutes the young couple were strolling up the hill toward the Hottinger home. As they passed one village house after another, the usual evening sounds of talking and laughing and the clattering of supper dishes issued forth. At the Kienast home, the deep voice of a man singing could be heard. Marx recognized the voice as Jörg Schad's.

Grandfather welcomed them into the house and motioned them to chairs. Marx sensed that he wanted to talk, and could hardly wait to begin.

"Georg Blaurock is released from prison!" Grandfather said excitedly.

"Indeed? How did it happen?" questioned Marx.

"That's the first thing I asked him, 'George, how did you get out of prison?'" explained Grandfather. "He said he doesn't know either, it's hard to explain, for Felix Manz is still locked up. The only difference is, Blaurock is a foreigner, and the council is always easier on foreigners."

"You talked to Georg Blaurock then, did you?" Marx asked, his excitement rising.

"Yes, I did. And he is the same Georg as before, just as zealous as ever, though he suffered quite a bit in prison. He asked me how things were in Zollikon. I think he was quite disappointed that we had given up so easily to Zwingli. But I tried to tell him we really hadn't given up, and that as far as I know the brethren here at Zollikon still believe just like they did."

Marx and Regula had been listening closely. Now a thought occurred to Marx, and he interrupted his grandfather. "Do...do you think Blaurock might come to Zollikon again, now that he's free?"

"He didn't say, but I think he'll be here tomorrow," stated Jacob Hottinger. "At least I'm hoping and praying he will. That is just what it would take to fan our faith into a living flame once more."

"Did Georg have much to say about life in prison?" asked Regula, speaking for the first time.

"Yes, he told in detail how he was questioned. Georg says he honestly feels Zwingli does more violence to the Scriptures than the old Pope, and he didn't bother to lower his voice when he said it. I understand he made a similar statement in prison, and was held a few days extra till arrangements could be made for him to meet with Zwingli and explain to his face what he meant."

"That Georg is a bold one," said Marx.

"He certainly is. Yesterday he got out of prison, and last night after supper Georg led in Scripture reading and prayer, and we concluded the evening breaking bread together. That is not losing much time." Grandfather's voice was mixed with awe.

"But I haven't forgotten one thing," said Marx. "I was with Georg the day he tried to preach in Billeter's pulpit, and I think that was one day he shouldn't have been so bold. The cause of the new church would have been served better if he had stayed home that Sunday."

"Could be, could be," mused Grandfather.

"You think Blaurock will dare to come to Zollikon after that Sunday in the church house?" Marx asked.

"I may be wrong, but I think we'll see him tomorrow. And if he comes, there will be preaching services again in the village. And likely more baptisms." Grandfather's voice was suddenly very grave.

"I hope he comes," said Marx impulsively.

But there was a troubled look in Regula's eyes. "Oh, Marx," she said.

Marx knew she was thinking of the nine days of prison. Perhaps too she was thinking of her father. Rudi Thomann had become more outspoken each day that there should be no more acts of disobedience if he had anything to say to it.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 26, in the year 1525 was the Sunday of Parsons' Carnival. On this day, seven weeks before Easter, the Zwinglian pastors made their first preparations for the coming Lent season.

In Zollikon it turned out to be a Sunday to remember. Georg Blaurock arrived in the village right after breakfast. The word spread swiftly through the streets, and even to neighboring villages. Special services would be held in Hans Murer's big parlor.

While Pastor Billeter preached in the church house to an unusual number of empty seats, nearly two hundred people crowded into farmer Murer's house to hear Georg Blaurock preach.

For nearly two hours Georg Blaurock preached to an attentive audience. And then the people returned to their own homes to eat the noon meal, and to talk about the things they had heard. After dinner they assembled once more, and again Blaurock preached. This time he spoke of the young church that was being formed in Zollikon, his hopes for it and the disappointment when the twenty-five men in prison had yielded to Zwingli's demands.

The afternoon meeting closed with a baptism ceremony, mostly the wives of those who had been baptized earlier.

Marx glanced across the room toward Regula. He could see she was weeping as she watched the moving ceremony, especially as her sister, Fridli's wife, was baptized.

As Marx turned around, his eyes caught something else. His heart beat faster. A curtain had been hung over the window at the back of the room, but it did not cover the full width of the opening. Peering in from outside were three or four faces. Marx recognized several of the lads, and he knew they would go home and tell all that they had seen.

The work of the day would be no secret in the village.

—To Be Continued Next Month

THINKING BACK AND FORWARD

Yesterday my sisters and their families were gathered t our house for Thanksgiving dinner. We usually get toether at Thanksgiving and Christmas time. After they eft, I told my husband, "I wonder how it would be if we were all of the same faith."

We'd talk about different things I know. Often when I it and listen to them talking of the changes in fashion nd how they'd like to have this or that, I long for the time when we were all of the same faith, some of us till at home and we'd gather at my parent's home for Thanksgiving and Christmas dinner. It used to be so enoyable. I would miss it if we wouldn't gather at all any more but what will this do to our children, growing up and oticing that the cousins look and talk different than we do?

Those of you whose families are all of the same faith, e thankful for what you have. You don't know what you've ot until you don't have it anymore.

Are they really satisfied where they are now? I really oubt it. When I was a little girl I once asked Mom how oes a person know what is right or wrong. She told me that her father once told her whenever you're in doubt, on't do it or say it.

They say they have Sunday school where they learn more bout the Bible, they don't have as much things as smoking nd bed courtship, etc. But is that the only difference? When I see how they want the latest in fashions, how they ave the radio, the television or the record player turned n all the time it makes me wonder. They say they'd go crazy at our house with everything so quiet. But I don't see how I could stand it very long at their house. Don't they want it quiet? Does their conscience bother them, or what is it?

I was once asked what I think about my sisters who are no longer Amish. I told him that I am no judge but that I feel that if I would forsake the faith my parents brought me up in I would be doing wrong.

I don't believe in going to a higher church for I don't think the Lord would want me to. But couldn't we better our own church? Wouldn't it be better to be more concerned about spiritual things? How about the men who smoke? You know it's bad for your health, it's a waste of money and don't you believe it is wrong? If you really thought the Lord would be coming back to earth today, would you want to be smoking a cigarette or a pipe when he comes? What does the Bible say about strong drink?

How about such things as the "open door policy"? Wouldn't it be better for a boy to come see a girl while it is still daylight? Wouldn't it be better if the parents could see this boy and the girl would meet him at the front gate? Or would that be too much like the world? I believe we should realize that our churches do have room for improvement.

It's only been several years that I myself was with the young people. I do believe that if some of the things I have mentioned would have been different then, that our courtship years would have been more pure. But we are young and have so much room for improvement ourselves.

—A young mother from Indiana

CHILDREN'S SECTION

A Day To Remember

By Elmo Stoll

AS SHE WENT TO THE GARDEN, Wilma Weaver hummed happily. She had made up a silly little rhyme and now she sang it to herself to a tune of her own making:

"If you're ready to behave,
Just give me a wave.
You can be my slave,
And live in a cave."

It didn't make much sense, of course, but then it didn't need to. It was her own little private rhyme she had made up on the spur of the moment and it fitted in with her gayness. At least it rhymed, And it was about a cave, which was pretty important. For right now, cave to Wilma was a magic word.

This was the day she was going to Hermit's Cave. Not only was Wilma going— the whole Weaver family was going. They had talked and talked about it lots of times before, but it seemed that something always turned up so that it didn't suit to go. Either it rained, or they were too busy, or company came, or the horse was lame, or one of the children was sick, or something. But now at last on this beautiful June morning everything was working out. What an enjoyable time it would be, the whole family together, driving the ten miles, the two horses hitched to the surrey.

"I'm on my way— this very day," Wilma started out singing a new line. "This very day, I'm on my way."

Wilma stopped at the row of radishes and dug up a handful of them. She brushed off the soil that clung to them, and started back to the house. Mom wanted some radishes to put in when she packed their lunch. She had better hurry. Out at the barn she could see that Dad already had the horses harnessed, and eleven-year-old Raymond was holding them while Dad checked their shoes. Dad had said at the breakfast table that they should get started before too late so they would have time to eat their picnic lunch before they walked back to the cave.

Wilma's older sister, Dorothy, said she thought there was a good place for a picnic under some trees right where the trail back to the cave left the road. Dorothy was the only one of the family who had ever been down to Hermit's Cave, so she sort of considered herself an authority on the subject. She had been down the year before when her teacher had taken the seventh and eighth graders. Wilma had hardly been able to stand it at the time that she couldn't be included, but she was in the sixth grade and there wasn't anything she could do about it.

Finally everything and everyone was ready. The thermos jug was filled with fresh cold water from the well. There were extra blankets to sit on to eat lunch. The wheels were freshly greased. There was even some oats in a burlap bag to feed the horses.

Dad and Mom and Dorothy sat in the front seat. The surrey had extra wide seats, so it wasn't really crowded even with three grownups. Mom had wanted Dorothy to sit in the back and one of the younger children to sit up with them, but Dorothy had said, "I don't want to sit back there. You know how Wilma and Raymond are always teasing each other."

"I know," Mom had said. "That's why I wanted you to sit back there with them—to keep them straight."

Dorothy turned her mouth down. "I've given that up as hopeless long ago."

So Wilma and Raymond and Martha and Leroy sat in the back. Dad had put in a small bench on the floor so they wouldn't have to sit four on the seat. Since Leroy was the smallest, he got to sit on the bench.

"We'll show them how well we can behave, won't we?" asked Wilma determinedly as Dad pulled on the reins and started the horses.

"Sure," said Raymond agreeably.

Dad held in the horses, insisting that they start out slowly. "There'll be plenty of time to go faster," Dad told them. "Just take it easy. We're got a pretty good trip ahead with the buggy loaded down like this."

It promised to be a wonderful day. Everyone was in their best mood, chatting and laughing and telling stories and asking questions.

"Why is the cave called 'Hermit's Cave'?" Wilma asked.

"I don't know," Dad said. "Maybe sometime a hermit lived in it."

"What's a hermit anyhow?" asked five-year-old Leroy.

"That's someone who doesn't like people," said Wilma quickly, eager to show that she knew.

"That's not so," Raymond contradicted. "A hermit is somebody who lives by himself."

"Well, then he doesn't like people or he wouldn't live alone," Wilma insisted. "So I was still right."

"Is—is a man living there now?" asked Martha worriedly. Martha was only seven, not a very brave age for a girl.

Dorothy laughed from the front seat. "No, I don't know who would want to live there. It's way back in off the road, and it's sort of empty— and — and spooky. There are bats hanging on the ceiling, and funny-colored pale-looking lizards scurrying up the walls."

"Ohh, don't talk like that," Wilma shivered. "You're just trying to scare us. You said when you were down that it's real pretty, with those icicle-like things hanging down and everything."

"Sure, it's pretty, and it's beautiful," Dorothy admitted, "but it's spooky just the same. You wait and see."

"Dad," Raymond asked seriously, "is it the biggest cave in the world?"

Dad laughed. "No, I'm afraid not. It's really just a small cave, but they say it's pretty for not bigger than it is. If it were the biggest cave, I expect there would be so many tourists there that we'd stay away."

They drove on. The sun shone brightly, the fresh green grass along the roadside sparkled. Birds sung from the trees. A butterfly flitted across the road.

They had driven about six miles when Dad pointed out the side of the surrey. "Over there's the farm where Bessie comes from."

Everyone leaned forward to see the farm where their best cow came from. With the curtains rolled up, they had a good view. "You mean that barn with the two big blue siloes?"

"Yes, that's the one."

"Where? Where? I can't see," Leroy was standing on tip-toes, trying to stretch himself. "Wilma, hold me up so I can see, too."

Wilma grabbed Leroy and held him up higher. "See, right there!"

Leroy took a good look.

A mischievous glint came into Raymond's eye. What a good chance to tease Leroy a bit! Leroy got excited so easily anyhow.

Raymond grabbed Leroy's straw hat and gave it a jerk. All he intended to do was give Leroy a little scare and make him think his hat blew off.

Leroy grabbed wildly for his hat. His hand struck the hat and knocked it out of Raymond's grip. The light straw hat sailed to the side of the road. A sudden gust of wind lifted it and rolled it across the ditch and into the edge of the grain field.

"Hooo, whoa!" shouted Leroy frantically. "Stop, stop, Daddy, stop. My hat, my hat. Whoa, stop..."

Dad looked back as he pulled in the horses. "Whoa. What's wrong? Did somebody lose a hat?" He chuckled at the way Leroy had been so scared they wouldn't stop for his hat."

"Raymond knocked it off on purpose!" said Wilma accusingly.

"No, I didn't," defended Raymond quickly.

"Listen here, you did, too. I saw you do it."

"But I didn't do it on purpose. I was just going to grab his hat and hold it. I didn't mean to let it blow away. He knocked it out of my hand."

"Arguing isn't going to bring the hat back," Dad said firmly. "Raymond, you hop right out and run and get it."

Raymond leaped from the buggy, nimble and quick and light-footed. He went, jumping in big steps over the ditch.

"Hope you step right smack on a great big black snake with your bare feet!" Wilma shouted after him. "Would serve you right."

"Ho, ho," laughed Raymond. "If I do, I'll bring it back for you!" Raymond glanced back over his shoulder to see the expression on Wilma's face when she heard that. He didn't see the board from an old gate, laying on the ground, half buried and covered with grass. Nor did he see the sharp rusty nail sticking up from the board.

But he felt it.

"Ouchhhhhh." He jerked his foot back. Yelping in pain, Raymond hopped on one foot, holding the other into the air, blood dripping slowly to the ground.

Dad was at his side in an instant. "What happened? What did you step on?" Worriedly he scanned the ground.

"That nail," Raymond groaned, pointing to the board.

Dad examined the wound in Raymond's foot first, then went over and picked up the board and looked at the nail closely. Finally he put it down and took his shoe and bent over the nail. He shook his head.

Raymond hopped slowly back to the buggy on one foot. Mom got out and examined the puncture, too. It was still dripping blood, but very slowly.

"And we don't have a thing to put on it," Mom said, shaking her head, too.

"I don't like the looks of it," Dad said. "A deep puncture like that is a lot worse than a wide gash that might bleed more. The nail was rusty, too."

Mom took a white towel from the lunch basket and wrapped it around Raymond's foot and pinned it in place. "If we just had some liniment or some kind of disinfectant to pour on," she worried. "This towel won't do much good, but it will at least keep the dirt and dust off until we can get something better."

Everybody got back into the surrey and the horses started on a slow walk down the road. Wilma wished uneasily that Dad would make them go faster. Surely he wasn't thinking about turning around and going back home. Surely they wouldn't give up going to the cave because of Raymond's foot. Surely not. That simply could not happen.

The horses walked on. It seemed to Wilma more as though they were looking for a place to turn around than to go on.

"Does your foot hurt much?" Dad asked Raymond, looking back at him.

"Just a little bit," said Raymond bravely. "I don't think it went very deep."

Dad and Mom talked in low voices. Wilma tried desperately to make out what they were saying.

Pretty soon Dad stopped the horses and turned a bit in his seat, "Well," he said slowly, "what do the rest of you think? Do you think we'd getter go home and care for Raymond's foot, and take off some other day to go to the cave?"

"Oh, no," Wilma protested at once. "Let's not give it up. Surely we can work out something."

"I can hop back to the cave," volunteered Raymond. "I've often hopped a long ways. My foot doesn't even hardly hurt."

"Isn't the cave pretty far from the road?" Dad asked, looking at Dorothy.

"We figured it was close to a mile," Dorothy said. "And it's rough. The trail is full of rocks, it's steep in some places, and washed out from the rain. It's hard enough on two legs. I'm afraid Raymond can't hop that far."

"Then Raymond can stay in the surrey and wait," Wilma protested. "We shouldn't all have to give it up just because of him."

Dad looked displeased, but he didn't say anything.

Once more they started slowly down the road. "My foot stopped hurting altogether now," said Raymond brightly. "I think it's better."

Dad smiled at Mom. He knew why Raymond's foot had gotten better so fast. Raymond felt bad about spoiling the trip to the cave, so now he was pretending his foot wasn't hurting very much.

Mom smiled back. She knew, too. A nail puncture like that didn't heal in five minutes. Perhaps in five days.

"Mom," Dad said, as he thought of something. "Do you remember that old Italian couple you got those raspberry plants from a few years ago? Don't they live along this road somewhere?"

"Yes," Mom said, "it's along here somewhere, It's a little yellow house with green shutters. And they have a lot of evergreens in their back yard."

"I was just thinking," Dad said. "Maybe if that old couple is at home we could stop in. I suppose they would have something to put on Raymond's foot to disinfect it."

They drove past a clump of trees, and sure enough, there up ahead was a yellow house with green shutters. And lots of evergreens.

"That's the place," said Mom.

"They're friendly, aren't they?" asked Dad.

"Why, yes, I'm sure."

Dad turned the horses in the lane and stopped in front of the little yellow house. At first no one seemed to be around, but then the sound of footsteps neared the door. The screen door squeaked on its hinges and there stood a short, bent little old lady looking out at them, a dark kerchief on her head. She shaded her eyes against the bright sun, and peered up at the surrey and the horses. She said hello, then waited, curious to know what had brought them to her house.

Dad explained who they were, where they were going, and what had happened. "And we were wondering if you would have anything to put on his foot," Dad finished up. "We'll be glad to pay you for it."

She waved her hand at him. "No, no, don't worry about pay. I have plenty of liniment that is just right for that. Bring the boy in the house. Your wife can come in, too, and sit for a few minutes. It's warm today." She paused and looked at the other children, as though she were trying to make up her mind. "All of you come in for a little bit," she said. "Louie will want to see all of you."

Wilma wondered who Louie was. It must be her husband. But why hadn't he come to the door instead of sending his wife?

Mom looked at Dad questioningly. "Shall we go in?"

"Why, yes," Dad said, as though that was no hard problem to decide. "She invited us, didn't she?"

Dad tied the horses and they all went toward the house. The little lady led them to the door and held it open for them. "Louie," she called. "We have visitors."

Then she turned to Dad. "The days are long for Louie now since he can not work; he was always on the go, you know."

"You say he can't work?" asked Dad. "Isn't he well?"

"Did you not hear about his accident that he had?" she asked, raising her eyebrows in surprise. "Yes, he was hurt— it is more than five weeks now, a very bad break in one leg. Just walk on in. Maybe you are thirsty when it's so warm. We have good water."

The house was small, but since there wasn't much furniture, it seemed more roomy. Louie sat on a rocking chair, a big white cast hugging his leg. His face brightened in welcome.

"What happened that you broke your leg?" Dad asked kindly, as the woman went into the bedroom to get some liniment.

"A car, it ran into me," the man said. "I was almost in the ditch, and still he hit me. He was drunk, I think, but the police do nothing. But I am only glad it was not more bad. So easy it could be." He smiled, showing that his teeth were still straight and clean, even though he was old and his face full of wrinkles. "Yes, I often say to Rosa how much we still have to be thankful about, so much. She takes so good care of me, like she was a nurse, not so, Rosa?"

"Oh, Louie, how you talk," Rosa said, embarrassed as she came from the bedroom with a bottle of liniment. "Show them what you have been making with your hands now that your leg is of no use. Maybe they have never seen such a chain like you make."

"Oh, it is not much," Louie said modestly. He reached down and picked up a shoebox from the floor beside his chair. He took off the cover and lifted a wooden chain with large links. It was a clever piece of workmanship, completely made from wood. At the end of the chair was a carved wodden boat ancor. "It's all carved from one piece of wood," Louie explained.

"That must have taken hours of careful work," Dad commented as he examined it, shaking his head. "I could never do anything like that. I'm too clumsy, I'm sure. My knife would slip and I would break the links."

"Are you making it to sell?" Mom asked.

"No, no," Rosa said. "He is making it for his brother, who still lives in the old country. He wants to give it to him. We want to send it as soon as it is done. You see, his brother was so disappointed that we could not come to visit him as we had planned. He was looking forward to seeing us. It was a trip we had planned for years, and saved our money to go, and everything was ready. We were to leave on the 15th, but two days before we leave, this alcohol man drive over Louie. Then we give it up."

"That's too bad," said Dad sympathetically. "But your leg will heal again. Then you will still go to visit your brother, not?"

"No, no," said Louie gently. "We don't talk of that no more. That is out. We are too old. We had to use the money to pay our hospital bills and we cannot never save

Would I be called a Christian if any one could know
That I am found in places, where Jesus would not go?
Oh, could they hear His echo in every song I sing?
In eating, drinking, dressing, could they see Christ my King?

-Selected

so much again. We are too old now. Now we will just plan to stay here. But we are thankful just that we had saved the money, or what had we done to pay the doctor!"

"Yes, it was a great disappointment," Rosa said. "We thought it couldn't be, but it was. I felt so bad about it, but Louie just said that what we cannot change, we must accept and make the best of. No good in pouting about it if we cannit change things." She turned toward Raymond and looked at his foot as she said, "Isn't that right, little man?" She opened the bottle of liniment and smelled it.

Raymond was bashful and didn't answer.

Mom took the towel from his foot and showed Rosa where the nail had gone in.

Rosa took his foot into her hands and felt all around the sore spot. Already it was a little red and inflamed and swollen. She pressed around the wound gently to make sure the puncture was not closed.

"Will it burn, Mom?" Raymond asked anxiously.

"No, no," Rosa assured him. "Anyway, not much. Maybe a tiny little sting, but not very much." She smiled as she poured some of the liniment on his foot. Then she bustled off for salve and bandages.

Fifteen minutes later the Weavers were loaded into the surrey again and leaving the yellow house with the green shutters. Everyone wanted to talk at once, exclaiming about this and that. "I want to make a chain like he made," Raymond declared. "I think I could if I sharpened my jackknife. I asked him what kind of wood it was and he said basswood."

"I felt so sorry for them," Dorothy was saying. "To think of how long they looked forward and planned that trip, and then the accident had to happen."

"But they were both so cheerful, weren't they?" Dad said. "They weren't just sitting there feeling sorry for themselves."

"He must have spent hours making that chain," Mom said, "for his brother in the old country who was so disappointed."

Wilma was the only one who didn't feel like saying anything. She was strangely silent. She kept thinking what Rosa had said so matter-of-factly about accepting things that couldn't be changed and making the most of them. And anyone could see they were happier that way than if they would be angry and bitter and resentful that things had not worked out as they had planned.

They had come to the crossroad now, and Dad turned the horses to the left instead of going straight across as he should have to go to Hermit's Cave. Wilma noticed it right away and she knew it meant that Dad had given up going to the cave. But why didn't he turn around and go back home? Where else could they go?

Once more Wilma started thinking about what fun they could have had if only Raymond hadn't jumped into that nail. Why had he done such a stupid thing? He spoiled their whole day, the day they had planned on for so long, just because he was so mean and hadn't behaved himself and hadn't let Leroy's hat alone. Now none of them could have any fun.

"Dad, you're not going the right way to go to the cave, are you?" Dorothy asked.

"No," answered Dad. "We'll have to give that up. No matter how we look at it, we couldn't enjoy our day at the cave if Raymond had to stay at the surrey. That wouldn't be much of a family day, would it? That's the way it is, and we might as well make the best of it."

Make the best of it. There it was again. But Wilma didn't see how anyone could make the best of a day that was spoiled for everyone. But it wouldn't do any good to say anything. She clamped her mouth shut and rode in stoney silence while the rest of the family chatted and laughed about this and that, and discussed old Louie and little bent Rosa and their friendly yellow house with the green shutters and the evergreen trees at the back.

The horses' hooves went clip-clop-clip on the pavement as the Weaver family sped down the highway toward home. It was three o'clock in the afternoon and Wilma had lots of time to think as they drove along. Soon they would be at home, the end of the day that had started out as a trip to Hermit's Cave. How differently it had ended. And yet... Suddenly Wilma realized that it hadn't been such a bad day after all. After they had left that old couple in the yellow house and Dad had announced they weren't going to the cave after all, Wilma had been perfectly sure that the day was ruined. But everyone else seemed to be looking on the bright side and making the best of things, so she had finally decided she might as well try it, too. Dad had taken a round-about way home, past an old, old Quaker graveyard on a hill. There they had stopped and tied the horses under a tree and eaten their lunch in the shade. They had chatted and lounged in the warm air, relaxed, and enjoyed each other's company. Then they had walked slowly through the graveyard, stopping here and there so Raymond could keep up, hopping on his one good leg. It had been interesting to read the dates and names on the stones, some of them so old that they must have been the families of the first settlers. Wilma was sobered by the great number of children's graves, and she could tell by the dates that many of them had lived only a short while. When she mentioned something about it, Dad started telling them how years ago, more children died than do today. And he had talked of his own little brother who had passed away of flu at six years old. Wilma knew she would long remember how they stood in the graveyard, listening as Dad told how it had seemed when death came and took one of the family. He related how it had rained so hard the day of the funeral and they had feared they wouldn't be able to go to the graveyard, but it had stopped then about a half hour before. As they lowered the little coffin in the grave, a beautiful rainbow had stretched across the eastern sky. Somehow, Wilma had known before that Dad had a brother that had died young, but she had never known the details, and she had never guessed that there was a story like that behind it.

Dad had told the story softly, almost tenderly, and all of them had listened, hoping he would go on and on. He had made it so real, and after having walked through the graveyard together Wilma had been able to imagine herself at the funeral of Dad's little brother.

Then after they had left the graveyard, they had driven home past a little filling station and restaurant on the highway and all of them had ice cream cones. How good they had tasted, cold and creamy in the hot afternoon.

And now they were nearing home, in fact at the end of their lane. The horses turned in without being told and slowed to a walk up the slight hill to the house.

Everyone was hot and tired, but happy. Wilma knew it was a day she would remember for a long time. No longer was she angry and resentful inside because they couldn't go to Hermit's Cave. When things couldn't be changed, a person might as well make the best of them. It was surprising how good a day could turn out, even after it seemed ruined. ■■

Junior Storytime

JOHNNY AND HIS JOKES

-Martha Helmuth

"Hi, Mom," called Johnny as he came in the door, bringing a gust of cold wind with him. "It sure is cold out. As soon as I've warmed up I'm going out on the pond. That ice is really thick now." He stood on the carpet inside the door, kicking off his boots and rattling his nearly empty dinner bucket.

"Guess what we're making," called six-year-old Linda from the kitchen.

"Cookies!" exclaimed Rosemary before Johnny could answer. "We're helping Mom make cookies."

"Hmmm, I'm hungry, " Johnny said as he came into the kitchen. "May I have one?"

"Yes, take one," Mother replied, "and then go change your clothes."

Johnny picked up his cookie and as he walked past four-year-old Rosemary, he quickly pulled her red hair that were straying from under her covering.

"Ouch! Mom, Johnny pulled my hair," complained Rosemary as she rubbed a spot on her head.

Mother sighed as she quickly opened the oven door to check the next pan of cookies.

A short time later, Johnny appeared at the door with a pair of shiny black shoes in his hand. "Whose new shoes are these?" he called.

"They're mine," Linda replied happily as she ran over to him. "The mailman brought them today." She reached out for them, but Johnny held them up out of her reach. "Come on, Johnny, let me have my shoes." But the more Linda pleaded for her shoes, the more Johnny enjoyed keeping them from her.

"I know. They belong in the wastebasket," Johnny said laughingly as he tossed them into the wastebasket nearby. "They are no good anyway."

"Johnny," called Mother from the kitchen. "Now that is enough. You'd better get your wraps on and go out and help Father.

"Aw, I was only playing a joke on her," answered Johnny. "Linda's just a baby."

"Well, we've had enough of your jokes for tonight," Mother replied. "Go get your coat and then help Father."

"What's Father doing? Johnny wanted to know. "Anyway, I want to go skating."

"I think he's in the barn cleaning out the stables. You'd better go see if you can help him," Mother replied. "I think you'll still have time to go skating."

The next evening when Johnny came home from school, he found the girls happily playing with their dolls. Rosemary was sitting on her little rocking chair rocking her doll to sleep.

"Where's your doll, Linda?" Johnny asked when he saw her.

"Shh-h," replied Linda. "You'll waken her."

"Ho, ho, ho," laughed Johnny, "Your doll can't hear me. She's deaf and blind." Just then he spied the doll lying in a card board box, covered with a little blanket. "Oh, there she is," Johnny said teasingly as he ran over to it, watching Linda to see what she would do.

"Johnny," Linda said as she ran to protect her doll. "Leave her alone."

"I won't hurt her," Johnny replied, "I just want to pinch her a little bit." He lunged for the box, as if to take it from Linda, but she jerked it away. Then he ran around her and came from the other direction, once more pretending to grab the doll, but not actually doing so. Johnny kept prancing about, pretending to grab the doll, while Linda held the box against herself to keep him from getting it.

"What's going on here?" called Mother as she came up the basement stairway.

"Johnny's trying to get my doll and - and," Linda began.

"I was only playing a joke on her," insisted Johnny. "I wasn't going to hurt her doll."

"Well, Johnny, I think it's time you learn not to tease the girls the minute you come home from school. It's getting so that they aren't even glad to see you coming home from school," Mother rebuked him.

"I, I'm sorry," answered Johnny.

"If you're really sorry, you'll remember not to tease them." Mother told him. Mother glanced at him. "Change your clothes right away then I want you to bring in wood for the kitchen stove. I need more wood right away so I can bake some pies."

"Mmmm, what kind of pies?" Johnny asked.

"Cherry pies," Mother replied. "We're getting company tonight."

"Who?" asked Johnny with interest.

"Grandma and Grandpa Yoders are coming tonight," Mother replied with a smile.

"Are they coming for supper?" Johnny wanted to know.

"No, they're coming by bus and won't get here until about bedtime. Father is going down to the highway to meet them after supper.

"Oh, goody, goody," sang Johnny as he hopped about on one foot. Soon all three children were dancing about and clapping their hands, the dolls and their problems forgotten.

The evening seemed extra long till it was time to go pick up their grandparents. The children soon forgot their shyness of meeting their grandparents again, when Grandma got out the books she had brought along for them. Linda's book had many pretty pictures of birds and animals in it with a little reading. Johnny's book was also about animals with a story to go with each animal. He was especially pleased with his book as it was the first storybook he had for his very own.

The days of Grandma and Grandpa's visit passed quickly and soon they had left for home again. But each evening Johnny like to sit and read a story or two from his new book, even if he had read the story before.

A few days after Grandpas had left again, Johnny came home from school, once more wearing his mischievous grin. Linda and Rosemary were sitting at the kitchen table looking at the books Grandma had given them, while Mother was cleaning out the kitchen cupboards. Without warning, Johnny tossed a rubber spider in front of Linda.

Linda jumped back and screamed.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Johnny, " 'fraid of a rubber spider. Ha, ha."

"You're mean!" yelled Linda, unable to think of anything else to better describe her brother.

Carelessly Johnny grabbed the book Linda had been looking at and pretended to toss it up in the air laughing as he did so. On the second swing of his arm, the book slipped from his grasp and flew toward the sink.

Splash!

Johnny's laughter stopped suddenly as he stared at the sink where the book had disappeared. "I'm sorry, Linda. I - I didn't mean to throw it. And I didn't know there was water in the sink."

"I suppose you are sorry," Mother smiled grimly as she lifted the dripping book from the water and held it up for Johnny to see.

Johnny gasped. It wasn't Linda's nor Rosemary's, but his own treasured book of animal stories. In his careless act he had failed to notice whose book Linda had. He turned on Linda. "Why did you have my book anyway?

You have a book of your own to look at." He blinked hard to keep back the tears.

"Johnny," Mother said, "Don't blame Linda. I told her she can look at your book if she's careful with it." She looked at Johnny intently for a moment. "Wasn't this another one of your jokes you were playing on Linda?"

Johnny stared silently at the floor. Slowly he nodded his head.

"That's how it often goes with people who tease others all the time," said Mother. "Their jokes sometimes backfire."

Der Jeckie geht an die Fendu.

Es war ein warmer Tag, nicht viel Wind. Der Jeckie war draus an die Eier holen, aber er war nicht am denka wege ſeine Arbeit. Seine Gedanken gingen zum Abend, denn es war Freitag und ſollte eine Vieh=Fendu ſein in die Stadt.

Der Vater hat geſagt er will geh und hat verſprochen die Buben mitnehmen.

Der Jeckie guckt das Fenſter naus und ſieht der Abie ſpringen zum Hinkel=Haus alles excite. „Heh, Jeckie, der Ray Troyer und ſein Vater ſind hier; komm und guck a mol ſein Hut."

Der Abie ſpringt wieder die Tür naus und der Jeckie hat ſich gedummelt, nimmt die Eier ins Haus, geht naus und ſteht neben dem Buggy. Seine Augen gehen groß uf wo er dem Ray ſein Hut geſehen hat. Es war ein großer cowboy Hut mit die Seite nuf gepetzt. Der Jeckie wußte nicht was zu denka.

Der Ray kommt herunter vom Buggy und ſteht neben der Jeckie. „Darf ich ein wenig Waſſer haben? Es iſt ein warmer Tag und ich bin bout verdoſcht," ſagte der Ray.

„Ja, komm do an die Bump, hier iſt kalt Waſſer," ſagte der Jeckie. Er gibt dem Ray ein Glas und bumpt für ihn. Wo er ein Glas voll gedrunka hat fragte er für mehr. Jeckie gibt ihm noch ein Glas voll. Wo er halb von ſell gedrunka hat ſieht er ein Katz neben ihn ſtehen. Er nimmt das übrige Waſſer und leerte es über ſie. Die Katz jumpt hoch und ſpringt gegen die Scheuer.

Das machte der Jeckie zornig, es war ſein Pet, Blackie. Innerlich fühlte er dem Ray gut abſagen, aber er ſagte nicht ein Wort.

Der Ray lachte, aber als er ſah daß der Jeckie ſo ſauer ausſieht ſtoppte er. „Wit du ſom Kandy?" fragt der Ray, als er ein Handvoll aus ſein Sack kriegte. „Du darfſt zwei Sticken haben, nimm raus was du wit."

Der Jeckie ſein Zorn iſt geſchwind verluſſa. Er wußte nicht wels zu nehmen. Es war Taffy, Peppermint, Butterſcotch und Mint. Er denkt ein wenig dann nimmt er ein Stick Peppermint und ein Stick Butterſcotch.

„Der Vater hat mich das Kandy kriegt in die Stadt," ſagt der Ray.

Jeckie tut ein Stick Kandy in ſein Maul und fragte der Ray für mit in die Scheuer geh die Kelva gucka. Es waren ſiebe Kelva in ein Stall. „Komm, Hommie, wit du ebis eſſa? Wit du Hoy?" ſagt der Ray. Und er laßt ein Kalb aus ſeine Hand freſſen. Das Kalb kickte und ſpringte herum in ſein Stall. Die Buben ſchwätzen eine weile wegen die Kälber, dann ſagt der Ray: „Am Abend zähl ich und mei Vater an die Vieh Fendu gehen. Ich darf ein Taller haben zu ſpenda."

„Mir zähle a geh," ſagt der Jeckie.

„O Goodie, mir wolle ſpaß haba," ſagt der Ray.

Juſt no ruft der Ray ſein Vater: „Ray, komm do."

Die zwei Buben ſpringen aus die Scheuer gegen dem Buggy. Die Männer waren am ſchwätzen wege die Fendu. „Ich hab ein Kuh und zwei Rinda zu nehmen," ſagt der Ray ſein Vater.

„Ich hab ſechs Rinda zu nehma," ſagt dem Jeckie ſein Vater.

„Ich denk wir beſſa gehen. Wir ſehen euch am Abend," ſagt Ray ſein Vater, als das Buggy aus die Lane ging.

„Vater, für was hat der Ray ſo ein cowboy Hut?" fragt der Abie.

Der Vater guckte ſerious. „Ich hab net gegliche ſella Hut ſeh, Bube, es tut mir weh. Wella probiera uns beſſer im Platz halten, no könne die Leut ein beſſer Exempel nehmen von uns.

„Ich bin froh es mir bald fertig ſind chore," ſagt der Jeckie, er war am denka wege an die Fendu geh.

„Ja, ich bin a froh," ſagt der Vater, „Wella fertig mache, no gehen wir ins Haus zu eſſa und ready mache zu geh."

Die Mäm hatte heiße Supp, Eier Sandwiches und Popcorn ready für ſie. Weil ſie am eſſa wara, ſagt der Jeckie: „Vater, der Ray darf ein Taller mitnehmen zu ſpenda, darfa mir a?"

Der Vater ſieht die Buben an: „Well, vielleicht gebe ich euch ein wenig, aber nicht ein Taller. Sind wir alle ſatt? Wella uns ſtill hebe no ſind wir ready für die Kelva uflade wenn der Truck kommt."

Glei kommt der Trucker für die Kelva holen. Wo ſie die Kelva ufgeladen hen war der Mahlon ready für mit dem Trucker geh. Die andere zwei Buben gingen geſchwind ins Haus und changeten ſich, ſie waren alle ready wo der Vater der King angeſpannt hatte. Es war fünf Milen zu die Stadt. Die zwei Buben konnten ſich net ſtill heben die ganze Zeit, ſie waren zu excite.

Als ſie der Gaul angebunden hatten neben die Salebarn ſahen ſie der Ray Troyer, und der Eli Chupp und Johnie Gingerich waren mit ihm.

„Bleibet aus miſchief," ſagt der Vater zum Jeckie und Abie als er in die Salebarn ging.

„Hi Jeckie," ruft der Ray, „wir waren juſt ready nivver geh und die Leute ſehen, komm mit uns."

Sie watchen ein wenig, dann ſehen ſie ein großer fetter Mann drei Küh in eine Pen tun das neben die Buben war. Er war recht ſteig am laffa und ſchlippte in dem Miſcht. Der Miſcht ſpritzte alle Wege naus. Der Mann ſteht wieder geſchwind uf und ging ſteifbenich die Pen naus denn ſeine Hoſſa war alles miſchtig. Die Buben hen müſſa ihr Maul zu heben daß ſie nicht lachten, denn ſie ſahen daß er ſich ſehr ſchämte.

Juſt no hörten ſie daß die Fendu angefangen hat, ſo gingen ſie alle in die Salebarn hinein. Sie ſetzten ſich an die erſte Bleachers. Der Jeckie ſieht viel Leut dort und viel ſata von Vieh.

Wo ſie zehn Minute geſetzt waren ſagt der Ray zu die Buben, „Wella naus geh friſche Luft kriegen."

Der Jeckie hat net wella mitgeh aber er ging doch. Dann fragte der Johny, „Was wella mir jetz tun?"

„Wella in dem Reſturant geh," ſuggeſt der Jeckie. „Ich hab zehn Cent für epes kaufa."

Die andere Buben hatten auch Geld, dann gingen ſie in dem Reſtaurant. Der Jeckie und der Johnie kauften jedes ein Pak Gum und die andere kauften Kandy=Bars.

Wo ſie die Kandy=Bars gegeſſen hatten ſagte der Ray: „Buben, ſind ihr durſtig? Kommt, ich kaufe euch ſome Pop."

Sie gingen mit ihm zu die Pop=Machine es neben dem Reſtaurant war. „Was ſot wit du, Johnie?" fragte Ray.

„Ich denk ich nehm Orange," ſagt der Johnie.

Er gibt dem Johnie ſein Orange, und fragte die andere. Der Eli nehmt Coke, der Jeckie Orange. Zuletzt langt der Ray wieder in ſein Sack für mehr Geld und ſagte: „Ich glaub ich muß noch fünf cent haben für mich ein Orange kriegen."

Keins von die andere Buben hatten fünf cent, aber ſie waren willig von ihrem Pop mit ſchara, aber der Ray wollte ſeine eigene Buttle haben. Die Buben denken und denken was ſie tun wollen. Endlich ſagt der Jeckie: „Hey, am Abend auf dem Weg zur Stadt ſah ich ein Waſher in unſer Buggy. Denkt ihr es möchte ſchaffa?"

„Ja, ja, hole ihn," antworteten die andere Buben.

Der Jeckie ſpringt geſchwind naus an dem Buggy. Sure genug, da war der Waſher. Er nehmt ihn und ſpringt wieder zurück. „Er war noch dort," ſagte er als er ihn dem Ray gibt.

Ray nehmt der Waſher, dann guckt er nivver gege die Leut es neben die Sale=Barn waren. „Ich wünſche ſelle Leute wären nicht dort," ſagte er.

„Komm an, ſteck es nei," ſagt der Eli.

„Aber denkt ihr es ſchafft?" fragte der Ray.

„Ja, ja," urgte der Johnie.

„Sagt ihr's niemand?" fragte der Ray.

„Geh an, ſtecks neu," ſagt der Jeckie. „Mir wella ſehne ob das Pop naus kommt." Innerlich aber fühlte er nicht recht. Er wünſchte er hät nichts geſagt wegen dem Waſher, aber um mit die Gäng ſein wollte er mitmachen.

„Well, ſtehet alle um mich rum," ſagt der Ray. Die Buben tun das und Ray ſteckte der Waſher in die Machine. Es war eine brummliche Jacht, und dann kommt ein Buttle orange Pop raus. Die Buben müßten heſſlich lachen wo ſie die Buttle Pop ſahen raus kommen.

The devil has but one goal to work for and that is to get people to go to hell because he has to go there. And he has many helpers. We are either working for God or working for the devil.

Sie ſind wieder in die Sale=Barn gangen aber der Jeckie fühlte nicht recht. Das Vieh guckte nimmer ſo ſhay zu ihm und es ſeemt die Leute waren ihn alle am watcha. Es war halva Zehn wo der Vater ſagte daß es zeit iſt für heim gehen. Der Mahlon und Abie waren am ſchlofa am Heimweg, aber der Jeckie konnte nicht, er iſt mit ein ſchlechtes Mut im Bett ganga.

Am Morgen wo der Jeckie draus war Hoy nunter macha hörte er daß ſein Vater ihn am rufa war. „Was wit du; Vater," antwortete der Jeckie.

„Ich will daß du mir helfſt Stroh nunter macha," ſagt der Vater. Sie waren eine Weile am ſchaffa dann ſagt der Vater: „Geſter=Abend hab ich das Fenſter naus geguckt und ſah daß die Buben am lachen waren, und eppes am tun neben die Pop=Machine. Was hat g'happent?"

„Der Ray hat uns Pop gekauft," ſagt der Jeckie. Er wünſchte ſein Vater hät es net geſehen.

„Warum war des funnich?"

„Err . . er," ſtämmerte der Jeckie, aber er wißte daß er feſt war. „Habt ihr fun gemacht über eppa?" „Nein, nein. Der Ray hat uns Pop gekauft."

„Er hät müſſe adlich Geld habe für ſell tun. Hat er g'nug g'hot?"

Der Jeckie ſein Angeſicht iſt rot gedreht. „Nein, net ganz genug," ſagte er.

„Was hen ihr no gedu wenn ihr net genug Geld kat hent?"

Der Jeckie guckt gegen dem Boden, denn er fühlte Tränen in ſeine Augen kommen. „Der Ray hat —" er ſchluckte hart, dann geht er weiter: „Der Ray hat ein Waſher in die Pop=Machine gedu."

Der Vater guckt ſtern auf. „Wo hat er der Waſher kriegt?"

Der Jeckie wußte daß er es beſſer alles ſagte. „Ich — ich hab ihn der Waſher gegeben."

Wo er es alles geſagt hatte, dann ſagt der Vater: „Ich wäre ſehr froh wenn du nicht mitgemacht hätteſt in die Sache, aber du warſt eins von die ſchlimmſte. Du warſt juſt ſo ſchlimm als der one wo der Waſher in die Pop=Machine geſteckt hat. Es ſcheint der Ray iſt ein verdorbenes Kind und er darf gewöhnlich ſein Weg haben, juſt wie der Hut wo er gewohren hat. Aber ich glaube daß ſein Vater wird das auch ausfinden. Aber du haſt mitgemacht in dieſe Sache, ſo für dein eigen Gut mußt du eine Strafe haben. In zwei Wochen muß ich wieder an die Fendu gehen, aber du mußt daheim bleiben. Ich nehme der Mahlon und der Abie mit und ſie ſollen Geld haben zu ſpenden, aber von dein Geld was du jetzt haſt will ich fünf cent mit nehmen und in die Pop=Machine tun. Denkſt du das wird eine groß genuge Strafe ſein?"

Der Jeckie gnuckt ſein Kopf, denn er denkte an die Hamburger Sandwich mit Pickles und Strawberry Milkſhake daß er nicht ſchmecken wird in zwei Wochen. Er wünſchte ſehr er wäre nie in die Vieh Fendu gegangen.

Lillian Bontrager. Vierzehn Jahre alt.

THE BIG THREE OF THE WIDE WAY

"And now abideth pride, fashion and extravagance, these three, but the greatest of these is pride." Why is pride the greatest? Simply because it is the root of the whole matter. Destroy the root and the tree will die. It is hardly worthwhile wasting ammunition in shooting at fashion and extravagance as long as the root is alive. Many people say the outside doesn't count, but the straws in the wind always show which way the wind is blowing.

True enough, a plain exterior can at times cover a proud heart, but depend upon it, a fashionable exterior can not cover up a plain heart. The wolf may come in sheep's clothing but who ever heard of a sheep coming in wolf's attire?

A lady once asked a minister whether a person might not be fond of dress and ornaments without being proud? The minister answered, "When you see a fox's tail sticking out of a hole, you can be assured there is a fox within."

Jewelry and fashionable costly clothing may be innocent enough in themselves but put them on a human being and you have conclusive evidence of a proud heart. But who can be found at this advanced and enlightened age who will dare to speak out against pride and its consequences? Most of that class of men died and were buried a long time ago and majority of preachers today have quit preaching about that kind of thing. That age has passed and we are living in better times.

Our forefathers and mothers were far behind the times. They were good enough in their own way, but that wouldn't do now. They wore plain clothes, worshipped in plain homes, and sang old-fashioned slow hymns. They talked and acted like a bunch of pilgrims that were looking for a better country and when they left this world, they stuck to it to the very last that they were going to a city where there is no night. There is no doubt in my mind that the vast majority of them went just where they said they were going.

But things have changed now since the old people are out of the way. Now there is a different route. We can do as we please and still be Christians. Why, we can even have fine churches, cushioned seats, costly carpets, a smooth talking preacher and have our music all done to order. In some of our modern churches, the people in the choir don't even need to be members of the church. And they do sing so sweetly- such perfectly delightful music. The sounds roll out over the heads of the congregation like the rushing of many waters. Not a word can be heard but the sound is so glorious. Sometimes one sings all alone for a little while, then two, and pretty soon the whole choir will chime in until the house is filled with the most transporting sound. That, they say is singing with the spirit. It's a question to me what it means where it says with the understanding also, but it's risky to speak out against such things today.

There's no use to deny it, the church is full of such things, and the ministers, whose duty it is to point out evil are like dumb dogs, they don't bark. They just let it go and go it does. As pride gains in a church, the spiritual power dies down. The two will not and can not dwell together for they are eternal opposites. It is a shame and a sin for men and women to spend money the way they do when there are so many needy people in the world and even in their own congregations. The Bible tells us we are to take care of our needy people but we don't need to do that any more for the government takes care of them with all its different compensation schemes. Now we have enough money that we can afford to buy almost anything we want in order to be in the styles of the times. Of course we shouldn't get too much at once. Such things can come in by degrees but after awhile they will rule with an iron hand.

Some churches which were once very plain, and whose rules are still against pride and fashion are practically powerless to do anything about it. It seems it takes an awful lot to keep a depraved heart satisfied and nearly the whole world is kept busy inventing new things to do it.

The story is told of an old preacher in Kentucky who told his congregation, "You get your fashions from New York and New York gets them from Paris and Paris gets them from the devil." Now I wouldn't want to say all the fashions come by that route but it is pretty certain they all originate at the same headquarters.

But the religion of Christ is pure, peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, and full of mercy. All Christians are baptized with one spirit, into one body. They mind not high things, but condescent to men of low estate. Their highest ambition is to honor God with all they have and are. They are not puffed up, not conformed to this world, but transformed by the renewing of their minds. There is no such thing in heaven or on earth as a proud Christian. There never was and there never will be. Pride is the devil. It originated with him and he is using it most successfully in destroying the souls of men.

The sad part is that in many places the men who are called to lead the people to heaven have ceased to rebuke this soul destroying malady. But why don't they preach against it? First because their means of making a living would be endangered. Secondly, they would be looked down upon by the people.

Esau sold his birthright for a dinner of greens. This was a costly morsel for him, but now men sell out "cheap for cash or produce". Churches that were once strong are now hopelessly bogged down in the mire of styles and fashions. We can shut our eyes or look the other way or cry out Old Fogey or Grandfather, or Moses and Aaron and all that, but the truth is that pride, fashion and extravagance are eating the life out of many of the best congregations in the land. The multitudes are running crazy. The rich lead the way because they have the money and the poor strain every nerve to keep in sight and the devil laughs to see them rushing on to their own destruction.

Pride put Nebuchadnezzar away from his people, Saul out of his kingdom, Adam and Eve out of Paradise and Lucifer out of Heaven. And it will shut many people today out of Heaven who are now prominent in the church. Neither death nor the grave will change the character of anyone. The same spirit that controls us in life will cling to us in death, and enter with us into eternity. The angels of God would shrink from the presence of many a fashionable church member of today. A few such souls in Heaven would ruin everything. About the first thing they would do would be to propose a few changes in the fashions. Those pure white robes that the saints wear would not suit their tastes at all. In this life they care not for the things of the Spirit. They would care no more for them in Heaven than they do on earth. If there were two heavens, one where Jesus is all in all and the other with a Paris in it, I suspect the road to the Paris heaven would be crowded with many of the fashionable so-called Christians of this day.

"Mother," said a little girl, "if I die, can I wear my pink silk dress to go to heaven?"

"No, My dear," her mother answered, "we do not believe that we shall wear the same attire in the next world as we do here."

"Then tell me, Mother," the little girl replied, "how will the angels know that we were among the most well-to-do people in our church?"

This little girl no doubt got her ideas by watching the grown-up people in her family. It shows too much the spirit which is prevalent among us today, altogether opposite from what the Bible teaches us, "If ye then be risen with Christ seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead and your life is hid with Christ in God."

—Selected and Adapted.

CHILD TRAINING STUDY

By Joseph Stoll

PROBLEMS IN CHILD TRAINING
No. 4

Benedict Bontrager believed in disciplining his six children, and his wife Barbara supported him very well. But there was one point on which they disagreed.

One morning at breakfast two-year-old Amos threw a fit of stubbornness because he did not want to eat his egg. Dad Bontrager used a strap several times till the little boy's will was broken. Amos ate the egg. Benedict sat down in the rocking chair to pull on his heavy socks. Soon young Amos climbed down from his highchair, and sidled up to his daddy rather bashfully. He tried to climb onto his father's lap, but Benedict sternly said, "No." The boy turned away, a hurt look on his face.

At noon when Benedict came in for dinner, he was a bit out of sorts. The pigs had broken into the feed room and torn open a half dozen bags. To top it off, when he entered the kitchen, the two oldest children were having a loud argument. Fifteen-year-old Bertha was bawling out her brother who was a year younger. She did not hear her father enter.

On an impulse Benedict brought up his hand and slapped Bertha across the mouth. The girl was surprised and stunned. Benedict washed up for dinner without saying a word. The meal was eaten in silence.

That evening after the children were all in bed and asleep, Mom Bontrager gathered up courage to rebuke her husband. "Don't you think you should have taken little Amos into your lap for a minute this morning?" she asked. "He was coaxing for love and forgiveness and you refused it."

"Oh, I don't know," objected Benedict. "If I had given in to him then right after I strapped him, he would have though I really didn't mean it in the first place."

"But he gave up so nicely, Benedict."

"Yes, he did. But I hadn't given up, and I didn't want him to think so either."

Mrs. Bontrager was silent for a while. Then she began again, timidly. "This noon, when you slapped Bertha...don't...don't you think she's plenty old to be slapped that way?"

Benedict Bontrager cleared his throat. "I guess I did it without thinking. I was kinda upset, and before I knew it I had slapped her. I was sorry for it right away..."

"Did you tell her so?"

"Who, Bertha?"

"Yes, did you apologize to her?"

"No, and I don't think I should. I can't see a father apologizing much to his children, it just doesn't seem right. How is he going to hold their respect if he starts apologizing."

"But Benedict, I wonder..."

Was Benedict Bontrager right or wrong in his attitude toward his children? Was he wise by being stern to little Amos, and refusing to apologize to his teen-age daughter? What do you think? Have you had experiences similar to this, and how did they work out? Write down your thoughts now and send them to

CHILD TRAINING STUDY
C-O FAMILY LIFE
R. 4, AYLMER, ONT. CANADA

Your name will be kept confidential.

TO MY MOTHER AND SISTERS

How I'd love to come home a day every week, but with the children, I feel so unwelcome. You're all so busy, but I can't really see why. The youngest of the children is almost through school and the men folks are at work during the day. The oldest of you sisters work away for good wages.

You look down on big families because we don't always have the nicest clothes to wear. Can't you remember how it was twenty years ago when at times we were almost ashamed to go to school because of the clothes we had to wear? Now you're making new clothes all the time and giving away what you don't want.

Dad brings home a big check every week and you can buy the good things, or anything you want to eat. Then you wonder why we don't have all these things on our table. My husband doesn't make that much money, but he is a good father and husband. He never speaks a hard word to me and I think we're as happy as any couple I know.

Oh, how I wish you could speak nicer together. It would be so much more pleasant for you as you go about your work doing the evening chores or around the house. Even our children notice it and talk about it at times how you're so grouchy together when we are at Doddy's. If only there were some way you could see what you are missing!

Now last of all I have a little problem and I thought maybe you could tell me what to do. This coming summer I expect I'll need a hired girl for about three weeks and I'm afraid to ask for my sisters. I'm afraid you'd think you have to come and you wouldn't really want to. But I'm also afraid to ask anyone else, lest I hurt your feelings. Oh, how I wish you could find time that you would want to come and visit me sometime and tell me what I should do.

—A Mother Who Would Like To Do What Is Right

A RUSH FOR THE BARGAINS

In our local town it is customary to have sale days twice a year. Each February and July they have sale from Thursday morning until Saturday evening. Each store has a list of different things they have on sale and the week before, they send out advertisements. The dry goods store always has a table full of dacron and cotton material which is priced real low. They have other things on sale, too, but a lot of people go in order to get some of this cotton and dacron material and they want to get the nicest pieces before it gets sorted out too much.

Because of the great crowds, we never make a habit of going on sale days, at least not on the first day. But one time it happened that I did go and I have never forgotten the experience.

That year we looked over the advertisements that came in the mail. We hadn't been in town for a while and were needing quite a few things. But I was really not interested in going for I don't like to go shopping with small children along, especially not on sale days.

But then a neighbor lady came in and we talked about the sale days. She said she plans on going and I can go with her. She was going to go real early so as not to miss any bargains. I talked it over with my husband and we decided I would go along with her. He would stay at home and take care of the children.

"You be ready by six o'clock," she told me. "We'll be one of the first ones in line and then when the manager unlocks the doors, we'll hurry right over to the cotton and dacron counter so as not to lose out on anything."

The children were still in bed when we left. I figured my husband wouldn't have any trouble taking care of the children until we got back. When we arrived in town we found we weren't the only ones there so early. More teams were coming in. As this was February, it was still dark on the outside and cold.

The neighbor lady was excited. "I do believe we are the first ones in line," she said as we walked toward the store. But then another woman appeared from another direction and walked toward the store. She was ahead of us.

So we stood there in the cold— waiting. The store did not open until seven. More and more people came. When there were about forty people there one of the clerks walked past and said, "My, oh, my! What's going on here? All these people standing here so early in the morning." I felt ashamed of myself for he was making fun of us that so many had come to stand in the cold.

By the time the manager came to open the doors, I think there were close to a hundred people in front of the store. We were standing there waiting and as I looked over the group, I noticed that they were all plain people. But this was not too surprising for this dry good store has lots of things for the plain people and besides, the town people don't like to get up this early.

What really surprised me, though, was to see how these plain people acted once the doors were unlocked. They pushed through like a herd of steers would push through a gate leading to a pasture in the spring. And the whole group made a beeline over to the dacron and cotton counter. One woman told me, "You have to keep moving or they will trample you down."

I got only a few pieces, for I thought I'd let the others have what they want first. I found several pieces of extra nice blue material. I took one and decided I would give the other piece to the woman next to me. It was very nice material.

Just then another woman on the other side of the table saw it and asked me if there is any more on the pile in front of me. I looked around and sure enough, I found another piece just like it. I dug it out and tossed it over to the woman on the other side of the table. Before she could pick it up, an arm shot out from among all those women crowded around the table and snatched it up. I was so beat out I didn't know what to think. But I kept on looking and found another piece farther down the table. So I dug it out and this time I made sure the woman got it.

As I stood back and looked around me, I saw there was a lot of grabbing and pushing and shoving and running around to get the most bargains. Now all these women had bonnets and shawls, just like I did. One woman came pushing toward me as I was trying to make my way through the checkout counter. "If only they'd make these aisles wider," she gasped, "so there'd be room to get through!" I really don't believe that would have solved the problem for they would be full anyway on sale days.

When I got home I told my husband how all these people acted. Of course, not all of them acted like this, but I just wondered what they'd think if they would just stand back and watch instead of going at it so strong. What would a stranger think if he happened to come by and see so many plain people acting like that. Maybe it's because we already have so much material things that we have to act so greedy and want more and more.

Now I don't think it's wrong for people to go to town on sale days. But I thought they might have acted a little more considerate of each other. My mother usually waited until Friday or Saturday if she went at all. Then it's not so crowded.

I know one thing. I'm not anxious to go again on the first morning of the sale to wait in line in the cold until the manager comes to open the doors. ■■

THOUGHTS FROM THE PAST FOR THE FUTURE

I enjoy reading the experiences of others for I believe they have been written that we may profit from them. This, too, is my desire. I especially enjoy the hired girl articles as I at one time was a hired girl.

I worked in a worldly home and also in some Mennonite homes. Working in some homes was enjoyable, and in others not so nice. My experiences were such that in later years after being married and having a large family I was slow to ask for a hired girl.

Working in worldly homes does bring many temptations. The home where I was working, both parents worked and I kept the children. Of course, there were pictures and reading material around which were not fit to be seen or read. This my parents did not know, for such things were not discussed in our home. Later on, the man started coming home at noon for a cup of coffee. He stayed at home and visited with me for about 10 or 15 minutes and then went back to work. He never made any advances toward me but he paid me many compliments such as what a pretty dress I had on, etc.

At that time, I was not a Christian yet, and I liked the praise. But at the same time I was fearful of what it was leading to. I realized that flattery often has a price tag.

About this time I became old enough to work in a factory and my parents decided that is what they wanted me to do. I was taken away from the danger of working in this home, but I found that the factory also brings much unwholesomeness, vulgar, ungodly talk, and conduct.

As I look back, I see that many girls who were godly before entering the factory engaged in this kind of conversation and were drawn into sin. Sad to say, many Amish and Mennonites were working in this particular place.

However, we plain people need to take heed. Sin and temptations are present, not only in worldly homes and places of employment. In one home where I worked for plain people, I heard so much carnality that it was quite shocking.

Also in later years I, a married woman, was alarmed by the conduct of a married man toward me. He is supposedly a fine Christian in good standing in the church. Could this be one of the wolves in sheep's clothing we read of in the Bible?

We must take heed and be careful for the devil is busy and he will lead us astray if he can. We ought to beware of being in conversation with one of the opposite sex for more than a few words unless our companion is with us. The devil is no respector of persons. I believe it is possible for a sister to use the excuse that she needs the advice of a minister because of an unwholesome attraction when she could just as well get the information from her husband. We need to avoid all appearances of evil.

And let us be concerned to teach our children to be careful how they speak to members of the opposite sex. And above all, let's be sure we know what kind of an environment they are in when we let them work for others.

WHEN ACTION FAILS, THE CHURCH FALLS

The church discipline (ordnung) is like the fence between Jesus Christ and the devil. Apparently some members consider it of little importance. But let us use common sense in our attitude toward the discipline. If a person has an ulcer, or some disease in his body, it is cured the best right at the beginning. The deeper it grows, the harder it is to cure and it may be fatal. The church discipline works the same way. When someone breaks the rules of discipline, it should be taken care of right away so that the matter can be brought under control.

If the leaders of the church only warn against the transgression and don't take action, the disease will likely keep increasing into other members of the church and then it will be much harder to bring under control. What is this doing to the church? It is taking it into the world where the devil is the controlling power. If order is kept in the church, it is keeping it where Jesus Christ is the control of the church.

If a person is willing to submit himself completely to the discipline, it is a good sign that he had a beginning in being a follower of the Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Let us not build only on discipline but at the same time remember that obedience to Christ can be shown by being willing to submit to the church discipline. If it takes more than church discipline to be in good standing with Christ, then where will those find themselves who do not even submit themselves to the church discipline.

Suppose we were out on the waters in a boat and the boat would spring a small leak. Wouldn't it be best to patch the leak right away to keep the boat from sinking? Don't you think if we would neglect our duties we would perish in the waters?

Suppose we would have sheep and we would know that on the other side of the hill were wolves waiting to devour them. Don't you think we would set watch or fix a fence so as to protect the sheep? If we would neglect this, wouldn't there be a big chance that our sheep would be destroyed?

The church discipline is a protection against the devil and his evil devices.

When we see someone doing things which are forbidden in the church, or when we find that we ourselves are guilty, do we try to justify ourselves in the misdeeds? Do we think a warning is sufficient or do we take action to see that the thing does not happen again? Sometimes it seems a matter is let go too long until we are afraid it will do the church too much damage to try to straighten up the matter. Which do we think will do the church the most harm, to take action and correct a matter, or just warn and then let the church go step by step from one thing to another? Finally it may come to the place where it can no longer be considered a true church of God. Soon we may find ourselves in the middle of the stream going with the current toward the waterfall of destruction.

Let us realize that if we don't take action on things that are needful, then the devil has already gained his end. We can see where plain churches have drifted so far that the true faith in Jesus Christ has been weakened. Good intentions will not help us anything if we fail to work against the evil one as we go along on life's journey. Warnings are good and should have their rightful places. But if warnings are not heeded, then action must be taken. Otherwise, warnings become meaningless. If a member is unwilling to accept it when he is rebuked out of love by the ministers of the church, then it shows a rebellious spirit. Action must have its place. In our churches, converts are instructed before baptism about faith in God and what the church discipline requires, so they should know what the church stands for. Then it is up to the leaders of the church to take action to keep the church in good standing with God. When action fails, the church falls.

—Ephrata, Pennsylvania

TRUST

Build a little fence of trust
Around today;
Fill each space with loving work
And therein stay;
Look not through sheltering bars
Upon tomorrow;
God will help thee bear what comes
Of joy or sorrow.

THE LITTLE FLY (con't from back cover)

the body. Although they are not really serious, they can be a source of much discomfort. Maybe if we had the experience of what it feels like to have a warble under our skin, we would be more concerned to get rid of the warble flies which infect cattle and horses.

What Do You Think? (Con't from page 35)

prays together stays together.

—Still Young, St. Jacobs, Ontario

THE MAIN CONCERN IN RAISING A FAMILY is to keep them close together. How can you do that when Dad is not with the children except in the evening? If he works the other two shifts, it is still worse. An outsider, who respects our way of life recently made the remark, "Those rubber shops will lead to the end of your religion in time. You people have always had your roots deep in the soil and that's where you belong."

During the first years of marriage when the children are small, it might not be too bad. This can be a time to save up money to use later in getting started in farming. But there comes a time when Dad should be at home helping Mom with the children. He may be in trouble at times financially, but he is leaving something which is more valuable than money.

In most of the large Amish communities it is almost impossible for a young man to get started in farming. Farms are scarce and priced high. Many young couples would only be too happy to start up farming, financial problems or not. Is not the scarcity of farms the main reason for so many small communities starting up?

—Geauga County, Ohio

As a young married couple trying to make a go on he farm we feel the blessings on the farm outweigh the inancial troubles. Although we started out farming vhen we first married. It was financial troubles or the eeling of "being poor" that made us willing to do without n many things. I'm sure if we had a pay check every veek our grocery bill might well have been twice as ig and we would now buy these things just the same vithout thinking twice about it. To the new farmer I say ake courage;the first years are the worst and it takes nore for a family of 5 or 6 than a young couple just starting out. Do the best you can and if there are older nen who might have the money to help you at less interest, perhaps they will see that you are trying hard and n time will loan you money.

To the older men who would have the money to loan ut and who still think of the advice given them by their arents, one should not buy a farm unless you have half o pay for it. Think back and ask yourself if you could ave bought a farm at today's price if you had waited ntil you had half the money saved up? While there is saying that the world has changed more in the past 60 ears than in the 400 before and perhaps the older people an't fully realize what the young people face who buy a arm at today's prices, I don't believe there are any who on't realize what working away from home can do to our uture church. It's one or the other.

—Also young farmers

WE ENJOY FAMILY LIFE VERY MUCH and look forvard to its coming each month. I have finally gotten up ourage to write a letter but it has been on our minds for long time.

We are a young couple who are blessed with a wonderful ift from God— children. Our Daddy works in a factory, ut this is not his choice of making a living.

We were both raised on the farm, and we would like to y farming again. We realize there will be no weekly aycheck and also many other hardships. It would be so onderful working side by side and as the children grow older, there would be work for them, too.

Now here is our problem. In our community it is almost impossible to buy a farm. Usually they cost so much that we feel we could never get them paid for. Yet the desire is so great that some of us are taking that chance so we buy a farm at a high price. What happens then? Tongues start wagging and people are saying, "They'll never make it."

So what can we do? Many of you older people are getting too old to farm. You are renting your farms out to outside people who farm them and you are going away working for wages. Is this right when there are people of your own faith who would so much like to farm? And we would be satisfied to farm with horses while you are letting those big shiny tractors run over your farm.

We don't want to point our fingers at anyone. We have many shortcomings of our own. But what would you do if you were in our shoes? Could you give us advice? Could you give us a chance? Things look so dark from here.

—Indiana

PERHAPS I AM A LITTLE OLDER THAN YOU ARE. I am forty-seven and the father of boys and girls. I grew up on a farm and have nearly always lived in the country. I have worked in factories and on the road jobs. Now we have been farming for a number of years.

I doubt very much whether very many of the Family Life readers have been harder pressed financially than we have been since we were married. But the Lord knows all about our needs and he will provide even if he does not provide for all our wants.

I recommend the farm for families of the plain churches, especially where there are children. Perhaps at times it is not possible, but it seems to me I could not recommend a factory job for the father of young or school aged children.

Since we do not know to what extent you are in financial trouble, we can not know how desperate you are for a regular, dependable income. First of all, I hope that your church has an alert, active deacon. I believe it is the deacon's responsibility to be informed of the financial problems and needs of every family in his church district. Secondly, I would hope that the other members of your church care about their needy brothers, the same as they care for their own needs. In Gal. 6:2 it says, "Bear ye one another's burdens," and in 1 Thess. 3:12 it says, "The Lord make you increase and abound in love one toward anotner."

Brotherly love (love inside the church) is probably the greatest New Testament requirement and privilege in all the areas of relationship one with another. There are many, many verses in the New Testament inciting us to love and show love in action toward each other.

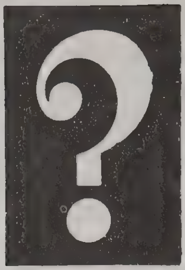
Not knowing the facts in your particular case we are not in position to give any definite advice. However, with your boys, we would not favor a factory job.

But this much I would like to ask you, have you with your family really sought the Lord's guiding? Have you prayed about it with fasting, seeing as it is a real concern to you? But when you ask the Lord to show the way be sure you are fully willing to follow as he leads.

I also believe your brethern in the church should have some good advice for you. I can not see that a person or family can be in dire need unless the whole church suffers with them. If this is the case, perhaps we should study the Bible to see what is the New Testament teaching in this matter.

—Iowa ■■

Deadline
for Answers
Feb. 28th



WHAT DO YOU THINK?

???

I am very fond of lavender and purple but have been very slow in making myself dresses of that color. In the Bible times only the rich and those who were in the king's palaces were dressed in that color. Also in Revelations 17 we read of the "mother of Harlots" being arrayed with purple and scarlet color. Should Christians refrain from using that color or is there nothing in color if one seeks to live uprightly, provided the material is not showy or shiny?

—Wondering How Others Feel

???

ANSWERS TO THE YOUNG MARRIED MAN WHO WONDERS IF IT IS WORSE TO WORK IN A FACTORY THAN TO DO LIKE HE DID AND GO DEEPLY IN DEBT AND BUY A FARM AND HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE MORTAGE AT 8%.

IF YOU LIKE FARMING and can manage to pay your bills, I would advise you to stay on your farm. If you don't like the work you are doing at present, a change may be in order. It is good for the head of the house to be at home when the children are young, but the ability to farm isn't given to everyone. Joseph and Mary did an excellent job of raising a child even if Joseph was a carpenter, and the fact that the apostle Paul was a tentmaker didn't seem to weaken his spirituality. If you do quit farming, I hope you can find a more suitable place to work than any factory I ever worked in.

--Strasburg, Pa.

THE FATHERS THAT ARE WORKING IN factories may be doing okay but what about the next generation— your boys? They won't have anything to do but go to the factories. There they will get a lot of spending money and everyone knows what spending money leads to. You may say the boys have to bring their money home to you but there are just too many examples otherwise to believe that this will hold out.

Don't you think you can live a closer life to God on the farm? I'm afraid the factories are leading good men farther and farther away from God. Which is the more important, money or a soul? Would you not rather lose everything you have than to lose your soul? And how about the precious souls of your boys?

I know it is sometimes hard to make ends meet on the farm, but money is the root of all evil so maybe it would be better to be poor. If we have to struggle to make a living, this, too can bring us closer to God. I believe the world is creeping in on us faster than we realize, and that the evil powers are laughing at the way things are going. Perhaps we should keep our goal in mind and read the word of God and pray more often. Then maybe God would bless us and help us make a living on the farm.

—Ohio

WE ARE ALL AWARE that the environment on the farm is better than that in the shops. But in making the change we must carefully take everything into consideration. The youth who leaves the farm in search for a better life often finds out that a large paycheck is not the total sum of happiness. So also, leaving the shop and moving to the farm will no more guarantee us a better life than talking to the rich man will make us rich. The question is whether it is better to be in the shop than on the farm and in financial trouble.

We must remember that many of those now in the shops left the farm at an early age and have had very little experience in farming. In order to give advice to this young ma we must know if he has had experience at farming. Also whether he has sought advice and from whom. Some types of farming may be out of reach for the young man because the investment is too great. It is sad to say that sometimes those who are the loudest to cry against working in the shop are the first to discredit you and the last to help you if you buy a farm and can't make a go of it.

I would think you have made a step in the right direction but you should seek advice. Perhaps you can get into some type of farming which is better suited to your conditions. Don't get discouraged for others have also had a hard struggle to get started. If you have to work out part time, it is no disgrace. Twenty-five years ago the prices of milk, poultry and grain were better while machinery and operating expenses were less. I know a man who turns his nose up at anyone who has to work out to supplement his farm income, but twenty-five years ago this same man worked for an employer for a number of years and also built several houses and sold them to get started.

—Melvin L. Yoder, Mountain View, Mo.

NOT EVERYONE IS ABLE TO BUY A FARM and some o those who do may be old before they get them paid for. We believe it is the best place to keep our family together an is the place best suited for Christians. If you feel certain it is God's will then you should also have the faith that it will eventually be paid off. For by faith we can move mountains. I know a man who was in financial difficulties and greatly depressed until he gave himself up to trust in God. Then his burden was lifted and he made it all right. For without God we can do nothing.

—Kutztown, Pa.

SINCE YOU ARE YOUNG MARRIED, now is the time to start farming. Then the children can work with you as they grow up. My husband is working in a factory and has worked away from home most of our married life, for five or six days a week and sometimes late at night. It is the mother who has to get the children ready for school and do a lot of the disciplining when the father is not at home. It is almost more than a mother can do and she often wishes the father were there to help along.

We have several boys who want to be farmers and they love nature. We would like to be on a farm for the sake of our children, but land is so high priced. Renting a farm is hard to do and many of the farmers in this area farm several hundred acres which makes it so that others don't have much chance.

—A mother who is concerned about the future

WE HAVE MOVED ONTO A BIGGER FARM because we felt it would be better for our children. I'll say this much, the first several years can be rough, but if the boys can work out every now and then or work for a neighbor, they can still be home nights and this helps out a lot.

A friend came by bus to an Amish community and at midnight saw factory workers eating lunch at a restaurant close by. Amish men and scantily clad world women were sitting side by side joking and pushing each other. This certainly is no place for a married man or his boys.

I have worked in a shop but not of the above kind, but I believe it is better if the father can be at home with the family. Experience has taught me that much and I believe if there is a will, there is a way.

—Been there, too, Adams County, Indiana

I WORKED IN A FACTORY FOR QUITE a few years. Four years ago we bought a small farm with a chicken business on it. I worked in the factory and raised chickens. The best part of my day I spent in the factory and in my chicken house. Some days I hardly had any time to spend with my family. This got on my nerves and finally got the best of me. The doctor suggested that I stay out of the factory for awhile, which I did.

At first we thought we couldn't make it, but it's amazing how far money will reach. At least I had something to do where I didn't have to be away from home all day. We are still in debt. I think that if this is at all possible then it is definitely better for the children.

I hope and pray that the Good Lord will help us so that I don't need to go back to the factory. Now, don't get me wrong, I don't say that I'm against factory work in every case. Some people have good advice but the Almighty God has the most power.

—Adams County, Indiana

HOW CAN A FATHER FULFILL his duty when he is away from home all day? My husband worked in a factory for three years and I can see now where he and the oldest boy lost out on a father and son basis by having the boy farming alone mostly. He was too young for such a responsibility. Of course, I tried to help him along as best I could but with other children to care for, he was left alone too much of the time. Now that he is older, he has gone on his own. Please be patient for your boys need your love and fatherly help while they are young. Before you realize it they will be big enough to help and then things will go better.

—A Mother

I THINK YOU ARE GOING THE RIGHT direction, but each individual will have to decide for himself. We have a mortgage on our farm with a high rate of interest. You will have to allow from three to five years to get established. For example, if you want good hay, you have to sow the seed in wheat to get it started. Then you will have to wait a year before you harvest anything.

But you can not measure all your benefits in dollars and cents. What is it worth to you to be with your family? You will be self-employed and can help to train the children in the Christian footsteps.

I think one place where the older people fail may be by not loaning money to sincere young farmers at reasonable rates of interest. I know of cases where people have invested money in stocks or put it in long term loans at savings banks. It should not be necessary to have such a high rate of interest if loaned to our own people. Isn't there a danger of being "geld-geitzig"?

—Going the same road, Ohio

THIS IS A GOOD TOPIC FOR DISCUSSION. We know that the farm is a good place for boys and girls to grow up but with the high price of land and all a farmer needs to farm with, some couples just can't make it.

You can rent a farm or work for a farmer but there you have to make a living for you and the landlord. This is hard and other difficulties can arise such as to the method of farming (tractor or horses) or the crops to grow (tobacco or potatoes).

Working in factories (especially in some) is a bad influence on mind and soul. It also takes us away from our children for most of their waking hours. It takes away our chance to teach them good working habits which is essential to their well-being.

But there are alternatives. If the church and those who are able cannot or will not help the unfortunate get started farming, there are quite a few other things to choose from. Among these non-farming, non-factory jobs might be mentioned some things such as saw and tool sharpening, nursery stock or berry production, orchards, beekeeping, food processing which might include baking, noodle-making, drying corn and fruit, cane and maple syrup making and many others, pallet making, sawmill, harness and shoe repair, buggy shop, blacksmith, furniture making and repairing, welding and making parts for some company. Some companies bring the raw material and pick up the finished products. You can use family labor to make it and the scraps are of value for fuel, mulch, etc. One man started making lumber measuring sticks.

Other jobs that will take you away from home but you can take the boys with you include carpentry work, masonry, painting, fence painting, butchering, and many others.

These alternative jobs have definite advantages like small investment, more net income, convenient working hours, no Sunday chores, etc. Also your health may have a bearing as to which job you may wish to choose. I think it would be interesting if the readers would write into the Family Life and tell about any experiences they may have had with these farm-related jobs that have proved successful. Some of them may be developed into fulltime work while others are merely parttime to supplement what you already have to do. A combination of two or more parttime jobs may work out well for some.

—Been down that Road, Ohio

THIS IS A MUCH TALKED ABOUT SUBJECT among married and even teenagers. After visiting different communities where a lot of young people work in factories we notice that they sooner go for styles and fashions in clothes and in the home. It would not have to be like that but it seems so tempting when working hand in hand with the world. When on the farm and working with nature it seems it is more quiet and relaxing.

However, if we have to go deeply in debt, it makes one wonder. This has broken up good relationship and caused much sorrow just on account of the mortgage at a high rate of interest which can't be paid. Sometimes we find that people pay these high prices and then push the church regulations to the limit to try to get them paid. The larger the community, the higher the prices. Why not start a new settlement somewhere else for there is land available elsewhere at half the price. Or is it too hard to adjust ourselves to smaller income, smaller homes and not quite so up to date as in the home community? Too often these high-priced farms are similar to factories, they make it so rushed that the family has no time for devotions or to be all together at mealtimes. A family that

(con't on page 33)

Across The Window Sill
by Aunt Becky
SALT

THE MOTHER WHO PRAYS

A mother who prays is a jewel most rare;
She may not be clad in garments so fair,
She never has time for gorgeous displays
But a glory light crowns the mother who prays.

A mother who walks in the glow of God's Word,
A guide book that's new she never prefers,
Her feet ever seeking the heavenly ways,
For this is the path of the mother who prays.

A mother who lives for the good she can do,
To comfort and bless her busy life through;
The call for distress she always obeys
With heart full of love, the mother who prays.

A mother who smiles with a smile of good cheer,
She brightens the gloom and banishes fear;
Each effort her look of approval repays—
The soul-warming smile of the mother who prays.

A mother who weeps for a wandering child—
A life by the wiles of Satan beguiled—
So close to the throne she constantly stays
To plead for the lost, the mother who prays.

A mother who cares though you're handsome and wise
Or simple and plain and rather despised;
A gift from the Saviour, she's worthy of praise,
God pity the soul with no mother who prays.

-Selected

* * *

THROUGH MY KITCHEN WINDOW

Now that we have had our breakfast and Daddy is doing the chores, let's take a peek out through my kitchen window and see what is going on.

The snow is gently falling and our furry, and feathered friends will probably be here soon. We have three bird feeders. The first one was put not far from the house. When the grey squirrels found the sunflower seeds on it, they kept the birds from coming. So we put another one up, closer to the house and on a pipe. But the squirrels could get up that pipe.

Then Daddy put cup grease on it. The first one that went up scared when his front feet touched the grease. He turned around so quickly that his tail hit the grease and left some fur on it.

Here comes a chickadee and a tree sparrow. Three juncos are on the ground. A titmouse comes, gets a sunflower seed and is off with it. It sounds as if the upside down bird— the nuthatch— is saying "Thanks, thanks." The downy woodpecker was at the suet but left when the hairy woodpecker came. The cardinals are nearby.

Now the birds are busy coming and going. But I wonder where our purple finches are. They come in late winter and do not stay very long. They wait patiently for their turn at the feeder. Quite different from the saucy blue jays. They fly down with a whoop and scatter the other birds.

I hear the evening grosbeak before I can see it. I would rather they would go to some place where they are wanted. They come in large groups and are greedy. Because of this we put up a third feeder with netting around it. The poor grosbeaks get hungry too, but if we would welcome them I doubt if we would have many other birds. The grosbeaks are beautiful— yellow, black and gray— but I do not like their ways. In this case beauty is only "feather" deep.

Last spring we had several rosebreasted grosbeaks. They are different from the evening grosbeaks. They sing beautifully. Somewhat like a robin, but more musical.

We have had forty-two different kinds of birds on or near the feeder. The grandchildren enjoy watching them — as also do Grandpa and Grandma, but there is a time to write and a time to stop writing. I had better get those dirty dishes washed before the mailman— Oh, there he comes already, so bye.

Katie Zook

I have heard people say that it would be nice not to have chores and get a pay check every week. That's just looking at one side of it. If the husband gets sick and can't work, the checks stop coming. Also if he doesn't have regular work.

I am a person that gets scared too easily so usually after my husband goes to work I lock the doors until daylight.

One morning I went to put a letter in the mailbox and to let the cows out. I went out the front door and locked it. When I came back the back door was locked yet. The children were inside and couldn't unlock the door and I just thought, what now? I could go to the neighbors— then I happened to think that the bedroom window has no storm-window. I tried that and it opened so I crawled in through the window. The children didn't know anything had happened.

So I'm hoping someday we can live on a farm and he won't have to be working away all the time. I know there would also be problems but it still would be a comfort to know that your husband is at home in case you need him.

-Mrs. E. Y., Indiana

* * *

Fruit Tapioca

1/4 cup minute tapioca
2 1/2 cups water, fruit juice, or syrup from canned fruit
dash of salt
sugar (1/2 to 3/4 cups)

Mix and let stand 5 minutes. Bring to a boil over medium heat, stirring often. Cool 20 minutes. Add any fruit desired. Makes 6 servings. Adding a package of orange kool-aid makes a delicious pudding and goes well with peaches, pineapple or pears. This recipe helps make fruit go farther.

—Mrs. Melvin Hochstetler, Indiana

* * *

French Fried Onions

1 egg, beaten
1/2 cup milk
Cornmeal
Flour
Salt
Pepper
Onions
Lard

Mix together beaten egg and milk. Slice onions. Pull each ring apart. Dip in egg-milk mixture. Then roll in mixture of flour, cornmeal, salt and pepper. French fry in hot lard in skillet till golden brown.

-Mrs. Nate A. Wickey, Indiana

Fruit Cake

Sift together: 1 1/2 cup brown sugar
2 cup flour
2 teaspoons soda
1/2 teaspoon salt
Make a well and add --------- 2 cup fruit
2 eggs
1/2 cup salad oil
Mix.
Bake at 350°.

Icing: 1/4 lb. butter
1/4 cup evaporated milk
3/4 cup brown sugar
Cook 1 minute and add 3/4 cup nuts.

—Mrs. Ike Stoltzfus, Pennsylvania

Bushel of Cookies

5 lbs. sugar
2 1/2 lbs. lard
12 eggs
1 lb. salted peanuts
1 lb. seedless raisins
1 pint syrup
1 quart sweet milk
6 lbs. flour
2 oz. or 3 tablespoons soda
2 oz. or 3 tablespoons baking powder
2 lbs. quick oats

Ground the peanuts and raisins together.

Bushel of Cookies
(1/2 recipe in cup measures)

7 cups sugar
2 1/2 cups lard
6 eggs
1/2 lb. peanuts
1/2 lb. raisins
1 cup syrup
2 cups milk
12 cups flour
4 3/4 cups oatmeal
2 tablespoons soda
2 tablespoons baking powder

Drop with a spoon on cookie sheet.

-Mrs. Amos Yoder, Curtiss, Wisconsin

Corn Meal Pie

2 eggs beaten
3 tablespoons butter or oleo
2 tablespoons corn meal
1/2 cup nuts
1 1/2 cups brown sugar
4 tablespoon cream or pet milk

Mix all together. Pour into unbaked pie crust. Bake at 300 to 325 for 35-40 minutes.

—Mrs. Ben A. Coblentz, Indiana

Marshmallow Roll

32 marshmallows (1/2 lb.)
1/4 cup water
1/2 cup Eagle Brand sweetened condensed milk
1/2 cup nut meats
1/2 cup finely chopped dates
2 1/2 cups graham cracker crumbs

Cut marshmallows into quarters and put in mixing bowl. Add water, milk, nut meats and dates. Mix well. Add cracker crumbs and blend well. Form into roll about 6 inches long and 3 inches in diameter. Cover with waxed paper. Chill 12 hours or longer and cut into slices. (I use 1/2 pound colored miniture marshmallows. This makes it look real nice.)

-Mrs. Marvin Hilty, Berne, Indiana

My Little Girl

I have a little girl
And she is six years old;
Sometimes she listens very well
And does as she is told.

She loves the green grass,
The sun and bright blue sky,
And it seems her every question
Always begins with "Why."

Sometimes she's very grown-up
So big and very pert;
Next she'll cry like a baby
When her feelings are hurt.

Sometimes her little mind
Seems so very bright
But she can't see the difference
Between the left shoe and the right.

She sees some wild geese
And watches as they fly,
And another day she saw
A yellow "flutter-by."

Nose pressed against the window
She watches the rain fall,
Then wonders, what does God do
When the rain is all.

Sometimes she's a problem
And I wonder what to do.
Then soon she sweetly comes again
Saying, "Mommy, I love you."

-Mrs. Enos Burkholder

Some Mothers Write

I was taking care of a little English-speaking child who cried a lot. Our Joey, 4, pitied him and wanted him to stop crying. The boy couldn't, so Joe asked him, "Does your hyler (crier) come yusht?"

-By Joey's mother

My husband was out fertilizing the pasture. Our two-year-old boy took his dog to the window and said to him, "Dot is doddy!" (There is Granddad.) —Canfield

One eve around 7:30 our three-year-old son said, "Mother, is it going to get dark soon?"

"Yes, it will before too long," I answered.

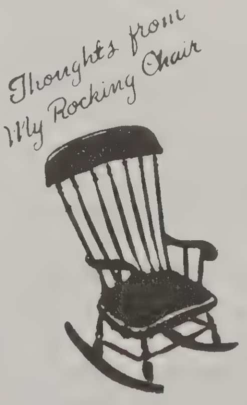
Then he said, "Why does daddy make it dark?"

"Nathan," I said, "you know Daddy doesn't make it dark, God does."

Then he said, "Every time Daddy milks it gets dark."

—V.Z.H.

* * *


Thoughts from My Rocking Chair

A child that is "into everything," is maybe a child who does not get enough love and attention.

Aunt Becky

A PAGE FOR Shut-Ins

WERE YOU SET ASIDE?

Did He set you aside when the fields were ripe
And the workers seemed too few?
Did He set you aside and give someone else
The task you so longed to do?
Did He set you aside when the purple grapes
Hung low in the autumn sun;
And did hands not your own just gather them in—
The trophies you'd almost won?
Did He set you aside on a couch of pain—
There where all you could do was pray;
And then when you whispered "Oh, please let me go,"
Was His answer always, "Stay?"
Did He set you aside with no plan at all—
With no reason that you could see.
While your heart cried out, "In this limited space,
Lord, how can I work for Thee?"
Did He set you aside with a heavy cross;
And was your heart filled with despair?
Did you think He had gone, and left you alone—
Then suddenly He was there!
And there in the shadows, the world all shut out,
Just kneeling alone at His feet,
Did you learn the answers (though not all yet)—
Say, weren't His reasons sweet?

-Anonymous

• • • • •

VISITING THE SICK

When anyone we know gets sick or is injured and is taken to a hospital, the first thought we have is to go and visit him as soon as we can. This is well and good, but did you stop to think of the ones that are not sick—elderly people not in the best of health, widows and widowers and families that have lost a loved one. All these appreciate visits—really more so than the ones that are very sick, or the ones in great pain, or those who are very weak.

How often have you had a sick person in the neighborhood that was able to be up part of the time and was able to take care of himself. You inquire of the neighbors: How is Joe Yoder getting along these days? Well, he seems to be about the same. Maybe not quite as strong as he was two weeks ago. Then you say, we will have to go and visit him one of these days.

Time passes on and the next you hear: Joe Yoder is not able to be up anymore and at times his mind is mixed up so that no one can visit with him.

You decide then and there to go and see him. When you get there he is not able to understand you. Then you think how much nicer it would have been had you visited him five or six days before.

I am writing this to people that are always too busy (myself included) to go and visit other people while we can. -Elton S. Miller, Indiana

ARE WE HERE FOR A PURPOSE?

Yes, we are here for a purpose.
I feel more so since I had a serious accident on April 4, 1967. I was twenty-six at the time. The people told me later that it is a miracle that I am here yet, and am so well. So I feel God has chosen something for me to do yet.

I was teaching school. That evening I drove some children home, which was a three-mile drive. I delivered them and was on my way home whan an old man drove into the back of the buggy. It looked as if he had wanted to step on the brakes, but instead, he stepped on the gas.

The horse I was driving had his back broken and I was thrown from the buggy over the hood of the car. I had no bones broken but my right side was paralyzed and I had a gash at the right eyebrow. I was unconscious for almost four weeks, for I didn't talk until that time. After that, my memory seemed short. I can't remember anything of coming home from the hospital. My stay there was 6 weeks and 3 days.

When my folks came to visit me that day, the doctor said they can take me home. He said it's unusual to send anyone home who is in intensive care, but he can see that I don't improve.

He wanted me to come back in a week's time for a checkup so he could decide what to do with me. Guess he saw I was gaining for I went home again.

I needed much help in the beginning for I had to learn to walk. My right arm was helpless for awhile so I had to use my left hand. I can use my right arm now but the left hand is still the handier. If someone had told me six years ago that I'd become left-handed, I would have told them it was impossible. But a person can learn to do things in other ways than what they were used to.

Now I can work most everything again, although my circulation is not so good on the right side. I make quilts and I also do nursing and house-cleaning wherever I'm needed. -Nora Zimmerman, Millmont, Pennsylvania

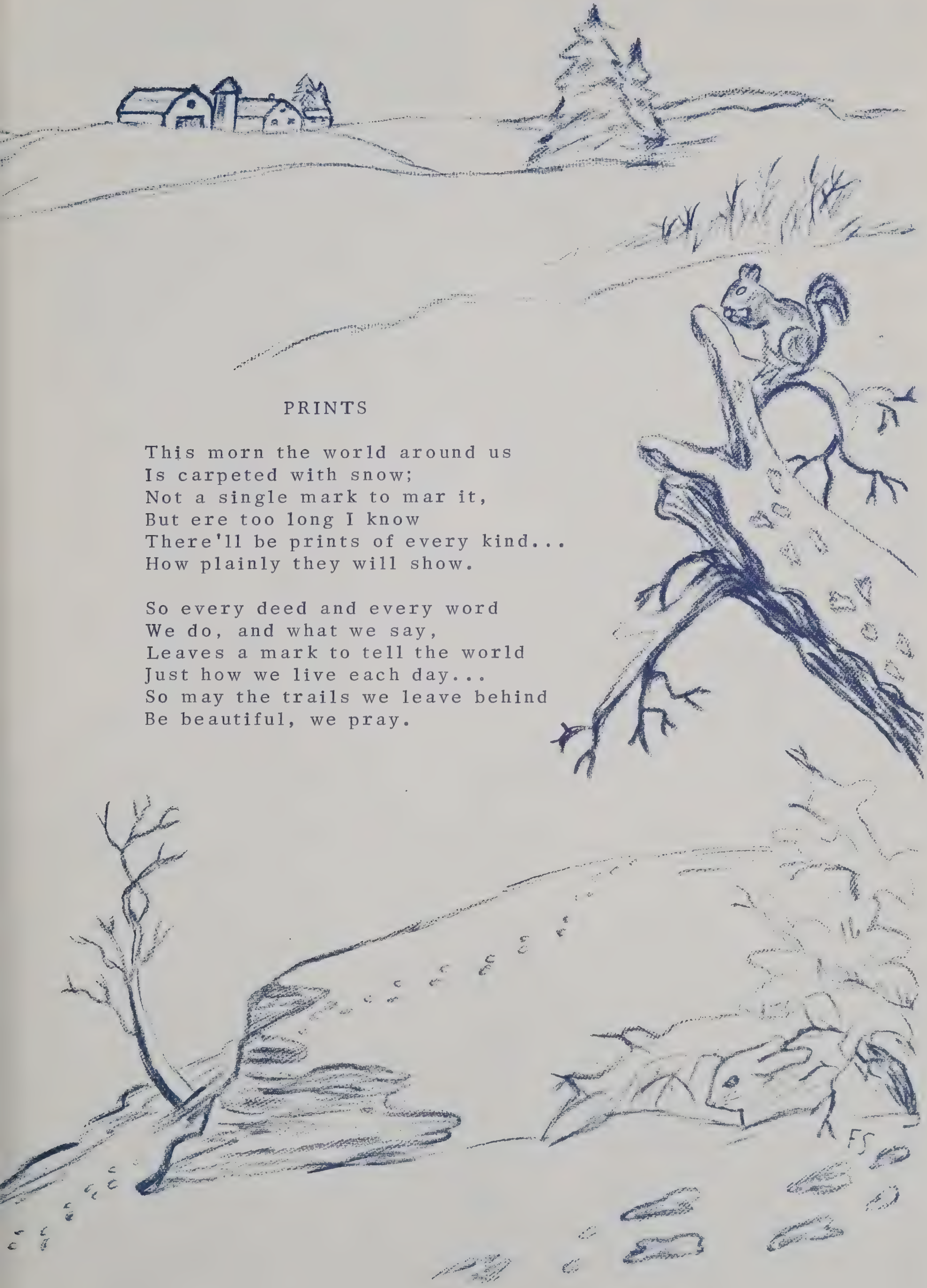
HOME REMEDIES and suggestions-----------------

Peppermint tea is a stimulant. A strong cup of peppermint will act more powerfully on the system than alcohol. Peppermint tea is delicious and makes the heart muscles strong. It cleanses and strengthens the entire body. Instead of an aspirin for headache, drink 2 or 3 cups of this tea, then lie down. Peppermint tea strengthens the nerves. -Jamesport, Missouri

If you are troubled with wild flesh on the toes or on the finger, moisten some powdered alum and apply to the sore. Put a band-aid on top.

SHAMPOO RECIPE-- Flake 1 bar Castile soap. Melt soap in 1 pint boiling water, then cool. Put soap mixture into mixing bowl and add 1 egg. Beat with rotary beater. Put in jar. After it is settled, it is ready for us. This shampoo will keep indefinitely. I used this with my family. -Mrs. Lydia Ann Miller, Indiana

Acknowledgment: Inside of the back cover this month was sketched by Florence Stauffer, Ephrata, Pennsylvania.



PRINTS

This morn the world around us
Is carpeted with snow;
Not a single mark to mar it,
But ere too long I know
There'll be prints of every kind...
How plainly they will show.

So every deed and every word
We do, and what we say,
Leaves a mark to tell the world
Just how we live each day...
So may the trails we leave behind
Be beautiful, we pray.

The Little Fly That Can Cause A Big Commotion

Have you ever wondered why the cattle come running from the pasture field with their heads to the ground and their tails sticking up? The way they act, you would suspect there is a whole hive of bumblebees after them. The truth is that a tiny fly about the size of a housefly is the sole cause of the excitement. It makes a "brummmming" sound but it has no sting and it can not bite for it has no mouth.

Are the cattle mistaken to panic from such a little fly? No, indeed, they have ample reason to bolt for the barn or some nearby pond to stand belly-deep in water. By some instinct they must know that the fly, even though it can cause them no immediate harm, will bring them plenty of pain and discomfort later on.

These little flies are called heel-flies or warble-flies and what they are trying to do is to lay their eggs on the cattle. The tiny eggs are deposited on the hairs of the legs and after about seven days they hatch into larve and burrow their way into the skin of the cattle. Here they live in the muscles and work their way toward the animal's back during the winter. In January or February, the larve reach the animal's back and nestle down to grow into a full sized grub. They make a tiny hole in the skin because they must have air to breathe. These lumps are called warbles, and as many as four hundred have been found on one animal. No wonder the milk cows go down in milk and the beef animals lose weight.

In the spring when the cattle go on pasture these grubs burrow their way through the skin and fall to the ground and go into incubation again. After about two months they change into a little fly and soon they will be buzzing after the cattle to start the cycle all over again.

The heelfly or warblefly is a member of the botfly family. These are all parasites, that is, they live off the body of another animal. Some kinds infect cattle, others go after horses and still others live on sheep.

The horse botfly is probably as well known as the warble fly and does almost as much damage. There are several different kinds of horse botflies but the most common kind lays its eggs on the hairs of the horse's leg. The horse licks these eggs and they enter the mouth and finally go to the stomach and intestines of the horse. Here the larvae live all winter, feeding on the juices in the stomach and making the horse irritable and hard to keep in good flesh. In the spring they pass into the large intestines and are finally expelled in the manure. Like the warblefly, they live in the soil for about two months and finally emerge as a botfly to lay more eggs on the horse's leg.

The sheep botfly leaves its eggs in the nostrils of the sheep. The larvae enter the head cavities and sinuses of the sheep and if not treated, many of the sheep will die.

What can be done to get rid of these troublesome botflies? You can not poison them because they have no mouth and do not eat anything. You can not kill the mature fly by spraying because you can seldom get close enough to do this. There is a method which can be used to eradicate them from a community but it must be done in the wintertime. The flies seldom travel more than a mile from where they are dropped to the ground, so if all the farmers in a community work together, the whole neighborhood can pretty well be cleaned up.

Warbleflies on cattle can be killed by dusting the backs of the cattle with rotenone or some other similar powder. Since each grub has an opening through the skin it is a simple procedure to rub some powder into this hole and the grub dies. The sooner this is done, the better. Usually the time the first bumps can be felt with the hands is the time to apply the powder and then it should be repeated every four weeks until the cattle go on pasture. If no grub is allowed to emerge from the animals' backs, then there will be no flies during the summer.

Horses should be treated with carbon disulphide capsules during December, January, or February. During this time the botfly larvae are in the stomach and small intestines and can be reached with the medicine. The carbon disulphide is a gas which suffocates the larvae. They can not be poisoned. The chemical should be given on an empty stomach and must be administered by a veterinarian or someone especially trained to do it. If a capsule breaks in the horse's mouth, the horse may be killed.

Do you think the botflies are troublesome? You should be glad that one kind which lives in the tropics is not found in the United States. This kind infects people and they get bumps under their skin much like the warbles on our cattle. But how does the bot get into the human body? It is through a rather unusual way. The female botfly catches a mosquito and lays its eggs on the body of the mosquito. These hatch into larvae and when the mosquito bites a person, the larvae get into

(con't on page 32)

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FAMILY LIFE

March

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letters to the editors

ATTITUDES IN OTHER AREAS

Concerning the latest Family Life (January issue) I haven't read it through yet, but I did read "Attitudes Show Through". I think it could be applied in other areas, too. For example, I am the stepmother of the children in our family. Sometimes I find myself rebelling against Dad's confidence in the children instead of in me.

The story would have had a less desirable ending if Abner would have accused Emma or scolded her instead of showing patience. Also if she would have made a sharp retort. I find so many good lessons brought out in the story that I am anxious to try to put them to work in my own life.

-Indiana

MORE FROM THE HIRED GIRLS

I was glad to see that at last it's here, the other side of the story from the hired girls. I feel exactly like the writer from Indiana and a faithful reader, both in the February issue.

I was a hired girl myself from ages 13 to 20. Factory work was forbidden but my parents would have lost quite a bit of sleep had they known what all was taking place at times. I worked mostly in the family circle and often got no wages.

In our own family we decided to have as little hired help as possible. Our own girls worked away but not all the time, and in desirable homes. Also later on some factory work was permitted. Now thirty years have gone by but some of the bitter feelings still remain from childhood and broken friendships which it seems can never be healed although I'd be willing to forgive and try to forget.

-Lucy From The East

CONCERNING THE HIRED GIRL LETTERS, I also live in a community where there are quite a few older girls. If more of them would work for our own people, some of us would have it easier than we do this way.

I don't get more than $2.00 a day either but if God is with me and gives me good health, I want to do my duty while I can. I save some each year.

Of course those who want to spend maybe $10.00 for a new dress each week, or maybe a new pair of shoes, or something pretty for your room like some girls do, then you wouldn't save much on $2.00 a day.

I might live to be an old maid and I might not be able to support myself but I still don't think it would be good for me to work in a factory or in a worldly home.

If I ever live to be an old maid and need help, I just hope no one will have to help me who doesn't want to. But keep in mind that if you live to be an old grandmother instead of an old maid, someone might have to take care of you, too. Some children don't want to take care of their parents, it seems.

-Ohio Reader

TO READ THE STORIES OF THE HIRED GIRLS in Family Life brings back memories of the time I worked as a hired girl. I was only 15 at that time. That family had a baby and three older children, the oldest was 5. It was get up early, help milk, get breakfast, and then help the little ones. In those days the doctor's orders were for the women not to walk around before the baby was 10 days old. The mother was in the bedroom and the baby in the living room. When the baby needed attention, it was the hired girl's job to take care of it. When it was hungry, the hired girl had to take it to its mother, and then back again to its cradle.

In the morning there was the morning wash to do, the separator to wash, the garden to hoe, and meanwhile keep your eyes on the little ones for often they got into mischief.

Monday mornings we had to carry wash water into the big iron kettle, keep the fire going so it would be hot by the time we were ready to wash. Washing was done with a motor but it was not like the Maytags today. Then try to get done with a big wash till it was time to start dinner. On days when they were putting up hay there would be extra help to cook for.

I was paid $3.00 a week and didn't always have off over Sundays. Mother always urged us, "Do your best to earn your wages."

Now I'm in my 70's. Those days are gone forever and things have changed terrible since.

-Grandmother

I wonder if the person who wrote the letter about how hard the hired girls have it, ever worked as a hired girl in an Amish home? If she did, why didn't she mention the satisfaction that comes to a hired girl after having done a hard day's work. She is tired, yes, but she feels she has fulfilled a need — helped someone who is not able to carry on alone. For me, this feeling is what made me keep on working when I was tired. It was also a feeling I never had when I worked in English homes.

And what is wrong with the hired girl helping with the milking? For me it was always relaxing and refreshing to get out of the house and away from the stuffy kitchen. Yes, milking is hard, but I often felt rested after spending half an hour at milking. Its one job where we can rest our tired feet and legs and let our minds wander.

I agree that the girls who work for Amish people usually work harder than those who work in town. But Amish women also work harder. Why shouldn't Amish girls, while they are still young and full of energy, learn to work hard and to keep at it even if they are tired and their bones ache. At home we might quit and feel we had enough. But hired girls don't do that. They learn

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to stick to a task until it is finished. And they don't do it for nothing. The appreciation and consideration the mothers (and fathers) show for this service is ample reward.

I found most of the people I worked for very appreciative and considerate. The few who were not were the ones who said, "I never had to work away when I was young."

-Almost Lonesome To Be A Hired Girl Again

PAY FOR THE CHILDREN

Another thing I would like to comment on is about paying the children for work. Ours work for us until they are twenty-one. My husband and I did for our parents, too. Their needs are supplied by us and if they need extras like a gift for a girl or a boy, they ask us. If the cows do real well their father gives them a percentage of the milk check but it is written in a book, not given in cash. Ours have told us that not many children are kept as short in pocket money as they are. It may be so, but many parents have trouble that their children go to fairs and such places where our people should stay away from or get things which are forbidden. If they didn't have the money, they couldn't do this. We try to explain why we feel it is best this way and they seem to understand and accept it.

-Pennsylvania

Our children handled very little money until they were 21. What they earned in their younger years, we had an account book and wrote it down. When they worked out, 10% was supposed to be for them but it was all written down and they didn't get it until they were 21. When they did something extra like weeding or hoeing we told them to write down like 5¢ a row.

It is sad to see how many young folks go wrong when often it is too much money. If they wouldn't have the money, I believe many of these things could be avoided.

-Lancaster County

THE SHORTENED CROSS

I think it is true like it says in January "Views and Values" that many modern Christians keep on living as the flesh desires while thinking that grace will cover it all. However I was surprised to find out that many people in the world today believe there is a God, a hereafter, and have heard of the new birth, the blood of Christ and salvation but do not know the meaning of these things.

We had a sick child in the hospital and made numerous trips to Toronto. We talked to many people who were like this. They didn't want to become involved in religious matters but took it for granted that living a decent and moral life will somehow take care of the hereafter. They apparently believed that by being good citizens, making no trouble for the government and not living a riotous life as some do, they could earn an inhabitance in the hereafter.

I was surprised when I came to realize, that perhaps like some of our plain people they are depending on works for their salvation and didn't really know the meaning of the blood of Christ.

-Elmira, Ontario

The article on the shortened cross brought the thought to me that perhaps some of our own people and churches may be engaged in another form of "Cross shortening." They will saw off a piece here or there and attach it to another part of the cross to make it longer (losing certain standards, putting over-emphasis on certain things since "the rest don't matter"). The end product is an "unbalanced cross" with the same result as a too short cross. When put into place to drop across the river, it will fall to one side and down into the chasm, rather than straight and true to the other side.

When we see whole churches relaxing, than losing certain old standards to gain more "spiritual" ones, we have to wonder what the end result will be. If we can take a lesson from the examples we have had in past church history, it isn't encouraging.

In our day it seems Satan comes as an angel of light in the guise of bringing more spiritual things into the churches when often it is merely a roundabout way into more worldliness. I'm afraid too many of our people have the "Ebenezer" attitude that a show of "spirituality" is the main thing that counts. Such things as non-conformity to the world and the use of the ban when it is needed are disregarded. Once the fence is moved a little, it is very easy to move it further.

-Sugarcreek

NOT SELF-PITY

"The Widow's Story" (January issue) is one of the best I have read. It's not so much criticism and self-pity. She trusted in a higher help. To read stories like this gives a person courage to go on even if things are not to our liking. The story was well-written.

-Sadie Byler

MORE LIKE THE AMISH

Sometime ago a man came to our house who said he grew up among the Amish and Mennonites in Iowa. When he learned that we are Old Order Mennonites, he asked which we are nearest like, the Amish or Mennonites? I told him right away we are more like the Amish. Later as I thought over it I had to wonder why. It has been nearly three hundred years since we parted from the Amish but only a hundred years that we parted from the more liberal Mennonites. Yet I feel we are more like the Amish.

-M.B., Pa.

INSTEAD OF ASPIRINS

I noticed that a mother asked what she should do for headache instead of taking aspirins. My husband had a reaction from aspirin and spent six days a very sick man in the hospital. The doctor told him he must never again take an aspirin. He said instead of this, he may take "TYLENOL." It can be bought at any drug store in tablets for adults, or in drops and chewable for children.

-Mrs. Ina Weaver, Goshen, Indiana

SHE WORE HER BROTHER'S SHOES?

I am prompted to write to you about the article, "Have You Worn Your Brother's Shoes?" in November Family Life. What a wonderful article and so full of truth!

How do I know? Because I had polio when I was four years old which left me a very helpless little girl. My neck was very weak and I was unable to use my arms. I wore a brace around my neck and for both of my arms which held my arms in an outward position. My little brother, who was two, also had polio at the same time which left his legs paralyzed. (He gets around on cruthes now, has a job and supports himself.) Our parents spent much time each day giving us exercises and bathes.

As time went on, I regained the strength of my left arm and was able to go to school and be like other children. I can truthfully say that as I was growing up it didn't matter very much to me that I didn't have the use of my right arm. I am glad I lost the use of it while I was young for an older person would find it much harder to adjust.

It was when the time came that I wanted to be with the young folks that doubts assailed me. Before this I had taken it all for granted, but now I had to realize the fact that I was handicapped. I was so afraid people would pity me. I hated pity and I still do. At home I wasn't used differently than the rest of the family. I did my share of the work and I have often thanked my parents and brothers and sisters secretly for this. What a leaner I could have become if I would have always been babied!

As time went on, God gave me a life partner. When our first little baby came, I felt so ignorant. I was afraid I couldn't take care of him like I should. But with God's help, things turned our pretty well. A mother's love helps you to do the things you should.

I still remember with a smile the first time I went to church with the baby. Since I can't use my right arm, I have to use my mouth to get the safety pin to the diaper. While holding the diaper, I drop the pin to my left hand. Then I pin it. An odd procedure! Anyway I felt the people would watch me and I waited till the last minute to change our poor baby. I felt cold resentment for I knew many eyes were watching me. But with God's help, I overcame these feelings. Afterall, it is but natural to be curious about such unusual happenings. Finally I made up my mind to act as natural away from home as I do at home. I found that people accept me for what I am.

We have been blessed with two more little sons. Like any mother, with three sons, some days I have my hands full. Many times people ask me if I do all my own work such as sewing and washing, etc. When I tell them I do, they say, "But how can you with only one arm? I couldn't."

What they fail to realize is that when you grow up with a handicap like I did, you don't realize the loss you have. If you grow up without it, it's easy to do without. I have jokingly made the remark that if I had two arms, one of them would get in the way of the other one.

So just a word to the handicapped. Let your heart be full of true thankfulness for what you do have. We know that the Lord's ways aren't always our ways, but He knows best. If we can learn to be grateful and patient then we will find that there are blessings even in what we have to endure. Let's not forget to pray for those who are less fortunate than we are.

-R.M.B.

FARM OR FACTORY WORK

I agree with the letters in the February issue that factory work is not for a man with small children but that's exactly what we are doing. I feel that the main drawback is that the father is away from the family all day. I also hope farmers won't look down on factory workers as someone who has an easy job for I think a man walking on concrete floors all day like my husband does is working harder than a farmer (except in harvest.)

We are dreaming and praying for the day when we can have a farm of our own. And those pay checks that look so big, yes, we get them but they are really not to spend as they must be saved to buy that farm some day. Now I must come to what I really wanted to write when I first started— doctor bills. With such a family as we have, doctor bills must be kept low and I would like to see more home remedies in Family Life for such diseases as measles, mumps, chicken pox, fever, sore throat, earache, etc.

-Lancaster County

I cannot agree with the "Wife who has seen both sides" in Jan. issue of Family Life. I have worked in a factory for the most of my teen years and then some and I cannot see that there is a future in factory work. When I gave my notice that I was quitting at the factory and going to the farm, the supervisor of the plant approached me. He wished me the best and said that it is only for freedom and security that people choose factory work. He said he wished more people were on the farm and that he was afraid factory work would be the downfall of our people. That gave me something to think about.

I had to think about what an old bishop once said that he wonders what goes through the children's minds whe they see their father going to work every morning and coming home in the evening in a car. I cannot see that factory work is good for our young folks for it gives the so much idle time. I think I would have avoided a lot of sins and a lot of heartaches which I made for my parent if I had been at home on a farm with not so much idle time on my hands.

I do feel the most important place for a father is to b at home with his family for it is his responsibility to wo with them and teach them what they ought to know.

-A Former Factory Worker

THE LOVE OF MONEY

I saw a mistake in "What Do You Think" for February. The second writer wrote "I know it is sometime hard to make ends meet on the farm but money is the root of all evil so maybe it would be better to be poor.' That is a mistake for the Bible says "the love of money is the root of all evil" (I Tim. 6:10).

-A 15-year-old boy from Indiana

JUST ABOUT FAMILY LIFE

About a year ago my mother gave me some copies of Family Life and I have been reading them ever since. Every time I get back home, I ask for the old copies the have read. Now I think it is time I subscribed for myse

I think the paper is so different from other magazine as it is so down-to-earth if you know what I mean. It's just common country writing about life as they live it on the farm and in the home.

In my work I have frequent opportunities to visit with residents of an old people's home. I feel sorry for then for they often talk about the times when the old people lived with their children till they die. I tell them there are still people like that and they are always surprised t hear it.

-L. Martin

WE ENJOY FAMILY LIFE and received all issues from the beginning. We have saved all of them. Now after five years we go back to the old ones and enjoy them as much as we did in the beginning.

-Applecreek, Ohio

FAMILY LIFE RECIPES

I JUST FINISHED READING FAMILY LIFE from cover to cover. I always read the recipe page first, then start at the front and read it through to the back. To m the recipes are especially interesting and I usually find them very good. I try nearly all of them and my family likes most of them I try.

I tried a half batch of the "Bushel of Cookies" and they disappeared so fast that today I'm mixing a whole batch.

-Monroe, Indiana

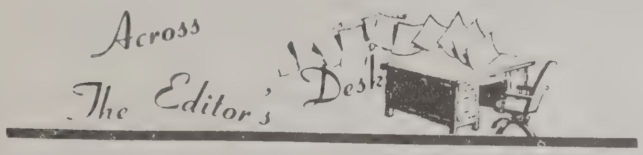
When I read the recipe for "Perfect Dairy Whip" in January Family Life I thought to myself, "Now how can that be good?"

Later, my sister-in-law gave me a sample and I changed my mind in a hurry. Now I've made it several times myself and it's delicious. You can mix it and freeze it in half an hour with no stack of dirty dishes either. I didn't use the instant pudding but a small amount of unflavored gelatin instead. It's a real boon when one doesn't have cream for making ice cream. Thanks to the ingenious person who shared her recipe

-Tennessee

I LIKE THE WAY THE GERMAN PEOPLE TALK in Family Life. It is so common and homely. We all know our plain conversation and the way we walk in this world in dress. The world knows us and we know the world. The Christian has no part in their sports and all the fashions they follow from time to time. The beauty parlors, the gambling dens, the long hair on the young people and the short dresses on the girls and even women.

-Anson von Floradale



Across The Editor's Desk

This month we do not have quite as much response as usual to the "What Do You Think" question. We are glad for those who did write and we would do well to pay attention to the points which have been brought out. Certainly is is inexcusable for us, just because we are old-fashioned, to make a nuisance of ourselves in entering other people's homes. I would heartily agree with the writers, that if our neighbor is not of our faith, then we should knock at the door and not enter until we are invited in. If they are of our own faith, then they will still not appreciate our walking through their house when they don't know anyone is around.

But there was one point which I hoped would be mentioned which wasn't. Perhaps it was left for those who didn't write. It seems to me that for us plain people there is a difference whether we are going to the house of one who is a brother in the faith, or one who is not. For the latter group, we ought to knock, and there is no excuse not to. But for our own people there should be a difference.

True enough, we appreciate it when a salesman knocks before entering and we would be offended if he wouldn't. But once again, if it is our neighbor who lives down the road, goes to the same church and is a brother in the faith, then I am afraid something has been lost if he thinks he has to stand outside the door and knock until we go out and open the door for him and tell him to come in.

Not that it is anything out of the way to knock under certain circumstances, and yet when it becomes the rule, then it makes us wonder.

I have always marvelled at the fact that when we are travelling, like through the big cities, if we happen to meet someone who is of our own faith, we immediately recognize there is a tie between us. Why is this? Is it the clothes they are wearing? No, I don't think so. It is what those clothes stand for.

Numerous times it happens that we meet people who are dressed differently than the styles and customs of this world. Take for example, the nuns which we meet occasionally. We would have to say they are non-conformed in their dress and are also dressed modestly (but even they are changing). Our women wouldn't think of walking up to a nun and striking up a conversation like they would if they saw someone of our own faith.

I think the same thing applies for all other aspects of our lives. Of course we don't want to be rude and there is always a danger of going out of our place. Yet we should recognize that our communities are closely knit and it is well that it is so. We do things which are not considered in place for the people of this world to do. Where else do we find people who invite the whole neighborhood into the privacy of their home once a year like we do when we have church services? Why should it be such a terrible thing that others find out that we have to occasionally correct our children? It would be much more of a disgrace if they were to find out that we didn't.

It is a challenge for each of us to try to regulate the affairs of our household so that if anyone were to step inside the front door unannounced we would not need to be ashamed. It is an unwritten law that among our people we do not take baths, or appear half-dressed. inside the front door. We have private rooms where we go to take care of our private needs and it is well that it is so. I would like to relate an incident which happened a number of years ago to illustrate this point.

Early one morning a man went to his neighbor's house to make arrangements for the day's work. As he stepped inside the door, the family, and it was a large family, was at the breakfast table. His entrance took them a bit by surprise, and before he had time to see what was going on, one of the girls quickly rose from the table and made a hasty departure to the upstairs of the house. The truth was that she was not dressed as was fitting for anyone to be at the breakfast table. That was the reason for her sudden departure.

Who was at fault? Was it the unexpected visitor, or was it the girl who insisted on coming to the breakfast table in such a state as not to be presentable to the neighbor? I am afraid it was the latter, and if we are to maintain the simplicity of our way of life, then we will have to keep up our standards that we are ready to welcome our brother at any time of the day at least inside the front door.

Most of our houses are built so we can see the lane from the kitchen table. Where this is not the case, then it would be especially wise to announce our coming in some way such as slamming a door in going through the summer kitchen or in some other way. If we open the main door slowly, it immediately signifies that someone else except a member of the family is there (Who ever heard of a member of the family opening the door slowly?). Once inside the door, if no one is present, we can listen if perhaps the family is engaged in family devotions or other matters which would be private. If this is not the case then we can always say "Hello" or some other word of greeting which will announce our presence in a way that should not be embarrassing.

Looking in the Bible, we can not find anything definite on the matter.

When Peter escaped from prison he knocked at the door where the church was assembled (Acts 12:13). But this really does not prove anything because due to obvious reasons the door was locked and this was the only way in which he could make his presence known. We would hardly believe, that he would have taken the time to knock if the door would have been unbarred.

We have 75 subscribers in Mexico, Central America and South America. These people have always gotten very poor mail service. At times it took 6 months for the magazines to arrive and sometimes longer.

Two years ago the Canada Post Office started providing non-priority airmail service to these countries at a small extra cost. We hoped that now these people would get better service but we were greatly disappointed. In fact the service seems to be worse. Lately a number of them asked if we couldn't send their magazines by the old way again for then they used to get them sometime while now they don't even get more than half of them.

We made a little investigation and came to the conclusion that the trouble lay with the postal service on the other end of the line. Our magazines which go to Germany, Africa and Japan arrive promptly, but the Latin American countries— we just can't do anything about it.

Now we have decided to send them by priority airmail. There is still an extra cost, but by sending them without an envelope we can get by with about 8¢ per copy additional.

Now we have reason to believe that these magazines will be delivered promptly. If Family Life does not arrive before the 20th of the month, we would like to know when it does arrive. We would appreciate hearing from anyone in these countries who has a complaint to make. Be sure to send details as to when it does arrive. If it does arrive satisfactorily, we would also be glad to hear from at least some of you.

Quite a few of our readers have told us that they appreciate the special featurettes, those little half page articles which bring out some of the most intimate and innermost feelings. The identity of the author or the community is not given because we believe these articles are applicable in almost any community. No doubt many mothers wondered if it was their married daughter who wrote the letter which appeared in the February issue. I think it would be a very good idea not to ask, but just assume she did and try to understand how she feels.

The same way with the young wife who wrote the letter this month. I do not believe that she wrote it just for her own sake, but for the many other wives who also feel at times, like she does. In an accompanying letter she writes, "When I read about Annie's life, I thought perhaps it would apply to quite a few different cases. I'm fairly sure my husband doesn't have the least idea that I sometimes feel like this. Maybe he'd have some things to tell me, too! I would be anxious to know how and in what ways I could better myself for him."

Our guess is there will be many a husband, who, when he stops to think, will wonder if it wasn't his wife who wrote this. Our hope is that they won't ask whether she wrote it, only whether she sometimes feels like this.

There's always quite a bit of excitement whenever a new book comes out. After all, it takes a lot of work to get a book ready. It has to be checked and rechecked a number of times, the type must be set and then it is pasted up and sent away to the printers in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

About three months later the book comes back, all printed up nicely and with a hard cover on it. Only then can it really be called a book.

Our latest excitement was caused by the arrival of Simon And Susie Stories. This is a collection of the stories about two typical Amish young people and their many friends. Family Life readers may remember they started out in December 1968 issue of Family Life. In August of 1969 they moved over into the Ambassador of Peace because that is the young people's paper. Since that time, they have been appearing rather regularly in the Young Companion. The book goes to the time Simon was married. See ad elsewhere in this issue for details of how to get this book.

Views and Values

Don't Laugh At Me

Last year in California a young lady walked into the office of a company which rented out Rototillers. She was Mary Anna Anderson, a 28-year-old graduate of a law school, where she had studied to become a lawyer. The other customers eyed her curiously as she walked up to the desk. What was a woman doing in here?

Mary Anna knew what she wanted. She was tired of not having a decent lawn around her house. The ground was rocky and bare. The soil needed to be loosened and worked and seeded into grass. It wasn't exactly a woman's job, but Mary Anna felt confident she could handle it. But, of course, she would need some tools.

So that was what brought her to Northride Equipment Rentals in the city of Van Nuys, California. She wanted to rent a Rototiller.

The salesman gave her a long hard stare.

Mary Anna explained what she had come for.

"Only men can rent power equipment from us," he said curtly.

The customers that stood around laughed— they were amused at the idea of a woman trying to rent a Rototiller to work up her lawn.

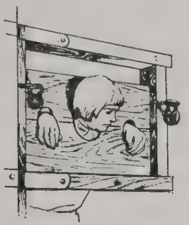
The salesman refused to give any more explanation. Rototillers weren't for women. And Mary Anna was a woman. That was that.

The other customers thought it was funny. Mary Anna did not. She didn't like being laughed at. She told the salesman that when she becomes a lawyer she will sue the company for the way they had treated her.

The salesman didn't take her seriously, but later he found that her words were no empty threat. Two months ago she brought suit against the company whose salesman had insulted her, asking for the following sums: $15 for travel expenses, $250 for violation of the state's antidiscrimination law, and $10,000 "for the humiliation of being publicly ridiculed."

I found the story of Mary Anna Anderson very interesting. No doubt she was treated wrongly. But to ask for $10,000 for a few minutes of being made fun of...? Most of us would agree to be laughed at for a few minutes for a price like that, even though we might not exactly enjoy the ridicule.

As a matter of fact, no one likes to be laughed at, or publicly put to shame. The Eskimos knew this and they made use of it in dealing with their lawbreakers. They didn't put their criminals in prison, or fine them, or beat them, or hang them. Instead they took them to a public place and everybody stood and pointed their fingers and mocked and scorned and laughed. After a half hour of this, the criminal was so ashamed of himself he would think twice before breaking the law again. Even in New England during colonial days this same principle was used by the Puritans to help keep law and order. Criminals were almost always publicly punished. A drunkard might be branded with a large "D" burned on his forehead, and as a result he would be put to shame wherever he showed his face. Another common form of punishment was the pillory— a wooden framework where the offender was fastened by his neck and wrists.



Pillories were usually situated in the town square— the most public place available— and passers-by would jeer and hoot and throw stones and rotten eggs. Undoubtedly the unhappy criminals suffered as severely from the public shame as from the awkwardness of their physical position. Certainly if criminals among the Eskimos and Puritans hated being ridiculed in public as much as Mary Anna Anderson, who wants to collect $10,000 for enduring a few minutes of it, it is believable that these were effective means of crime prevention.

Another good illustration of the great strength of public ridicule is a story connected with the sinking of the Titantic in 1912. When this "unsinkable" ship struck an iceberg on her first voyage, and started to go down, here weren't nearly enough lifeboats to go around. It has long been a rule of honor that women and children get first chance to enter lifeboats, then the men, and ast of all, the captain of the ship. Now when the Titantic struck an iceberg, it happened that a man by the name of Bruce Ismay was on board. He wasn't really going anywhere, but since he was the president of the company that owned the Titantic, he had decided to share he celebration of her maiden voyage. Ismay helped oad the lifeboats and then he himself got on one of them. When word reached the rest of the world that Ismay was alive while hundreds of others drowned in the sinking hip he was publicly ridiculed for his cowardice. Newsaper headlines screamed with scorn. Ismay was the resident of the company; he should have stayed on oard even longer than the captain of the ship. No one ad anything but contempt for Ismay; everywhere he was held in disdain. The public ridicule affected him so much that he gave up his well-paying job as president of he steamship lines, and bought a small farm in Ireland where he could escape from the public. Here he hid the est of his life, refusing to appear in public, and allowng no visitors to enter.

Living in seclusion was the price Ismay was willing o pay to avoid what Mary Anna Anderson called "the umiliation of being publicly ridiculed." Even though ew people would pay the price of enduring public ridcule as high as Bruce Ismay and Mary Anna Anderson did— they may still have the price too high. When we really get down to it, it is this fear of being laughed at that makes people scream so desperately to keep up with "The Jones." This is what makes people want to be in style, to be fashionable. For to be out of style is running the risk of being laughed at and talked about. Even though a dress has only been worn a few times, if the style changes, it has to be discarded, and a new dress added to the wardrobe. Expensive new hair-dos, cosmetics, jewelry, and furs— over the years they can add up to hundreds of dollars. People show by the money they spend in fashion what it's worth to them to avoid "the humiliation of public ridicule." It's the price of avoiding shame. The same is true of many other things. The young boy knows that smoking is unhealthy and habit forming. But it's the "smart" thing to do— his companions are doing it, so he does, too. Why? He doesn't want to be laughed at. Better go ahead and smoke cigarettes, even at the risk of getting into the habit and keeping it the rest of his life. If he ruins his health and gets lung cancer, he goes to the hospital and spends a couple thousand dollars for an operation. That's all included in the price of avoiding shame. The same is true for drinking— wasted money, ruined health, accidents, and sudden death.

Yet it isn't always measured in dollars and cents. For some people the price runs alarmingly high— even higher than Mary Anna Anderson's sum of $10,000. To avoid being laughed at and to keep from being ridiculed, many young people go along with the low standards of the group they happen to be with. Some end up spending their lives with partners they didn't really want, and each day they have to pay a frightful price in frayed nerves, tension, ill-will, stress, and unhappiness. They us the credit plan— live it up now and pay later. But buying things on credit never lowers the price. They must struggle through life under the burden of the payments with interest added. Perhaps they played with fire, going along with low courtship standards, and end up getting burned— a lifetime of regret and remorse and a smitten conscience, a price so tragically high that no sum of money can compensate for it.

When we put the price of enduring shame too high it can make us self-conscious and miserable. I remember going to a large city with a young man who felt ashamed to have the people see him dressed as an Amish person. The first thing he did when we got to the city was hide his broad-brimmed hat. He went down the sidewalk bareheaded— hoping no one would notice he was different from other people. I watched and I felt sorry for him. The fear of shame, the price he put on it, made him miserable.

Like everything else, the price of avoiding shame seems to be going up in the world today. Men and women are no longer willing to suffer shame for what is right— they pay higher and higher prices to escape it. Increased selfishness and personal pride and vanity has acted like inflation, pushing the price higher and higher.

What is our price? How much is it worth to us to avoid being laughed at? The trend of the time is to stampede blindly and unthinkingly away from shame and ridicule—no matter what the price. But if we profess to be followers of Christ, it would be well to stop and consider the example Jesus left us. What was it worth to Jesus? Did he pay any price rather than suffer shame?

The most terrible mockery that ever occured took place that day two thousand years ago as Christ hung on the cross. This was an example of public ridicule on such a scale that Mary Anna Anderson's experience in trying to rent a Rototiller is not worth mentioning. Soldiers joked and gambled at his feet, passers-by stared in contempt, wagging their heads, and the Pharisees gloated over him, yelling up taunt after taunt:

"He saved others, he cannot save himself!"

"He trusted in God, let God deliver him."

"Come down from the cross and we'll believe you."

"Ho, so you can build the temple in three days, help yourself!"

The Bible tells us plainly what Jesus' attitude was toward all this mockery. He was quite willing to bear public ridicule, to be put to shame and scorn. Hebrews 12:2 says that Jesus endured the cross "und achtete der Schande nicht" (paid no attention to the shame).

The very next chapter of Hebrews says that we should have this same attitude that Jesus had, the same willingness to suffer shame for the sake of what is right. "Let us, then, go to him outside the camp and share his ~~shame~~ shame" (Heb. 13:13, TEV). Many godly men before us demonstrated this same indifference toward shame that Jesus had— they went right on doing what was right and did not care if the whole world laughed and mocked. Moses was a good example of this. "He reckoned that to suffer scorn for the Messiah was worth far more than all the treasures of Egypt; because he kept his eyes on the future reward" (Heb. 11:26, TEV). The Apostle Paul had the same attitude. "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation..." (Rom. 1:16).

As Christians we should be willing to bear shame. We should be the first to accept mockery, but the last to inflict it upon others. Public ridicule hurts. When the Bible says Jesus "achtete der Schande nicht" (paid no attention to the shame) it does not say that the scorn heaped upon him did not hurt. Jesus had feelings too. He felt the ridicule keenly, just as he felt the nails through his hands, and the thorns on his brow. We do not mean that as Christians we do not feel the hurt of public ridicule. We do. And that is why we should never humiliate others in public if at all possible. The way in which Jesus "paid no attention" to shame, was that he did not let it influence him from carrying out his father's will. He went right on doing what was right, in spite of the ridicule. He was not willing, as so many people are, to pay any price to avoid "the humiliation of being publicly ridiculed."

If we put too high a price on avoiding shame, Jesus will refuse to accept us as a disciple of his. Jesus bore much shame for us. Willingly, he let himself become an object of scorn and derision and utter contempt. He makes it plain that his followers must be willing to bear shame for him. "If a man is ashamed of me and of my teaching in this godless and wicked day, then the Son of Man will be ashamed of him when he comes in the glory of his Father with the holy angels" (Mark 8:38, TEV).

It's just human nature not to want to be laughed at. But if we would rather do wrong than do right and be laughed at— we're paying too high a price. Jesus was willing to suffer shame. So was Moses. And Paul. The attitude common today is to panic and say, "Don't laugh at me. Don't laugh at me, I'm willing to do anything you say, pay any price; just so you don't laugh at me." That's what Mary Anna Anderson is saying, "Don't laugh at me." That's what Bruce Ismay said by his actions: "Don't laugh at me." That's what the young man said who hid his black hat, "Don't laugh at me."

Let's not make the mistake of following the example of people who set the price too high— who were willing to pay anything rather than endure public ridicule. Instead let us follow the example of Jesus and godly men of old, and keep right on doing what is right and pay no attention to mockery, scorn and shame.

TO COOK FOR A NEW HUSBAND

-Alice Hartman

He was from Pennsylvania, from the mountains and valleys where there is "no want of any good thing" in the rich gardens of the thrifty farmers. Where tiny girls are trained in the kitchen arts beginning as soon as they are big enough to climb on tables and stick inquisitive fingers into Mommy's mixing bowl, or lick the spoon after she is done stirring. His mother had been so trained. Cooking was one of her fine arts. He had been brought up on fresh country garden foods, rich in natural qualities, the tasty fare that makes men sturdy.

She was from Indiana, the oldest in a large family. Cooking had to be on a large scale to match growing appetites. Meals were substantial and satisfying. In Indiana, little girls are also encouraged to learn early about the mysteries of good cookies, and flaky pie crusts, economical food management and kitchen efficiency.

So they met. Two people with similar faith, a deep spiritual committment to the will of God and a purpose to serve Him. The wedding was simple, attended by relatives and friends from both sides. So they were off on their journey through life.

They were very happy. They had a cozy home. She served him tasty meals cooked according to the best of her understanding. She was thankful for her farm background and careful home training. Sometimes they were invited into other homes for meals. Indiana cooking.

When he sat down to the table, he humbly and sincerely thanked the Lord for the food. When he arose from eating, he graciously and lovingly thanked his new wife for the good meal. But— as time went on, he grew hungry for some good Pennsylvania cooking.

"Could you make some moon pies?" he asked her one day.

"Moon pies?"

"Don't you know what moon pies are?"

"Never heard of them. What are they?"

"Oh, moon pies are good. You make them with dried apples."

"Why do you call them moon pies?"

"I don't know. I guess because they look like little half moons."

"You mean you put pie crust in the pan and then just fill it half full and pull the other half over for the cover."

"No, you don't make them in pie pans. They are little— like cookies."

"Sounds good."

"Oh, they are. My mother used to make them for my school lunches. Everybody at school liked her moon pies. They were as good as money. A moon pie would buy anything anybody else had in his lunch. I could trade a moon pie for anything I wanted."

"I'd like to try it. How do you do it?"

"Well, you make little balls of dough and roll them out. Then you put your dried apples on one side and fold the other side over. It's very easy."

"You'd have to cook the apples first, wouldn't you?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so."

"You'd have to have holes in the top."

"Oh, I remember. Mother would roll the dough, then make a design on one side and turn it over to fill. That way when you pulled the top over, the design would come right side up. Your recipe books ought to tell you how to do it."

Recipe book. That was the idea. There had been a good one among the wedding gifts.

So she looked. No recipe for moon pies. She asked her friends. No one had ever made any although some had heard of them. None of the other cookbooks had a recipe either.

But she was ready to try. It didn't sound too hard.

How many dried apples did it take for a moon pie? How many moon pies should she make? She knew dried fruit swelled when it was cooked. But how much? She took several cupfuls of dried apples and soaked them overnight. The next morning she was pleased to see that they had swelled up ready to cook. That was fine. Now some sugar. She was a careful cook. Looking in the cookbook she found a recipe which told her how much sugar to how many apples for ordinary pies.

She was thankful for home teaching and experience. Carefully she prepared the dough.

"Little," he had said. She made a ball of dough about the size of a walnut and rolled it out. She made a neat design on one side. She turned it over and put a spoonful of dried apples on the other side and folded the top over. She pressed the edges shut in a half round.

There, that's not hard. Maybe it would go faster if she rolled all the dough first.

At last they were baked and how good they smelled! These would taste good for dinner. She arranged them carefully on a plate.

She watched as he took his first bite. His expression did not register the enthusiasm which she was waiting to see.

"Do they taste all right?" she asked hopefully.

"Well, yes, but I believe you should mash the apples before you put them in."

"Oh."

So the next time she did. For of course, there were moon pies again. She was eager to please, and only too glad to learn a new idea.

"Do these taste right?" she asked wistfully.

"I believe you should use brown sugar instead of white," he told her.

Brown sugar? Of course. Brown sugar gave things a maple-y taste she always thought. The next moon pies were made with brown sugar.

This time she was sure he would be pleased. "Now, do they taste like your mother's?" she asked.

There was a long pause. Then, "Well, I like them. But- if I recall right-" he scratched his head trying to find the words to say it right- "I think maybe she used to add a spice like cinnamon, or something like that."

Well, yes, she should have known it. Moon pies need cinnamon, too. How she wished for an experienced cook to tell her just how to do it! But there would be more moon pies. Whole cookie sheets full of them. She rolled a stack of rounds, made a neat pattern on one side of each and turned it over to fill. She pressed the edges carefully with a fork and trimmed the surplus away with her knife. Now at last she was sure they would be right, exactly like his mother made them.

She watched closely as he took one and bit off the first delicious mouthful. She had mashed the apples, she had used brown sugar, she had put in cinnamon, and even a tiny pinch of salt for emphais. Now she had learned the secret of the moon pies.

He ate his pie with pleasure.

"Ahh," he said, licking his lips, "Now these are just like my mother's except for one more thing. You ought to put something on top of them to make them shiny."

Oh! She had tried so often and she had tried so hard. This was just too much. A sudden surge of hurt and anger made her want to pitch all those moon pies out into the yard. Tears spilled over her eyes. No, she must not let him know how she felt. She turned quickly away.

But he had seen. He was beside her and his arm was around her soothingly. "I'm-I'm so sorry. Please forgive me. I shouldn't have said anything. You've tried so hard and they are delicious, and-and I'm really proud of you. You're a real good little cook." He patted her encouragingly.

When she had regained her composure she asked, wistfully, "But-but what do you put on top?"

"Oh, I don't know and it really doesn't matter," he said. "Let's forget it. I guess it was just egg white and milk. You just brush it on before you bake them. It doesn't matter that much anyway."

Yes, it does, she thought. I'm going to do this thing right. If moon pies are his favorite, he is going to get good ones. Her grandmother had once told her the adage about the way to a man's heart being through his stomach. She meant to find it.

The next cookie sheetful of moon pies came out deliciously crisp. The apples had been seasoned just right. The little pies had been glazed on top with rich cream. She was just taking them out of the oven when one of the neighbor women dropped in. The aroma in the kitchen was wonderful.

"Fried apple turnovers! They really look good," the neighbor exclaimed.

"What?"

"I said your fried apple turnovers look good. I bet they taste good, too."

"I thought I was making moon pies."

"Well, I never heard them called that but my grandmother used to make little pies like that and she called them turnovers. The recipe is in your new cookbook."

She took a deep breath and gasped, "Are you sure?"

"Why yes, it is. I'll show you. Why? What's wrong?"

Together they found the recipe. It was called "Fried Apple Turnovers."

"I don't need the recipe. I've already learned how to make them. My husband taught me."

"Your husband taught you. Then you must have a jewel of a husband."

A smile of satisfaction was playing around her lips as the new bride answered, "Yes, I do have. And I am trying hard to be a good wife, too." ■■

The Amish In Europe

by **David Luthy**

PART 1: The Origin of the Amish

The history of the Amish began in Switzerland in 1525 when a few deeply religious and brave men defied the Protestant State Church's authority and established a church of believers in adult baptism, non-resistance, rejection of oaths, and use of the ban. Because they did not believe that baptism of children was baptism at all and baptized only adults, they were given the nickname of "Wiedertäufer" in German, or "Anabaptists" in English. But they preferred to call themselves "Swiss Brethren."

Immediately after they had established their church of free believers, the Swiss Brethren began to be persecuted by the State Church and the civil government which at that time were closely connected as Church and State. The Swiss Brethren were forbidden to hold church services. When they did and the authorities found out, arrests were made. The first of the Swiss Brethren to give his life for the faith was one of its founders, Felix Manz. He was drowned by the authorities on January 5, 1527. All throughout Switzerland the Swiss Brethren were hunted down as if they were desperate criminals instead of peace-loving Christians. Nearly a thousand were put to death for their faith.

Switzerland was divided into almost two dozen states known as cantons. They were semi-independent of one another but loosely joined in a confederation. The degree of persecution differed more or less from canton to canton. In Canton Bern, which is the most important canton to Amish history, the death penalty for being a member of the Swiss Brethren was used until 1571. The reason that the authorities stopped using it was that it made the citizens too sympathetic with the Swiss Brethren. Many citizens felt it was too harsh a means to use to bring the Swiss Brethren back into the State Church.

The abolishment of the death penalty did not mean that the Swiss Brethren were no longer persecuted. The government continued to condemn them and to capture and imprison them. One certain way of detecting whether a person was a member of the Swiss Brethren or loyal to the State Church was to ask him to swear an oath of allegiance to the government. Any member of the State Church would do this, but none of the Swiss Brethren would swear an oath as they felt the Bible forbade them to. This method of detection was commonly used to "weed out" the Swiss Brethren. In fact it was the policy for many years in Canton Bern for the State Church ministers to once a year require that all the people in their parish swear the oath of allegiance. This way the ministers could discover if anyone had joined the Swiss Brethren in the past year.

Whenever one of the Swiss Brethren was captured, he was put in prison. There he was frequently visited by ministers of the State Church who tried to persuade him to give up his faith. If after a considerable length of time this did not bring the desired results, the prisoner was turned over to the torturers. If the prisoner still remained steadfast in his faith, he was taken to the border of the canton and banished—being told that he lost all rights to citizenship and was never to return. But the prisoner usually had a family living in the canton so he slipped back into the canton under the cover of darkness and returned home. Often after a period of time he was captured a second time and banished again. Sometimes his whole family was banished with him. Their property was seized by the government and they were sent on their way with what little they could carry.

A form of persecution, considered by many as worse than the death penalty, was to sell Swiss Brethren as slaves. They were taken to Italy and sold as slaves to pull the oars on the galleys. Canton Bern used this form of punishment several times, especially for men who had been banished several times but repeatedly returned to the canton. Two Swiss Brethren, Preacher Hans Luthy and Niklaus Baumgartner, from Canton Bern are known to have died while galley slaves. Several others lived through the experience and were released after several years of slavery. This inhuman penalty was not meted out by the government of Canton Bern very often because of the protests from private citizens and even other nations.

The Swiss Brethren lived as best they could in beautiful, mountainous Canton Bern. Even though the government and the State Church were very intolerant of them, it was their native home. They had no desire to move elsewhere even when banished. They knew of no country which would grant them religious freedom. They heard of Brethren in other countries who were suffering just like they were. They must have often thought of Jesus' words: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

But by the middle of the 1600's a door of hope opened for the Swiss Brethren. It came as a result of a very destructive war in Europe— the Thirty Years' War. The war had begun in 1618 as a religious war between the German Catholics and the German Protestants. But after a few years it also became a political war and involved all the major nations of Europe (but not Switzerland). What we know today as modern Germany served as the main battleground from Alsace on the southwest to the heart of Germany. After thirty years of fighting, peace finally came in 1648. Germany was left in a terrible condition. Whole cities, towns, villages, and farms had been destroyed. More than half the people in Germany had died either from the fighting or from starvation. Two-thirds of the property had been destroyed. The people who survived saw their country in a most pitiable and helpless condition. They paled at the thought of attempting to rebuild their ruined cities and battered farms.

Just before the war had ended the Swiss Brethren from Canton Bern began quietly crossing the Jura Mountains along the canton's north border and entered neighboring Alsace. This thumb-shaped country about the size of Delaware had been hard hit during the war. Its ruler was glad to have the Swiss Brethren settle in his territory and become renters on his estates. When the peace which ended the war recognized only three religions for Europe—Catholic, Lutheran, and Reformed

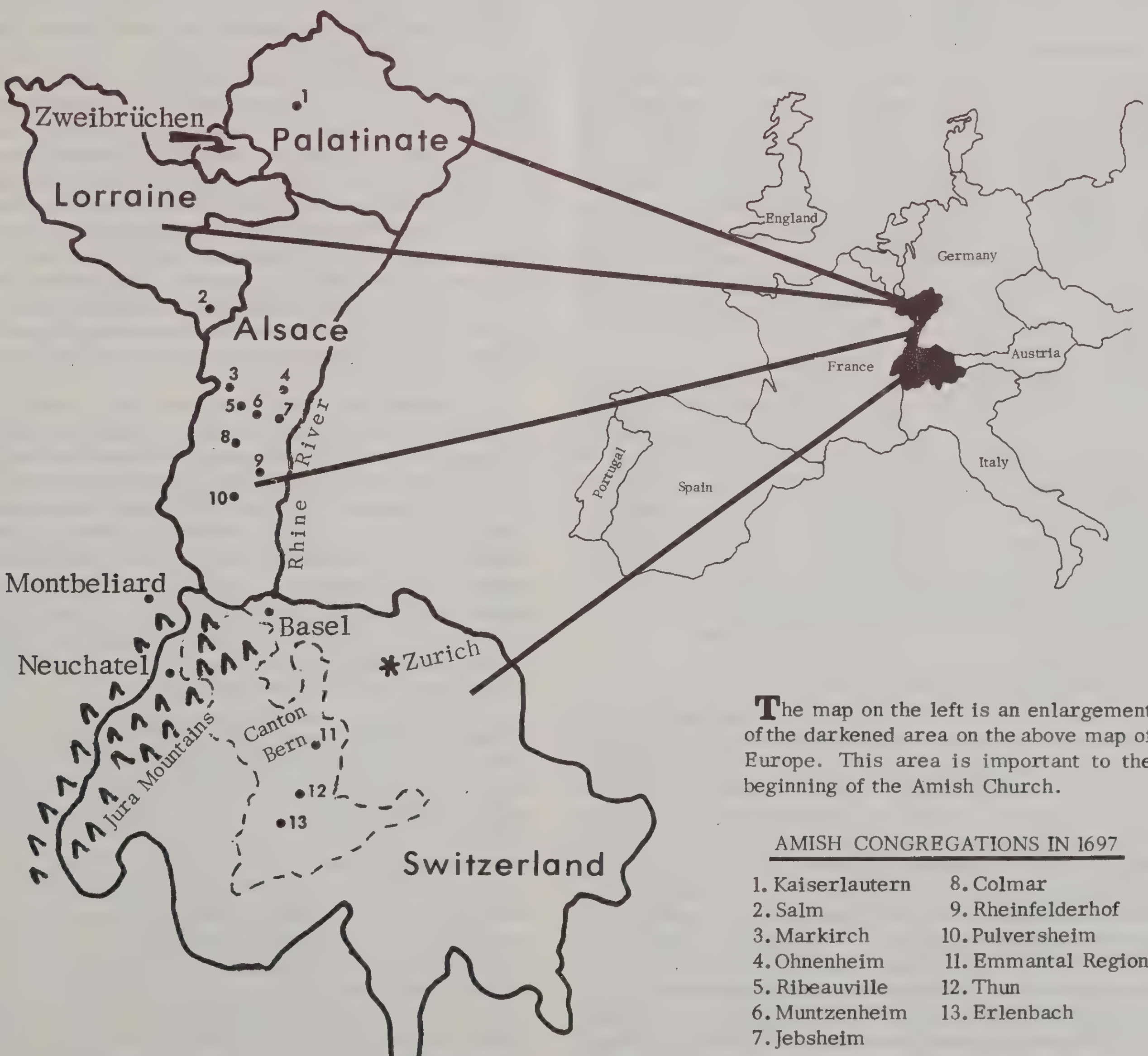
(Calvinism)— the ruler in Alsace paid no attention. He allowed more Swiss Brethren to settle on his lands. He was happy for anyone who would help repopulate Alsace and build the agriculture back up to the height it had had before the war. He realized that the more people who lived in Alsace the more crops would be grown and the more taxes and rent he could collect. What their religion was did not seem important to him, especially if they lived peacefully with their neighbors as the Swiss Brethren did.

During the next fifty years hundreds of Swiss Brethren immigrated to Alsace. Some of the family names were Eicher, Graber, Kauffmann, Liechty, Luthy, Miller, Roth, Stoll, Wenger, Wittmer, and Yoder. The earliest settlers were scattered and looked to Switzerland for bishops to come each year to hold communion, to baptize, and to marry. Before very long,enough had settled in Alsace that congregations could be formed. Since the Swiss Brethren came into Alsace as renters, not land owners, they had to take the land where it was available. This meant that often there was quite a distance between the families. When they met for Sunday worship once or twice a month it was always at a different farm and a long walk for most. Because the members lived over a large area, it is difficult today to pin point exactly where the congregations were. But taking certain towns as central points, it can be determined that eight congregations were established.

All eight congregations were in the southern half of Alsace, for it alone was independent. The northern half had been seized by France during the Thirty Years' War and was no longer independent. (See map this page.) The congregation with the largest membership was centered at Pulversheim. But the largest concentration of Swiss Brethren in Alsace was in the area around Colmar where six congregations were established. The third area was near Markirch not far from the border of Lorraine where a single congregation was made.

Another country into which the Swiss Brethren settled at the end of the Thirty Years' War was the Palatinate. It was an independent territory directly north of Alsace. It, too, had been severely damaged and depopulated during the war. Its ruler was eager for people to move into his country. Hundred of Swiss Brethern immigrated to the Palatinate. One Historian writes: "Among them were cripples, old persons up to 90 years of age, and families with as many as twelve children. Most came without money or possessions and carried all they owned on their backs and their small children in their arms." When they were asked why they had not fled from Switzerland sooner, two reasons were given: 1.) despite persecution the faith had spread like "a rose among thorns;" 2.) it was hard to think of moving to an unknown land and to part with relatives even if they were not of the same faith.

Most of the Swiss Brethren who moved into the



The map on the left is an enlargement of the darkened area on the above map of Europe. This area is important to the beginning of the Amish Church.

AMISH CONGREGATIONS IN 1697

1. Kaiserlautern
2. Salm
3. Markirch
4. Ohnenheim
5. Ribeauville
6. Muntzenheim
7. Jebsheim
8. Colmar
9. Rheinfelderhof
10. Pulversheim
11. Emmantal Region
12. Thun
13. Erlenbach

Palatinate were poor in material things for they had been forced to leave their property behind. The Mennonites in Holland heard about their poverty and sent them aid. They themselves had suffered persecution but by now were tolerated by the Dutch government and were in a position to help. Several visited the Swiss Brethren in the Palatinate, among them the bishop Tielmann van Braght who only a few years before had compiled the large book containing accounts of martyrs which is known today as **Der Martyrer Spiegel** or **The Martyrs Mirror.**

In the Palatinate the Swiss Brethren found relief from severe persecution but not complete religious freedom. They were restricted in various ways, one of which was that they could not meet in groups larger than twenty people. But even this must have seemed better than in their native Switzerland where they had not been allowed to assemble at all. Also, they were heavily taxed by the ruler of the Palatinate for their refusal to perform military service.

The third country into which the Swiss Brethren settled after the Thirty Years' War was Lorraine. This independent country with a German-speaking population bordered France to the south and Alsace to the east. These Swiss Brethren may have been a movement of families from Markirch just over the border in Alsace or it may have been a new group of emigrants from Canton Bern. But it was likely an outgrowth of the Markirch congregation. A single congregation was organized in the late 1600's near Salm in Lorraine.

Thus, by the 1690's the Swiss Brethren from Canton Bern had established congregations in Alsace, the Palatinate, and Lorraine. The largest number were in Alsace, and Alsace was soon to take on an important role in the founding of the Amish Church. It is not known for certain in what year the young Swiss Brethren bishop, Jacob Ammann, moved from Canton Bern to Alsace. But his name appears by 1696 in the records of the Markirch congregation. During 1693-1697 he was involved in discussions with other Swiss Brethren ministers and bishops about church doctrines and discipline. As a result of this the Swiss Brethren divided into two groups. Those who followed the leadership of Jacob Ammann were called "Amish"; the other side has historically come down to us simply as "Mennonite." (For details concerning the division see "The Amish Division of 1693" in **Family Life,** Oct. 1971.)

It was in Alsace that Jacob Ammann found his largest following, for all eight of the congregations with 20 of the 22 ministers sided with him. The single congregation in Lorraine did, too. But in the Palatinate and Switzerland the majority took the Mennonite side. In the Palatinate the Amish had just one congregation near the town of Kaiserlautern. In Switzerland they had three congregations—all in Canton Bern: Erlenbach, Thun, and a small one in the Emmental region. As the century turned from the 1600's to the 1700's the Amish had a total of 13 congregations in four countries of Europe.

PART 2: Forced To Seek New Homes

Just before the turn of the century and for several years afterward, some Amish families began to leave Alsace and to return to their native Canton Bern, Switzerland. A famine had occurred in Alsace and also the southern portion of the country had been seized by France just as the northern half had been some time earlier. Since France was a Catholic nation, the Amish began to feel uneasy about the religious privileges they had enjoyed in Alsace for fifty years. So, some families began returning to Switzerland. Not a great number of families but enough that the authorities in Canton Bern became aware of it. For almost two centuries they had tried to rid the canton of the Swiss Brethren. Now they were faced with the fact that some who had left were actually returning. Likely out of utter frustration the authorities wrote an almost unbelievable letter to the Dutch East India Company in Holland which at that time was the world's foremost shipping and trading company. The letter, dated May 17, 1699, asked the company if it would be possible to ship the Swiss Brethren (Amish and Mennonites) to some remote island in the East Indies. Undoubtedly the authorities felt this extreme measure would rid the canton once and for all of the Swiss Brethren, as it would be too far away for them to return. No one knows if the Dutch East India Company took the letter seriously and ever answered it. At any rate the proposal was never carried out.

Eleven years later, however, (1710) the authorities did put 58 Swiss Brethren forcibly onto a ship with the intention of sending them to America. The ship sailed down the Rhine River past Alsace, past the Palatinate, and into Holland. There the Dutch officials put an end to the deed by freeing the captives. Most of them went to their brethren in the Palatinate but some bravely returned to their homes in Canton Bern.

By 1711 the authorities' patience had run out. Hundreds of Amish and Mennonites were in prison in Canton Bern. The government was desperate to know what to do with them as it was quite an expense to feed them and to capture them as was happening regularly. The government could have chosen to tolerate the Swiss Brethren's religion, but that was out of the question in their opinion. Banishment was the only solution they could think of. So, when the Dutch representative in Canton Bern suggested that the prisoners be freed and allowed to settle in Holland, the Swiss government eagerly agreed. The financing of the trip was generously provided for by the Dutch Mennonites. The day of departure was set for July 13, 1711. The destination was Amsterdam, Holland.

When the day arrived, four ships were filled with the banished Amish and Mennonites. Because the Amish had placed the Mennonites in the ban at the time of the division, they did not travel on the same boats as the Mennonites. None of the Swiss Brethren boarded the ships joyfully. They loved their mountainous homeland—its peaks, valleys, and forests. They did not look forward to living in Holland, a land so different from their own—a lowland barely able to keep itself from being swallowed by the sea. An historian writes of this departure: "It was not easy for the exiles to see the last view of the Jura Mountains pass into the distance. A sadness came over them which was not taken away by thoughts of entering the land where freedom of worship would be guaranteed. Despite the cruelness of the government few of them really wanted to leave."

The number of Swiss Brethren who arrived at Amsterdam was approximately 530. The great majority of them were Amish, for many Mennonites had left the ships at towns along the way and gone to their brethren in the Palatinate. The Dutch Mennonites gave the exiles a warm welcome and generous financial aid. They helped both the Amish and Mennonites get settled as renters on farms. The majority of Amish located on farms around the city of Groningen which had an abundance of farms to rent because of crop failures the previous two years. Some also located near Kampen and some near Deventer. Congregations were established only at Groningen and Kampen for after a short while the Deventer Amish relocated at the other two locations. (The Swiss Mennonites located near Harlingen but did not have a large enough group to establish permanent roots. They moved to the Palatinate two years after arriving in Holland.)

During this same period of persecution and banishment, some other Amish in Canton Bern fled to the Jura Mountains which formed the northwest border of the canton separating it from France and Alsace. Since the Amish lived in the central and southern portions of the canton, this was quite a move for them. When they reached the Jura Mountains, some went northeast into the semi-independent Bishopric of Basel and some went south into the duchy of Neuchatel which was owned at the time by Prussia. Especially in Neuchatel the Amish found relief from severe persecution; in Basel only very temporary relief was found. Thus, by 1712 Amish were found at the following locations in Europe: Holland, the Palatinate, Lorraine, Alsace, Basel, Neuchatel, and Switzerland. (All these settlements stemmed back to Canton Bern, Switzerland where in 1712 there were yet a few Amish living but after 1750 none.)

In 1712 the main concentration of Amish was still in Alsace, but this was soon to change almost overnight. At the time they had settled in Alsace it had been independent. Now it was a part of France. The problem of military service once more arose. Twice the Amish leader Jacob Ammann presented a petition to the French government asking that the Amish be exempted. Both times the government had exempted them but required that they pay a special tax each year. This tax was undoubtedly a burden for the Amish families but they rejoiced that the government had allowed them this way out. But this privilege soon had a way of working against the Amish. The local citizens resented that the Amish had been exempted and were envious that the Amish had the money to pay the tax. What little money the Amish had they had acquired through hard work and had not wasted it as some of their neighbors did. Yet these neighbors were envious and put pressure on local officials who then wrote the king in Paris for the government's opinion in the matter. The Secretary of State responded saying that King Louis the Fourteenth was in no way ready to tolerate the Amish since they did not belong to one of the three religions specified in the peace treaty at the end of the Thirty Years' War. Furthermore he said that the Amish should be expelled from Alsace and not allowed to settle in any other province of France. The letter was dated August 13, 1712, a year and a month after the Amish had been forced to leave Switzerland for Holland. The Secretary of State sent a second letter in September stating that this was definitely the King's command.

This royal order of expulsion came as a very heavy blow to the Amish in Alsace. Many of them had distinct memories of when they had left their native Switzerland and come to Alsace. Now they were being forced to pick up and move again. They must have thought, "Where to now? For how long?" And the sorrow of leaving was not just on the part of the Amish. The ruler of the area near Markirch very reluctantly obeyed the King's command. And when he finally told the Amish that they must leave, he gave each a certificate which said that they had lived honorable lives, worked hard, lived at peace with their neighbors, and had been forced to leave only because of their religious beliefs.

Some of the expelled Amish settled in Lorraine whose border joined Alsace near Markirch. The Salm congregation was strengthened by the new arrivals and three new congregations were formed: Welschland, German-Lorraine, and Bitscherland. Another region in which the Amish settled at this time was the tiny country of Zweibrücken. It was in the southwest corner of the Palatinate not far from Alsace. It may also have been at this time that the second Amish congregation in the Palatinate was founded near Essingen. (It was at this congregation that two Amish general ministers' meetings or "Diener Versammlungen" were held in 1759 and 1779.)

The third territory into which the Amish now settled as a result of the expulsion was Montbeliard. It was a little west of the southern tip of Alsace. Today it is part of France but at that time it was ruled by a duke from Austria. The Amish settled on his estates as renters. He allowed them quite a bit of religious freedom, exempting them from the oath and military service. He also permitted them to have their own school and cemetery, but he made it clear that they were only being tolerated and refused to give them any written guarantees or contracts. Congregations were formed near the towns of Montbeliard and Florimont. Some years later congregations were also established at Belfort, Montreux, and LaMaie. The Amish in the Montbeliard territory had close connections with the Amish at Basel and Neuchatel as they were not far distant.

The fourth place where the Amish began to move soon after the expulsion from Alsace was a major undertaking because of the great distance they had to travel to reach it and the hardships they had to bear. The country was America. Some years earlier William Penn, the Quaker leader and founder of Pennsylvania, had travelled through the area along the Rhine River inviting the Amish and Mennonites to come to his tract of land in the New World where there would be freedom of religion for all. This undoubtedly sounded inviting to the Amish, but they also heard tales about the dangerous ocean crossing and the wild Indians who lived in America. Besides, it was so far away; what if they would get there and discover they were worse off than in Europe, how would they ever get back? There was no doubt in the Amish people's minds that their religion was very restricted in Europe, but few thought moving to America was the solution. Those few, though, did move to America. Between 1720 and 1755 about 300 Amish (including children) crossed the ocean and settled in Pennsylvania. Likely more would have followed had the French and Indian War not begun in 1755, killing some Amish in Pennsylvania and scaring the ones in Europe away from America's shore.

Most, but not all, Amish left Alsace because of the expulsion of 1712. Some were allowed to stay as a result of protests made by noblemen who did not like to lose such hard-working renters. The king who had expelled the Amish was dead and the new king, Louis the Fifteenth, agreed to allow a certain number of Amish to remain, providing they did not increase in number. As soon as the children were grown they must leave. In this way the remaining Amish in Alsace were restricted but not driven out. But as time would tell this was a very poor arrangement for them to live under.

PART 3: On the Move Again

At the time of the expulsion of Amish from Switzerland in 1711 and Alsace in 1712 the German-speaking portion of Europe contained over 300 independent and semi-independent countries. Some like Prussia were quite large while some like Zweibrücken were only made up of a few square miles. Such a vast amount of territories gave the persecuted Amish the opportunity of finding a ruler who would tolerate them within his territory. But the problem remained that often their freedom was very short-lived for when the ruler died or was defeated, another ruler replaced him who was not as sympathetic. There were no written constitutions with any guarantees for the Amish. They were at the mercy of the ruler in whose land they settled.

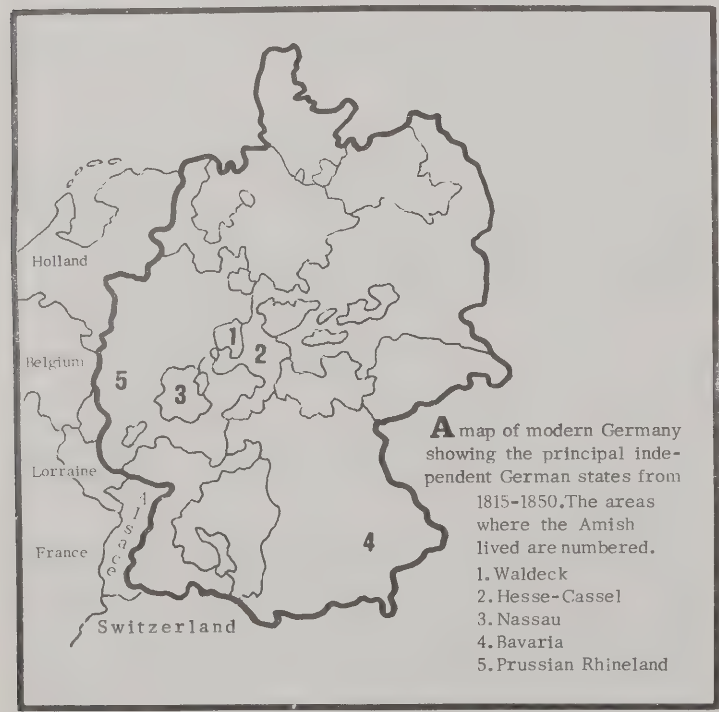
Although the Amish had been persecuted by the Protestant State Church in their native Switzerland, they always tended to migrate into countries ruled by Protestants rather than Catholics. They did not feel the Catholics would be sympathetic to them at all. So when Alsace came under the rule of Catholic France in 1681, Lorraine in 1766, and Montbeliard in 1789, they felt they were in for real trouble. As has already been shown, they were expelled from Alsace by the Catholic king, Louis the Fourteenth, in 1712. But his successor, Louis the Fifteenth also a Catholic, allowed some Amish to remain in Alsace. And surprisingly enough when he gained control of Lorraine in 1766 he asked about the Amish living there and allowed them to remain as the report was favorable.

In the end it was the ungodliness in France, not the Catholics, which chased the Amish out of Lorraine and Montbeliard. In 1789 the French peasants overthrew the king and set up a democratic government which denounced all religion. Catholics, as well as Protestants, were persecuted. This was known as the French Revolution and went on from 1789 to 1796. It frightened the peace-loving Amish to see the whole social structure being overthrown and thousands of noblemen killed by mobs of peasants.

The change of government in France from a monarchy to a republic brought up the problem again of military service and the oath. After much petitioning, the Montbeliard Amish were released from swearing the oath by substituting a promise with a handshake. But on the military question, the government said they must serve in the army but need not carry a gun. Historically the Amish rejected all military service. Now some ministers and members weakened and agreed to the government's command. But many Amish did not. They, as their forefathers, began to search for a new home.

Another reason why the Amish began to leave Lorraine and Montbeliard was that they were now owned by France and the French language was being taught in the schools. The Amish did not care to give up their German language. Thus it was only natural that they once more sought refuge in German-speaking countries. In 1791 at least six Amish families left Montbeliard for Volhynia in Poland (now part of Russia). It was a very long overland journey. Its remoteness from other Amish settlements is likely one reason it eventually lost its Amish character.

Most Amish, however, did not make as radical a move as going to Volhynia. They turned instead to what we know today as Germany but at that time was yet made up of many independent states. As early as 1730 Amish had moved into the independent state of Waldeck. Three congregations developed during the next years near the towns of Waldeck, Wittgenstein, and Bereleburg. Then around 1780 Amish began moving into Hesse-Cassel, the state which bordered Waldeck on the east and south. Congregations were founded near Marburg and Wiesbaden. Around 1800 a number of Amish families located in the northern and eastern parts of Nassau which was a duchy southwest of Waldeck but did not adjoin it. Around 1808 Amish began to settle in Bavaria, one of Germany's largest states. The government there had been under Catholic control until 1799 when Maximilian Joseph became King of Bavaria. His native land was tiny Zweibrücken and he had known and liked the Amish who lived there. During his reign as King of Bavaria from 1799 to 1825 he invited Amish from France to settle there and granted them religious freedom. Three congregations were established near the towns of Ingolstadt, Regensburg, and Munich. Finally around 1810 Amish located near the town of Neuwied in the Rhineland which was a province of Prussia, the largest independent state of Germany.



A map of modern Germany showing the principal independent German states from 1815-1850. The areas where the Amish lived are numbered.
1. Waldeck
2. Hesse-Cassel
3. Nassau
4. Bavaria
5. Prussian Rhineland

During the years when the Amish were moving into Germany and establishing congregations, war was once more raging in Europe. The democratic government had fallen in France and was replaced by a dictatorship with Napoleon Bonaparte as the central figure. He set out in 1796 to conquer as much of Europe as possible and to be the ruler of a vast empire. One of his main opponents was Prussia which was just as militarily inclined as France The Amish were caught living in the area between the powerful contenders. The ever reoccurring problem of military service arose again.

The Napoleonic War went on until 1815 with France attempting to conquer Prussia, Austria, Russia, England, and numerous smaller states. When it finally ended with the defeat of France, Prussia became the leading power in Europe. Suddenly the more than 300 independent states of Central Europe were reduced to 38. And there was talk on Prussia's part of reducing them until there was one unified German nation. The Amish felt very uncomfortable with the situation. They had been used to having hundreds of territories to flee into during times of persecution. Now the possibility of finding tolerant rulers was greatly reduced. And the rumor of a single unified German state frightened them even more.

During the next 50 years the Prussians kept working at their goal of unification and by 1866 they had created the nation we know today as Germany. During those 50 years the Prussian leaders made strict draft laws and stressed nationalism. The Amish now left Central Europe by the thousands. They turned to a land far away, a land most of them had never seriously considered until now—America. From 1815 to 1860 three thousand Amish made it their new home.

Why hadn't the Amish immigrated to America sooner? It has already been pointed out that the French and Indian War which was raging from 1755 to 1763 scared the Amish from America's shores. Then a few years later the Amish in Europe heard that the Thirteen American Colonies were rebelling against the King of England; war that time lasted from 1775 to 1783 and once more kept the Amish away. Then came the War of 1812 which involved America once more with England. But when it ended in 1815 the Amish in Europe seriously considered coming to America. They had to move somewhere. They had tried for several generations to find a haven of religious freedom in Europe, but every place had proven only temporary. Now they heard that America had a constitution which guaranteed freedom of religion to all, not just to Catholics, Lutherans, and Calvinists. They also heard of how large America was and that land was cheap to buy. For the most part they had been renters in Europe; in America they could own land. They heard, too, that their Amish brethren in America lived in more closeknit groups than was possible in Europe. So, they turned with hope to America as the next stop on their pilgrimage in quest of religious freedom—a pilgrimage which had begun in their native Switzerland and taken them through eleven countries in Europe.

NEXT MONTH: "Coming to America and Those Who Stayed Behind."

God's loving hand is everywhere
On every busy thoroughfare...
On mountain heights, in valleys low,
On desert sands, in swirling snow,
In velvet green that clothes the hills,
In tender buds, and songbirds trills;
And summer, winter, spring, and fall,
God's loving hand directs them all.
The things we see, touch, know and feel
Prove God is present and He's real,
And oh, how blest to understand
We're kept by God's own loving hand!

FIRE IN THE ZURICH HILLS

This is a condensed version of the story which gives a gripping account of the early days of the Anabaptist movement. It is the cold stark facts about the times of persecution in which our forefathers lived. Information for the story has been taken from the court records of Zurich, and every major inciden actually happened.

The condensed version will appear in Family Life in eight installments. The complete book, when it is ready will give more details on some of the happenings. The book should be available in the fall of 1973.

Chapter 4

By Joseph Stoll

THE STORY THUS FAR:

Marx Boshart was a grape farmer who lived with his wife, Regula, in the village of Zollikon, a suburb of Zurich in Switzerland. Marx found himself surrounded by the Anabaptist movement which was only then beginning to emerge. He was determined not to become involved, for he was married only three months and had his wife and the vineyard to take care of. When Marx spent considerable time visiting with his brother-in-law, Fridli Shumacher, Regula became alarmed and pleaded, "But I don't want you in prison." Marx reassured her by saying, "It won't affect my life. I'm not a religious man."

A debate was held in Zurich between the leader of the state church, Ulrich Zwingli and the Anabaptists. As a result of this debate the council of Zurich passed a law that anyone who rebaptized or was rebaptized, was to be banished from the land. Also anyone who refused to baptize their babies.

It so happened that a forbidden Anabaptist meeting was held in the house where Marx lived. The services were conducted by George Blaurock and Felix Manz, the two leaders of the Anabaptist movement. Grandfather Hottinger and a number of other persons were baptized. In the days that followed, others were baptized and Marx and Regula felt that they, too, should repent and live a new life. After struggling with the problem for some time, they gave themselves up and were baptized.

The church at Zollikon was growing. George Blaurock became so bold that he tried to take over the pulpit from the village pastor and preach to the people in the state church. But he was rebuffed by the congregation and the bailif, Hans Wuerst threatened to throw him into prison.

When the Zurich council learned of what had happened, they sent soldiers to gather up the persons who had been rebaptized. Marx, along with many others, was taken to Zurich and cast into prison.

The entire group was determined to be steadfast, but after several weeks of imprisonment and a number of sessions with the smooth talking Zwingli they consented to quit baptizing and not to gather again for church services.

Marx and the others were glad to get home again to their families but their conscience bothered them greatly. There was also a fine to pay. After a few weeks, Georg Blaurock appeared again in the village and the old zeal returned.

On Feb. 25, 1525, a large group of the believers of Zollikon gathered in Hans Murer's house to hear Georg Blaurock preach. Quite a few people were baptized.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8, looked like it might turn out to be the warmest day of the budding spring. The sky was clear except for a few cream puffs overhead, and the sun's rays pressed down directly upon the dirty snowbanks that still lingered on the hillside. A soft breeze from the south added strength to the sun's persuasion.

The day was Ash Wednesday. Pastor Billeter would follow the traditional pattern of blessing the ashes that had been saved from the burned palms of last year's Palm Sunday. Then he would take the ashes and mark a cross on the foreheads of the congregation, saying, "Remember, man, that dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return."

But not all the villagers were headed toward the church. A large group came down the hill toward the house of Hans Murer by the lakeside. Today, once again, Pastor Billeter's would not be the only services in Zollikon.

Marx and Regula walked together down the hill. Marx saw many strangers from neighboring villages, some he had not met before.

The Bosharts waited outside.

When Marx looked up again, the door opened and his grandfather came out of the house, followed closely by Jörg Schad and Rudolf Rutschman— the ministers that had been chosen to lead the church. Grandfather Hottinger shaded his eyes for a moment against the sun and then addressed those who were standing outside.

"Today the house is not large enough," he announced. "The sun is warm, and we have decided to gather in the open in brother Murer's orchard." He motioned with his hand toward the apple trees by the lakeside.

People poured from the house, and Grandfather led the way toward the orchard. Marx and Regula followed with the rest.

In the middle of the orchard there was a little knoll, and here the long grass was surprisingly dry. Grandfather motioned the people to be seated in a half-circle, and then he addressed them. His words came slowly, as if he were weighing each one separately.

"To meet in the open air is a new experience for us," he began, "but we can read in the New Testament that Jesus preached to five thousand one day, seated on the grass just as we are here. Surely this is a good place to worship God, for we can see His creation all about us."

Grandfather paused in his speaking, and Marx listened for a moment to the sounds of nature round about them. Blackbirds were twittering in the branches above their heads, and farther off a raven was cawing steadily, its voice not exactly musical yet carrying the message of spring. From the direction of the village came the cackling of chickens in someone's henyard, and then the loud honk of a gander. Marx heard the ripple of the Nebelbach where the waters of the melting snowbanks went tumbling through the little creek toward Lake Zurich.

Peaceful. That was the word to describe the scene in the orchard. Marx closed his eyes, and wished it could go on forever— the quiet gathering of villagers squatted on the grass to hear the Word of God, the lapping of the waves on the lakeshore just below them, the warm sun beating comfortably down upon them. Why could there not be peace always? Why did the peacefulness have to be spoiled by memories of those cold nights in prison, the harsh threats of the council, the honeyed words of Ulrich Zwingli. Why must the future be so uncertain, and so clouded with fear?

Marx's thoughts came back to the present as Grandfather called for prayer. Silently, with only a rustling of dried grass, the worshipers turned and knelt in prayer. Grandfather Hottinger's voice faltered as he prayed to God for wisdom, for the guidance of the Holy Spirit in the days to come, for courage to stand firm in the faith even if it brought persecution.

Young Jörg Schad got up to preach. He spoke more rapidly than Grandfather and in a softer voice. It seemed as if the wind would snatch the words from his lips. Marx leaned forward to hear better, and he saw that others were doing the same.

The young preacher warmed to his subject, and began to speak louder. His voice was earnest and filled with emotion. Jörg Schad was a farmer and a farmer's son, and many in the audience were surprised that he could preach so well. But what amazed Marx was not that Jörg could preach, but that he was a changed man.

Following the sermon the congregation sat silently upon the grass while preparations were made to observe the Lord's Supper. Hans Murer and his son carred a small table from the house and set it in the midst of the people. Hans' wife followed with two loaves of bread and a goblet of wine, and these she placed on the table. The sun's beams shone at a slant through the wine, bringing out its rich red color.

Out under the apple trees, seated on the grass, a hundred men and women partaking of communion in broad daylight— Marx Boshart found it hard to believe it was not just a dream. Johann Brotli had thought the church in Zollikon was dead. "I wish Johann could be here today," mused Marx.

Grandfather appeared tired, but satisfied, as they started up the hill toward their homes. "This may be a problem," he said, "The group becoming so large. When the weather isn't nice we can't meet outside, then what shall we do?"

IT WAS A GOOD QUESTION, and the following Sunday it needed an answer. Early in the morning the villagers from across the hills began flocking into Zollikon, headed for Hans Murer's house by the lake. It was not hard to see that the house would be too small. To add to the problem, a cold rain began to fall, a drizzle from the northeast that promised to last all day.

The leaders of the church had arrived early, and they counciled what could be done. At last a decision was reached. There would be two meetings during the forenoon. Jacob Hottinger and the tailor's helper, Hans Bichter, would stay at the Murer home, while Jörg Schad and Rudolf Rutschman would gather with a second group in Uli Hottinger's house. But this was not all that was planned for the day. There was much whispering and nodding of heads.

Marx and Regula Boshart stayed at the Murer home. Grandfather read from the Bible, and admonished the brethren. Then Hans Bichter preached.

At the appointed hour a messenger was sent out to investigate. He soon came back and hurried forward to the two ministers. "Yes, he's left," Marx heard him say.

At this word, the entire group pulled on their coats and caps and got ready to step out into the rain. The ministers led the way, and when they reached Gstad Street they paused a moment to wait on the second group coming down the hill from the Hottinger home, Jörg Schad in the lead. The combined group now set out for the other end of the village.

Within minutes they arrived at the church house. Pastor Billeter had indeed left for Zurich, but a few late stragglers were visiting together in the church. They looked up in surprise as the doors suddenly filled with people coming in. A few of them beat a hurried retreat, but others gave in to their curiosity and sat down to hear what these preachers would say.

Marx felt tense. He could see that others were nervous too. The ministers mounted the platform, and the service began. Here in the church there was room to spare. But this was not to be an ordinary preaching service. The brethren had gathered for a special purpose— to baptize.

An hour later the service was drawing to a close. Already the noon hour had passed. A feeling of astonishment was running through the audience. Marx could feel it. No one had disrupted the meeting, and Jörg Schad had baptized no less than forty persons! In the village church!

Before dismissing the brethren, Jacob Hottinger made a brief announcement. "As all of us know," he began, "our dear brother Johann Brotli wrote a letter to us some time ago, asking that we send to him some of his belongings that he left here in Fridli Schumacher's shop. We ministers have counciled about the matter and we feel we should send a brother or two to Hallau, not only to deliver his things to him, but also to inform him of the way the church is growing here in Zollikon."

Grandfather sat down. Marx wondered who would be asked to make the journey, and what Johann would say when he heard about the baptizing in the village church house.

Grandfather spoke again. "It does not matter really who goes, but we have been thinking of Felix Kienast and Marx Boshart, if they would be willing."

Marx felt the back of his neck grow warm. Go to Hallau to visit Brotli? The thought was exciting, but it was also frightening. He had never been out of the canton in his life. Could he go? But if the church desired it.....

A few minutes later, as Marx walked through the drizzle toward home with his wife by his side, his mind was still dazed. "What...what do you think?" he asked Regula. He turned so he could see her face.

Regula was blinking back the tears. "Wouldn't... wouldn't it be dangerous?" she asked.

Danger? Marx had heard of travelers being robbed and beaten along the way. But then he thought of something else, and at once his mind was made up.

"Look, Regula," he explained. "After today's services in the church house, we can expect some reaction from the Zurich council. To leave for Hallau tomorrow is probably the safest thing I can do."

Regula did not reply. Marx guessed that her thoughts were on the nine hard days she had endured while he had been in prison. At last she said, "Maybe you're right."

WHEN RUDI THOMANN heard that forty persons had been baptized in the Zollikon church, he was terribly upset. The news reached him before Marx and Regula arrived home. He met them at the door, his face red, his jaws working.

"The nerve!" he sputtered. "Some people are too thick-skulled to learn a lesson any other way than the hard way."

Marx did not answer, but led his wife to the front room. Rudi followed. Marx removed his wet coat and hung it in front of the fireplace to dry.

"The other time when Georg Blaurock entered the church, the police came the next day and arrested half of Zollikon, almost," continued Rudi. "What's going to happen this time, I'd like to know."

Regula shivered, whether from the cold wetness or from fear of her father, Marx could not know.

"I know," Marx admitted. "It probably looks foolish to you. But then, you weren't there, so you can't understand."

"I can tell you this much, Marx," said Rudi, his voice rising. "I haven't any confidence in Zwingli's church program any more than you do, but I can't see any sense in running to the other extreme. Why can't you be a little more careful what you do, and not offend the Zurich council more than you have to? No point in being rash, that I can see. If these things were kept quiet, there'd be a chance of surviving. If you're bound to make fools of yourselves, Zwingli will have your heads off in no time."

"But...but..." Marx faltered. How could he explain? "Don't you see," he tried again. "..Don't you see that we have to fear God more than men? When the Bible says to repent and be baptized, does that mean secretly or does it mean openly?"

FELIX KIENAST CAME over Sunday evening, and told Marx he would not be ready to go till Tuesday morning. "There are too many things to get ready," he explained. "We would get a very late start if we planned to go tomorrow."

LONG BEFORE DAYBREAK Tuesday morning Marx and Regula were up. Regula prepared a light breakfast and packed some cheese and bread for Marx to eat on the way. A fine sleet was beating at the window, and Marx pulled on his heavy coat. The air was damp and biting, but walking would no doubt warm the travelers.

Felix Kienast appeared at the door, carrying the two bags of Brotli's belongings. He also had a letter that Grandfather Hottinger had written for Johann.

"Let's be on our way," urged Marx. He pulled Regula into the kitchen. "Good-by," he whispered. "And don't forget to pray."

"I won't forget."

THERE WAS STILL no trace of dawn in the overcast sky as the two men started on the road toward Zurich.

An hour later they were skirting the city of Zurich and heading northward still. As they climbed a small hill Marx glanced over his shoulder at the city, just becoming visible in the dull gray of the morning. The twin domes of the Grossmünster Church were clearly silhouetted against Lake Zurich in the background. Among the clustered houses of the city, Marx recognized the gray tower of the Wellenburg, state prison of Zurich.

Zwingli would be there in the Grossmünster right this minute, perhaps studying the Bible, or conferring with fellow pastors. He could come and go as he pleased, assured that the council of Zurich stood behind him, supporting him with the official sword.

But out in the grim old Wellenburg prison, Felix Manz would be in his solitary cell, perhaps waking at this moment to a scant breakfast of bread and cold water. The council still kept him locked up. There would be nothing to break the monotony, only the continual lapping of the waves against the base of this fortress built in the Limmat River.

Marx wondered if Felix Manz would ever be freed from prison. Quite possible he would sicken and die in his cell, and never again have the privilege of coming and going as he pleased. The thought was chilling, and Marx shivered, although a moment earlier as they climbed the hill he had been ready to take off his outer coat.

The two men pushed on. They soon left the city behind them and entered a wooded region. The sun cut through the clouds and the day grew warmer. The sleet that had collected in the ruts of the road now began to glisten and melt.

JOHANN BROTLI CAME rushing out of the house to greet the two tired travelers. He gripped each one's hand, and with the kiss of Christian peace he welcomed them to his home.

"Come in at once," he commanded. "You must be weary. My wife will fix you something to eat. Come rest yourselves and tell me all about the church in Zollikon." There was a note of deep concern in Johann's voice.

Felix Kienast delivered the letter from Grandfather Hottinger, and after Johann had read it, Felix and Marx took turns telling Brotli the Zollikon news. As Johann listened, his face brightened.

"...and on Sunday Jörg Schad baptized forty people in the church," Marx concluded.

Johann Brotli bowed his head in thankful prayer. "May God have all the honor and praise," he said. "This is more than I expected to hear."

For a long time Johann was lost in thought. When he spoke again, the concern had returned to his voice. "But what will happen when Zwingli takes action a second time and has the brethren placed in prison? It is sure to occur, don't you think?"

Marx looked at Felix. Felix nodded his head. "We can hardly expect anything else," he said.

"Then what?" asked Johann in a troubled tone. "Will the brethren be strong enough this time to withstand the pressure?"

Marx and Felix did not know how to answer.

"If...if Zwingli sees how strong the movement is, don't you think he might change sides?" asked Marx at last.

"Strong? In what way is the movement strong?" asked Brotli, glancing up.

"I mean, when he sees how fast it is spreading, how the church is growing— when he sees the change in our lives."

"That way, yes," said Johann. "But remember that from a human viewpoint, we are not strong. We do not

IF YOU ARE GROWING OLD

You're never too old, if you can sing
And smile your hours away;
You're never too old, if you can laugh
At troubles along your way.
What though the years drift on and on,
Leaving your body worn;
You're never too old if you can love,
No matter when you were born.

use force, nor would we fight even if we outnumbered Zwingli's people. We could not overthrow the government even if that were our intention. And that, as Zwingli should know, is the last thing in the world we would do— to fight. The Christian must have love in his heart for all men, with no exceptions. You are right in saying our movement is strong. It is strong because of faith and righteousness and the grace of God toward us."

The evening passed swiftly. Mrs. Brotli also asked many questions about the people of Zollikon. Marx could sense that she was homesick, and Johann too.

"I had hoped to meet Conrad Grebel on this trip," explained Marx. "I really don't know him, though I did see him pass a few times last year when he came out to Grandfather's house. Of course, that was before I was baptized...before I was interested in what Conrad is interested in."

"How long are you planning to stay?"

"Just a few days, not so, Felix?"

Kienast roused himself. "What?" he asked.

"How long can we stay?"

"Yes, several days. It would be nice to be back in Zollikon before Sunday."

"In that case, I am sure we can get to see Conrad Grebel while you are here. If he fails to appear, we can go to Schaffhausen some day and seek him out there."

"That would please me," said Marx.

ON THURSDAY MORNING Marx had stepped outside for a little fresh air, and to see what the weather would be like for the day. He looked up to see a young man approaching. The curious hobbling walk was somehow familiar. Then Marx knew. It was Conrad Grebel.

Marx directed him inside.

Conrad looked tired and worn, and there were dark pockets beneath his eyes. But when he spoke, the words came out full of confidence, strong and quick.

Marx listened closely as Grebel and Brotli discussed the Scriptures. He had seen Conrad several times in Zollikon, but this was the first time he had heard him speak. Marx was amazed by the way Conrad quoted verse after verse. Had he memorized the whole New Testament?

As the forenoon passed swiftly, Marx continued to be impressed by Grebel's knowledge of God's Word and his insight in religious matters. But there was something else that impressed him even more. It was Conrad's complete devotion to his faith. Everything else in life was secondary. Cost what it might, he would be true to Christ, and Christ's words as he understood them.

Conrad was deeply interested in the progress of the Zollikon church. He asked about his friend, Jacob Hottinger. Many other questions, too, came to his mind. Marx and Felix answered them as well as they could.

Toward evening the conversation relaxed a little, and Conrad began to relate of his boyhood. "You didn't know I grew up in the country, did you?" he asked.

Marx was surprised. "No," he replied, "I thought you were a city boy. Your father is Jacob Grebel, not...?"

"Maybe I am a city boy," said Conrad, "but at heart I like the simple country ways the best. It is true, as you say, that I am the son of one of the aristocratic families of Zurich. But I spent part of my boyhood in the country, at Grüningen."

"Grüningen?"

"Yes, my father was the magistrate there for twelve years. During that time the Grebel family lived in the castle there."

Conrad Grebel was reliving the past. "But with all that," he mused sadly, "there was much that my father and mother did not give me. They did not train me how to work, and they did not teach me respect for money. I learned many of life's lessons the hard way, by sad experience."

After a moment he continued, "I took an interest in my studies and enjoyed university life. I learned Greek and Hebrew in addition to Latin. All signs pointed to a successful career in the footsteps of my father. Instead, I've disappointed them and become an outcast from Zurich."

Johann Brotli objected, "But that's not the whole story, Conrad."

"No, it isn't," admitted Grebel, "but I don't care to talk so much about myself."

"We'll overlook that. Tell us more," coaxed Johann.

"The last years of university are not a nice tale to tell," said Conrad, his face a shadow. "I got into bad company. I transferred to Paris, and there my world fell apart. Drinking, brawls, gambling, women— I went downhill fast. My father heard about it and cut off the funds. My favorite teacher at Vienna, Vadian, of whom I was very fond— he's my brother-in-law now, you know— threatened to break off our friendship, to quit writing. My loose living finally broke my health, and I am still not free of the effects."

Conrad's voice dropped lower. "I came home to Zurich, a wreck in health and spirit. I was disappointed in myself. I wanted to make up with my parents and might have succeeded had it not been for the girl I wanted to marry. My parents were opposed because Barbara was a nobody, and Grebels don't marry nobodys.

"I loved the girl with my whole heart and knew I could never marry anyone else, so while my father was away on one of his trips as an ambassador, we went through with the marriage. After that my parents all but disowned me.

"About that time...let's see, that's three years ago. I began associating with Ulrich Zwingli. I felt troubled and sick with the mess I had made of my life so far, an I listened with interest to his sermons. Then I started studying the Bible for myself and a great change came into my life. It wasn't hard to admit what a sinner I h been and I was ready to try something different and let God direct my life, since I had made such a failure of it myself."

Conrad was silent and for awhile no one spoke. Then he said, "My life from that time on I think you know about. I am just thankful that God spared me the way H did and still accepted me after all that I had done. My life the last few months has not been easy, especially being separated from my wife and the children..."

Conrad faltered, and tears came to his eyes. Then h went on, "My prayer is that with God's help I can be steadfast in the faith, even if it is unto death."

"Do...do you think it will come to that?" questioned Marx, seeking an answer to the question that had been troubling him.

Johann Brotli joined in, "You see, Marx, our duty is simply to be faithful at whatever cost. We need not be overly concerned why things are as they are, or wonde too much about the future. It is of course our hope and prayer that the Gospel message might be carried far, and the church of God could grow and prosper. Whethe this comes to pass may depend somewhat on whether we are faithful in our duties."

The shadows were lengthening over the land and darkness was about to fall. Suddenly there was a clatter of hoofbeats outside on the street as a horse drew up to the house at a trot. The saddle creaked as the rider slowly dismounted. Johann Brotli got up from his chair as a tapping sounded on the door.

In a moment Brotli was back, followed by a well-dressed stranger. Conrad Grebel recognized him at once. He cried out in welcome as he clasped the hand of the stranger, "Come, be seated. What brings you here, friend de Coct?"

So this was the Frenchman they had been talking about that day! Marx studied the handsome face, somewhat pale and haggard. Or was it the deepening dusk that caused him to appear pale.

"I am just now returning from Zurich," replied the the Frenchman. "I met Dr. Hofmeister's servant on the road and he informed me you were at Hallau. I wanted to see you, so I came over here tonight instead of proceeding directly to Schaffhausen."

"Yes?" Conrad Grebel waited for a further explanation.

"I wanted to talk to you, Conrad Grebel, because you deceived me about Master Zwingli. The things you told me about him are not true. I am glad that my eyes have been opened, and that I know that Zwingli is doing the best he knows, and what is best for the country."

What would Conrad Grebel reply? Marx Boshart saw that he was restraining himself. Grebel at last said softly, "I am sorry, very sorry that you feel as you do. I did not intend to deceive you; only to point out the truths of the Bible."

"Whatever the case," retorted de Coct, "I hope you soon come to realize that a church such as you have in mind would not work. Sure, it all sounds good to the ear, but we must face facts— what would happen to the people who did not care to join? There could be only one result— confusion and lawlessness and sinning."

The little things are most worthwhile—
A quiet word, a look, a smile,
A listening ear that's quick to share
Another's thoughts, another's care...
Tho' sometimes they may seem quite small,
Those little things mean most of all.

Conrad Grebel's answer was gentle, "My friend, I want to discuss this further, but tonight is not the time. You are tired from your journey. Perhaps tomorrow morning you will feel better. Shall we wait till then to talk more?"

"The course you are choosing can lead only to trouble and prison and defeat," said de Coct. "Master Zwingli is greatly upset about the rashness at Zollikon. It is no pleasure to him to oppose it, but he knows he must if there is to be order in the canton. After the forty baptisms in the church last Sunday, he had no choice but..." The Frenchman paused.

Marx Boshart and Felix Keinast leaned forward in the their chairs, and Johann Brotli got to his feet again.

"What ...what happened?" asked Marx, his heart pounding.

De Coct continued, "There was a raid on Zollikon yesterday, and nineteen men are in prison again."

"Oh, no," gasped Marx, though he had expected as much.

"Who...did you hear the names?" asked Felix Kienast.

"I did not hear any names, only that there are nineteen prisoners," concluded the Frenchman. "And now, if you will excuse me, I will go to bed."

For a few minutes the three men who remained sat in stunned silence. Marx stared at the floor. What would this mean to the Zollikon church? Nineteen prisoners! Who were they? How would they be treated?

Marx turned toward Felix. "I...I wonder if maybe we should start home in the morning," he said.

"Would it be safe?" asked Felix. "As soon as we entered the village, the bailiff would pick us up and take us to prison too, don't you think?"

"Oh, I hardly think so," said Marx. "They're not likely to make more arrests for the present time. They didn't in February, you remember."

"I don't know." Felix was doubtful, and trembling with excitement.

Now Conrad Grebel spoke. "Have courage, my brothers. This is exactly what we were speaking of this afternoon. Let us keep in mind that Jesus said, 'Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.' What men can do to our bodies is of no importance in eternity. What they can do to our souls should be our greatest concern."

Marx longed to return home. It seemed like ages since he had bade good-by to Regula. Was she worrying about him? More than likely she was rejoicing that he had been away from home when the police came. But what would she think if he did not return when planned?

Marx Boshart was torn between two desires. He was eager and restless to start homeward at the break of day. And yet he wanted to stay longer with the brethren, Johann Brotli and Conrad Grebel.

THE NEXT DAY WAS FRIDAY. The afternoon brought further news from Zurich. This time the news was of greatest concern to Conrad Grebel. A debate was scheduled for Monday, at which time the brethren were to present their views on baptism.

Grebel did not know what to make of the situation. "I'm not sure what it means," he said. "This will be the second debate on baptism, but I hope it will be conducted more fairly than the first one was. That time we had no rightful chance to state our case."

Marx remembered what he had heard about the debate of January 17. Within four days after the debate the new church had been born. Two months had passed, and now a second debate was planned. Why?

"I may be needed in Zurich on Monday," stated Conrad Grebel with conviction. "Who knows, this may be the opportunity we have long waited for— to publicly state our faith in God and to explain our vision of His church."

Grebel sat in deep thought. At last he added, "Besides, I am getting very lonesome for my family. When you start tomorrow for Zollikon, I think I will go with you as far as Zurich."

THE LIGHTS OF ZURICH began to twinkle in the deepening dusk as the three travelers neared the city. Marx was in the lead, and Felix Kienast followed him closely. Behind them came Conrad Grebel, riding on a horse.

They entered the village of Orlikon, a few miles outside Zurich. "Wait," Conrad called out. "I am to leave the horse here at the livery." Marx paused and let Conrad take the lead, since he alone knew the whereabouts of the livery stable. Conrad had started the journey on foot, but his aching legs by the time they had reached Eglisaw had made it advisable to rent a horse for the rest of the way. Conrad himself had lacked the funds to pay for the horse, so Marx and Felix had shared the cost.

"Let us make our way on into the city," Conrad announced, taking the lead. "The night promises to be dark, but I know the way. It is best that the night is dark, for then there is less danger of our being recognized. There is a back street by which we can enter."

As Grebel spoke these words, he paused to rub his ankles. Then he started out again, limping, and the two men from Zollikon followed.

"I am glad you agreed to come home with me tonight," said Conrad. "It will be best to find out if it is safe before you go on out to Zollikon."

"But will there be room for us to stay for the night?" asked Felix.

"I am confident we can find a place, though..." Conrad broke off without finishing the sentence. When he spoke again, his voice was low, "You see, it's this way. Just two months ago I left home so hurriedly. I hope...I hope I get a good welcome."

Welcome? Marx wondered what Conrad could mean. His thoughts flew to his own dear home in Zollikon. He knew Regula would be listening eagerly for his step. She would be worrying about him, and she would certainly be praying.

Was Barbara Grebel different? Conrad had spoken of his love for her. Marx knew he was lonesome for his wife and the three little children. Was Conrad's wife perhaps angry that he had become a hunted man, an outcast who could not stay at home with her? Was Barbara displeased that Conrad Grebel had become an Anabaptist?

The shadows of houses now loomed on both sides. Marx's cold toes were beginning to tingle, but he knew they would soon arrive at the Grebel home. Conrad pressed on, his step quickening as he drew nearer.

"Here it is," whispered Conrad, leading the way to a small dwelling set back from the street. Marx could see no light in the window.

Conrad tapped lightly, but impatiently. The three men listened. At last there was the sound of someone moving about, and a lamp was lit. Then steps came toward the door. Slowly the bar was removed, and the door swung open."

"Who is it?" came a woman's voice, before Conrad could speak.

"Your husband," whispered Conrad hoarsely, and in that moment he was inside the door. Marx and Felix could not make out the words of greeting, yet it appeared as if all was well. An instant later, Conrad signaled for them to come inside.

Pangs of homesickness swept through Marx as he entered the parlor and saw the joy on Conrad's face. Barbara's cheeks were flushed and Marx saw at once that she was a beautiful woman. However, as she glanced toward them in greeting, Marx detected a haughtiness on her face as if she held in contempt any man who came sneaking into the house after dark. But maybe he was mistaken, Marx decided.

Barbara led her husband to the room where the children were sleeping. But Conrad was soon back. "Your cots are ready," he announced. Marx and Felix followed him.

AT THE SUNDAY MORNING breakfast which Mrs. Grebel had prepared, Conrad planned the day's activities. "I do not think we dare leave the house in the daytime," he mused. "But perhaps some of the brethren can come here without causing suspicion. I will send out word."

The day passed slowly. Shortly before noon the mother of Felix Manz came to the Grebel home. Conrad greeted her with a warm handclasp. Then he questioned her about other Anabaptists in the city.

"There are hardly any here," replied Mrs. Manz. "Except, of course, for those in prison. I suppose you heard that Georg Blaurock was captured again."

"No, we hadn't heard," exclaimed Conrad.

"Almost all the rest have fled," Mrs. Manz continued.

Marx cleared his throat. "Mrs. Manz," he began, eagerly. "Do you know just who from Zollikon is locked up? I would like to know who is in prison."

"So would I," put in Felix Kienast. "Is my...my son-in-law, Jörg Schad... do you know if he is in prison?"

"I'm sorry, I do not know for sure, but I think Jörg Schad is one of the nineteen."

"Grandfather Hottinger?" asked Marx.

"I believe not. The report is he was not at home."

Conrad Grebel sat at the table with his head in his hands. His face was thoughtful. He turned to Mrs. Manz, "What do you think? Do you think it would be wise for me to take part in the debate tomorrow?"

"No!" The answer was spoken with conviction. Mrs. Manz explained, "I am sure you would be thrown into prison. I know it. No, don't go, Conrad, please. It is enough that Felix and Georg are in prison." Her eyes filled with tears.

"But we were told it is to be a debate. How can it be unless there is someone to speak for us, to explain what the Bible really teaches about baptism and the church of God. If I am needed, I am willing to go."

Mrs. Manz's words were now milder. "Did they invite you.... I mean, did Zwingli ask you to appear?"

"No, we heard it indirectly."

"Then don't go, Conrad," she pleaded. "I think they plan to bring Felix and Georg up from prison to speak for the brethren. They will know how to answer Zwingli. You must stay here where it is safe, out of sight, and if you want to help, you can pray."

Tears were running down the woman's cheeks now. "I'm sorry," she apologized. "I should not say so much, for I am just a simple woman."

"That is all right," Conrad assured her. "I know you mean it well, and I have a feeling you may be right. We will pray about it and then decide what to do. I would like to at least send a message of encouragement to the brethren in prison, if it would be possible, to let them know we are praying for them."

"I know how you can do that," said the gray-haired woman simply.

"How?"

"There is a young man, one of the guards, who has taken messages to Felix for me. He is a clever fellow and will gladly do us the favor. Would you like for him to come see you this evening?"

"Indeed, if it is possible."

"I will send him then," said Mrs. Manz. "His name is

Urich Ryhener."

As Mrs. Manz left for her home, Marx glanced up to see Conrad Grebel's wife standing in the doorway. There was a deep scowl on her face. Conrad saw her too, and at once left the room. Felix and Marx could hear the murmur of their voices in the kitchen.

During the afternoon Conrad spent much of the time with his wife and playing with the children.

Marx's thoughts were on the nineteen prisoners, and on his wife at home. He knew Regula would be wondering what had happened that he had not returned before Sunday.

After the evening meal, the young guard appeared at the door. He was a tall manly fellow, hardly out of his teens, but with an intelligent face. "I will do what I can to be of service," he offered.

"But why...what is your motive for helping us?" Conrad questioned, peering closely at the boy.

The young man dropped his eyes. "I...I...well, really, I don't know if I know myself. Somehow my sympathy is with the prisoners."

"But what if you are caught?"

"Caught? Caught doing what?" asked Ryhener. "I haven't turned any prisoners loose, or left the doors unlocked. Nor do I intend to."

"Mrs. Manz thinks you can be trusted," went on Conrad. "I would like to send a message to Felix Manz. Can you deliver it tomorrow morning without any great risk?"

"I think so."

"It is simply a word of encouragement to the prisoners to be true to their convictions, to let them know we are praying for them."

"Yes."

"You can deliver it?"

"I can," answered Urich Ryhener boldly. "And what is more, I can listen closely to the debate tomorrow, and bring you a report tomorrow evening."

Conrad Grebel's face lighted up. "That would be wonderful," he said.

Urich Ryhener bowed his way backwards out the door and was gone.

ON MONDAY EVENING the young man was back, true to his word. He came in, took off his coat, and settled down to a long talk. Marx Boshart saw at once that he was full of news.

"I have much to report," he stated briskly. "Shall we get started?"

"Certainly," said Conrad quietly. "We have spent the day here in prayer, and I have the confidence that God heard our prayers. I trust that the brethren spoke boldly for God, and did not break beneath the pressure."

"I am not an Anabaptist," said the young guard, "but I would say the debate was not fairly conducted. Anybody could see that your brethren weren't given half a chance to reply for themselves. Every time Felix or Georg opened their mouths to speak, someone else cut in and didn't let them finish. Zwingli and his men never heard them out, but piled words in on them from every side."

"Were the other prisoners brought to the Council Hall, or only Felix and Georg?" asked Conrad.

"The prisoners from Zollikon were seated in the courtroom, but they were not allowed to speak. I think Zwingli had them there so he could show them his strength and his arguments. But if they were convinced, they must be different than I am, for I am not even one of your people to start with, and I couldn't go along with Zwingli's tactics."

"Were there just the two men of our group, then, at the debating table?" asked Conrad.

"Just the two."

"And on the other side?"

"Fifteen or twenty, I would say. Let's see, there was the burgomaster, and masters Binder and Stoll, Zwingli and two other priests, six councilmen and two professors...and I don't know how many more."

"I was afraid of it," remarked Conrad solemnly. "That is the way it went the other time, in January. Zwingli made such long speeches we couldn't say anything, and the moment we started to speak, they shouted us down and asked for Scripture to back what we were saying. The only way to hold a fair debate would be for each side to present a written defense. I have begged Zwingli for such an opportunity, but he hasn't agreed to it yet."

Marx had been listening. Now he spoke up. "Urich," he said, directing his words to the tall young guard, "were the brethren from Zollikon not questioned?"

"Yes, they were, after the debate was finished. I was coming to that in a minute. If Zwingli hoped to change the minds of the prisoners by having them sit in on the debate, he must have been disappointed. None of them admitted guilt."

"May God be praised!" exclaimed Marx.

"Our prayers have indeed been answered," added Conrad.

"Can you tell us what questions they were asked and how they answered?" asked Marx further.

Young Urich Ryhener scratched his curly head, and began to relate how the prisoners had answered the council. The Scriptures had moved them to be baptized, and unless they could be shown from the Bible that they were wrong, they would not admit any guilt.

At last the lad grew restless and made a move to leave. "I almost forgot," he said, reaching deep into a pocket. "I have a letter here that one of the prisoners wants to send to Zollikon. Are you leaving for the village soon?"

Marx looked at Felix Kienast, and Felix whispered, "Why not tonight?"

"Yes, tonight," said Marx, reaching for the letter. It was addressed to the remaining brethren at Zollikon.

Marx got to his feet and gripped the hand of the tall young guard. "Thanks very much for your help," he said. "And...and I hope you won't get into any trouble."

"Don't worry about me," laughed Urich, tossing his head recklessly.

Conrad Grebel got up too. "May God draw you to Himself, Urich," he said. "You have been brave for our sake, but don't you feel God is calling you to Him to become a servant of His?"

Urich Ryhener became suddenly nervous, and was in a hurry to leave. "Good night," he said, pulling himself away. He passed silently out into the darkness.

"I think we will leave for home, too," announced Marx, glancing at Conrad Grebel. "Surely it will be safe to travel the road to Zollikon at this hour."

"I would think so," agreed Conrad. Then with a sigh, he went on, "I plan to leave tonight also."

"Where to?"

"To St. Gall. I want to speak to my brother-in-law, Vadian, who is the city priest there. He is not unfriendly toward us. Somehow I feel certain he will be more tolerant than Zwingli is here in Zurich."

"You will travel alone?'

"Yes, I will start later in the night and travel slowly."

Marx and Felix bade farewell to the Grebels, thanking them for their kindness. Then they started through the city for the street that led to Zollikon.

The fish market near the bridge was deserted as they hurried through at a fast walk. They were on the road to Zollikon now. The night was warmer and there was the scent of rain. Marx was suddenly very lonesome. For Regula. For Zollikon. For Grandfather Hottinger and all the friends and brethren. For the vineyard up on the hill, and the satisfying peaceful days he had spent there at work. Marx Boshart quickened his step, and then slowed again when he heard the older man behind him breathing heavily.

They would reach Zollikon within the hour.

THE REUNION WAS ALL Marx had expected, and more. Regula clung to him weeping.

"Don't leave again," she begged. "Promise me. The suspense hurt. I kept wondering where you were and if everything was all right. How thankful I am you're back."

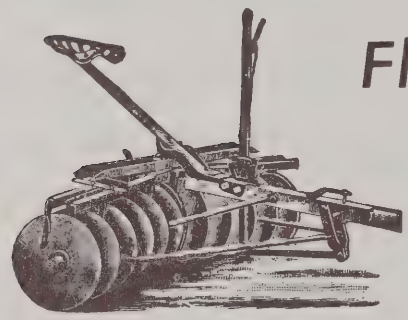
"Shame on you," scolded Marx lightly. "Don't forget that if I had been home when the officers came, I wouldn't be home tonight. I would be in Zurich in prison this minute, and who knows when I might get out."

The thought of prison frightened Regula, and her eyes showed how scared she was. Marx drew her close to him, and tried to comfort her.

"God has been good to us," he said. "Let's put our trust in Him."

—To Be Continued Next Month

CHILDREN'S SECTION



Floyd's Fault Finders

Resentment welled up inside Floyd. "I was doing the best I could. Why does Henry have to come along and find fault with it?"

by David Luthy

W-A-C-K" the cow's hoof struck the shovel which fourteen-year-old Floyd Raber was using to clean out the gutter in the cow stable. "Get over, Star," ordered Floyd. "I've got to clean around your feet." He reached the shovel up beside her a second time. "WACK! WACK!" two rapid kicks hit the shovel. Floyd jumped back nervously. Gaining courage and determination he reached his shovel toward the cow a third time. But before it had even half a chance to scrap beside Star's feet, she kicked it again.

"Hey, what's all this noise about?" asked Henry, Floyd's older brother. He was in the feed aisle and heard the commotion. He slipped through a vacant stanchion and stood beside Floyd.

Floyd wore a look of disgust mingled with embarrassment. "Oh, that stupid cow Dad bought the other day won't let me clean beside her feet. Every time I put my shovel up there she kicks it. One time I thought she was going to hit my leg." He paused slightly and then added quickly, "And I didn't hit her either, but I sure felt like it. Why, the shovel never touched her except maybe the first time and it barely scraped against her foot."

"Maybe you scared her and she didn't know you were behind her the first time," suggested Henry.

"I couldn't have scared her," said Floyd. "I was whistling as I worked. She knew I was cleaning out the gutter the last ten minutes."

"Well, maybe she's just extra nervous," said Henry. "Could be the man who owned her before used to beat her. Anyway you won't get anywhere with her by poking your shovel at her. Here, let me have your shovel a minute and we'll see if there's another way that'll work."

Floyd half-heartedly loosened his grip on the shovel and let Henry take it. Resentment welled up inside him. "Oh, why doesn't he go back to feeding the cows and let me do this myself?" Floyd thought. "I was doing the best I could. Why does he have to come along and find fault with it?"

Henry approached Star, talking gently to her. Instead of standing behind her and reaching the shovel toward her feet, he stepped up between her and the next cow. "Okay, Star, step over a little," he said and urged her by pushing against her hip with his left hand. In his right hand he tightly gripped the shovel far down on the handle. Without any protest Star stepped slightly aside. At the same instant, Henry cleaned the space with a swift stroke of the shovel, tossing the dirty bedding into the gutter. Stepping down, he scooped up the bedding and put it in the litter carrier. "There," he said to Floyd, "she didn't kick that time. I doubt if she ever will as long as you don't touch her with the shovel."

"But I don't have to do that with the other cows," protested Floyd. "If I had to do them all that way, it would take me twice as long to clean out."

"But Star is Star, not the other cows," said Henry. "Just be glad they aren't all like her." He handed the shovel back to his brother. "Do like I showed you and it will go easier."

Floyd took the shovel rather dejectedly. "Like you showed me. Like you showed me," went over and over in his mind. "You're always showing me things, always finding fault with how I do things." But Henry never heard the words for they were Floyd's silent thoughts.

When Floyd was almost finished cleaning out the gutter, his dad called from the doorway between the cow stable and the horse stable, "About done, Floyd? I need a hand over here."

"Okay, Dad," answered Floyd. "I'm just about finished and will be right over. He pushed his shovel through the gutter until it touched the wall at the end. "There, that's done. Now I wonder what Dad wants." He hung up his shovel and entered the horse stable. Noticing that the four work horses were harnessed, he thought, "Hmm, must be we're going to start disking today."

"Floyd," said Mr. Raber, coming into the stable from the adjoining pig room, "I've got to give a shot to a calf. One of them is starting with pneumonia, I'm afraid. The horses should have plenty of hay and I haven't time to throw it down. Would you go up and throw enough down for this morning and for over dinner?"

Floyd reached for the rope which was fastened to the door to the hay loft. He slid it back and stepped out from under it quickly so that the fine dust and bits of hay that were trapped there would not fall on his head. "I wish I didn't have to go up and throw the hay down," Floyd thought to himself. "I never can get it loose like Henry or Dad can. It always bunches together for me. But I'll do the best I can." He scrambled up the ladder to the loft.

Streaks of light squeezed through the cracks in the barn's siding, letting a little light into the loft. Otherwise it was dark. "Let's see," thought Floyd. "Where will I get the hay from, here at this end or over next to the straw bin?" He studied the hay, his eyes becoming more used to the poor lighting of the loft. "I guess I'll get it from here. The fork is stuck here, so must be that's where Dad has been getting it. But on second thought he'd leave the fork here by the hole anyway since he uses it to toss the hay down. Maybe I better get the hay from over by the straw bin."

Floyd liked the springy feeling of the loose hay as he walked from one end of the short mow to the other. He stuck his fork into the hay and tried lifting it. A few wisps clung to his fork as he pulled it upwards, but he did not have hold of a nice flat bunch of hay. He tried another place and lifted a good-sized forkful easily. "Good, this must be the right place." He tossed the forkful in the direction of the hole. "I'll build up a stack and then toss it all down at one time," he told himself.

He had been encouraged with the large forkful but was soon disappointed, for time after time he stuck his fork into the hay to come up with only a small forkful and that only after some real tugging. "Well, which way does the hay lie anyway?" he mumbled in disgust. "I'm going over next to the hole and try there."

But the going there was just as tough. "I hate loose hay," declared Floyd, panting and resting on the fork handle after struggling to get a section of hay loose. "We call it loose hay, and it is loose when we put it in during the summer, but it's sure not now anymore."

Looking at the hay he had managed to get loose, Floyd thought, "I'd better throw some down, or Dad will wonder what I'm up to." He lifted the small amount of hay he had stacked and tossed it down the hole to the horse stable below. "It's only about half as much as Dad'll want, I better get some more." He turned and walked once more toward where he had been trying to get the hay.

Meanwhile in the horse stable Mr. Raber was finished with the calf and got a fork to give the horses their hay. "Hmm," he thought as he stuck his fork into the hay, "there isn't very much down here yet. Floyd must be having a hard time working it loose. I'd better go up and give him a hand."

When Mr. Raber reached the hay mow he found his son pulling at a large section of hay, trying to roll it over and get it loose. "You'll never get a piece that size out from under the rest," he said.

The words surprised Floyd for he thought he was alone in the loft. Lifting his head he saw his dad in the dimness of the area beside the hole. "This dumb hay is so tight packed that I can't get it loose," he protested.

"Let me have the fork, and maybe I can show you how to do it," said his dad.

Floyd felt his already warm body became even warmer. It was the same feeling he had when his brother Henry had taken the shovel from him and shown him how to clean around Star's feet. "I was doing the best I could," thought Floyd to himself as he handed the fork to his dad. "Now he, too is finding fault with me."

Mr. Raber, who was unaware of his son's thoughts took the fork and began poking the hay and lifting slightly. He appeared to be testing it for he stuck his fork in different places. "Okay," he said after a minute. "Here's a place where the hay can be lifted." He stuck his fork on an angle into it and easily lifted a large piece and tossed it in the dierction of the hole. "You have to realize that hay overlaps and all the tugging and pushing won't bring a piece out from under another," he told Floyd. "All you'll get is a little bit that breaks off and clings to the fork but no nice large sections. And even when you find a section that can be loosened, you don't want to stick your fork in too deep or you'll get into a layer below and have quite a struggle."

Floyd watched as his dad lifted section after section of hay and tossed it toward the hole. "It goes easy for him, but not for me."

As if he had read Floyd's thoughts, Mr. Raber said. "It will go easier for you as you get experience. But one thing to remember is not to try and force the hay. You will only end up sweating and angry. Always feel around to see how the hay lies and lift the highest place. If you lift a few pieces off and then hit a place you can't budge, realize that you need to change direction a little to find some more that is loose."

As he climbed down the ladder from the hay mow, Floyd said to himself, "I hope I don't have to do that right away again. I'd sooner clean out the cow stable than do that, even if Star is thick-headed. Both places I get criticized but I'd still rather work in the cow stable than up in the hay mow."

The next morning Floyd lifted the shovel from the nail in the cow stable and began cleaning the gutter behind the cows. He had momentarily forgotten about Star and the scene that had taken place there the morning before. But when he had cleaned behind seven cows and was nearing Star the memory of it returned to him. He was about to reach his shovel up beside her, but he hesitated since Henry was feeding the cows their grain and would hear any kicks if Star should strike out. "I better do it Henry's old way or he'll find fault with me again," mumbled Floyd, and he stepped up beside Star. He talked to her and pushed her with his left hand just as Henry had done. Without any protest she stepped aside far enough that he could clean the place where she had been standing.

"One more cow and then I'm done with that," thought Floyd. He heard whistling and the door to the cow stable opened. "Here comes Dad," he told himself. "I sure hope he doesn't ask me to throw down hay again."

Dad obviously didn't have any intention to ask Floyd that for he said nothing and went to the medicine box on the wall and hunted through his veterinary supplies.

Henry, who had finished feeding the cows and was now milking a cow along with his two sisters, called out, "What are we going to work today, Dad, finish disking?"

"We should get that done," answered Dad, "but there are some other things we should be doing, too."

"What's that?" wondered Henry.

Floyd was just beginning to milk his usual cow and stopped so he could plainly hear what his dad answered.

"There are two things we should get done," Dad said. "One is that fence in the south field. I've said every year since we bought this place five years ago that we should divide that larger field into two sections so we can clip half of it next summer and then keep the cows off it until it grows back again. It seems each year we never get it done. So it's about time we do it."

"Whew," thought Floyd silently. "That will take a lot of posthole digging." He began to milk slowly and imagined himself making hole after hole in the south field.

"I thought you could do that while Floyd is doing the other job," Dad was saying.

Floyd stopped milking the second time. "What's the other project?" he asked.

"It's some disking that needs to be done, but not here at home."

"Not here at home?" Floyd questioned, "Where then?"

Over at George Rileys," Dad answered. "You know that three acre patch we pastured our steers on the last few years. Well, part of the agreement was that I'd pay some of the rent in cash and the rest by working up the land when he wanted to plant corn. George stopped in a few days ago and said he is figuring to plow the field himself but wants us to disk, harrow and seed it."

Floyd liked the idea of going over to George Riley's to disk. It gave him an important feeling to think his dad trusted him to go over there to do a man's job. George's place was two miles away at the Burnsville crossroads. "There is a gas station and a grocery store at the crossroads," Floyd thought. "Maybe I can get some ice cream. That sure would be something more to look forward to than digging post holes at home. Poor Henry, he's out of luck this time," Floyd laughed to himself.

Dad closed the door to the medicine cabinet on the cow stable wall. "I think it will work out nice, Floyd for you to disk there because I need to go to town to get some barbwire. I'll pass by George's on my way home and can give you a hand if things aren't going right."

After breakfast Dad helped Floyd harness the work horses. "You better get a bag of oats to take with you as you won't be coming back home until this evening. You can put it on the spring wagon and I'll drop it off for you when I go by there on the way to town. I'll take your lunch pail along too."

"Say, Dad," said Floyd, "I just happened to think how am I going to get the disk over there. I can't run it on the road."

"I'm glad you asked," said Dad. "I forgot to tell you that George said he has a disk that horses can pull. So you just have to take the horses over. Better take a visegrip wrench along just in case you need it."

"Will George be there to get me started?"

"I doubt if he will," answered Dad. "He's got a job at the tile factory in town. But his disk shouldn't be hard to find. If I know George, he likely has it in the field waiting for you. Hey, by the way, better take a grease gun along, too. Maybe I can put it on the spring wagon myself and deliver it with your lunch and oats. I'll start out before you and be there before you are anyway."

When the horses were hitched together, Floyd clicked to them and they started out the lane. He could just see the small shape of his dad's buggy as it headed for town in the distance. To his right he could see Henry heading down the cow lane toward the south field. "Good-by, post holes," he gaily grinned.

Breaking into a trot, Floyd encouraged the horses to not walk so lazily along. "It's not far. It won't wear you out to trot a little."

It didn't take long for Floyd and the horses to cover the two miles to George Riley's. They were passing the crossroads store when Floyd thought, "Wonder what it would be like to live right across the road from a grocery store like George Riley does. I wonder if I'd eat ice cream so often that I wouldn't be hungry for it?"

Floyd guided the horses into George's short lane. "Good, there's the disk right inside the gate," he thought. "I'd like to get started and see how much I can have finished before Dad stops in on his way back from town."

With the disk greased and the horses hitched, Floyd was all set to begin. He climbed onto the seat and held the lines firmly. "Okay, you guys, let's get started," he said to the horses and gave the lines a little flip. The horses responded and the disk rolled forward. Floyd glanced back to watch the first lines the disk cut into the freshly plowed field. "That looks nice," he told himself.

After a few rounds, Floyd decided to stand rather than sit. "Sitting is all right," he thought, "but if I stand I can see farther ahead of the horses. And I don't want to leave any gaps in the disking if I can help it."

Floyd was passing directly in front of the grocery of the grocery store across the road. He saw a car

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pull up and a man get out. The man smiled and waved a friendly wave to him and went into the store. "Don't know him," thought Floyd, "but he sure seemed friendly." Ten minutes later Floyd was busily watching his horses and did not see the man cross the road and come stand beside the fence. So when he heard a "Hello, nice day," it startled him.

"E.r.r, hello," greeted Floyd, drawing the horses to a stop opposite the stranger.

"Didn't mean to startle you," said the man. "Just thought I'd say hello and maybe give you a little friendly advice."

Floyd looked wonderingly at the stranger.

"I farmed with horses for many years before tractors were even invented," explained the man. "One thing I never liked to see a boy your age do was stand while disking. Now it is all right for a few minutes once in a while. But to keep on doing it the whole time isn't very safe." The man looked at Floyd for a response but since Floyd was silent he continued. "There's lots of things that can happen to make you lose your balance. And that iron frame you're standing on is bad to start with for it makes you force your feet to stand in a place that's level but not right for you to keep your proper balance. Now all it takes is a horse to take a notion to stop and it will pitch you forward or hit a rock and you can fall forward. I once knew a boy who fell forward and got run over by the disk. Broke his back and he was a cripple ever after." The man turned to go and smiled. "Just thought I'd warn you a little. Wouldn't want to see a boy get hurt."

Floyd's eyes followed the stranger as he walked across the road and got into his car. "Well, that sure was something," he thought to himself. "Imagine a man I never saw before stopping to find fault with me. I bet his children have a hard life at home."

Paying no attention to the stranger's advice, Floyd continued to stand as he disked. The disk pulled hard and the horses were soon wearing white lather where the harness rubbed their flanks. An hour passed and Floyd had forgotten that then man had even spoken with him. Momentarily his gaze left the horses to watch a red-tailed hawk soaring above the neighboring pasture. Just then one of the horses suddenly stopped. He was tired and wanted to rest before the round was over. The other horses thought, too, it was time to rest and also stopped, bringing the disk to a sudden halt. Completely unprepared, Floyd lost his balance. Wildly he tried to keep from falling but fell forward. A cry of shear fright came as he fell. His one knee struck the iron frame of the disk and his other leg landed on the ground. He came very near to hitting one of the horses' legs with his head. The quick motion sent his straw hat flying; it rolled under the horses.

His heart beating rapidly, Floyd picked himself up and rubbed his sore knee. He limped slightly as he went to pick up the reins. Nervously he reached under the horses to retrieve his hat, hoping the horses would stand still and not kick.

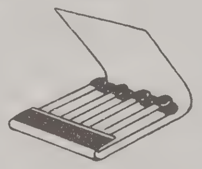
Floyd felt too weak and faint to continue disking right away. The fall had not injured him but he was badly frightened. It wasn't what had actually happened that bothered him but the thought of what could have happened. He turned the horses toward the edge of the field and sat down on the unplowed strip along the fence. He shifted as he thought of what would have happened if any of the horses had been frightened by his forward fall. "If my head had struck the horse, he might have kicked," he told himslef. "And the cry I gave out could have signaled them to start up again. Then the disk would have gone over me." He shuddered to think of that and breathed a prayer of thanksgiving that it hadn't happened.

As Floyd sat and rested, he thought, too, of the stranger who had stopped to talk with him. A new realization swept over Floyd. "That man wasn't really finding fault with me. He was trying to warn me and to help me." Floyd's thoughts traveled farther than the field around him. They traveled back home where he remembered the time Henry had taken the shovel from him in the cow stable and his dad had taken the fork from him in the hay mow. "Were they, too, trying to help me and not finding fault with me?" he wondered.

By the time he left the narrow strip of land along the fence and got onto the seat of the disk, Floyd knew he had the answer. "Yes," he told himself, "they were trying to be helpful. They gave good advice and were not finding fault." Floyd knew, too, that in the future he would have less "fault finders." His memory of a near serious accident assured him of that.

Along Nature's Paths

Striking A Light



The things most necessary to life and comfort are so common that we hardly ever give them a thought until we have to do without them for a while. Some of these common, precious things are air, sunshine, water, and — matches. If you have ever been on a camping trip when nobody remembered to bring matches, you know how important these little helpers are.

People of today find it hard indeed to live without matches, but a hundred and fifty years ago everybody had to get along without them. There was a time when men had to work hard for a tiny spark, much as the Indians did, by rubbing together dry sticks until a bit of dried moss or decayed wood could be coaxed into flame.

Making a fire by the rubbing, or friction, of pieces of wood took labor, patience, and a good deal of skill; and, since "necessity is the mother of invention," different ways were found to make the work easier and surer. The fire drill was invented. One kind of fire drill was made quite simply of a rounded stick fitted into a block of softer wood in which it was revolved rapidly between the hands. Later, a cord fastened to the hunter's bow-string was used to help twirl the stick.

All of these ways of making a spark were so slow and hard that people tried to keep a fire always burning. In some tribes a central or community fire was carefully guarded to supply people with lighted torches for their different camp-fires. You have perhaps read of the way that a child was sometimes sent, in olden times in our own country, with an iron kettle to get burning embers from a neighbor's hearth when a family found that its own fire had gone out.

Would you like to know how George Washington struck a light? (You know, of course, that he lived before matches were invented.) In his time, tinder boxes had come into use. Tinder means something that will burn easily, like soft, dried rags or bits of rotted wood. A tinder box held some of this inflammable material, together with a piece of steel and another of flint. Perhaps you have seen a horse's shoe strike a spark from a stone in the road as someone rode by in the evening. In the days before concrete roads and automobiles, people often had a chance to notice these sparks, which they discovered were caused by iron or steel hitting against a kind of stone called flint. In this way they learned the art of making tinder boxes, which simply kept together these things used in making a light.

One of the first matches was called the brimstone match. These matches were pieces of pine wood about six inches long, dipped in sulphur which readily caught fire from the steel and flint. These brimstone matches took the place of tinder.

The first real matches, such as we use today, were invented by an Englishman, John Walker, in 1833. People had known for a long time about a wonderful substance called phosphorus— a word meaning lightbearer— but it was known to be poisonous and unsafe because it was likely to catch fire with very little heat. John Walker discovered a way of mixing phosphorus with other things, so that, while it would strike a light easily when rubbed against a rough surface, it would not break into flame so easily as to prove dangerous.

All matches are made of phosphorus and a mixture of other substances planned to make the phosphorus do its work without danger. The heat which causes the phosphorus to light is made by rubbing, or friction, against a rough surface. If you want to prove that friction produces heat, rub your hands together as rapidly as possible for a minute and see how warm they become.

In safety matches, which were invented in 1852 by a Swedish inventor named Lundstrom, the phosphorus, mixed with sand to roughen it, is painted on the box instead of on the heads of the matches. This separates the substance on the head of the match, which quickly catches fire, from the fire-striker of phosphorus. That is why safety matches are the only safe matches to carry in the pocket, or to use without special care and attention.

Would you like to visit a match factory where a giant machine can turn out twenty-four million matches in a single day? Very little work there is done by hand. The story begins with planks of pine wood two inches thick from which the bark and all knotty and cross-grained pieces have been removed. After the planks are throughly dried, they are placed in machines which slice them up into strips the exact thickness of a match. The machine then cuts and splits the strips into match lengths. The match sticks are placed in trays and thoroughly dried in a kiln, and then taken up by a machine and placed side by side.

The sticks are now ready for dipping. The moving belts, bristling with thousands of match sticks, look like row upon row of giant scrubbing-brushes. These belts, carrying the army of tiny match soldiers standing rigid at attention, pass over rollers which revolve in tanks containing the liquid material for the tip. Each match is touched with just the right amount of each substance that is needed.

The sticks first suck up something which keeps them from glowing after they are blown out; and then, to help them burn readily, there is added a touch of paraffin, like that used in covering jars of preserves and also in the making of candles.

Now each little soldier is ready for his head. The army of two million matches, which the great machines can handle at a time, passes over a tank containing the particular mixture which the manufacturer chooses as well suited for making a quick and safe light. Each soldier takes a tiny drop. If there are lazy soldiers who lean against each other, you can always find them out because then two matches are stuck together. A breeze of warm air is kept playing over the match army as it marches over the tanks. This helps to dry the new tips. Before the journey in the machine is over, the heads have time to harden, and the matches are ready to be packed in boxes.

The "bird's-eye match" is dipped twice. It has besides its tiny striking tip, an added part which makes it flame up very brightly. Different match factories turn out different sorts of matches. All of them use phosphorus, which is the striking part of every match; but matches differ in the other substances that are used. Sulphur, lead, niter, and potash are used in different ways by different manufacturers. As we have already seen, the makers of safety matches put the phosphorus on the box instead of on the head of the match.

Safety matches are packed by machines which feed the little sticks into boxes and then drop the filled boxes on to a rotating table where they are supplied with covers. It is necessary, however, to pack by hand other kinds of matches, because a machine might press the match heads together sharply enough to start a blaze that would destroy a whole marching army of match soldiers.

As fast as the boxes are filled from the moving belt of matches, the machine is ready for another army of two million splints; and the story of the match, from its beginning with the planks of pine wood to its end in the packages of filled match boxes, is told over again by the giant machines of the match factory.

Beautiful Things

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show
Like crystal scenes where heart-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro—
Down lowliest way, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patient grace and daily care.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Editorielles —

Gedicht

Er hat geholfen und wird weiter helfen,
Der ſtarke Herr und Heiland, Jeſus Chriſt!
Wie tröſtlich iſt es, daß wir's täglich merken:
Er weiß um alles, was uns nötig iſt.
Wenn Stunden kommen, da uns angſt will werden,
Wenn's plötzlich dunkel wird in Herz und Haupt,
Dann laßt uns feſt in ſeine Hand uns ſchmiegen:
Ja, ſelig werden ſein, die ihm vertraut!

—Liſa Kiſſling

Aus Chriſtlicher Familienfreund

Sind es viel oder wenig?

In einem Gedicht heißt es: „Eins betrübt mich ſehr auf Erden, daß ſo wenig ſelig werden . . .“

Wer ſagt, daß es wenig ſind? In dieſer Gegend umher können wir bald antreffen wer wir wollen, wenn wir ein wenig im Geſpräch kommen dann ſcheinen ſie Chriſten zu ſein, viele haben zu ſagen wie es geht in der Welt. Wer iſt dann die Welt? Wenn ſie alle Chriſten ſind ſo haben wir nichts übrig das wir Welt heißen können. Will dann niemand in die Welt ſein? Nein, wir wollen alle auf dem Wege ſein wo nach dem Himmel zu führt.

Wir wollen dann ein wenig in die heilige Schrift hinein ſchauen und ſehen was wir finden können, ob viel oder wenig ſelig werden. Da der Heiland gefragt war, ſagte er: „Ringet darnach daß ihr durch die enge Pforte eingehet, denn das ſage ich euch, viele werden darnach trachten wie ſie hinein kommen und werden es nicht tun können.“ Dazu ſagte er auch: „Und die Pforte iſt eng, und der Weg iſt ſchmal, der zum Leben führet; und wenige ſind ihrer, die ihn finden.“ Matt. 7, 14. Vers 21 können wir als noch mehr finden in dieſem Kap. „Es werden nicht alle, die zu mir ſagen: Herr, Herr! in das Himmelreich kommen, ſondern die den Willen tun meines Vaters im Himmel.“

So kommt es darauf an ob wir Menſchen ſind wo durch dieſe enge Pforte eingehen wollen. Was es eng macht iſt dieweil wir unſer Fleiſch kreuzigen müſſen, denn Fleiſch und Blut können das Reich Gottes nicht ererben. Und das iſt gerade was die Natur entgegen geht, Fleiſch und Blut wollen ihr weg haben, und das kann doch nicht ſein. „Will mir jemand nachfolgen, der verleugne ſich ſelbſt, nehme ſein Kreuz auf ſich und folge mir nach.“

Als wir ſo durch dieſe Welt gehen tun wir oft mit Truckers fahren, zu zeiten auch mit hoche Leute in Machinen, und die haben ihre Radio's am gehen. Wir können uns nicht helfen daß wir nicht hören zu zeiten was geſagt wird. Zu Zeiten ſind es Sachen wo uns nicht nützlich iſt. Tun wir dann probieren unſere Gedanken abhalten davon, oder haben wir Luſt und Freud allem abzuhorchen. Wir haben ſchon öfters ein Prediger hören eine Predigt führen. Hier hat man zum teil Luſt zu hören was er hat zu ſagen. Zu zeiten tut der Mann viel anhalten mit flehen zu die Leute daß ſie recht werden ſollen mit Gott, öfters tut es bald lauten als wenn er Tränen in die Augen hätte und es ihm ſehr angelegen wäre daß die Leute ſich bekehren ſollten. Es wird aber faſt nichts geſagt was der Menſch tun ſoll um recht zu werden mit Gott. Wie oft hört man ſagen bei ſolcher Predigt: „Saufet euch nicht voll Weins daraus ein unordentlich Weſen folgt, ſondern werdet voll geiſtes?“ Wie oft hört man ſagen von die Werke des Fleiſches: „Als da iſt Ehebruch, Hururei, Unreinigkeit,“ und ſo weiter? Wie oft wäre geſagt von dem abgöttiſchen weg wie die Weibsperſonen ſich bekleiden zu derer zeit? Wir wollen nicht ſagen daß nie von ſolchem geſagt wird, aber es wäre ſehr wenig.

Wir wollen aber ein wenig zurück kommen. Umlängſt hatte ich ein Geſpräch mit einem hohen Mann, der war nicht gerade hier von unſere Nachbarſchaft. Der ſagte, hierüber aber iſt eine Gruppe wo ſie Abends zum Nachbar gehen, ſitzen zu beſuchen und ſchauen dem Fernſehen (TV.) zu. Ich wußte gerade nicht was zu ſagen, aber nach ein wenig denkens ſagte ich ihm: Ich glaube nicht daß ſolche Leute getreulich am aufleben ſind zu die Anweißung von ihre Gemeinde. Er hatte ſich ein wenig verſtaunt: „O! wäre das vielleicht der Fall?“ ſagte er .Habe ich recht geſagt, oder haben wir amiſche Gemeinden die wenig bekümmert ſind was ihre Leute am tun ſind in dieſer hinſicht? Wir ſollten vielleicht alle aufwachen und dieſes mehr zurückweiſen. Ich erinnere mich noch vor manche Jahre zurück da erſt das Fernſehen kommen iſt war ich einſt mit meinem Nachbars Bub ein lediger von etwa 25 Jahre alt. Wir waren in einem Markt wo ſie Hausgerätſchaft verkauften. Als wir hinein gingen war gerade dort forne ein Fernſehen, der man guckte ſchnell zurück ob ich es anſchaue. Er wußte gerade daß dieſes etwas iſt wo wir nicht glauben daran. Möcht es aber der fall ſein daß wir in der läng von Zeit es ein wenig gewöhnt werden und nicht mehr ſo gefährlich anſehen.

Die Welt iſt ſehr voll von allerhand Zeitvertreib, und wir müſſen ſorgfältig ſein daß wir uns nicht vergaffen mit dies oder jenes. Wenn wir auf einer Reiſe gehen mit die Bus oder dem Eiſenbahn und kommen in die Station, da ſind Bänke hier an einem Ort zu ſitzen, aber dort über ſind mehr bequemliche Stühle in einer Reihe mit ein Fernſehen oben auf der eine Seite. Hier kann man Geld hinein legen und zuſchauen, auch wenn wir in einem Speiſehaus gehen zu eſſen, wenn wir zu Tiſch ſitzen dann iſt auch ein Platz Geld hinein zu tun und die Muſic hören ſpielen. O! ihr lieben Leute wir wollen doch nicht uns finden laſſen mit ſolge ſachen uns abzugeben. Die Welt wird immer mehr voll von ſolche Verſuchungs Plätze wo uns Anfechtung bringen, da müſſen wir ein Kampf aufſtellen. Denn das Fleiſch gelüſtet wider den Geiſt, und den Geiſt wider das Fleiſch; dieſelben ſind widereinander, daß ihr nicht tut, was ihr wollt.“ Gal. 5, 17. Wenn wir an ſolche Plätz ſind und unſer Fleiſch will ſich gelüſten laſſen, wollen doch ein Blick in die Höhe tun zu dem der uns Kraft geben kann um Ueberwinder zu werden daß wir der Geiſt laſſen regieren, und nicht unſer verdorben Fleiſch und Blut.

Wir laſſen wieder ab mit dieſem Schreiben, wir haben uns vielleicht nicht viel an dem Text gehalten, „Ob viel oder wenig ſelig werden.“ Doch geſucht die Gefahr zu weiſen daß wir uns nicht tröſten laſſen mit dem Sinn, es ſind noch vielen Chriſten in die Welt, ſondern vielmehr uns zu prüfen ob wir eigentlich ein wahrer Chriſt ſind. So wie die Gedanken von einem zum andern gangen ſind im Schreiben, hoffen wir doch es kann uns hinweiſen auf dem engen und ſchmalen Weg.

Es ſind zween Weg in dieſer Zeit,
Der ein iſt ſchmal, der ander weit,
Wer jetzt will gehn die ſchmale Bahn,
Der wird veracht von Jedermann.

Dies Gedicht erſchien in der Zeitung, „Chriſtliche Jugendfreund“ im Jahr 1916. Es war geſchrieben von einem Knab elf Jahre alt.

Wenn Gott der Herr ein Kreuze ſchickt

Wenn Gott der Herr ein Kreuze ſchickt,
Laßt es uns geduldig tragen!
Anbetend zu Ihm aufgeblickt,
Wird er den Troſt nicht verſagen.

Chores—

Darum es komme wie es will,
Doch in dem Herrn bin ich ſtill;
Darum es komme wie es will,
Doch in dem Herrn bin ich ſtill.

Iſt oftmals unſer mattes Herz
Schwach, und will wohl gar verzagen,
Wenn es liegt in dem ſtärkſten Schmerz
Kein Tag der Freude ſieht nahen.

Darum ſo bitt ich Herr, mein Gott,
Laß mich immer glauben, hoffen,
Denn dann kenne ich keine Not,
Gottes Gnadenhand iſt offen.

* * *

Kinder—

Können wir begreifen was unſere Kinder ſind? Oder was ſie wert ſind zu uns wenn wir ſie recht aufziehen in die Zucht und Vermahnung zum Herrn. Sie ſind die Engel im Himmel gleich und ein Vorbild das wir gleich ſein müſſen wenn wir im Himmel kommen wollen.

Wir nehmen die kleine Kinder auf der Mutter-Schoß in Acht, wie hilflos und unſchuldig ſie ſind. Sie tun ſich gänzlich auf ihre Eltern verlaſſen und tun ihnen auch wiſſen laſſen wenn ſie etwas haben wollen.

Wo könnten wir etwas finden für ein Exempel was wir ſein müſſen, beſſer denn ſie? Und wenn ein Kindlein geboren wird, ſo freuen wir uns. Wenn wir eine Antwort bekommen würden wie die Maria hat, wie täten wir es annehmen? Könnten wir uns erniedrigen wie ſie hat? Oder möchten wir uns vielleicht beſſer dünken denn andere Leute? Wir können Hochmut treiben mit unſere Kinder wenn wir uns nicht in acht nehmen.

Im zweiten Kap. Matt. leſen wir von Kinder die umkommen ſind dieweil der König ſuchte Jeſus zu töten. Wir können uns Gedanken machen was für eine ſchreckliche Sache dies war, die liebe unſchuldige Kinder auf zu geben. Es iſt kein wunder daß Jeſus die Kinder ſo lieb hat. Jeſus hat geſagt: „Es ſei denn, daß ihr euch umkehrt und werdet wie die Kinder, ſo werdet ihr nicht ins Himmelreich kommen.“ Sind wir wie die Kinder? Können wir uns gänzlich auf der Herr verlaſſen?

Das Kind Jeſus war getötet für unſere Sünden. Nun iſt die Frage, tun wir ihn lieben wie wir ſollten für das? Er hat mehr gelitten für uns als wie die Kinder haben für ihn. Er hat alle unſere Sünden getragen.

Ein Kind das beſchuldigt wird für etwas wo ein ander Kind getan hat wird ſehr betrübt und hat ein zerbrochenes Herz. Und das iſt was Jeſus getan hat für uns. Haben wir Mitleidens mit ihm? Können wir begreifen was er getan hat für uns? Könnten wir als Eltern unſere Kinder machen die Schuld tragen wo ein anderes gebiert zu tragen, für etwas das ſie nicht getan hatten? Gott hat das getan. Er hat ſein einiger Sohn gegeben daß die Welt kann ſelig werden, und wenn wir ihn nicht annehmen, und verſäumen unſere Seligkeit, ſo iſt es unſere eigene Schuld.

A. J. G.

* * *

DIE WOCHE MIT GOTT

Ich will die neue Woch, mit dir O Gott! anheben,
Du wollſt mir deinen Geiſt, und deinen Segen geben;
Im Anfang ſteh mir bei, und weiche nicht von mir,
Daß ich am ende noch vereinigt ſei mit dir.

Ohn' deinen Segen kann, mein Vater! nichts gedeihen,
Drum wir, O Segens-Gott! um Segen zu dir ſchreien:
Ach komme ſelbſt zu uns, und greif das Werk mit an,
Weil es durch dich allein, befördert werden kann.

Ach ja, es iſt umſonſt, am Morgen früh aufſtehen,
Und mit bekümmernis an ſeine Arbeit gehen,
Wenn du nicht ſelbſt mitgehſt, und ſteheſt mit dabei,
Daß Anfang und auch End, von dir geſegnet ſei.

Drum komm O Gott! zu mir, und gieb mir deinen Segen,
Denſelben wolleſt du in meine Arbeit legen.
Ach ſegne all mein tun, ach ſegne meine tritt',
Und teile gnädiglich mir deinen Segen mit.

Laß mich in Frömmigkeit, die ganze Woch zubringen,
Laß meine Arbeit ſein, dich loben, beten, ſingen:
Bewahre mich vor Sünd und grober Miſſetat,
Und wenn ich Buße tu, ſo ſchenk mir deine Gnad.

Mein Gott! begleite mich, auf allen meinen Wegen,
Und willſt du dieſe Woch, ein Kreuz mir auferlegen,
So beut mir deine Hand, und ſteh mir gnädig bei,
Ya trage ſelbſten mit, daß mirs erträglich ſei.

Nun was du Gutes wirſt mir dieſe Woch erweiſen,
Dafür ſoll dich, mein Gott! mein Mund und Herze preiſen;
Ach! laß mich als dein Kind, dir ſtets befohlen ſein,
Bis ich, durch Jeſu Blut, geh zu der Freude ein.

Selected by Henry B. Sauder.

COMPLIMENTING MINISTERS

How thankful I am for ministers who can bring us the Word of God like the one who preached today. The forenoon seemed so short. In many churches in the world, the members would have gone and shook his hand and said, “What a wonderful sermon we heard today.”

But that is not our way of doing. Our people do not tell a minister that he preached a good sermon. I think it is good it is this way. We should give all glory to God from whom all good things come. I feel that by complimenting the minister we may be laying a stumbling block in his path. Should this happen several times he would be tempted to take the honor himself instead of giving it to God.

But there is a way in which we can give our ministers a compliment which can bring him much satisfaction and also be pleasing to God. Simply by following his sermon and being doers, and not hearers alone.

-E.M.

Ninety-nine per cent of the failures come from people who have the habit of making excuses.- Carver

In character, in manner, in style, in all things the supreme excellence is simplicity.- Longfellow

MOTHERS NEED MORE PATIENCE

"Oh, do hold still. You go like a cyclone." My words were sharp and cross. Our three-year old son began to cry, "No, I'm not, Mother, I'm not."

What he meant was that he is not a cyclone. I was pricked to the heart. What a thing to say to a child. And now he was crying, all because of the way I had scolded.

"Mama, what is a cyclone?" asked my five-year-old daughter.

I was ashamed of myself. I decided I must do better. I smiled at them and said, "Oh, it's a wind storm. What I meant was that his arms and legs go about like the wind when I want to put his clothes on. It almost makes Mother dizzy. You're really not a wind storm, but you should hold still so I can put your clothes on."

Of course as soon as I smiled and talked pleasant, his crying stopped. Now he was holding still and I had no trouble getting his legs into his underwear. The instant I was done tying his shoes he ran off to play.

I sat down to do some thinking. Just a few hours ago when I got up, I had prayed for help to be patient with the children today, to be kind and understanding and gentle. Now, so soon, I had failed. Would I ever be the kind and patient mother I so much longed to be?

I went to the kitchen and began to sweep. The winter sunshine was streaming through the windows. I knew what was wrong with me. I longed to be at the sewing machine but my morning work wasn't done yet.

Before he left the house this morning, my husband had reminded me that I should send in that fertilizer bill today which made me think of the letter which I had intended to write and the get-well greeting that I wanted to mail.

I might as well forget about sewing for the time being. Winter wasn't nearly over yet. Surely I would have time before spring to sew our summer clothes.

My thoughts went back over the years. I have always had a problem with impatience. Our fourth baby was born when the oldest one was four years old. I really loved them but I had my hands full and often I was short-tempered and cross with my dear sweet little ones. I enjoyed them but too often I scolded and fussed. Over and over again I resolved to do better. I was in a rut. A habit is hard to break. I would tell myself it's because I have so much to do. I am often so tired, but I knew all the time this was no excuse.

Now we have five children but three of them are in school and only two at home. I knew I wasn't that busy that I didn't have time to be pleasant with them. I loved to read and often had to think, "Why can't I be more like the patient mothers we read about in the stories?"

Recently I was sick for about a month. This was not an easy time for any of us. I thought to myself, "When I am well again I'll be a different person. I'm going to be pleasant and cheerful to everyone but first of all to my family."

I have always taken my problems to the Lord in prayer but now I realized that I had not left them there. I kept carrying them with me, problems which had nothing to do with my household. This made me a miserable person.

Now I am learning to take my problems to the Lord and leave them there. He knows all about our struggles. He is understanding and willing to help us. What a peace it brings to give ourselves completely under the Almighty hand of God. When we are cross, it means that we are not trusting fully in Him.

What a wonderful thing it is for a husband and wife to raise a family of little ones and to raise them up unto the Lord. What a challenge to raise them according to His will, to have a household of happy people who love to work and play together. And perhaps by building better homes, we can even have a better church and then we can all be more happy.

-A Pennsylvania Mother.

ANSWERS TO CHILD TRAINING PROBLEM NUMBER ONE

The first problem in child training appeared in the November issue of Family Life. Do you remember it? John and Mary Miller were not agreed about disciplining their first child, one-year-old Jakie. John thought it was time to break Jakie's will. When Jakie stiffened his body and screamed, John wanted to get a switch from a peach tree, but Mary objected. She thought Jakie was too young and would not understand. Whipping him would be cruel and would cause him to hate his father.

What did our readers think? The response was encouraging, and surprisingly, there was almost complete agreement in the many letters we received. Some writers commented on one point, and others something else, yet there was no contradiction. Following is a summary of their views:

1.) Jakie at the age of one year was not too young to discipline. Most readers thought John and Mary had waited too long to begin.

2.) There is a difference in children, how fast they develop. Age should not be a guide so much as the child's level of understanding. Some children are ready to discipline at six months or earlier; others not till later.

3.) A whip is too severe for a baby, and the hand is much better. Many writers were emphatic about this, and said a paddling and a whipping are two different things.

4.) It is not cruel to paddle a child, if done in love and when the child needs it. Discipline rightly given makes the child lovable and happy, and the child does not resent it.

5.) Many readers warned against disciplining when angry, or too severely and unfairly. Children need to be understood, loved, and properly disciplined, but not provoked to anger, ridiculed, or scorned.

6.) Many readers called attention to John and Mary's differing views. This is a serious matter. The parents must work in unity, side by side, supporting each other fully. The father is to be the head of the home, and lead out. Where parents do not get along, the results will be frustrated, resentful, rebellious, maladjusted children.

7.) Almost all the parents who wrote mentioned their own short-comings, and the need to rely on prayer and the help of God to raise children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Parents should be humble and ready to learn — even from their own children!

It would be impossible to publish all the letters in full, and to do so would be to state some things over and over again. We can quote a few outstanding paragraphs, however.

1. **A mother of five, Indiana:** "If a baby knows enough to throw tantrums, he's old enough to be whipped. ... I paddled my oldest boy when he was ten months old, and I had to cry too. I'm sure I didn't hurt him but at least he knew I meant it. Babies understand more than a lot of people think...I sure hope John won't give up just because Mary thinks the baby is too young."

2. **A concerned mother, Ontario:** "While they are still small a few sound paddles on their bottom will show them that mother and dad are not pleased. As they grow older, maybe a stronger method will have to be used.

"Once I worked at a place where the mother was sick and in the hospital. The baby was about a year old and showed much self-will. The grandmother gave her a sound paddling and said. 'I'm not the mother, but I love my grandchildren too much to let them go on in this way.' "

3. **From a mother of ten:** "About 'whipping' a one-year-old with a switch, I would say 'no'. But to 'paddle' him is a different thing, and we need not wait for a certain age. As soon as a child stiffens and screams, would be the right time to give him a few sound whacks on his bottom. A parent's hand seems to be built just the right shape for this and will work wonders.

"Without praying unceasingly you can do nothing, as God's help and guiding hand are needed from the cradle to the grave. But who am I to tell others when I have failed so many times myself...?"

4. **From a Pennsylvania Mother:** "Parents who feel they love their child too much to punish him will find out later they didn't love him at all, when they see they paved a hard road for him to travel...When I was a young girl, the deacon and wife had a very unruly child who would continually cry and whine in time of church. Instead of taking the boy out, the mother would keep repeating, 'Sie schtill, sie schtill, sie schtill." This didn't happen once or twice, but was the usual show...The boy grew up, married, had children, then left his wife and family."

5. **Young Parents of 23 years:** "Our children both got spanked before they were a year old. There is no better way to break a child's will than a good sound spanking. Other methods only cause frustration and heartache for the parents, and unhappiness for the child."

6. **A Mother of 13 Children, Pennsylvania:** "When a child is old enough to get angry and throw himself on the floor and kick, give him a good hard flop with your hand and ask him **kindly** to get to his feet. If he doesn't obey, repeat till he does mind. And don't do this just once but every time the child does it. And soon he will get to his feet quick when you ask him, without the flop. For myself I feel the hand is best and not a whip for a child under four."

7. **A Grandmother and mother of 15, Illinois:** "If you wait until you can explain in words about right and wrong, discipline will have been delayed too long, and there will be frustration for the parents and child."

8. **Ohio Mother of Eight:** "About John and Mary's child, I would say their child was too young to be spanked with a whip from the peach tree. With our own it seems to work quite well to go by the rate they develop, like talking and toilet training. Between two and three years is when I really insist on them giving up or breaking their will.

"I have learned that using a ruler on young children while still in plastic pants won't hurt too much and cracks enough to scare them. If they obey, O.K., if not, I hit where it hurts more. There are so many things I'd like to know, I hope other mothers have taken time to write."

9. **From Fifty-Year-Old Parents:** "Now if one of ours would throw himself on the floor and kick, I'd give him a spanking right there. But that never happened often. If they are old enough to do that, they are old enough to know what the spanking is for. One of ours when I'd whip her, she'd just get mad, I could hear it the way she cried. If I stopped before her crying sounded different, she'd be upset and pout, but if I whipped till the crying didn't have that temper sound, she was a better child."

10. **A Young Mother from the West:** "I didn't struggle long with our oldest at church until I knew only a few **firm** pats on his leg at 5½ months were enough to put him right to sleep. This seems quite young, but there is no doubt that it worked and the baby and I were both happier and more rested.

"The second child was also fussy at church and fought sleep, so at six months I tried a bit of stinging discipline again, but the reaction was completely different. The baby jumped as if frightened and stiffened, wailing frantically. After weighing the reactions carefully, I decided this wasn't stubbornness, but that this second child was different from the first. So I waited a month or more until I tried again. Perhaps only a mother will know her child well enough at that age."

11. **The Parents of Five, Ontario:** "John and Mary waited at least six months too long to start training their child. We feel many parents are cheating themselves and their children by not realizing how much a six-month-old child already knows. It is a very wonderful experience to watch a developing child as it grasps new ideas and does things that only last week appeared to be far off. It is like watching a rosebud slowly unfold into a beautiful flower.

"We've found that often if our children have been punished severely, they have soon come and said they love us. This is the time to be careful, no matter what you're doing — accept your child at once, and say you love him too. Give him a few precious moments, and he'll have forgiven you already. (Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven. How wonderful the lessons children have for us, if we'd only notice them.)

"An extra hard pat if a baby refuses to settle down when Mother is rocking him, a few sharp words if he won't keep still while being changed or held — these we believe are the beginning of a child's training, and should be started before six months."

12. **Just Eager for Wisdom:** "Parents should show appreciation to their children and thank them, also encourage them, when they do honor and obey their elders. Eph. 6:4, "And ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath; but bring them up in the nurture and admontion of the Lord.' "

13. **From a Mother Who is Still Learning with her Children:** "I was very shocked to read that anyone would whip a year-old-child. They are too young to understand and the results are a nervous child. A few spanks on their seat usually straightens them out.

"As they grow older it takes more, and each parent must know how much more, for some it takes a lot more than others, as some are very spunky and others so soft-hearted.

"Our two-year-old cries a lot over little things and needs many a spanking, but there are times when just sitting down and holding her awhile, sometimes rocking her, soothes her and she soon runs off happy, and other times she falls asleep and wakes up refreshed. Then I often wonder how often they don't feel good and can't express it any other way."

14 **A father, Pennsylvania:** "The Lord gave us a mind, and a palm on our hand, not to just carry around, but to put to use where necessary. If you use a whip now, what are you going to use when he grows older? A child raised with a whip will cause him to be hard-hearted when he grows older, so please don't use a whip before school age and only when necessary and out of love. Too many parents use anger when correcting a child and not love; this will make them resentful when they are older."

15. **Father of Seven, Illinois:** "In regard to whipping, we have had best results by sending the guilty one off by himself someplace and tell him we will join him later. Then go someplace in private where you can pray about it. When you feel you have God's guidance, join the child and tell him you believe God expects you to whip him for

Go back to thy garden plot, my friend;
Go back till the evening falls
And bind thy lilies and train thy vines
Till for thee the Master calls.

Go make thy garden fair as thou canst,
Thou workest never alone;
Perhaps he whose plot is next to thine
Will see it and weed his own.

what he has done. There are of course other ways to punish a child without whipping....Praying about it first is the best way to decide what and how severe the punishment should be."

16. **From a Father, who "is in the water, but can't swim very well":** "Did anyone ever question how many Scriptures Mary disobeyed? Mary is the trouble now, and only the grace of God will be able to keep her from being still more trouble in coming years."

17. **Another Pennsylvania Father:** "To spank a child is a step of faith...not to spank is the way of unbelief, and will bring forth a generation of rebellious children prone to lawlessness, refusing to submit to authority, and worst of all, to God. Much is said today about juvenile delinquency, but the first problem is parental delinquency."

18. **A Pennsylvania Hired Girl, Who Has Worked in Many Homes:** "Love and discipline must go hand in hand. One is useless without the other. I never saw a child give up its will on love alone. On discipline it may give up, for fear, but the respect is not there..."

19. **With Five Children Under Four Years:** "I think we all agree that the younger the self-will is broken, the better. Seems that a lot of trouble and time could be avoided if children learned discipline while young. Many times a child should have been spanked or slapped just a little harder to get rid of that pout. The slap must be hard enough to teach respect and not so light as to increase anger....We hope older parents can share experiences of their mistakes or successes, how it influenced the final product."

20. **A Holmes County Amish Family:** "Concerning the young couple, John Millers, I'm sorry but I couldn't agree with either one of them. It is wrong not to punish a child when he needs it, but I couldn't agree with going out to cut a switch from a tree. We are a young family in our late twenties. We have six children. If I remember right, I had to paddle every one of our children before they were ten months old. The palm of the hand in my opinion is the handiest punishment we can use.

"The amazing thing is only a few minutes after their punishment they will come and crawl on your lap, many times asking, 'Daddy, read me a story.' What I am trying to say, love the children, set standards, enforce them, hold no grudge, and above all tell God you want to raise your children to walk in His ways. Use the Bible for reference and do what it says.

"Again, let's love our children, be able to sit down at any age and talk to them about their hopes and fears, about life, about eternity. If we love them now when they are little, they will not bring us to shame when they are older."

21. **A Grandmother from Michigan:** "A peach whip, yes, but a hand is big enough to let a one-year-old know, and Mary was wrong thinking they could break little Jakie's will later. It does not take a one-year-old long to know if you mean it...I raised my family and they are all married. As I think back I feel I didn't know much about upbringing, but we never had the trouble some have nowadays."

22. **Father of Nine, Pennsylvania:** "No, I do not feel it is cruel to whip a baby, but that it is much more cruel, not only to the baby but to the whole family, to let the child grow up having his own way.

"Of our nine, I've never seen that punishment caused them to be afraid of me, but nearly always they were more respectful, loving, and eager to come to me than before."

23. **Ohio Father:** "The child will not be afraid of John if punishment is reasonably and properly given, and will not hate him as he grows up unless Mary constantly shows disapproval, in which case a lot of discipline will have but little affect. In other words, John can pull till the traces tear if his teammate pulls back, but if she pulls some too, the load will go easy, and the children will be happy."

24. **From a 77-year-old Grandfather:** "The best rule of child training that I have found is the Bible. The method God uses to train his children is the pattern God sets before us to raise and train our children... The will has to be broken and brought under control to obedience, if there is to be Scriptural order in a home.

"..My experience is just as soon as bad actions appear is the time to start and not a certain age. It's got to be worked according to conditions, and conditions vary. Good judgment must be used on all occasions, as too much punishment will do more harm than good, and not enough will do the same thing.

"As quick as a child can understand it, it should be taught that God sees and hears all that we do and even what we think, even if nobody sees us and we are all alone, and that God will punish evil and reward the good. Now my experience is that you can keep law and order and teach them the divine law of the Bible to the fullest extent, and plead and pray with them as long as they are at home, but you cannot change their nature and you cannot put good judgment there...neither can you pound faith into them with a rod, but you can do your duty as a father with admonishing them with the Word of God and plead with them and pray for them.....

"It is an everlasting struggle to keep order and to do your duty in teaching and explaining, especially if you have a dozen and close together. One of the great things to make your training effective is to make your words true.

"..I have seen many times where the parents need a straightening up worse than the child....I have seen more than once where a father corrected his child, maybe spanked it, when it flew into a rage of temper and ran to the mother, and she picked it up and cuddled it and said, 'Yes, Daddy is a bad man.' How can a father bring up a family under such conditions? I believe it would be a good study to study what spoils a child and makes him disobedient, and leads him away from God."

25. **A Father, Central Pennsylvania:** "I once witnessed a father trying to make a child behave at church, and it did not seem like he was getting along the best. But I thought, what his wife said to him took away any chances he may have had of success. She said, 'Give him to me, that's what he wants anyway.' Perhaps a greater role for the father in the home would save much embarrassment at church, etc....."

26. **From the Mother of a Large Family, Ohio:** "We have a large family and made so many mistakes, to think back. But my mistake at first was like Mary. The father has the right to be the head of the house. So I had to learn with the first one. My husband had to train me with the baby. We both had to learn.

"I was like Mary to start with, but my husband told me, 'How can you expect him to mind if you pity him?' Well, I thought over this and knew he was right. And I'll tell you, this follows up till they go from home. It just don't go if there is one parent on one side and the other on the other side. We need to stand side by side. I am very glad now that I did submit to him, and I thank God that He has helped us to talk things over, as I know we both feel better if we do, and we can train the children better."

"I can tell of a mother that didn't allow her husband to scold or paddle their first son. She always had to know what he punished him for and usually ended up feeling he shouldn't have. By the time that child was 16 she couldn't do anything with him, he was so rebellious and didn't mind.

"Finally one day the grandmother heard the mother say, 'I am ready to turn him over to daddy, I just can't make him mind.' The grandmother said, 'You should have done that when he was a little boy. You can't bend a limb after it has grown into a tree.'

"With a big family you find a big difference in children. But I feel to punish them out of love, and explain what the punishment is for and both parents in unity with each other is the greatest. It takes much love and prayer. We must ask God daily to help us bring our children up in the fear and admonition of the Lord."

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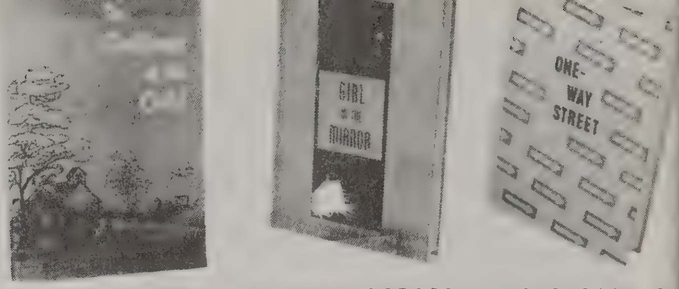

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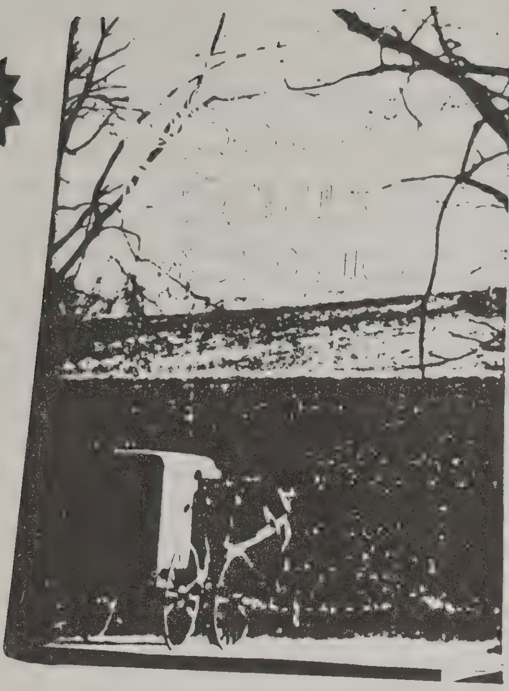

NEW!

The SIMON AND SUSIE STORIES

Now available in book form. Stories of a typical Amish boy and girl and their friends. Those who have read them when they appeared in serial form in the Young Companion will no doubt remember some of the following chapters:

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Simon and his sister Susie, like any other boys and girls had their ups and downs, their good days' and their bad days, their successes and their failures. They took life as they found it, and made the most of it, learning from their own as well as the mistakes of others. Those who are in their teenage years as well as those who look back or forward to their days of youth should be able to find something of interest and value in these stories about ordinary people in common and uncommon situations.

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TO MY HUSBAND

Please tell me, did you read "But What Does Money Mean?" (October Family Life)? I hope you did. For me, it struck responsive notes. I could have cried along with Annie. Wistfully I wished that we could have it more like Jake and Iva.

I know you do not realize I feel like this. Perhaps it's just self-pity but so many times I feel like Annie, where it says she hid her face and her body shook with sobs. I try to choke back tears and tell myself you do not mean it like it sounds. All day you are so busy, then when you come in you're tired and should relax. It is my duty, yes, to try and be as cheerful as I can just for your sake.

But tell me, if you're always taken up in looking at the daily news, or other things and hobbies, when then, shall we talk? I try not to disturb you for it's easier to concentrate when all is quiet. But then the thoughts keep coming, oh, if only we were young again. For then you used to come and see me, yes, and then we did have time to visit.

I do not mind it near as much on days when others are around, if there are children here who need my help. But on the days when I'm alone, and maybe not so much to do, the tempter comes and fills my soul with thoughts of pity. Then I feel so sorry for myself. I try to shake it off but all the time I have to wonder, "Oh, dear husband, could there be a way that you could realize how much I need just to be needed by you?"

If in the evening or on Sundays when you don't have much to do, you'd only offer me your help to do the dishes! How much easier it would be for me to do them. In homes where there are lots of girls, boys never learn to do the dishes, or to mow the lawn. They think, "Those are the jobs for women!" But in the homes where girls are scarce, the boys learn to help. Now what is wrong with that? Why can't we help each other?

Often times I've worked in fields, I know that when I'm done at night I'm not as tired as when I work in the house all day. It's so relaxing in the fields with lots of sunshine, exercise and air so fresh. In the house, it's just the opposite, nerves on edge, there's lots of baking, sewing, fixing foods, deciding what to buy and what to do without. I must decide what I shall do, and what it is to leave undone, for after all, I want to be on time. I can not do it all.

I do not like to be complaining for I like my job as wife and to be caring for your home. But it would make it so much nicer, if, dear husband, you could show your love in little things. You'd never guess how much it means to me to see you smile or hear a word of praise from you. Is this selfishness? Is it not what we promised on our wedding day? Those little things, I honestly believe, is what will make or break our marriage.

Please don't be grieved with me, dear husband, just because I say these things, — I mean no harm. I only take this way of showing you where most I need you now. For this whole world, I would not want to hurt your feelings, that is why I can not tell you face to face. My love for you will never let you go, I always want to try to do my best, but can't you see, — IT'S YOU I NEED.

-With Love, The Girl You Married

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

???????????????????????????????????????

SPECIAL NOTICE: We are not submitting any question in this issue. The deadline for answers to the last question (whether it is right to wear purple) has been extended to March 31. Those answers should appear in the May issue.

We received a considerable response to the short article entitled, "A House of Merchandise or Prayer" which appeared in the January issue. We plan to print these replies in the April issue, before sending them on to the author of the article.

ANSWERS TO THE QUESTION: IS IT RIGHT TO ENTER A HOUSE WITHOUT FIRST KNOCKING ON THE DOOR?

I CERTAINLY AGREE. People should knock on the door and wait for someone to open the door for them. I wouldn't want a salesman to walk into our home without knocking, therefore I wouldn't want to walk into anyone else's home without knocking. Most of the people in our neighborhood do knock and I respect them for it.

-Middlebury, Indiana

I FEEL A PERSON SHOULD KNOCK or call before entering any house. I feel it is rude to barge in on a person. I have had this happen to me and it can be very embarrassing as well as disrespectful. We may be Amish but we still deserve the privacy of the house we live in.

-Illinois

I GIVE A PERSON 100% CREDIT FOR KNOCKING before entering a home. In the past week one evening I heard a knock on the door. When I went to answer it, there stood a long haired stranger I had never seen before.

If he had entered without knocking, I would have been scared stiff for my husband was not at home. I appreciate and respect anyone if they take the effort to knock before entering our home.

-A Busy Housewife, Ohio

I ABSOLUTELY THINK WE SHOULD KNOCK on the door of anyone's house before entering. And don't enter unless someone comes to let you in. I heard of one man who walked in and found the woman in the bathtub. If you doubt whether the knock had been heard, then call out.

Another thing I never do is try the knob of a stranger's door. Even if I feel sure they are not at home, much less if I thought they were. There may be such a thing that they are home and do not want you in at that time. Here in Pinecraft I think everyone knocks and I'm surprised to hear that there are still places where people don't.

-Florida

IF WE LOVE OUR NEIGHBOR AS OURSELVES, won't we do as the Golden Rule says? I don't appreciate it when people walk into our home when I'm unaware someone is near. Our house is arranged so that we do not usually see when someone drives in. Therefore it is much appreciated if there is a knock or at least a voice to be heard. If it is some of our people, I'd rather they would open the door and ask is someone at home or something like that. Then I can tell them to come in without going to the door.

We sell milk and eggs and have lots of people coming at all times which makes it all the more important to know when someone comes. When we are correcting our children and suddenly look up to see someone has been watching us, it doesn't leave a very good feeling for that person. It is not showing the proper respect when we do such things. Are we unlearned or is it ignorance? These may be little things but it is the little things that makes others love and respect us when we practice them.

-Illinois

TOO MANY PEOPLE TAKE IT FOR GRANTED that their neighbors don't really care if anyone walks right in. But let's stop and think how we'd feel if someone caught us at an embarrassing moment. I think courtesy can be improved by at least giving a few knocks before entering. A cheerful "Come in" will give you confidence in entering.

-Nappanee, Indiana

I THINK IT'S VERY RUDE TO WALK RIGHT IN, especially if it's a man. It is seldom that the woman of the house likes it to look up and see that someone is in the house. I have had some very embarrassing experiences which are hardly fit to print but nevertheless they are true. Once when one of our children was only a few days old a man stood in the doorway of my room and I didn't know a soul was in the house, let alone in the doorway to my sick room. Had he come in a few minutes earlier— it makes me nervous even to think about it. I think he could have and should have knocked or slammed the door or called or something.

Another time before a baby was born, the doctor had told me to exercise my legs for varicose veins. This is what I was doing when I discovered that in the doorway stood a grown neighbor boy. He walked through the enclosed porch, the kitchen, dining room and living room without making enough noise that I knew anyone was around. I don't think things like this should happen. If it were a woman, it wouldn't be quite as bad.

After a few experiences like this you can imagine I was pleased recently when a neighbor came to our house. Although he was of our faith, he still knocked and waited to enter until he was asked. I appreciated it so much that I told him so.

-Ohio Mother

There are three modes of bearing ills of life. By indifference which is most common; by philosophy which is most ostentatious; by religion which is the most effectual.

-Coltos

PATHWAY PEN POINTETTES

LIVING ABOVE SUSPICION

When I was a schoolboy the teacher always taught us to keep ourselves above suspicion. One day I got a first handed lesson on the subject.

The boy one seat ahead of me was throwing paper wads at another boy two rows across from us. As he threw a paper wad, I would jerk my arm down a little later. Thus the boy thought it was me that was throwing the wads.

This was fun until finally the teacher walked in just as I was pulling my arm down. I hadn't thrown any wads but as he beckoned me to come, I knew it wasn't any use to try to tell the teacher any different. So I just had to take my medicine.

I have never forgotten the lesson and it has kept me from going into suspicious places to use the phone or rest rooms. -J.G., Ohio

LOOK ON YOUR FRONT DOOR

We have a neighbor who is not of our faith who has a very big interest in deer hunting. This fall when the deer season opened in New York he went there to hunt for several days without seeing a deer. When the season opened in Pennsylvania, he went for several days without getting anything. He got a license for doe, too, but still no luck.

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to walk out to see the progress of the construction. When they arrived, they found blind Johnnie crawling around on the framework.

One of the group called out, "Well, Johnnie, how are you going to get down?"

"The same way I got up," came his reply.

After he had examined all the beams and braces and had with his fingers "seen" how the framework was constructed, he descended again.

Johnnie possessed a sense of direction that those who have eyes do not have. He explained that he has senses which others do not have. He said God created the body with senses that are dormant and do not develop. When some senses are lost then others develop. He walked three miles over cross-country roads, which he had not walked when seeing, to do his banking.

One Saturday afternoon a number of boys were at the Wenger store. They decided to have a wheelbarrow match. They borrowed a wheelbarrow from Johnnie and went to the meadow. There they drove a stake into the ground. One of the boys was blindfolded, turned around three times, then he took hold of the handles of the wheelbarrow and tried to hit the stake with the wheel. The boys' aim was wild so they went to the store and asked Johnnie to try his ability. He was always ready for a bit of fun. The boys first showed him the location of the stake.

When seeing that Johnnie was walking straight toward the stake one of the boys called out, "Johnnie, du peepsht!" (Johnnie, you are peeping!)

He hit the stake with the wheelbarrow wheel.

Across the Conestoga was an abandoned lime kiln that the Wengers used for an ice house, in connection with their business. This ice house was reached by a foot bridge which was nothing more than a long trunk of a tree. Although advised not to make the dangerous trip across the log with a wheelbarrow, Johnnie made frequent trips across in this manner, walking backwards.

Johnnie was blest with a keen mind and a good sense of humor.

Once while walking across the footlog, Johnnie, as usual, slid his cane along the edge to guide himself. Jere Martin, a teen-aged boy, was hiding in the creek below. As John came near him, Jere caught the lower end of the cane.

The blind man called out, "Now, Jere."

"How do you know it's me?" the boy asked.

"Because no one else would do such a thing," came the blind man's reply.

A salesman once said to Johnnie, "Mr. Wenger, I guess you would give a good bit to have your eyesight restored."

Johnnie did not reply immediately. "Not as much as some people think," he answered.

Johnnie was determined to accept life as it was, and thanked God for his many blessings. He did not ask for pity or sympathy in any way. At times he would say how much better he was off than some others who had physical handicaps.

He did not have a defeatist's attitude, never complained, but faced life with a determination to conquer all obstacles and to do everything anyone else could do.

Johnnie came from a family of ten children. All but two of these had some kind of physical handicap. One brother and two of his sisters also became blind when past forty years of age. This was believed due to glaucoma.

It seems some families have more than their share of trouble and sicknesses, but if we go deeper than the surface, we can find they often have their share of blessings and joy, and more so if they are of the Christian faith.

Johnnie lived in the heart of the Weaverland Mennonite Church District, at the time when there was church trouble. But Johnnie was friend to all and didn't have any enemies. No one spoke ill of him.

After the age of forty Johnnie became very active in church affairs, and was very concerned about the salvation of others.

David would do the reading for Johnnie but later in life, Johnnie visited the school for the blind in Philadelphia. Someone gave him a chart with the Lord's prayer on it in Braille. He was delighted with this and proved to be an apt pupil. On his second visit he received the entire book of Mark. This he soon mastered and read, and reread it.

Johnnie requested that "The Unclouded Day" be sung at his funeral. This remarkable life came to an end on October 18, 1916 after suffering a stroke. He was 73 years of age.

A friend who had known Johnnie said of him, "The life and works of this man proved a great blessing to everyone with whom he came in contact. His influence affected the lives of all those who took time to stop and think." ■■

Across The Window Sill

by Aunt Becky

To A Mother

You hold on your lap, dear Mother,
A gift from the Father above;
He sent it to you pure and holy—
Fresh from the arms of His love.

None other can take your place, Mother,
You hold the key of God's love;
If you should fall short of your duty,
A child will miss Heaven above.

There is no other task so important;
Dear Mother, don't fail to see
That each little child in your keeping
Is bound for eternity.

Take time with the Saviour, dear Mother,
Remember to read and to pray,
Then ask Him for help with the problems
That come with each passing day.

O, time is so swift and so fleeting
And little ones won't always stay;
Do teach them by life and example
To follow in God's holy way.

The heart that today is so tender
Will so soon be hardened by time,
O, keep it well guarded, dear Mother,
And fill it with truths so sublime.

So walk very carefully, Mother,
That when earth's little day is o'er
Each child will be able to meet you
Safe on eternity's shore.

-Vera H. Miller
(dedicated to my friend, Dorcas Herr)

* * *

I'm glad to see those little seeds sprouting in boxes on the windowsill. This tells me that spring is near. I don't know why but most of the days this winter seemed spring-like to me. Maybe I just had spring in my heart... and the imagination took over. Of course I beheld the outdoor scenes mostly through the window. But I did notice on those clear, crispy days when the thermometer hovered low, that nippy fingers and red noses entered the door.

We usually feed the birds, but this winter we've had a continous battle with cats. They would climb the tree and steal our suet. By mid-January a passerby left more cats off again— probably family pets. These find a haven in the barn and on our porch. So we've been doing the next best— trying to enjoy the cats and what few birds dare come to the feeder.

In some areas it is not too late to start miniature peppers. These add color to the canned goods shelf and also to the family table. In the summer when the peppers are red, green, or yellow, they can be hollowed out and stuffed with cole slaw. Pack them into pint jars. Then fill the jars with not-too-sour vinegar water. Cold pack for one hour. These are delicious and handy to have on hand when unexpected company arrives.

To keep from missing the "goodies" in cinnamon buns, add a little more molasses. Then while still hot put them upside down on wax paper. You'll have a nice, syrupy glaze on top and no need for icing.

-Mrs. Mel J. Troyer, Sugarcreek, Ohio

* * *

Mrs. C. L. Dueck of Mexico advises: "Roll out a piece of the dough the size of the baking pan, then cut and place the cinnamon rolls on the rolled out dough. In this way you have to cut them apart for serving, but it keeps the sugar in."

* * *

Dear Nervous Christians,

If you would trust your husband like you did before you were married, you could solve many of your problems yourself. If someone had told you at the time, that your boy friend had a fault, you would have been willing to overlook it, or would have tried to cover it up. Now put your trust and confidence in him and discuss your problems. Perhaps you will find out he has some also and will then turn to you for help. Every day tell him about something the children did or said that was different. Above all, read the Scriptures together and discuss what you read. Count a brother's care your own and learn to trust each other... and God.

Each for the other
And both for the Lord. -A Mother

* * *

In answer to the question about mothers of little children having nervous breakdowns. I, from experience, would advise all mothers to always take vitamins after childbirth. Do not get them from a drugstore, but from the doctor. He knows better what you need. It seems a mother's body has to be built up again or else depression will take over. Childbirth is not always the reason though for a mother's nervous breakdown. It is well not to become rundown. A husband can do much to encourage his wife, and should speak kindly to her.

-A Mother from Pennsylvania

* * *

Last winter a mother wrote in your paper that she has some stories in her head to write for FL but she has so much other work, etc. A Mother who wants to wait to write until all the cleaning and mending is done (which is never, it seems), will keep her stories where they are— in her head. -A Mother who writes.

* * *

A friend said recently that buttermilk in pie crust, and also in bread— instead of water— is very good. From

Iowa comes: "When you are baking bread, replace 1/8 of your water with vinegar. This makes it less crumbly and also retards spoilage.

"When cooking tarty fruit such as rhubarb, apricots, grapes, or red raspberries, add a generous amount of cinnamon. For grapes add vanilla too, for a different flavor.

"When making a small amount of rivvel soup, use only the yolk. This makes extra fine rivvels. If you have bananas that seem to be spoiled, they are still good for banana bread or pudding. Here is a recipe that is quick and economical and almost as good as banana bread:

2 1/4 cups flour
1 3/4 cups sugar
1 teaspoon soda
2 eggs
2 cups bananas, mashed
1/2 teaspoon salt

Mix all ingredients together and pour into greased loaf pan, size 13 x 9 and bake 1/2 hour or until done. Serve warm with milk.

I think children should be taught to eat things that are good for them at an early age, then they will learn to like such as brown bread, and instead of adding sugar, the natural sweets like raisins in cooked cereal. Peanut butter goes well with celery; molasses and a little spice are good on baked apples, and so on. -E. M.

Raisin Oatmeal Batter Bread

1 package active dry yeast
2 cups warm water
1 1/2 teaspoons salt
3 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons soft shortening
2 cups all purpose flour
2 cups whole wheat flour
1 cup rolled oats
1/2 cup seedless raisins

Dissolve yeast in warm water in large mixing bowl. Stir in salt, sugar, and shortening, plus 2 cups flour and oats — stirring. Beat for 3 minutes, then stir in rest of flour and raisins, mixing till smooth and satiny. Cover with cloth and let rise in a warm place until double in size. Stir down while counting 15 slowly. Spoon into greased loaf pan. Cover with cloth. Let rise. Bake at 360° for 50 minutes. -E. M., Pennsylvania

* * *

Beets are one of our favorite canned vegetables and this is the way we like them best:

Harvard Beets

3 cups cooked diced beets
1/2 cup sugar
1 tablespoon cornstarch
1 teaspoon salt
1/4 cup vinegar
1/4 cup water
2 tablespoons butter

Mix the sugar, salt, and cornstarch. Add vinegar and water and stir until smooth. Cook for 5 minutes. Add beets to hot sauce and let stand for 30 minutes. Just before serving, bring to a boil and add butter. (Omit salt when using canned beets which had been salted.)

-Mrs. Melvin Hochstetler, Bremen, Indiana

(Harvard beets can also be made with canned pickled beets by omitting the vinegar, sugar and salt. Use the beet water for the sauce — Aunt Becky.)

Corn Pone

1 cup cornmeal
1 cup sifted flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons baking powder
1 egg
1 cup milk
1/4 cup oil or shortening

When using sour milk or buttermilk use 1 teaspoon soda and 3 teaspoons baking powder.

-Mrs. Jonas E. Fisher, Pa.

Chocolate Pudding Cake

1 cup shortening
2 cups sugar
2 eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup buttermilk or sour milk
3 cups flour
2 teaspoons soda
1 teaspoon salt
2/3 cup cocoa

Mix together until smooth, then add 1 cup hot water. Pour into a 13 x 9 inch pan.

Mix together: 1 1/2 cups sugar
2 tablespoons cocoa
3/4 to 1 cup hot water

Pour over cake batter. Bake in a 350° oven for 50 to 60 minutes. Good with ice cream.

-Mrs. Amos A. Hochstetler, Indiana

Whole Wheat Pudding

1 1/2 cups whole wheat flour
3/4 cup white flour
3/4 cup sugar
1 cup sour milk
1 cup raisins
2 tablespoons shortening
1 egg
1/2 teaspoon soda
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon nutmeg
1/2 teaspoon salt

Pour into 13 x 9 x 2 greased pan and bake in 350° oven until done — 30 to 40 minutes. Serve with milk or cream.

-Mrs. Menas Wickey, Monroe, Indiana

A Child's Prayer

Dear God, help me to do the things I should,
To be to others kind and good,
In all my work and all my play,
To grow more loving every day.
In Jesus' Name. Amen.

Some Mothers Write

About three months after school had started our first grader came home and asked us how old we are. Hearing that Mom was 30 and Dad 29, her face lighted up. "Once you are 100, Dad will be only 99. You'll beat him," she remarked. Then she thought a few minutes before going on. "If you're older than Dad, how come is Dad bigger?"

-M., Pennsylvania

I came out after my lawn mower had stopped to find the cap off the gas tank. My 4-year-old had an empty glass in her hands, a pleased look on her face. "The water was all so we put some in for you," she said.

-B., Pennsylvania

Thoughts from My Rocking Chair

Parents who build
a Christian home,
are parents who
help build the
church — and
the community.
Aunt Becky

A PAGE FOR Shut-Ins

THE STORY OF JOHN S. WENGER (1843-1916)

John, the oldest son of Michael S. Wenger, was born with only one good eye. At the age of 22 he became totally blind. He worked on his father's farm at East Earl, Pennsylvania until one day he decided he would like to try his hand at making brooms. His father was skeptical but he gave his son the opportunity to learn. The first brooms were imperfect but the people bought them anyway since they were the product of "Blind Johnnie" as he was commonly called.

At this time the brooms were sewed with wire. When the thread-sewn brooms came on the market the father feared Johnnie could not compete with them. But the boy purchased a new machine and soon he was also making thread-sewn brooms.

At the time when Johnnie went into a business of his own, his brother Davie was 13 years old. Davie never weighed much over 100 pounds and was a hunchback. Because of this he was referred to as "Bucklich Davie." Davie wasn't strong so went into partnership with Johnnie. He served as the "eyes" of his blind brother.

The boys had a store and still later went into the implement business. When first the haytedders came into existence, Johnnie proved to farmers that the implement could turn the hay more effectively than when turned by hand.

Blind Johnnie became quite efficient in making adjustments on binders. At one time a farmer had difficulty with a binder. A factory man was called to the scene but could not find the trouble. John was then called and was taken to the field. He told the farmer to drive a few yards, called a halt, crawled under the machine, made an adjustment, then told the farmer to try it again. The binder worked perfectly, much to the amazement of the factory man.

Johnnie's skill in making adjustments was known for miles around and when others failed he was frequently called upon.

At that time there was a Samuel Sauder who was in the market for a mowing machine. Three different dealers took their machines to the Sauder farm for a demonstration. This was a common thing in those days and usually brought a large crowd of farmers— prospective buyers— to the demonstration scene.

The meadow grass was difficult to mow and one of the machines would not cut it. The other two could and so made several rounds around the meadow. Mr. Sauder could not decide which machine he wanted. Blind Johnnie, not to be defeated, brushed the mowed grass aside and showed that his mower had mowed fully an inch shorter than the competitor's machine. His machine was sold. Although his machine was actually not superior, it showed that the blind man was more adept in his adjustments.

One evening a farmer came to the Wenger store and asked for a new binder. Johnnie said he had one but it was not assembled.

"O my," said the farmer, "Here I am, my binder broken down and my wheat is ripe and must be harvested. I must have one at once."

"You come around tomorrow morning," said Johnnie, "and I'll have it ready for you."

The next morning by ten o'clock the new machine was binding wheat in the field.

Here "Blind Johnnie" was at a decided advantage. He could assemble machinery as well at night as during the day time. Sometimes it was rumored that his implement shed was haunted. Folks would pass at night, hear a sound, and not thinking that it was the blind man at work, would say they heard "spooks" in the implement shed.

John Eby who had one of John's binders, had trouble with the knotter on the machine. He had a mechanic there to help him but they could not find the trouble. Finally the blind man was called in. He had them turn the crank to turn the mechanism without the machine being in motion. John listened, depending on his keen sense of hearing. Then he told them to take the knotter out and take it apart, and they will find a shaft the size of a lead pencil which they will discover is bent. This, he told them, they shall straighten out and reassemble. They took his advice and the binder worked.

Blind Johnnie was very keen in his observance. He couldn't pass farm buildings without hearing a child, screendoor, dog, cat or some other noise, which other people wouldn't notice. With these sounds he could determine the location of buildings in the area, much to the amazement of others.

At times Johnnie's brother would take him along when going away. Regardless from which direction they approached the buildings when arriving home, Johnnie could step from the buggy and walk directly in the direction he wanted to go.

Once Johnny was taken to a funeral. His brothers didn't know the way. Johnny said he knew the way. Johnny would tell his brother when they came to a road where it was necessary to turn. How he recognized these places remains a secret with the blind man.

After starting his own business, Johnnie bought a farm. Although he had never seen it, he could wander about from field to field without losing his bearings. He would walk to his corn field, which was at a distance, take hold of a stalk and examine the ear. Then to the right, then to the left, then further into the field he would go. After his curiousity was satisfied he returned home.

One summer when the farmer who worked for him and three helpers were about ready to start putting hay into the barn, blind Johnnie walked onto the barn floor. He took hold of the hay rope and pulled it a bit.

"You men do not have these pulleys and rope hung right," he said and then told them how it had to be rigged to work properly.

The men changed the rope. Then one of them remarked, "And to think we had to be told by a blind man!"

When Johnnie heard this he quipped, "I would rather be blind than as dumb as some people are!"

In his store he could weigh and measure commodities as accurately as those who can see. His change was always right. He could easily identify hard currency, but not paper currency. He would refuse to accept bills from a stranger when alone in the store.

At one time a large trolly line bridge was being constructed over the Conestoga. A group of people decided

(Continued on page 35)

His Lamp Am I...

"His lamp am I,
To shine where He shall say;
And lamps are not for sunny rooms,
Nor for the light of day;
But for the dark places of the earth,
Where shame and wrong and crime have birth,
Or for the murky twilight gray
Where wandering sheep have gone astray,
Or where the lamp of faith grows dim
And souls are groping after Him.
And as sometimes a flame we find,
Clear-shining, through the night
So dark we cannot see the lamp—
But only see the light—
So may I shine, His love the flame,
That men may glorify His name."

Annie Johnson Flint

PEN POINTETTES (Continued from page 35)

e was very much disgusted. Then one morning he went ut on his own farm where once there was a gravel pit. ere he saw four doe and shot one of them.

I had to think about another matter which might be com-ared to this. One hears so much talk about joining this r that church in order to find salvation. Many go first to ne church and then to another, all seemingly without uccess. Perhaps they could have found it if they had ooked on their front door step to begin with. Paul writes n 1 Cor. 3:16, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of od and the Spirit of God dwelleth within you?" He can e found by those who diligently seek him. Going to any ne certain church will not guarantee that he will find salation.

-M.B., Pa.

O BE A FRIEND

A few years ago when we got married and moved on ur farm we were warned that our closest neighbor lady idn't like the Amish. A year and a half went by and I ever had the chance to meet her. I could easily see her if we both happened to be working in our gardens at the same time for we were not far apart. Frequently I waved at her but she never responded.

One day I decided this is enough. I wrapped a small loaf of warm fresh bread, set our 5-month old baby on the little wagon and struck out to meet our neighbor. I figured a baby could break the ice if anyone could.

When I got to the door, my heart was pounding harder than my knock. The lady came to the door and said somewhat reluctantly, "Come in." I went inside and found her to be quite talkative. She and her husband gave a lot of attention to our baby. I left within half an hour and they gave me a hearty thank you for the bread.

Several weeks later, I heard a soft knock on our door. To my surprise, she was standing there and seemed very friendly. She stayed quite awhile and then handed our baby a nice toy that she had bought especially for her. A warm feeling flowed through me as I thought of the phrase, "If you want a friend, you must be one." As I pondered over it, I thought it was well worth the effort for they are now very friendly toward us.

-Kansas

CHILD TRAINING STUDY

PROBLEMS IN CHILD TRAINING

NO.5

By Joseph Stoll

"What a shame these children aren't taught to work," wrote the hired girl in her diary one evening late in May. "They roam the neighborhood like stray dogs, getting into all kinds of trouble. If this is what happens when the husband works in the factory, I want to marry a farmer.

"My mother told me being a hired girl is an education. Well, this is my first experience, and I'm learning all right. They say idleness breeds mischief. It certainly does at this house. The poor children don't know what to do with themselves, with so much free time. They're not one bit happy. They need to learn responsibility and the sweetness of hard work. Sometimes I wonder — if these children were put to work, this family wouldn't need a hired girl. Anyway, in another week I'll be starting in household No. 2.

June 3: "Well, here I am, starting work for the W_____'s. Here the children work, but already I see where there are problems. They can poke the longest time getting something done, and the mother is always nagging and yelling at them to hurry. I'm sure it would often be less bother to her to do the work herself. Actually, I'm glad I only promised to work here a week; the nagging gets on my nerves. But I have to ask myself, is it really that hard to get children to work, and enjoy it?"

June 18: "I've already been here a week at my third place. They only have two children, and they aren't hurting themselves working. The policy here seems to be, 'Never do anything for nothing'. These people actually pay their children for working, not just once in a while, but all the time. When they hoe potatoes, they get 25 cents an hour, and it's 5 cents for each cow they milk, and 10 cents a hundred for gathering eggs. I wonder who does the bookkeeping.

"I have to ask myself, is this good for the children? Do the parents owe them wages for working? Besides, that much money isn't good for them if you ask me. I can't imagine everybody having trouble getting their children to work, but so far my three families have. I'm going to have to be careful. Marrying a farmer isn' the whole answer."

September 15: "Household no. 4 is maybe a little better, but again I'm finding fault with the way the paren train their children to work. Here the problem, it seem to me, is that work is thought of as a punishment. Like this morning, the little girls got into mischief and the mother said, "Just for that, you girls will do the dishes today." They'll not get much joy or satisfaction out of work if it's supposed to be a punishment."

September 21: "I'm getting discouraged about it all. I've worked in four homes this summer, and in none of them are the children happily at work, helping their parents and learning responsibility. Is it really that hard to teach them to work, to get them interested in their chores, and to make good use of their time? I have to wonder."

WHAT DO YOU THINK? What difficulties have you experienced teaching children to work? What are the pitfalls? What are some good methods? Why not write them down.

Perhaps the hired girl just happened to work in four poor homes. Or was she maybe too critical? What do you think? Send your opinion to:

Child Training
c/o Pathway Publishers
R. 4, Aylmer, Ontario

Watch for next month's child training problem.

****

SAYING OR DOING

Recently a neighbor who I know well and who is a me ber of our church, was talking and saying how we plain people ought to drive our carriages beside the road and let the cars pass when we are on the highway.

It so happened a few days later I was going with another brother to a funeral and it was a warm day. We came to a rather steep hill and there was a ditch on our side of the road. We could not get off the main road.

The driver said, "I do not like this for I see two car coming behind us. The horse is sweating but I'll hurry him up till we get to the top of the hill."

This he did and as soon as we got to the top, he pulled over and let the cars pass. In one car a man hollered at us, "If you can't drive faster than that, why don't you stay off the road," and "Don't you know you ought to get off the road?"

Who do you think the man was that hollered at us? None other than the man who had talked so loud about driving our horse and buggies a few days earlier. He had hired a car to take him.

-T.N., Pa.

Return Addresses:
In Canada- Family Life
Aylmer, Ontario

In U.S.A. — Family Life
LaGrange, IN 46761

FAMILY LIFE

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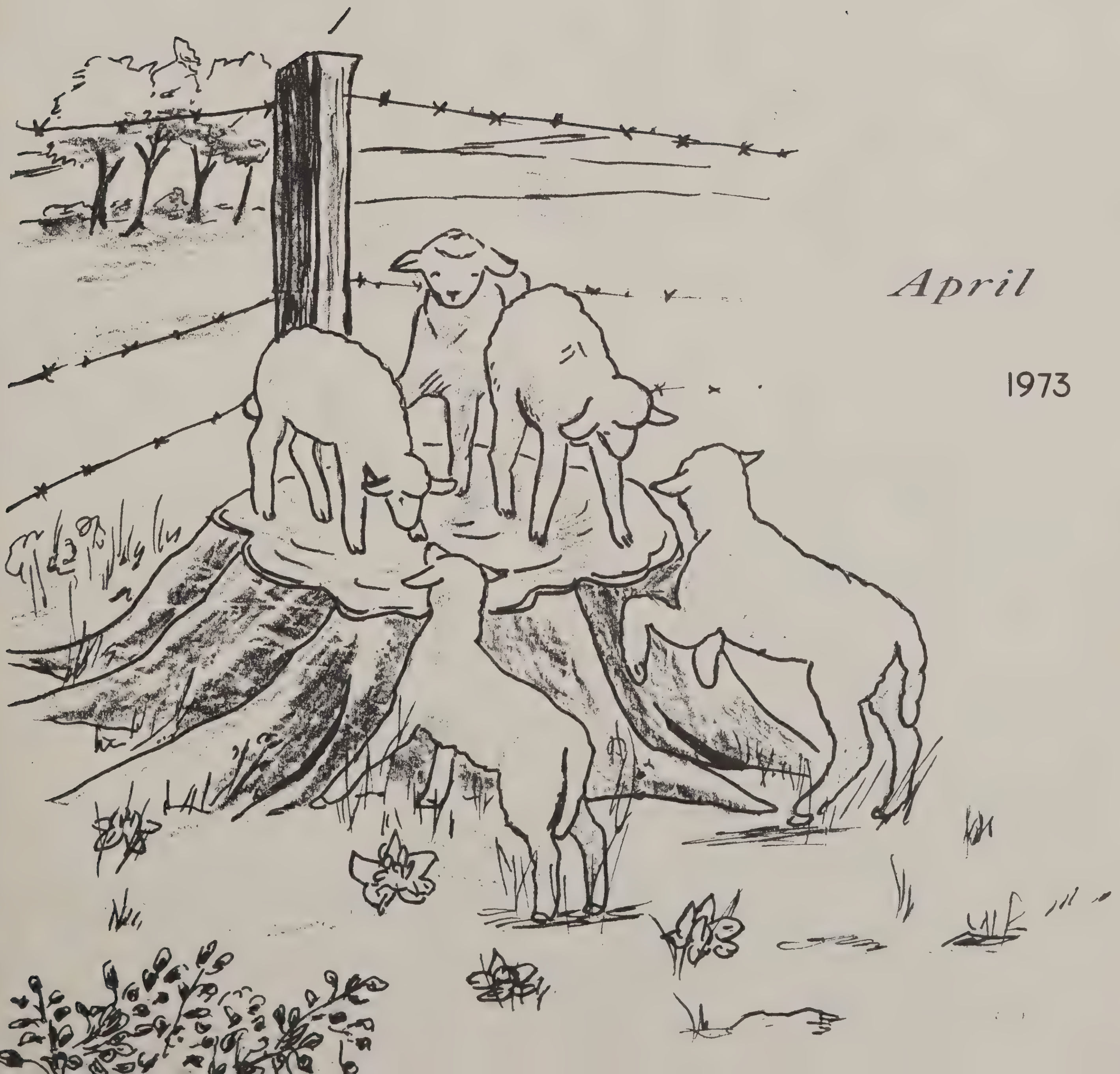

April

1973

letters to the editors

FAMILIES IN THE SAME CHURCH

The Article "Thinking Back and Forward" (February issue) fits so well as if I had written it myself. Yes, those families who all go to the same church can't imagine what it's like to have such different interests that visiting doesn't even go good. I also hope and pray that others will be concerned enough in improving our church and homes so that no one can take the things you mentioned as a reason for leaving. I believe it wouldn't be as hard as some people think to change such things as the "open door policy." Lots of young people aren't in favor of it.

For myself, I never imagined courtship would be what it turned out to be. Let us pray for our young people for they will be the church of tomorrow.

To the young people, I would say, don't be in a hurry to date. Waiting a few years till you are eighteen or older may bring thoughts and wants which are very different. You will be thinking more of the future than you were at sixteen.

-Wayne County Mother

Perhaps the subject is not given enough thought. What does the family get-together do to our growing children? Of course we love our brothers and sisters deeply for their soul's sake but when they come with worldly fashions and talk, it's sometimes quite a problem to know what we should do.

I believe it was for a very wise and noble purpose~~s~~ that the forefathers had this in mind when at each communion, they made mention of things not allowed such as picnics, birthday parties, family reunions, worldly celebrations, etc. All such gatherings would have a tendency to mingle the children in a false kind of pleasure. I hope the young mother from Indiana can make her decision wisely and consider first of all the will of the Lord.

-M. Rhodes, Pa.

WHAT ACTION TO TAKE

In my opinion, the article "When Action fails, the church falls" (February issue) was an outstanding one. Now the question I would like to ask is what can we as lay members do when things are mentioned but hardly ever is anything done about it. Neither is the bishop too concerned about it either. What is our duty now?

-Middle aged Father

FACING UP TO MENTAL FACTS

Frequently mention is made in Family Life of mental problems and I would like to write a few words in the hopes that it will help someone in need.

At one time I had what was considered a minor mental problem. But now as I look back I feel it was nothing but Satan trying to wedge into my youth. At the time when I felt the need to serve my Maker, Satan was doing his best to lead me astray. As the days wore on, I grew gradually worse. Then one day a stranger told me, "Between the ages of 15 and 20 you are in the most golden years of your life and you should make the most of them. If everything seems to be against you, you should take a walk in the quiet of the evening or very early in the morning when everything is still. In the woods or somewhere, get down on your knees and pour out your troubles to Jesus for He and only He can help you and give you rest for He is meek and gentle. The heavy sins you will have to conquer such as smoking, drinking, swearing, etc."

With the help of God I tried to follow his advice and today I am happily married with a big family. My mental problems have left me for which I want to thank God for as long as I live.

-Name and Address Withheld

MORE ABOUT THE NEW NAMES

I read with interest your articles about new names among the Amish. Although I am not Amish, but Old Order Mennonite I am still very much interested in the Burkholder name. I live only 1 1/2 miles from the Ulrich Burkholder place. According to history, Mrs. Christian Burkholder settled in Brecknock Township near Bowmansville in 1755 instead of in Earl Township.

The house which stands today is probably still the same one which Ulrich built. In the first United States Census (1790) there were two family heads by the name of Burkholder in this area, Ulrich and John.

My wife is a descendant of Ulrich's brother, Christian Jr., who was born June 1, 1746 which made him four years older than Ulrich.

Christian Jr. was the first bishop of Weaverland and Groffdale Mennonite Church. We have a bishop and deacon by the Burkholder name here in Pennsylvania who are descendants of Christian Jr., besides some in the ministry who do not bear the Burkholder name.

Ulrich's son, Christian, moved to Canada in 1816 or 1818 and purchased a farm of 100 acres for $1200. It is located about one mile north of Waterloo and in 1900 was owned by Christopher Huether.

I was also watching for the Detweilers but I suppose that is no new Amish name. My great grandmother was a Detweiler, a daughter of John, who married Barbara Wenger. John was the son of Rudolph who was the son of Heinrich Detweiler, born about 1745. Heinrich was the son of Gregorius. These were all Mennonites and are probably not related to the Amish Detweilers.

-Amos Kilmer, R.1, East Earl, Pa. 17519

IT'S BETTER TO TRUST

We subscribed to Family Life several months ago and we enjoy reading it. I appreciated the mother's advice in the January issue that we should live each day as if it were the last. One more day to live with the family, to care for the children, to love them, help them, and teach them.

The advice not to worry was also good. It doesn't help anything and is not good for us. It is better to trust the future to God. One day only this week, my husband and small daughter were on their way to a nearby town when a car hit their buggy. The driver was not minding his business but no one was hurt. How thankful I was that my husband could return home safely and to take my little girl into my arms again.

Was also glad for the suggestions that there are "at home" jobs besides farming. Daddy works away every day but we have started into the nursery business (growing plants) and are hoping that sometime he can stay at home more. One of our neighbors makes tables for a

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company and is at home full time.

-Pennsylvania

IS IT PRUDISH?

In the article "Thoughts From the Past For the Future" (Feb. issue), I hope it is not that bad that we as Christians cannot talk with a Christian sister or brother of opposite sex without being attracted in an evil way.

-Pennsylvania

BEWARE OF THE MOTIVE

Reading the article "How Do Others See Us" in Feb. issue brought some thoughts to my mind which I would like to share with the plain people.

It is true that some who are interested in your way of life have a certain amount of admiration, and respect and some are even sympathetic.

But I am inclined to believe that in the majority of cases, the strong desire to find out about the plain people is because of a selfish motive. They have a waiting readership who wants to know, are the plain people normal or not; what makes them tick and is their ticking reasonable? The ones who like to make this study and research are not willing to make the sacrifices necessary to receive the benefits which the plain people's doctrinal, traditional, and practical assests can give them. Don't expect it. The Amish and plain people don't have spectacular "soap-box offer" to dish out to the public.

It puts the plain people on the spot when these "interested visitors" expect gracious doors of hospitality opened for them. It is true that the Scriptures say we should have an answer for the hope that lies within us. But I deplore the stategy such unscrupulous people use to gain their own selfish ends and the promises they break. Their research intrudes into things which are personal to the group and individuals within the group. Since they want such intimate sharing, they like to acquire friendship and goodwill to establish themselves into your confidence. They obtain the most information from people who are critical of the church and the people in the community. Such person will talk and reveal things which others, out of Christian love, want to forget.

Many of the writings of such persons seem to weaken the structure of the faith, thought, and life styles of our people. They tend to influence the readers and the plain people themselves to think as they think about the plain people.

It would be much better if such "researchers" would contact only those who are firmly grounded and stable in the faith and are loyal to their religious beliefs and practices.

Once they get you wrapped around their fingers, it will be hard to untwine. If you don't allow yourself to be used, used, used, you will be resented.

The one who is really interested in the faith will not use others for selfish ends, but will accept them as they are and not try to dominate them or influence them to accept their own ideas as to how they ought to think or act.

-A True Friend of The Plain People

ANOTHER SALE IS COMING

I read with interest the article "A Rush For The Bargains" (Feb. issue). This woman knew what she is talking about and I believe everyone that read the article from Lancaster county knows exactly which store she is talking about.

I don't make a habit of going to sale days but since so many people were talking about what they got, I decided to go, too. My husband's mother always goes so I decided to take her along. We went on the first day and got there between 8 and 8:30. They usually have a whole table full of white dacron and cotton and that is what she would have liked to have had. There were only two pieces left and these were damaged. We asked some other women and they said, "There was a big pile but one woman came and took it nearly all."

Those women had wanted some too and felt bad about it. I'd rather been in their shoes than the one who took so so much.

-Leola, Pa.

The story about the rush for the bargains made me think that April is our next month and that is when the Spector stores usually have bargain tables. It's a shame how some folks will act. Last year we heard that at one store a woman went real early so she could have first choice and took a hundred yards. It was a minister's wife, too.

-Ohio

STRUGGLE MAKES IT STRONG

We enjoy the articles and stories very much in Family Life. I think there is a lesson to be learned in watching the wheat grow in the spring. One day the wind is from the south and the next day a hard north wind until you fear it will tear out the stalks or pull them loose from the roots. Struggle produces toughness. If we had only sunny, windless days the stalks would not be strong enough to hold up the heads of wheat.

It's the same way with people. Life is a challenge and we must work and struggle to grow strong. Those who do not work for what they get in life seldom know its value. They go through life restless and dissatisfied. We all have to face some rough times. If only we were not so quick to complain.

-New Wilmington, Pa.

DANDELION SEASON IS HERE

Since the editor is interested in knowing how many women try out the recipes, I would like to say, I try out most of the simple ones that can be made with the ingredients I have in my cupboard.

But the real reason of my writing is that the dandelion season is here once more and I was wondering if it might be among the Family Life readers like a traveling salesman found it among our people. He asked if we eat dandelion and said he is asking it at every home and is surprised at how few people eat it or even know it can be eaten. He said he thought it is something all farmers eat.

We always look forward to this first green dish each spring. Some people eat it as a salad. I cook it with salt till tender and juice almost gone. Then season with vinegar, sugar, fried bacon and hard boiled eggs. We also can some for next winter. Gathering requires a lot of time. Is that maybe why so few people eat it? - Pa.

(continued from page 33)

do the or else, instead of letting him get by with it. But be fair to your children, give them a lot of love, hugs and kisses; you will see this can make a big difference."

31.) From a Holmes County mother: "If I had it to do over, I would by the grace of God pray more with the children and teach them to ask Jesus to help them be good."

PATHWAY PEN POINTS

WE GOT MARRIED IN THE DEPRESSION

I'll never forget the years of the Great Depression. I worked as a hired maid on a farm and got $2.50 a week. They paid me when the huckster came for the eggs. But toward fall the chickens didn't lay so well and I was told I would have to wait until spring when the crops were sold before I could get my money. I was twenty years old at the time.

The young man who was to be my husband also worked on a farm. They had a family of three small children and he got only five dollars a week. But prices were poor and when fall came, the farmer said he wouldn't be able to pay him before spring.

We had planned to get married that winter. But now neither one of us was getting our wages. Well, I got a new dress but had to dry clean my winter coat. My husalso had to get his suit dry cleaned for there was just no money to get a new one.

We got married in January, 1931 and started housekeeping at my parents' place. They said they should have four dollars a month rent. My husband didn't get his wages till spring so I thought there was no other way, I would have to go and work to buy our groceries.

I got a job a mile away from home and had to walk every morning at 6:30 and home again in the evening at 5:30. I got a dollar a day. At that time it was considered serious when a married woman worked away but I felt we should pay our debts as we go. That has been our motto ever since.

I recall the first summer a friend gave us two little pigs to raise. We had planned to butcher one. We had no table and wanted to sell the other pig to buy a table. But when the man came to get it, he said he can not pay for it till spring. We were disappointed for we had planned on getting the table. When March came he paid for the pig and we bought a table. It was a 14-ft. extension table and cost $25.00. We have now had it for 41 years and treasure it greatly.

At that time it was not easy to borrow money and the banks didn't help either. The earthly treasures which the Lord spoke about and said we should not lay up were not very plentiful.

I remember a brother who had a large family. He wanted to buy a pig to butcher. It cost only 3¢ a pound but he thought he could hardly afford to buy it. But how about the man who raised it and fed it. Could he afford to sell it for that money?

I remember paying 5¢ a loaf for bread, 9¢ for eggs, and 50¢ for a bushel of wheat to make flour. Shoes cost $1.00 a pair, and sugar was 8¢ a lb. Then during the war, sugar and gasoline were rationed and you had to have coupons to buy them. Some people bought sugar on the black market for $25.00 a hundred. But the question is, was it right?

I think those experiences were good for us. We learned to save and didn't buy unless we could pay for it. The Lord provided for us in so many ways, and we learned to be patient. In spite of all the trials, we experienced much happiness and received many blessings. And learning to be patient has also brought us a bountiful harvest in later years.

Getting married during the depression was not what it is today. There were no wedding trips. Of course some did but we felt there were more necessary things and I believe the Lord has blessed us in many ways. I know one couple who spent $400 on a wedding trip and the wife told me she could have used it later to a much better advantage. If we are faithful in the little things, then the Lord can bless us in many ways in later years.

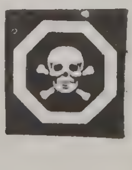
I would advise all young people to take care of what you have. These times may come on us again and then you will not be caught unawares. If we are faithful in the little things then the Lord can give us contentment, and contentment with godliness is great gain.

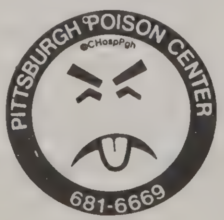
-Pennsylvania

WORLD WIDE WINDOW

NEW POISON SYMBOL

Anything that is poisonous is required by law to be clearly marked as such. Yet, those who are the most likely victims of a fatal swallow cannot read— young children. The traditional warning is the skull-and-crossbone symbol, but it has been found that curious youngsters are as often as not attracted by the strange picture. Now the Poison Information at Pittsburgh has come out with a new symbol which is supposed to get the message across to young and old alike— "Ugh, it's bad to taste!"





NOTHING SAFE FROM VANDALS

More than two years of research into muscular dystrophy was destroyed recently when vandals released from their pens a group of mink which were affected with the disease at the Washington State University.

Experiments were being conducted on the affected mink, numbering about 75 altogether, from which it was hoped information could be obtained which would help doctors combat the disease in humans.

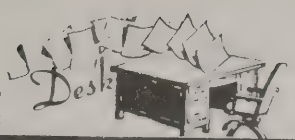
This was the only pen of mink in the world which were affected with this disease, which was very much like that found in humans.

Whether or not the mink are recovered, the experiment is destroyed since they were not marked individually. Also the breeding herd is ruined for future experiments.

It is hard to imagine what satisfaction anyone could have possibly gotten out of doing something like this.

Acknowledgement: Cover by Susie Hoover,
R.3, Wallenstein, Ontario

Across The Editor's Desk



Do you remember Silver Creek Brave, the notorious kicker which left behind him a string of wrecked buggies? Fortunately there were no broken bones at last reports. In the November issue mention was made of a certain Sharon Tufts of Piqua, Ohio as the last owner listed on the horse's papers.

Wayne Miller, of Piqua, Ohio, a Family Life reader decided to do a little detective work of his own and learned that Miss Tufts is now Mrs. Ed Morgan Jr. of Troy, Ohio.

Wayne's boys cane chairs and recalled immediately that they had done some work for Mrs. Morgan and that she had been in their home at least several times the past year. Wayne and his wife went to see her and found her to be a very nice person. She is a horse veterinarian and she and her husband own a racing stable. Her mother was raised in Lancaster County and Mrs. Morgan says she is "partial to the Amish people."

They learned that she had bought the horse at the Delaware, Ohio Fall Speed Sale in November, 1970 and paid $275 for him. The statement in the sale catalog said, "This horse was spoiled and I bought him as a challenge. He is perfectly mannered in the stable and gentle to hitch. He is now broken to hobbles and has a good effortless gait. He should have kicking straps and is ready to go."

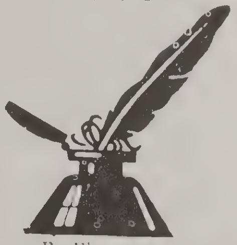
She raced the horse at Troy but since he was too slow she sold him the following spring to a dealer named Arlo Edwards, of Croton, Ohio. The horse never kicked while she owned him.

We now have the beginning of the story of Silver Creek Brave and we also hope we have heard the last of him, but since he is still on the go, there is a possibility that he will still make more history.

WANTED - NURSERY STOCK GROWER (in U.S.A.)

Opportunity for full or parttime job growing nursery stock. Must have approximately ten acres of sandy loam soil available, plus interest in growing plants and shrubs. Must be able to keep accurate records and to carry responsibility. If interested, give age, assests, and experience and write at once to Nursery Stock, % Editor, Family Life, R.4, Aylmer, Ontario Canada.

Views and Values



- By Elmo Stoll

OUTRUN THE TEMPTER

I once read of a boy who stopped at a farmer's house to ask for work. The farmer looked at the boy. He did have some work, and he could use some help. But he didn't care to hire just any boy. His last hired hand had turned out to be dishonest and untrustworthy. Would this boy be the same way?

"No-o," said the farmer slowly, "I guess I won't give you a job. But it's late tonight. You are welcome to stay overnight, and then you can leave early in the morning if you wish."

The boy was disappointed not to have found work, but grateful for the kind offer of lodging. He went to bed after supper in the room the farmer showed him. Tired from the long walk of the day, he pulled the covers warmly about him, and closed his eyes. He listened to the farmers steps grow fainter as he left. Then all was quiet.

As the boy lay there in the stillness of the evening, he heard a faint ticking sound. Maybe he just imagined it. No, he listened some more and was sure that he heard it again. At last he became curious to know where the ticking was coming from.

He got out of bed and looked all about the room, stopping frequently to listen. Finally he opened the top drawer of the bureau beside his bed. There lay a watch—ticking away. He picked it up and put it to his ear. What a beautiful sound. It had been the boy's dream for years to own just such a watch. He ran his fingers over the smooth back, and then took it to the window and stood admiring it a long time in the light of the moon.

At last, with a little sigh, he placed the watch carefully back in the bureau drawer, and returned to bed. Once more he pulled the covers around him and closed his eyes. But the watch was still ticking—tick, tick, tick. He began to think how much he wanted that watch. He thought of how handy it would be to have a watch. He would no longer have to guess at the time.

He closed his eyes and tried again to sleep. But all he could hear was the ticking of the watch. Now a thought came to him, a thought which he had fought against before, the thought of how easily he could take that watch without the farmer knowing it. He could have it for nothing. He knew that it was wrong to steal, and yet he wanted the watch so badly.

The more he tried to get the watch out of his mind, the louder it seemed to tick. By now he was not at all sleepy, but wider awake than he had been at noon. And the longer he lay there listening to the watch ticking, the stronger his desire became to take it. He could not sleep and he knew that he must not steal. In despair, he arose, dressed himself, and went to the window. He jumped to the ground and ran to the woods.

He stopped at last at the foot of a large oak tree. He could no longer hear the watch tick. He had outrun the tempter. He lay down at the roots of the tree and slept soundly.

In the morning the farmer asked him why he left during the night. The boy told him the whole story. "Ah," said the farmer, "you are the boy for me. Always run away from temptation and you are safe."

This boy who knew his own weakness realized that the best way to resist the temptation of stealing was to put himself as quickly as possible out of the reach of it. This boy's wisdom was the wisdom of the Bible, for God's word teaches us to flee from temptation. That is what Joseph did when tempted by the wife of Potiphar. Why did he leave his coat in her grasp and leave the house in such haste? Was she stronger than he was? Did he fear that she could force him to do wrong? That would be hard to imagine. Joseph was young and healthy, in the prime of his manhood, and undoubtedly many times stronger than Mrs. Potiphar. The most likely explanation is that he fled because he knew his own weakness,

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THERE IS WAY TOO MUCH COMMOTION IN OUR CHURCHES. Children take more from example than they do from advice. Why should little girls think they may not talk if the mothers have so much to say in church. There are men, who have the habit of sleeping in church, too. If their boys would sit right beside them, would they notice it if their little boys would pull off a prank right beside them? -Ephrata, Pa.

TALKING IN CHURCH PROVES THAT WORLDLY CARES ARE IN THE MIND above that which is being taught. The born-again person has a sincere desire to hear the Word and will not let his mind wander or his tongue wag either in or out of church. Talking during prayer proves there is no desire for prayer and seems to be even worse than talking during the sermon (if that is possible). If we could see the seriousness of life and death, Satan wouldn't have such a hold on us at times.

-Mertztown, Pa.

WE AGREE, THERE IS TOO MUCH NOISE AND IRREVERENCE IN OUR CHURCHES. Sometimes it doesn't really look or sound like we came together to worship. I wonder how many there are who come to mostly do their weekly visiting? I sometimes have to feel like a Louella Limbach when sitting beside certain talkative Beckys.

If families sitting together would solve the problem we would be willing to try it, but we really doubt it that it would. There has to be an earnest desire to hear the Word of God, to pray and meditate before a blessing will come.

It is true that babies do make disturbances, but it wouldn't be so distracting to the minister if not everyone would have to turn his head to see whose baby it is. Mothers usually sit in the back where they can quietly withdraw to another room if necessary.

Another thing which can help is to not have noisy toys for children. We find it unnecessary for children over two years old to have any toys at all. The younger they learn to sit quiet, the better.

I would also suggest that the children should not sit by themselves too young. Then they should prove they are old enough by being able to sit quietly and behaving. If a child doesn't behave, the parent should not hesitate to go and fetch him. Then he should be made to sit with his father or mother for at least a half year longer. I have seen this done and it worked. -Lancaster County

I THINK THE BIGGEST PART OF THE PROBLEM COULD AND SHOULD BE TAKEN CARE OF AT HOME. The Bible tells us so in Ephesians 6:4 but if it is still a problem in church I think the boys and girls should be seated in the front rows which is the practice in many places.

If the minister is aware of unnecessary talking he should not hesitate to call attention to it then and there and give a few words of admonition. Instead of allowing it to bother him to the point where he can not go on with the sermon, it could give him another needful subject to talk upon.

I don't know how others are but for myself, I know I don't notice a disturbance so much as some when I stand before the congregation because I have to concentrate on what I want to say. Perhaps those who are trying to listen would notice it more. -Iowa Minister

SINCE WE MOVED TO A NEW SETTLEMENT THERE AREN'T SO MANY PEOPLE and we are well pleased with the quiet attentive group throughout the sermon. But for some reason, it seems as soon as we start singing, there is whispering going on. I realize not everyone has the ability to sing, but think it would be worthwhile to follow after and meditate on the words. At least in this way it wouldn't be a hindrance to the others.

One day our daughter asked, "Mom, why are mothers allowed to talk in church but little girls are not?"

I tried to explain that it ought not to be. Then she told me that she had seen a mother in church who looked over to where her little girl sat and gave her a very stern look because she had been whispering. The little girl stopped and sat up straight and then the mother went right on talking and laughing to the lady beside her. Let's try to be a good example to our children.

-Martinsburg, Pa.

WE ALL KNOW THAT WE CULTIVATE OUR CORNFIELDS SO THE WEEDS WILL BE KEPT DOWN and the good crop can come forth. If weeds are not kept under subjection, they will take over and hurt the corn harvest greatly. I believe if all parents would diligently follo the teachings of the Bible in bringing up their children, such as to name a few, Proverbs 19:18; 29:15-17; 13:24 and 22:6, then this problem would not come up so often. But let us be careful whom we think is concerned about it and who is not for only God knows. But it seems to me the biggest problem is not the children, but the parents themselves. If we are proud, puffed up, strong willed, full of jealousy, envy, hatred, and getting even with others, then what can we expect?

I believe God has planted the cornfield but now the question is still before us, who are the weeds, the parents or the children? I am afraid if we see fields where weeds have taken over, then very often it is the parents' fault. How can we expect a full crop of peace and quiet in the church if we aren't concerned about the weeds so that God can bless us with a full crop (eternal life)?

-Kutztown, Pa.

I WOULD BE IN FAVOR OF THE GIRLS SITTING WITH THEIR MOTHERS and the boys with their fathers, but how does one bring it about if people aren't used to it being this way? Then mothers would have their older girls to help when needed instead of trying to catch their attention by motions and actions to come and help. Fathers wouldn't have to get up and discipline their noisy or otherwise naughty little boys during the services. I can think of no better solution to the problem of bringing more reverence in the church. -Mt. Pleasant Mills, Pa

I DON'T THINK WE CAN PUT THE BLAME ON THE CHURCHHOUSE. We have lived for more than twelve years in an Amish community where they have a churchhouse and have very seldom seen anything like was described in the article. But we used to see lots of it when we lived where church services were held in homes for then the ministers couldn't see all the people.

To remedy something like this, the first thing is, is it right or wrong for boys and girls to act like this? If it isn't right, it is wrong and "all unrighteousness is sin" 1 John 5:17. Therefore we should deal with it as sin. It is the parents' duty to teach their children to be quiet and listen to the minister but if the parents sleep in church, what can you expect from the children?

If boys and girls are not interested in the sermon, then chances are there is something lacking either in the parents or the minister. I have heard it said that if people sleep during the sermon, then it is time to waken the minister. There may be truth in this but at the same

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Thoughts That Come At Night

The time is almost one o'clock, a lonely time of night to be writing. But sleeping, it seems, is out of the question. My husband and the children are sleeping soundly and I am glad they can. Why doesn't sleep come for this mother who has been on the go the whole day before? It's not insomnia, the thing that bothers so many people today. It is something that has to do with the future of our children. Only now I seem to realize that the trend of worldliness is constantly becoming more evident in our community.

The things we were brought up to believe in, it seems, are fast disappearing. I have tried to do the things which my parents wanted me to do, not because I was afraid of them, but because I loved them. At the same time I trusted in the Lord and tried to do what was right.

But now, what has happened? AmI hearing right? The things, dear parents, that you taught me proved so precious. Are they now no longer necessary? The rules of the church, need they no longer be kept? The things I did for you, dear parents, would it really not have been necessary to do these things? It was because of you I did them. Isn't it appreciated? When I see how younger sister acts and you are not alarmed, it makes me wonder.

But no, I know I couldn't say a word of how I feel to you. You'd think I'm just a "goodie-good". You'd feel I think I'm better than my parents. But I know that isn't true. I've always thought so much of you. You were concerned about me and tried to bring me up in the right way and to break my will. If only I can teach my children like you tried to teach your own.

But when I stop and think I know we're all just human. We make mistakes. There's only one perfect example. We must always keep our eyes on Him and strive to do our best.

Oh, help me, Lord, to teach my children right. But first and above all, help me to always try to live up to the things I teach.

The human heart is wicked from youth and is tempted to do that which is evil. Our young folks need their parents and the church to furnish them a steady hand and to keep them on the narrow way. Help us, O Lord to lead them instead of being lead by them.

-A mother who is trying

PROBLEMS IN CHILD TRAINING NO. 6

Pete Plank and his fifteen-year-old son Harley were on their way to a farm sale one sunny spring day about noon. The sale was six miles from home and they were driving the distance with horse and buggy. As they neared the Henry Hochstetler home, Henry came running across the yard, dressed in clean clothes, and waving his arm.

"Going to the sale?" asked Henry.

"Yes," replied Pete.

"Room for me?"

"Sure thing."

The buggy drove on, and the neighbors got to talking. Both men were in their late thirties, with large families coming on. At last the subject turned to church matters.

Pete Plank was quite critical of the way things were going. "We're drifting pretty fast in our dress standards," he said. "New things keep coming in all the time and nothing is done about it. Besides, I think it's a shame the way the young folks carry on. It worries me, it does, with Harley here turning sixteen soon. If the ministers wanted to, and the church was what it should be, this mischief could be stopped pretty quick."

Henry was silent for a moment. They had arrived at the farm where the sale was to be held, and Pete turned the horse toward a telephone pole to be tied there. Henry waited till Harley had walked away before he said, "Why, Pete, I'm surprised the way you talk in front of your boy."

"What do you mean?" asked Pete.

"You know, to talk about the church and the ministers like that. So disrespectful. If you show an attitude like that, you can't expect your children to join our church..."

"Oh, I don't know about that," objected Pete. "I look at it a little different. If I just pinch my eyes shut and pretend everything is fine in the church, do you think my children will believe it? They aren't blind. Then they'll think me a hypocrite besides, and will lose respect not only for the church but for me too. I won't have any hold upon them at all."

Henry studied about that. Then he said, "Don't forget Jake Masts. You know how critical they were, and every one of their children went to a liberal church."

"Could be," retorted Pete, "but let's not forget Sam Yoders either. Sam and his wife never said a bad word about the church, that I know, and look what's happened to their children."

"Of course, Pete, but there was plenty else wrong there," said Henry. "I still think it's not good to criticize the church in front of the children."

"And I still think it's not good to act like an ostrich, and pretend that our church is all it should be, when it's not," concluded Pete.

WHAT DO YOU THINK? What happens when parents criticize their church and church leaders in front of the children? On the other hand, what happens when parents are not honest and straightforward about church matters when the children are old enough to ask questions about such things?

How important is the church to successful child training? Can concerned Christian parents bring up their children "in the way they should go" if they do not belong to a church in which they can have confidence, and can point their children to?

Why don't you write us a letter today, giving your opinion about the parents-child-church relationship, and what importance it has in child training? What advice could you give Pete Plank and Henry Hochstetler? Tell about similar experiences, and how they turned out. Address your letter to:

CHILD TRAINING
c/o Pathway Publishers
R.4, Aylmer, Ontario Canada

Your name will be kept confidential. Watch for next month's problem in child training.

◆

(continued from page 5)

knew that if he stayed in the presence of temptation too long, his resistance would melt and he would become the victim, not of her passions, but of his own.

The duty of fleeing temptation is taught in other places in the Bible, too, besides in the example of Joseph. Paul wrote to Timothy, telling him to "flee youthful lusts" (2 Tim. 2:22). Paul advised Timothy to take the same attitude when tempted by the love of money and the lure of riches, "But thou, O man of God, flee these things..." (1 Tim. 6:11). The believers at Corinth were admonished to "flee fornication" and to "flee from idolatry" (1 Cor. 6:18, 10:14). Solomon recommends the same approach to avoid the temptation to drunkedness— don't even look at the stuff: "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright..." (Prov. 23:31).

Of course, no one can completely avoid temptations. A certain amount of temptations are a part of life. Temptations that we cannot avoid we must learn to resist. We must take our stand. God will give us the strength if we look to him. From these unavoidable temptations we do not need to flee; here God had promised that Satan will flee: "Resist the devil and he will flee from you" (James 4:7). But when we do not need to be in the presence of temptation, then it is our duty to flee. If we cannot avoid a temptation, we have a right to expect God to give us the strength to overcome the temptation. But if we willingly walk into temptation or linger needlessly there, God is under no obligation to help us.

Is it possible that there are times when we are putting ourselves or our children into needless temptation? Perhaps over a long period of time we have become used to situations which we have accepted as unavoidable whereas they really could be avoided. Following are four areas to consider. Undoubtedly every community and individual could supply other areas where people are putting themselves or their families into needless danger.

1. IW serivce. For more than twenty years many plain churches have permitted their young boys of draft age to spend two years among the temptations of life in a city environment. Little church supervision, leisure hours and easy money added to the temptations. The program was accepted as a necessary evil. (Whether it ever was necessary is questionable.) But then a few years ago a program was worked out where young men could serve on church farms, and be in the safer environment of Amish homes and communities. The astonishing thing was that even after the church-farm program was available, many Amish boys still chose to serve under the former setup in cities and hospitals. Is there any possible justification for parents or a church to put up with such needless temptations? Right at the moment the draft has practically stopped, and will stop completely if the U.S. switches to a voluntary army. Yet just as soon as the country becomes involved in another war, this could all change back overnight. It might be good to do some serious thinking about it meanwhile.

2. Public schools. Many people were understandably slow to switch from public education to parochial schools. After all, the movement was new; twenty years ago there were only a handful of Amish schools. People were afraid the government wouldn't put up with it, they were afraid parochial schools would put out inferior education and would cost too much, and afraid there wouldn't be enough teachers to go around. But with the passing years, these fears have been proven in almost every community as problems that can be overcome. Certainly it has been proven that these problems are no reason to keep on sending our children in their most tender and formative years to the world to be educated. And yet, even though hardly a case is known where parents built a school and were sorry they did so, many Amish churches still don't have their own schools. (A survey taken in 1970 showed that in the large settlements 40% of the Amish pupils were yet attending public schools.) Some state school authorities have been troublesome in the past, but the recent Supreme Court ruling should help the matter. What is wrong that there are still Amish children in public schools? Are we not putting them into unnecessary danger— into needless temtations?

3. Places of work. The old saying is that if you walk with a lame man you learn to limp. The moral of the saying is of course, that the environment around us will with enough time have some effect upon us. Is it reasonable to expect our young people to work in factories, restaurants and modern homes without being affected by the added temptations they face every day? Modern appliances, television, worldly comrades, and many other factors add temptations that would be absent at home or with an Amish family. But sadly enough, it isn't just the young people; many fathers make their living every day by working elbow to elbow with non-christians. Are they putting themselves into needless danger? And in too many cases their children are growing up in idleness, without learning how to farm, or even how to work. Are we facing needless temptations? If we insist on a high standard of living and want high wages so we can afford it, these kinds of jobs may well be necessary. But let's take a lesson from the boy at the beginning of this article who was tempted to steal the watch. If he had valued the comfort of a warm bed above his spiritual welfare, he would have called listening to the watch a necessary temptation. Perhaps if we would be willing to give up some comforts, make some sacrifices, endure some hardships, maybe a lot of things wouldn't be so necessary as we now think.

4. Courtship practices. Just as soon as we mention courtship, a lot of us think right away of bed courtship and feel real good about our own practices and standards. But the fact is that many people are putting themselves or their children into needless temptations who don't practice bed courtship. Such things as petting and hugging are looked upon as natural expressions of affection, but they are really needless temptations. Don't let Satan make you think that just because you don't have bed courtship, or don't permit your daughters to practice it, that your courtship standards are all right. Darkened rooms and late hours and all that goes with it is hardly a setting in which to "flee youthful lusts." Are we not

guilty of hypocrisy if we pray, "Lead us not into temptation," and then deliberately and willingly walk into temptation? If we as young people or as parents don't care enough about purity and chasity to do our part to avoid temptation, can we expect that God will help us? The Bible tells us to "make not provision for the flesh to fulfill the lusts thereof" (Rom. 13:14). "Rules of a Godly Life," says, "If you desire to avoid sin you will need to shun every occasion and opportunity that tends to evil-doing. He who does not avoid conditions that lead to evil cannot expect to overcome sin."

Satan sets many traps for unwary feet. When young people, who are confident and inexperienced, do not foresee danger it is not so surprising; but when parents are either blind or indifferent it is hard to understand. It is hard to believe that some parents don't know where their children are when they're with their dates, don't object when they are together until late hours several times a week. Young people seeing each other too frequently is a needless danger. Becoming too familiar with each other breaks down barriers of restraint. Couples that aren't married shouldn't act as though they were, always going away together, going to church together, and spending late hours together.

Let's take the example of Joseph, and teach our children to take the same example and flee from temptation. That was the wisdom of the boy who jumped out of the window and outran the tempter. It is still wisdom for us.

FIRE IN THE ZURICH HILLS

This is a condensed version of the story which gives a gripping account of the early days of the Anabaptist movement. It is the cold stark facts about the times of persecution in which our forefathers lived. Information for the story has been taken from the court records of Zurich, and every major incident actually happened.

The condensed version will appear in Family Life in eight installments. The complete book, when it is ready will give more details on some of the happenings. The book should be available in the fall of 1973.

Chapter 5

By Joseph Stoll

THE STORY THUS FAR:

Marx Boshart was a grape farmer who lived with his wife, Regula, in the village of Zollikon, a suburb of Zurich in Switzerland. Marx found himself surrounded by the Anabaptist movement which was only then beginning to emerge. He was determined not to become involved, for he was married only three months and had his wife and the vineyard to take care of. When Marx spent considerable time visiting with his brother-in-law, Fridli Shumacher, Regula became alarmed and pleaded, "But I don't want you in prison." Marx reassured her by saying, "It won't affect my life. I'm not a religious man."

A debate was held in Zurich between the leader of the state church, Ulrich Zwingli and the Anabaptists. As a result of this debate the council of Zurich passed a law that anyone who rebaptized or was rebaptized, was to be banished from the land. Also anyone who refused to baptize their babies.

It so happened that a forbidden Anabaptist meeting was held in the house where Marx lived. The services were conducted by George Blaurock and Felix Manz, the two leaders of the Anabaptist movement. Grandfather Hottinger and a number of other persons were baptized. In the days that followed, others were baptized and Marx and Regula felt that they, too, should repent and live a new life. After struggling with the problem for some time, they gave themselves up and were baptized.

The church at Zollikon was growing. George Blaurock became so bold that he tried to take over the pulpit from the village pastor and preach to the people in the state church. But he was rebuffed by the congregation and the bailif, Hans Wuerst threatened to throw him into prison.

When the Zurich council learned of what had happened, they sent soldiers to gather up the persons who had been rebaptized. Marx, along with many others, was taken to Zurich and cast into prison.

The entire group was determined to be steadfast, but after several weeks of imprisonment and a number of sessions with the smooth talking Zwingli they consented to quit baptizing and not to gather again for church services.

Marx and the others were glad to get home again to their families but their conscience bothered them greatly. There was also a fine to pay. After a few weeks, Georg Blaurock appeared again in the village and the old zeal returned.

On Feb. 25, 1525, a large group of the believers of Zollikon gathered in Hans Murer's house to hear Georg Blaurock preach. Quite a few people were baptized.

MARX WAS OVERJOYED to be home, home in the village he loved. As he started up the hill to talk to Grandfather Hottinger, the town seemed in every way peaceful, as if it had never known religious disputes and lines of prisoners being led off to Zurich.

Yet Marx knew that the semblance of peace was deceiving. Within many of these homes the mother wept with her children because the father of the house was locked behind bars in the city. Behind the closed doors of many village homes, there was uncertainty and dread and fear.

Perhaps the letter he carried in his pocket would bring new hope and courage. Marx pulled it out and hurried on. He had not opened the letter.

Grandfather Hottinger was glad to see him. "Come in, Marx," he invited, pulling up a chair. "What have you there, a letter?"

"Yes," explained Marx. "A letter from the prisoners to the sisters and brethren here at home. When can we call a meeting and read the letter to them?"

Grandfather pursed his lips. "Perhaps," he suggested, "it would be best to send the letter around to the different families, rather than call a meeting. We must be cautious."

"Open it then and read it," urged Marx.

Grandfather first called the whole family together. When they were all seated around the table, he slowly opened the letter and began to read.

The letter was full of admonitions to be true to the faith and not to be frightened because some of the brethren were in prison. "Admonish each other and fear no one, neither force nor the sword," the prisoners wrote.

"The letter is encouraging indeed," commented Grandfather. "The brethren will stand firm for their faith this time, I believe. There will be no giving up like the other time."

"I hope not," said Marx. "But Grandfather, what do you think will become of them if they don't give up? What will Zwingli and the council do?"

"I don't know."

"Will they be kept in prison indefinitely? Or something worse?"

"That remains to be seen." The joy in Grandfather's voice had been replaced by concern. "While we wait, we must be faithful in prayer, and not forget our brethren in bonds."

ON THE WAY DOWN home Marx met his father. The two had not talked much with each other since Marx had been baptized. Joder Boshart was in no mood to forgive his son, and Marx could feel the coldness even before his father spoke.

"You're back home, I see," remarked the older man. "...back home where you belong, and I hope you'll stay."

Marx kept his voice level. "Yes, Father, I am home, and I'm very glad to be back."

"Are you ready now to forget this nonsense?" Joder Boshart's voice rose as he finished the sentence.

"But it is not nonsense," Marx replied firmly. "It may look like nonsense to some people, but the apostle Paul says the preaching of the cross is foolishness to those who do not believe. But to us who believe it is the power of God."

The veins along Joder Boshart's neck began to twitch, and his face turned a dark red. "You have the nerve to call me a fool, Marx! Your own father!"

"No, no," objected Marx quickly. "You understand me wrong, all wrong."

"I don't think I do. I understand you better than you think." With these final words, the angry man turned his back to Marx and marched off down the hill.

"No, Father, please," begged Marx, running after the stumbling figure. He reached out to touch his father on the shoulder.

Joder Boshart jerked away and refused to answer.

Marx stopped. He was sick. How could he have possibly insulted his father so terribly? He wanted to be insulted, that's how. The truth hit Marx squarely, and he felt like crying.

Marx turned his face toward home. He must talk to Regula. To someone. Anyone who could share his hurt.

ON WEDNESDAY MORNING Marx woke hours before dawn. Although he tried, he could not sleep again. Too many thoughts crowded his brain. All the leading brethren were in prison, except Grandfather. How fortunate he and Felix Kienast had been! Conrad Grebel. Where was Conrad by this time? St. Gall? Or was he still hobbling painfully along, following some mountain trail?

People Do--Do you?

Some parents say, "We will not influence our children in making choices and decisions in matters of religion."
Why not???
The ads will!
The press will!
The radio will!
The T.V. will!
The movies will!
The politicians will!
The forces of evil will!
We use our influence over flowers, vegetables, cattle, grass, etc. Shall we ignore our children?
May God forgive us if we do!

Marx's thoughts soon returned to Zollikon. Why couldn't his own father have a little sympathy, at least try to understand that he, Marx Boshart, meant it well. And his father-in-law. Rudi Thomann had turned his heart away. He, too, was opposed to the new faith.

Marx got up and dressed. Regula stirred, and then woke.

"What are you doing?" she asked sleepily.

"I'm wide awake, dear," Marx explained. "I can't sleep, so I might as well read for a while."

Regula snuggled into the blankets again and soon Marx heard her rhythmic breathing and knew she was sleeping.

Marx lit the lamp and set it on the table. He got out the Bible and sat down to read. The chapter before him was the fifteenth of the gospel of John.

The message was clear. Jesus is the vine, we are the branches. If we abide in him, we bear much fruit. Marx Boshart sat at the table, staring at the wall. I am a branch. Regula is a branch. Grandfather is one. Felix Kienast. Jörg Schad. Johann Brotli. Conrad Grebel. Felix Manz. Many branches, but only one vine.

The dawn had not yet broken, but Marx was ready to begin work. He felt his way to the front room and found the saw and pruning knives on the shelf. Back to the table and the lamplight he carried the tools. Critically he felt the teeth of the saw with his thumb. The saw was sharp enough. The knives he whetted until the blades shone.

Regula got up and prepared breakfast in the kitchen. "Why don't you go with me to the vineyard today?" asked Marx. "I'm looking forward to a hard day's work, but it would be twice as enjoyable if you could come along."

"I was just waiting to ask if I might go along," replied Regula, coming over and standing beside her husband.

"But how did you know I was going?"

"Oh, I guessed as much. After being away from home so long, you're anxious to roll up your sleeves and get to work, I know. Besides," Regula smiled with mischief, "I heard you sharpening the knives."

"Am I ever anxious to get to work!" exclaimed Marx. "I can hardly wait for the sun to come up."

An hour later the two were climbing the slope behind the village to where the family vineyard lay. Here on the hillside so close to Lake Zurich, the vineyard was protected from the late frosts of spring. Up and down the hill and on both sides stretched other vineyards, row upon neat row of grapevines. Most of the residents of Zollikon earned their living growing grapes.

By the time Marx and Regula reached their plot, the sun was throwing its first slanting rays of the morning across the bare grapevines. There had been no frost during the night, and Marx knew it was time to finish the spring pruning. Soon the vineyard would be green with tiny new leaves, and the growing season would have begun.

Snip, snip, Regula was pruning the vines expertly with a scissors-like tool that Marx himself had fashioned from two strips of iron. Marx sliced away at the branches with his knife and occasionally stopped to cut off a dead limb with the saw.

The work was enjoyable and relaxing. For a moment Marx wished in his heart that he could forget all about baptism and the church and prisons, and simply be a grape farmer like he had always been. He could work hard and enjoy it, and come home to a loving wife.

But then he caught himself. No, there were deeper things in life than grape farming. He could never be the same again, he would never be sorry he had believed and been baptized. Even though there were heartaches, it was worth it, both in this life and in the one to come. There were problems and trials and disappointments but an inner peace and a good conscience too.

The words of the night came back. Every branch that bears fruit, he purges it, he prunes it, that it may bear more fruit. Was that what God was doing with the church of Zollikon, pruning back the branches so there would be more fruit? Is that why there were nineteen brethren in prison?

This time, Marx told himself, the prisoners will be true to their faith. They will abide in the vine, Jesus Christ.

"Marx, come here," called Regula from the adjoining row, interrupting his thoughts.

"What?" he asked, moving over into her row.

"What shall I do with this branch? I think the snow must have broken it during the winter. Could you saw it off for me?"

Marx returned for his saw. Then he examined the large branch that was dangling from the vine, its tip on the ground.

"Wait," said Marx, "This branch is bent and twisted, but is it broken? I think if we tie it up and prune it, you'll be surprised next fall how many clusters of grapes it has borne."

"Do you think so?" asked Regula, doubtful. "I think I'd just cut it off and throw it in the fire."

For some reason Marx could not bring himself to cut off the injured branch. "True," he admitted, "it's just one branch on the vine, but why don't we give it a chance? We'll mark it and see what happens this summer, and then next time we'll know more about it."

Regula agreed, so Marx pushed a wooden stake into the soft earth beside the branch that was almost broken. The stake could be easily seen above the row.

Then the two workers moved on along the hillside, pruning the live branches closely and cutting out all the dead ones.

MARX WAS IN THE VINEYARD again on Saturday, working steadily. He did not hear the footsteps of the two men behind him until they were quite near.

Startled, he swung around. "Why, Fridli! And Valentin!" he gasped. "Where do you come from?"

Fridli Schumacher and Valentin Gredig stood there between the grape rows with their hands thrust into their pockets. Marx saw in a moment that something was wrong.

"How...how did you get out of prison?" Marx asked, when the two men offered no explanation in answer to his first question.

"They set us free," Fridli answered at last, but the joy that should have accompanied the news was misery instead.

"All of you?" questioned Marx.

"No, but most of us. Fifteen came home. The other four and Felix Manz and Georg Blaurock are still in prison." The hired man was talking now.

"But why? Why the difference?" Marx was getting impatient.

"We don't know why the other four from Zollikon couldn't come home," explained Fridli. His voice was hollow. "When we got outside, there were just the fifteen of us."

Tried, yes often-body, heart, and brain,
Then this I read: "There doth a rest remain
Unto His people," and the fatigue grows less
While my heart thrills with very thankfulness.

"Maybe...maybe they didn't promise to...to be obedient to Zwingli and the council like we did," said Valentin.

Piece by piece the story fitted together, and Marx understood what had taken place. Following the debate, the men from Zollikon had been placed back in prison. But this time they were not put in one large room, but each in a separate cell. After a few days Zwingli and his helpers had come to the prison and had questioned each man in turn, one by one.

"They made me believe all the rest were giving up, and I didn't want to be the only one left in prison," said Fridli.

"All the foreigners had to promise to get out of the canton," put in Valentin. "And you know that includes me."

"You're banished from Zurich, Valentin?" exclaimed Marx.

"I have to leave," replied Valentin simply. "You'll have to find another hired man."

"Who are the ones still in prison?" asked Marx.

Fridli answered, "The two ministers, Jörg Schad and young Jacob Hottinger. The fourth man is the visiting minister that was here from St. Gall, Gabriel Giger."

"All leaders of the church," remarked Valentin.

"Marx, do you think there will still be a church, or must we forget about it?" At last Fridli had gathered the courage to ask the question that was heavy in his mind.

Marx Boshart sighed with disappointment. It had been a hard blow to hear that nineteen brethren were in prison, but this was worse-- fifteen coming home to Zollikon after having promised to forget about building a church. And the other four men-- all of them leaders-- still in prison, along with Blaurock and Felix Manz. What would happen next?

The joy of working among the grapevines had fled, as if blown away by the spring breezes. Marx was ready to go home, though it was not yet midday. His shoulders sagged. But as he glanced at Fridli, he knew that his brother-in-law felt even worse.

The three men came down the hill and entered the village.

THE ACCOUNT OF THE freed prisoners spread to every home in Zollikon. Everybody was talking, and most of the people were upset. "Zwingli lied to them," was heard in whispers. "The Zurich council has no right to force their opinions upon us. The Bible can tell us what is right and wrong; we don't need the councilmen."

The beaten men had come dragging home from Zurich, and their frustration grew and grew. Resentment against Zurich began to fill the talk of the villagers, both among those who had been baptized and those who had not. They were all good Zollikon citizens, true friends and loyal to each other.

Old Jacob Hottinger was frightened by the strong feelings brewing in the village. He hurried as fast as a man his age could hurry to the home of Marx Boshart, and called Marx out to the porch. Three days had passed since the fifteen had come home, and no further word had arrived from Zurich.

"Marx," he said, "I am concerned. The whole village is in a fret and it doesn't look good. My Hans has been foremost in stirring up the people. I don't like this hate business, and we've got to work against it."

"Don't you think it will blow over?"

"I'm afraid not, Marx. Even if we had hopes it would, it's dangerous while it lasts. I wish I could get Hans to listen to me, but it seems he knows best."

"But it's mainly among those who are not with us, not?"

"True. But it can't help but spread into the church. We need teaching that we must love our enemies, not hate them or try to get even with them. But..." Grandfather's voice was sad. "Our leaders are either banished, or still in prison."

"You are still free."

"Indeed, and I want to do my duty as the Lord helps me. But we certainly need someone more to teach and to baptize."

Marx was gathering courage. Grandfather had not given up the vision of a true church of God in Zollikon. He might bend before the wind, or become discouraged by the persecution, but he always recovered. Marx looked with admiration at the white-bearded old man.

"If the church is to be saved, it is time to take action," continued Grandfather with conviction. "Most of the men who were in prison are very sorry they gave in to Zwingli's threatening. They are willing to confess their mistake and begin afresh. With God's help we can still salvage the church, but we must act before it is too late. We need leadership most of all."

"Perhaps the brethren will be freed soon."

"It is not likely."

Marx did not say much, but a strange feeling had come over him. What if, indeed, the church should choose to ordain a new preacher, a minister and shepherd of the flock? What if he, Marx Boshart, should be the chosen one?

Grandfather had returned to the subject they had first talked about. "News just came from Zurich that the council is going to collect the fines against the prisoners. I am afraid if they send men out to the village while the people are in such an ugly mood, it will cause trouble and the church will be blamed. But even if this wouldn't happen, it is our duty to teach love and not hate."

Marx was interested. "You say the Zurich council is determined to collect the fines?"

"Yes," said Grandfather, "the fine is a silver bar from everyone, man or woman, who has been rebaptized, or who has baptized anyone else. Particularly those who were in prison. The fine is due within a month, and the council moved yesterday to send someone out to collect the money. Those who will not pay must leave the canton."

"Do you think they'll try to enforce it?"

"I expect they'll send the officers out to collect. Whether they will succed or not, we must wait and see. I am afraid many of the villagers don't have the money, even if they were willing to pay it. The way feelings are running now, I wouldn't want to be the man to collect the fines. You know paying taxes to Zurich has been a sore spot in Zollikon for years already."

Marx nodded his head. "Would it help, do you think, if I spoke to Uncle Hans? If he pays no attention to you, his own father, he probably wouldn't listen to me either."

"The trouble is, he's drunk half the time." Grandfather was near tears. He turned to go, and Marx entered the house.

UPON GRANDFATHER HOTTINGER'S suggestion, the church in Zollikon decided to ordain a minister from the members that were left. The chosen one was Marx Boshart.

Marx felt the burden of responsibility keenly. He was young, and new in the faith, as indeed they all were. With determination he studied the New Testament. The lamp in the Boshart home burned late and early.

Less than a week had passed after Marx's calling when the exciting news flashed through Zollikon, "The prisoners have escaped!"

It was true.

Among the escaped prisoners was Felix Manz, who had lain in his cell since January. The details of the escape were vague as the report was carried through the village. Someone had heard that Felix Manz and Rutsch Hottinger climbed out through a broken window. They themselves were so amazed at first they gave little thought to escaping, only to taking a stroll in the courtyard.

But the prisoners in the upper cell saw them and called out, "Flee to freedom. This is God's doing, Felix; He wants you to escape. But come to our aid, too, if you can."

At last Felix agreed to let Rutsch Hottinger lower him over the wall, and he hurried through the night to his own home. There he gathered up a rope and a few tools and took them back to the prison. He passed these up to Hottinger who then helped the prisoners in the upper cell to get out. Felix did not wait, but fled.

"I wonder where Felix has gone," said Marx, when he heard about the escape.

"Most likely he left the canton, don't you think?" said Regula.

"No doubt he has."

EASTER WEEK, 1525, CAME and went as usual in Zollikon. The Anabaptist church there was quietly setting its house in order again. Some of the members who had fallen back into sin, or had renounced their baptism, were placed in the ban. The brethren held meetings cautiously, yet always with determination.

Tidings from afar drifted in— news that brought fresh hope. Conrad Grebel had stayed at St. Gall two weeks, and had met with the greatest success of his career. Hundreds of the townspeople crowded into the hall of the weavers' guild to hear Grebel preach. The council of St. Gall watched, but did not interfere.

Felix Manz was free to carry on his ministry, though no one seemed to know for sure where he was. One rumor said he was hiding in Zurich, writing a booklet to prove to Zwingli that infant baptism was not Biblical.

THE TWO MEN FROM Zurich arrived in Zollikon the middle of the forenoon. This was too late to catch most of the male population of the village at home, for they had left to work in the vineyards. Perhaps the two men, carrying the official badge of the Zurich council, had planned to arrive late on purpose.

Conrad Kumber and Stephan Habersat had no pleasant assignment, a fact of which they were fully aware. They had been assigned to travel to Zollikon to collect the fines of the Anabaptists there.

Regula Boshart saw them pass her door, but they did not stop. She guessed at once who they were and what they wanted in the village. As soon as they were safely out of sight, she gathered a few things and slipped out the back door and headed for the vineyard to join Marx.

The two officers called first at the home of bailiff Hans Wuest. Mrs. Wuest had been baptized, as had the son, Hans, Jr. It was only proper that the officers should speak to the bailiff about their intentions.

"Hans is not here," announced Mrs. Wuest. "What would you like?"

"Where is he?"

"Gone to Zurich."

"Then there is nothing we can do about it. We must proceed without speaking to him."

Mrs. Wuest peered shrewdly at the men standing there and knew what their errand was. "What would you like?" she asked for the second time.

Conrad Kumber rubbed his hands. "We have come to the village on the order of the city council to collect the outstanding debts. We will start here. You have been rebaptized, is that right, Mrs. Wuest?"

"The fine is a bar of silver, or its equivalent," stated Stephan Habersat, without waiting for Mrs. Wuest to answer.

From neighboring doorways women and children poked their heads out to watch.

"I have no money to give," stated Mrs. Wuest. "Besides, I will wait and see what the others give."

An old gray-headed lady tottered closer and in a shrill voice cried out, "What is this you're asking for? Taking money from the poor to make the rich men richer! Shame! I tell you, if I were one of these,..." she jerked her thumb toward Mrs. Wuest, "...if I were in this matter, we would see now if you'd get any money. We women would get together and find out if the money had to be paid or not."

Conrad Kumber turned to the angry grandmother, and said, "I can well see you'd like a riot, and are trying to cause one. Just be careful what you say."

"Indeed," cackled the old woman, "I know what I'm talking about, and you'll find out soon enough."

The two men moved away from the crowd of women that had gathered. They walked rapidly to another part of the village, gladly putting distance between themselves and the angry women. They stopped next at the house of Kleinhans Buman. Hansy was at home and came to the door.

"Yes, my wife was baptized," he admitted. Then his face darkened. "Doesn't it seem as if you're punishing the good honest ones, and letting the criminals go?"

Conrad Kumber's face reddened only for a moment. "We are obeying orders," he retorted. "Don't blame us."

Little Hansy Buman shook his thumb at Stephen Habersat. Look," he said, pointing to the rear of the house, "If you'd like to take your little can around to the back door, my wife might give you a few eggs left over from Easter. But that's all." With these words he closed the door deliberately.

The officers moved on down the street. They stopped at a new house, and tapped on the door.

"Mrs. Lochman?" asked Conrad of the pretty young woman who greeted them.

"Yes."

"You owe the city treasury one bar of silver as a fine for being baptized," announced Kumber. "We are here to collect it."

The young woman turned pale. "I...I don't have the money," she stammered. Then she calmed down. "I an willing to suffer anything that is God's will," she said, "..even...even if you were to cut up my body, my soul would be safe." She gathered courage. "I would any da rather you would take the money away from me, than if were to take it away from you."

Stephan Habersat could not hide his impatience. "Tha is all very fine," he said, "but the point is this, can yc pay anything?"

"Wait." Mrs. Lochman disappeared into the house and soon returned with a woolen mantle. "Take this," she offered. "It is all I can give, and perhaps we can b another before the cold weather comes next winter."

The heavy cloak was folded, then wrapped up, and Habersat swung it over his shoulder. Conrad Kumber made an entry in his notebook. Then they proceeded on their way.

The woman at the next home said she had neither money nor possessions to give. "Furthermore," said she "I do not believe my lords in Zurich have the right to banish us from our homes. Certainly God created this earth for me as well as for my lords."

At Conrad Hottinger's house, the menfolks were at home. Conrad and his son Rudolph both came out to speak to the officers.

"Please have patience with us," said Conrad. "As so as we have earned the money, we will pay the fine. But we must pay it now, it will be necessary to sell our house and land, and we will have no home."

Kumber and Habersat had little to show for their efforts thus far, and they were fast growing discouraged. "We will stop at old man Rutschmans yet, I would suggest," said Conrad Kumber. "Then I think we will retu to Zurich and report to our superiors. What do you say?"

"Nothing would please me better," said Stephan Habersat.

At the Rutschman home, the old man came to the door.

"Your son Rudolf is an Anabaptist, and so we have come to collect the fine he owes," stated Kumber.

Rutschman answered rather shortly, "That is his affair, not mine. I have no stock in his doings." The old man's voice rose. "But neither do I like your work. What you need is a bloodhound to catch your prey."

"Are you suggesting we are like bloodhounds?" askec Conrad Kumber, letting loose the anger he had been struggling all morning to contain.

"You go around from house to house, smelling for blood," maintained Rutschman.

"You...you...," sputtered Kumber.

Just then five young boys came swaggering down the hill from the churchhouse and approached the two officers. They took in the scene at a glance and began to jeer.

Stephan Habersat drew his sword from its sheath, anc gripped it by the handle.

One of the boys cried out, "What now? Are you going to press us into a sausage horn too, to make us do what you say?"

"Right!" cried out another. "Just try to stop us if we ever take a notion to be baptized." The boys giggled an

Be ready for tomorrow, but don't count on it------

bent over laughing. Then they ran past, holding their fingers to their noses at the officers.

A HALF HOUR LATER two angry officers were headed back toward Zurich. They had gained little for their labor. The report they were prepared to give the council would hardly smooth the relations between Zurich and Zollikon.

THE HOUR WAS LATE as Marx walked homeward. The ministers had spent the evening at the home of Grandfather Hottinger, counseling about the problems of the church.

Regula met her husband at the front gate. "Shh-h," she whispered, as they neared the house. "A visitor dropped by about a half hour ago. He was very tired, and has fallen asleep on the cot."

"Who is it?" asked Marx.

"Conrad Grebel."

"Conrad!"

"Yes, but let him sleep, Marx. He looks sick. We must keep our voices low."

They tiptoed into the house, and Marx silently closed the door and barred it. He removed his heavy boots, and barefoot he walked noiselessly with his wife past the sleeping man on the cot, and on into the back parlor.

Just then they heard a movement in the adjoining room, and knew that Conrad had wakened from his nap.

Conrad greeted Marx with affection. "May the Lord be your strength in your new duties," he said.

"It is a great responsibility, I know," said Marx.

"It is indeed, but God will help you. He gives grace and strength as it is needed. I have had this proved to me again and again, and these past few weeks especially have greatly reinforced my faith."

The two men visited for half an hour and then Marx said, "Regula tells me that you want to go to Zurich tonight yet."

"Yes, I mean to leave shortly. I must see Felix Manz, and there are some debts I must look after. Besides, it will be good to see my wife and children again."

"Is brother Felix still in Zurich then, for sure?" asked Marx.

"I have heard he is there, but he keeps himself well hidden."

WEEKS PASSED AND all was quiet in Zollikon. Spring in its beauty washed the land with its showers and clothed the earth in new green robes. The songbirds rilled among the grapevines, and the larks sang above he meadows. The milk cows were chased into Hans Muler's orchard to eat the tender grass. Their bells tinked sweet music that drifted on the southern breeze into every corner of the village.

Down by the lakeside the fishermen were busy, pushng out in the early mist of the morning and not coming home till the sun had set. The cries of the gulls followed he laden boats as they cruised homeward.

Marx worked daily in the vineyard, pushing heavy wheelbarrow loads of cow manure from the stable up the hill, and spreading the rich dung along the rows of grapes. When the stable was clean, he shouldered his heavy hoe and began to work the manure into the soil. There was more work for him this year now that Valenin, the hired man, had left.

While the other villagers worked on till dusk, Marx often stopped early so he could have time to read and study in the New Testament.

One evening as Marx had settled himself to read, he was interrupted by the arrival of young Urich Ryhener, the prison servant he had learned to know while staying at the Grebel home. The two men had become rather close friends in the weeks since then. Urich had come to the Boshart home several times, staying for a meal or two, or for the night.

Marx had suggested to his friend that he should join the brethren. Urich was always courteous about the matter, but never seemed quite ready to make the step. "I'll wait a while longer," he would say. "Some day I may join you, but not just yet."

On this particular evening, Urich soon explained his errand. "Conrad Grebel asked me to come out here to Zollikon. He would like for you to come to Zurich some time soon, as he wants to talk to you."

TWO DAYS LATER MARX was on the road to Zurich. He had some business matters to attend to during the afternoon, but he waited until dark to go to the Grebel home.

Conrad Grebel was at home with his family, but he did not come to the door. Barbara showed Marx inside. This time, as before, Marx thought he saw resentment on Mrs. Grebel's face, as if she disliked these friends of her husband who came calling only after dark.

Conrad looked less pale and sickly, as if the rest at home had been good for him. But when he got up to walk, Marx could see that his feet were no better.

"I am glad you could come," said Conrad simply. "I need some help with a little matter, and since it is not safe for me to venture out of the house, I must ask someone else to do it."

"I'll be glad to help where I can," offered Marx.

"It's this," explained Conrad. "I have some debts to pay, and the only way it will be possible to pay them is to sell my books." Conrad's face showed pain. "I don't like to part with them, but as it is, I can't get much use from them anyway. Zurich is no longer a safe place for me."

"What would you like me to do?"

"I have gotten a list ready of all my books. I would have you take the list, along with this letter, to Andreas Castelberger. He is a bookseller, as you know, and can perhaps find a buyer."

"Andreas? If you mean Andreas of the crutches, I think he is staying in Zollikon just now, at Grandfather's."

"That is what I heard," said Conrad. "That's why I asked you to deliver the letter." He handed a carefully-sealed envelope to Marx.

Marx placed it into his bag.

"Before you leave," said Conrad, lowering his voice, "I'm sure you want to meet Felix Marz." He hobbled out of the room, and in less than five minutes was back with Manz.

"Felix has been staying with us quite a bit the last few weeks," Conrad explained. "He hides in one of the small buildings back of the house, and never comes out except after dark. If Zwingli knew he was in Zurich, he would have officers here within the hour."

"That's probably right," agreed Felix, coming to greet Marx.

Seated again, Marx studied the face of Felix Manz. It was thinner and older by the lamplight than Marx remembered from Felix's visit to Zollikon three months earlier.

"But why...why doesn't Zwingli send someone to pick you up, Conrad," asked Marx.

"Who knows? The police may come tomorrow, quite possibly. We're taking a risk. But then, neither Felix nor I had planned to be in Zurich this long. We had hoped to leave Sunday night, but..." Conrad left the sentence unfinished.

"Does Zwingli know you are at home?" Marx asked Conrad.

"I am sure he is aware of it. But he probably figures as long as I stay in my house and create no disturbance for him, he'll not trouble me for the time being. I have reason to believe he has his hands full with other problems."

Mrs. Grebel called from the kitchen just then, and Conrad left the room.

Felix Manz asked for all the news from Zollikon and how the church was faring. Marx tried to answer the best he knew how. He knew some of the report would sadden Felix, while other matters gave reason to hope that the church at Zollikon might yet grow strong and be steadfast under persecution.

Conrad had not returned. "How long are you now planning to stay in Zurich?" Marx asked. "Conrad spoke as if you had wanted to go Sunday."

Felix's face grew sad. "We're living a day at a time," he explained. "It is true that we planned to leave, but it didn't work out." He spoke in a whisper. "It's Conrad's wife."

Marx was surprised. "Why, what did she do?"

"She doesn't want her husband to leave. She threatened to betray me, if he does. Conrad paid no attention to her, and made ready to leave the city Sunday night. I was to meet him outside the gate. But Mrs. Grebel ran out the back door of the house and over to Conrad's parents, Jacob Grebels, and raised a big commotion. When Conrad got to the city gate where he wanted to leave, it was closed. He tried a second gate, and it was closed. When the third one was locked up too, he gave it up and came back home."

"But he is still planning to leave the city?"

"Yes, and so am I. It's too risky here. I have been working on a writing about baptism, but I am not finished. There are safer places than Zurich."

THE FIRST DAYS OF JUNE brought a taste of summer, but along with the hot weather came a siege of discouragement that gripped the brethren in Zollikon. How they longed to express their faith openly, to baptize men and women whose lives had been changed, to build the church without interference.

As it was, they gathered secretly late at night. Each day brought new suspense and new uncertainties. The dread and fear of the powerful council placed a damper on their spirits. Still fresh in their minds was the memory of prisoners marching off to Zurich. Twice they had been seized, and twice they had yielded.

It did not help matters when the news came that at the close of May, the promising young preacher Eberli Bolt had been burned at the stake in his hometown, Schwyz. Bolt had been politely asked by the council of St. Gall to leave, and so he had left and gone home. There the city council, loyal Catholics all, had not been so polite. They had seized Bolt and burned him, the first Anabaptist martyr.

The brethren at Zollikon admired the courage and steadfastness of Eberli Bolt. They could not help but admire a faith that did not flinch in the face of death. Yet the more they admired Bolt, the more they despised themselves for having cowardly given in to Zwingli.

Under the circumstances it was only human to blame Zwingli for it all. All through the canton sin abounded, and even many pastors drank and swore and fornicated. The council only winked at them, yet was quick to punish men and women who wanted nothing more than to live holy lives. The citizens of Zollikon whispered together that surely judgement must soon fall down from heaven upon Zurich and its religious leader, for having so cruelly repressed righteousness.

As the discontent grew in the village, the leaders of the church became alarmed. Old Jacob Hottinger poured oil upon the troubled waters, and the waves quieted for a time. Everyone respected Grandfather.

And yet it was Grandfather's own black-sheep son that set the spark to the smouldering resentment at last. And Grandfather was not home at the time. Hans Hottinger waited till his father had left for Waldshut on the Rhine in company with Conrad Grebel, there to meet with the famour Dr. Hubmaier who wanted to talk to Grebel about baptism.

Grandfather Hottinger had been gone only a few days. On a warm Sunday, the fourth day of June, Pastor Nicholas Billeter came up the road from Zurich as usual to conduct church services in the village. The day was Pentecost. Hans Hottinger was among those who entered the church and sat down.

Billeter rose to preach. He had barely begun when Hans Hottinger jumped to his feet, waving his arms wildly. All heads turned toward him, and the pastor paused in the delivery of his sermon.

"Get out! Get out!" shouted Hans hoarsely. "Go out from the false prophet, all ye children of God, and protect yourself!"

Thus shouting harsh words, Hans ran out of the church door.

For a moment the congregation was stunned, and then the whispering started. It grew until men and women were talking aloud to each other. The church hummed like a hive of bees. A scattered few set their faces toward the door and marched out. Soon the noise quieted down, and Nicholas Billeter took up his sermon where it had been broken into.

But Hans Hottinger was not yet satisfied. Like a crazed man, he rushed about the village, calling to any man, woman or child he could find, to follow him.

"Zurich is a doomed city," he blurted out. "God will bring judgement upon it, just as He promised to destroy Nineveh. And Zwingli, who is he? He is the great dragon of Revelation, who devours the woman, the Christian church. God will punish Zwingli, that He will. He who has led others captive will be put into captivity, wait and see."

Marx and Regula Boshart were at home. Jörg Schad and his young wife had come over for a visit. The two men had been planning the meeting for that evening.

The cries of woe drifted in from outside. Marx lifted his head to listen, and asked, "What is it?"

The shouting came nearer. Above the general noise, Hans Hottinger's voice could be heard, "Take heed, take heed! Zwingli is the mighty dragon but God will strike him down. Get ye out!" —To Be Continued Next Month

Who rises from prayer a better man, his prayer is answered.

The Amish In Europe

(Continued from last month)

PART 4: Coming To America

Faced in Europe with universal military laws, the Amish felt their future looked bleak. Around 1800 they began departing for America in large numbers. To reach their destination they could not walk or travel by horse and wagon as they had in their migrations through Europe. Between them and America lay a vast expanse of water—the Atlantic Ocean, several thousand miles wide, terribly deep, and with waves which could reach amazing heights. Yet they bravely boarded the sailing ships and undertook the dangerous crossing.

They did not board a luxury liner such as the Titanic or Queen Mary, giant motor-propelled ships of modern ocean travel. Instead, they boarded much smaller wooden ships whose only power came from their broad white sails which depended on the unpredictable winds to fill and push them. Nor did the ships run on schedules as ocean liners do today. A ship did not leave for America until it had enough passengers on board. The passengers who signed up first often had a long wait aboard the ship until it actually set sail. When the Amish minister Christian Nisly immigrated in 1804, he boarded the ship on June 6th and it did not sail until July 2nd. Such waits at port were common. No ship captain could afford to set sail without a full cargo, whether it was merchandise or passengers.

The ships were quite small compared to what we might imagine. A luxury liner today carries over 2,000 passengers, whereas a ship then carried 200. Also a modern liner is divided into hundreds of private cabins and pleasure rooms; a ship in the 1700's and 1800's contained only a few rooms. The passengers had bunks together in large rooms. Privacy was sacrificed so that a greater number of people could be taken, thus keeping each passenger's fare lower.

Today an ocean liner can cross the Atlantic in less than a week. But then the voyage took much longer. Preacher Christian Nisly arrived in America in 1804 after a voyage of 120 days. In 1820 Christian Schlabach and his family were also on the ocean about 120 days. Bishop John Schmucker and family arrived in 1823 in half that time—60 days. In 1833 Preacher Jacob Swartzendruber and family arrived in 72 days. It took 23-year-old Daniel Schettler 54 days to make the crossing in 1833. The length of the crossing, then, took anywhere from two months to four months. It all depended on the weather. Since the ships relied entirely on the wind for power, if the wind did not blow they did not move. Some ships were stranded motionless for weeks at a time. The opposite problem was also present—too much wind. Strong storm winds could blow a ship so far off its course that it would take days of normal winds to recover the lost miles.

Conditions aboard the ships were very poor. Because of its saltiness ocean water could not be used. Barrels of fresh water had been loaded on the ship at port, but naturally the water was stale for most of the long voyage. And when the voyage went longer than expected, the water had to be used very sparingly. When the nine Amish orphans, the children of George Diener, came from France in 1838 " the supply of drinking water got quite low. One man who was taking more than his share would not listen to the captain, so he was hit over the head, and his pitcher was broken." Perhaps at their home in France the Diener children had heard tales of ocean crossings for "they toasted bread real hard so it would keep on the way over. This was commonly called 'schwartz Brot'. Their bacon was also fried so hard that it kept on the trip." The ships provided the passengers with warm meals—not three times a day but three times a week. In between, the passengers were given biscuits and water and ate whatever they had brought with them. Many complaints are recorded in history books that the biscuits had worms and so did the water.

Because of the close living quarters on board the ships, sickness and disease could spread easily among the passengers. In 1732 two ships started for America carrying 220 and 150 passengers respectively. Of the 220 passengers 44 died at sea; of the 150 on the other ship 100 died. These are extreme examples but do point out that crossing the ocean in the 1700's and 1800's was not a pleasure trip to be enjoyed but a trip to be endured at great risk. Nor were the Amish immigrants spared from sickness and death at sea. The first known Amish family to come to America came in 1714 and the father died at sea. His widow, Barbara Yoder, and nine children faced the pioneer hardships of America without a husband or father. Family tradition has it that the immigrant Martin Borntraeger's wife died at sea in 1767. in 1820 George Petersheim died at sea. Two young Amish couples, Valentine Tice and Jacob Kinsinger, left Germany in 1833 for America. Since the winds were unfavorable the voyage took much longer than expected. Both women gave birth to baby boys aboard ship. Mrs. Kinsinger died in childbirth and was buried at sea. Mrs. Tice then nursed both babies until they reached America. (This list of deaths could go on if space permitted.)

Some passengers who were sick on board the ships did not die at sea but shortly after they landed in America. Such was the case of Mrs. Abraham Kurtz in 1740. Of course some sick passengers recovered. In 1737 when the ship "Charming Polly" landed at Philadelphia, the Amishman Jacob Mast was listed on the sick list. But he recovered and settled in Berks County, Pennsylvania.

It is quite likely and understandable that most Amish who crossed the ocean and survived were not anxious to ever do it again. But records do show that some made the return trip to Europe: The widower Abraham Kurtz returned to Europe in the 1740's where he got his second wife and then sailed again for America in 1749. And in 1758 the widower Daniel Miller returned to Europe to get his second wife. These cases are exceptional. The great majority of Amish never set foot on a ship again, nor did they care to.

If the Amish were forced to leave America today as they left Europe in the previous two centuries, they would take with them a considerable amount of money. But such was not the case for the Amish who immigrated from Europe to America. Undoubtedly there were some who had a nice sum of money to bring along, but most had experienced hard times and had little to bring with them. Most had been renters and had not made much more than could keep their large families in food and clothing. They had experienced numerous wars and been heavily taxed. From 1796 to 1815 they had seen their farms destroyed and their livestock stolen by soldiers during Napoleon's wars. In 1814 an Amish family, the Grabers, in Montbeliard had such a poor farm that they "could hardly raise enough feed for two cows and two horses on about 100 acres." They also experienced and witnessed severe hunger. One family member relates: "After the war was over (1815) everything was destroyed and people were very poor and a good many people went hungry...Very nearly every day father would hear people crying as they went along the road so one day he asked his father what those people were crying for, and he told him they were crying for hunger."

How could poor Amish people ever move to America? There were various ways. Some family members went to America ahead of the others and saved enough money to pay for the passage of the others. Such was the case of teen-aged Wilhelm Bender who came to America ahead of the rest of the family in 1830. By hard work and careful saving he earned enough money for his brother to come over. Then the two of them earned enough to bring their parents and four younger brothers to America. The nine Diener orphans has their passage paid for by their uncle who had already immigrated to America. He sent them $313.70 or $34.88 each. When Jacob Raber wanted to immigrate with his wife and six children in 1837, his brother loaned him the money.

It is quite likely that most Amish in Europe had enough livestock and personal property which they could sell to pay for their passage to America. Naturally this left them quite poor when they arrived in the new land. When Bishop John Schmucker came in 1823 he gave his pocket watch in exchange for transportation for his wife and family to Somerset County, Pennsylvania. The Daniel Benders arrived penniless at Baltimore. They walked westward the 27 miles to their son's home but by evening had gone only a few miles and were tired and hungry. They stopped at a farm and asked if they might sleep in the barn. The people said that they could but also asked if they had anything to eat. The father answered that they had not eaten at all that day. The kind farmer gave them bread and potatoes. The bread was eaten that evening but the wise Mrs. Bender kept the potatoes for the next day's journey. When 17-year-old Jacob Gingerich emigrated from Hesse-Cassel to avoid military service, he arrived at Baltimore with only 25c in his pocket. Even though they arrived poor, the Amish came with hopes that the stories of America's opportunities were true and that they could start over at making a living.

For the Amish (and other immigrants for that matter) who could not find a way to pay for their ship fare, there was yet one alternative—to sell their services as redemptioners. This meant that at the port in Europe they would sell their services to the ship captain in exchange for passage to America. At the port in America the captain would then sell them as servants to pay for their fare. This was not slavery for their services were sold, not their persons. Their servitude was not for lifetime as in slavery but for a few years. Adults worked generally four or five years as redemptioners. Children worked until they were 21 and were supposed to be trained by their master in a trade such as tanning, blacksmithing, carpentry, etc.

Redemptioners, unlike indentured servants, did not sign contracts until after their arrival in America. They remained aboard the ship in the harbor until their services were legally sold. A notice from a Lancaster, Pennsylvania newpaper for September 10, 1801 reads: "A number still on board the ship 'Anna' from Hamburg, Germany, lying abreast of Vine Street warf, (Philadelphia) consisting of mechanics of every description, farmers, and others, their time will be disposed of at the low rate of $80 for their passage." It is interesting to note that the ad mentioned their "time" was for sale, not their "persons" as in the case of ads run in papers concerning Negro slaves during that same period. Redemptioners were bound servants, not slaves. They entered into a work contract for a number of years and legally had to fulfill it.

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A history of Pennsylvania mentions that around 1817: "German redemptioners were still being brought in. Kept in their filthy boats on the Delaware (the river on which Philadelphia is situated) they were advertised at from sixty to eighty dollars each....Many were skilled tradesmen, and readily found places, and when their passage money was worked out, became prosperous citizens."

The first known record of Amish redemptioners is that of Yost Yoder who with his family landed in America in 1744. Several of his children were bound out as redemptioners to pay for the passage. In 1830 Wilhelm Bender, mentioned earlier in this article, found the fare to America beyond his means. So he became a redemptioner. It is queer but true that he was bound to an Amishman Peter Kinsinger who was also coming to America. Arriving at Baltimore, Kinsinger sold Wilhelm to the owner of a nursery. The nursery man paid Wilhelm's passage fee to Kinsinger and Wilhelm stayed at the nursery as a redemptioner. When Kinsinger arrived at the Amish settlement in Somerset County, Pennsylvania and the people there heard of Wilhelm Bender being left behind as a redemptioner, the bishop went personally to Baltimore on horseback and paid the redemption money. (Eight years later Wilhelm married the bishop's daughter.)

The redemptioner business in colonial America was very large scale. It was seen by the colonies as a way to bring skilled laborers to America who could otherwise not afford the trip. In those days manpower was valued and needed very much in America and the influx of redemptioners helped build up the population. The trade in redemptioners was profitable for ship captains. They even had agents living at the port of Rotterdam, Holland and sub-agents living at cities along the Rhine River whose job it was to get people interested in coming to America. These agents were called "Newlanders" for their interest was in getting people to go to the new land. By words and literature, both often filled with exaggeration, they attempted to lure the German peasants (Amish and otherwise) to go to America. They became so eager for passengers that they kidnapped adults as well as children, put them on boats on the Rhine River, and sent them to America as redemptioners. Kidnapping happended, too, at the ports. The ship captains were greedy for a shipful of passengers and asked no questions.

Many Amish are familiar with the story of Lewis Riehl who was kidnapped in 1754 at the age of eight and sold as a redemptioner in Philadelphia. Later he came in contact with the Amish and joined the church. Today there are numerous "Riehl" descendants among the Amish of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. No one knows where he was from in Europe. But it is pretty safe to think that he was kidnapped along the Rhine River for two reasons: 1.) kidnapping was quite common along that river; 2.) the "Riehl" name has been traced historically as a German family name found at two locations in Baden both of which are situated on the Rhine River—Cologne and Weisbaden. But that Lewis Riehl was of Amish background is very doubtful for it was not until 40 years after his kidnapping that Amish moved into Baden.

A second instance of people being kidnapped and sold as redemptioners occurred around 1767 at Rotterdam, Holland. Melchior Blankenberg and his wife had gone to the port to say good-by to some friends who were sailing to America. The ship captain invited the Blankenbergs on board and told them that they were welcome to stay on the ship all night with their friends as the ship would not set sail until the morning. The unsuspecting Blankenbergs took advantage of the captain's offer. When morning dawned they were shocked to find that the ship had set sail and was out of sight of land. Arriving in America, Melchior worked as a redemptioner in Berks County, Pennsylvania until 1772 when his service was expired. It is not known to what religious denomination he belonged. His descendants shortened the name to "Plank", and it is believed that the present Amish "Planks" descend from this redemptioner.

A third instance was when Philip Lantz was kidnapped at the age of five and sold at the port of Baltimore as a redemptioner. He was bound to a Mennonite, Peter Yordy. After being released from servitude at 21 he married his master's daughter. The **Mast Family History** incorrectly states that Philip is the immigrant ancestor of the present Amish Lantzs. The Amish Lantz families descend from the immigrant Hans Lantz who arrived in Philadelphia in 1732. That Philip Lantz was of Amish parents in the old country is possible but not proven.

PART V: Those who Stayed Behind

Many Amish in Europe immigrated to America. They braved the dangers of crossing the ocean and endured the hardships of pioneer life in America, suffering physically so they might retain their religious principles. But not all Amish left Europe—some stayed behind. The areas where they lived will be treated one by one, showing what became of those who did not choose to immigrate to America.

Holland

The historian, Delbert Gratz, writes concerning the Amish in Holland: "They carried with them to Holland all their customs and rules of conduct. They held strictly to simplicity in all things, industry, and thrift. The men wore long beards, had straps on their shoes, and used only hooks and eyes on their clothing.They held strictly to the ordinance of shunning excommunicated members as taught by Jocob Ammann. They did not go to excess in eating and drinking, nor did they use tobacco."

As testified to by the above description, the Amish in Holland were truly Amish, not some splinter group. They had been expelled by the government from their native Switzerland in 1711 and had found religious freedom in Holland, establishing two large congregations. But toleration by the government and the prosperity they experienced in Holland did not work for their spiritual benefit. Nor was the influence of the Dutch Mennonite Church good for them. It was the most liberal Mennonite group in Europe. Holland had been the first nation to grant the Mennonites religious freedom, and these were the first Mennonites to depart from their Anabaptist heritage, rapidly losing nonconformity and nonresistance.

After the first generation of Amish ministers died, changes began taking place among the Amish. Matters became so serious that for at least six years no communion services were held, no baptisms, marriages, or ordinations. Three times bishops were called in from Alsace and the Palatinate, 1766, 1767 (?), 1770. By 1800 the Amish had adopted the Dutch language as their own and had also accepted other Dutch customs. By 1825 their group joined the Dutch Mennonite Church. There is no record of any having immigrated to America or elsewhere in Europe, but this may have happened in a few instances.

The same historian as quoted above writes about this departure of the Amish in Holland from their faith: "Only a few old patriarchs remained with their beards and peculiar cut of dress to remind the younger generation of deep convictions that had caused their own ancestors to choose leaving their homeland rather than compromise their faith." Thus, after having lived in Holland 114 years the Amish ceased to exist.

Germany

The Amish lived in eight areas of what is now modern Germany,* but at that time were independent states. After 1800 all of them passed strict military laws, drafting all young men regardless of religious teachings. In some cases, the Amish were allowed to hire substitutes, but this was very costly and most Amish could not afford it. Also, the practice was not totally consistent with their faith. Nor was the idea of serving in the army even in a non-combatant position. Immigration to America was seen as the only practical way out of this situation. But some Amish remained behind.

In Baden, just across the Rhine River from Alsace, the Amish had settled in 1712. After 1800 most immigrated to America. By 1850 there was no longer an Amish church there, the remaining members having united with the Mennonites in the area.

In the state of Waldeck where the Amish had lived for better than 100 years, there was a large immigration to America. Those that stayed behind attempted to continue as a congregation but without success. It went extinct by 1867. It is thought that the members joined the Lutheran church in the neighborhood. The congregation was in poor spiritual shape prior to its death for records show that in 1859 Christian Gingerich complained that the communion service "was not conducted with sanctity" and "the ordinance of footwashing took place with gross joking."

The history of the Amish who remained in four other areas of Germany (Nassau, Hesse-Cassel, Prussian Rhineland, and the Palatinate) runs quite parallel. By 1867 those who had not immigrated to America had lost most of their distinctive Amish beliefs. This is evidenced by the decisions reached when 17 ministers from these four Amish areas met in Nassau in May of 1867 for a general ministers' meeting **(Diener-Versammlung)**. They met in an attempt to unite their Amish congregations with the Mennonites in their areas. At this meeting they agreed to no longer require that their members practice footwashing but to allow each congregation to decide if it was to be done literally. (Remember the Mennonites in Germany never did practice footwashing, but those in Holland and America did.) Concerning the historic principle of nonresistance, it was decided that it would be left "to the careful consideration of each one," meaning some could hold to it and some not, depending on how they felt. Shunning was now interpreted to mean only not taking part in communion with an expelled member. Regarding marriages with non-Amish partners, the assembled ministers twisted the meaning of the Apostle Paul's words in I Corinthians 7:14 to allow mixed marriages.

What was intended as a means of unification with the Mennonites, actually did not turn out that way. The Mennonites in various areas could not go along with the Amish ministers' approval of mixed marriages. Thus, most of the Amish congregations which took part in the general ministers' meeting in 1867 died out by 1900. It is quite likely that some of the members united with the Mennonites and some with the Lutherans.

In Bavaria two of the three Amish congregations (Munich and Ingolstadt) went extinct because of immigration to America. But at Regensburg enough members remained that a small congregation could go on. These people continued to meet in private homes until 1893 when they rented a meeting-house from another religious group. Footwashing was discarded by 1908. Other beliefs were modified or dropped. The congregation exists yet today as a Mennonite congregation.

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*In last month's article it was mistakenly stated that the Amish settled in seven areas of modern Germany. The eighth, Baden, should also have been included.

The last Amish congregation in what is modern Germany to give up the faith was the group in the tiny state of Zweibrücken. This was where in the 1700's Nikolaus Stoltzfus* worked as a hired-hand on Amish farms and was converted to the Amish faith. He along with a number of others emigrated from Zweibrücken to America. Those who stayed behind retained their conservative ways for a number of years, maintaining strict shunning, lay preachers, and beards. Hooks and eyes on clothing lasted until around 1880, but even afterwards the Amish were still called "Häftler" (Hookers) by their neighbors to distinguish them from the Mennonites who were called "Knöpfler" (Buttoners). Footwashing was practiced by some of the older members as late as 1932. In 1937 the Amish and Mennonites joined their congregations into one. This was the last Amish congregation to join the South German Mennonite Conference.

Both Amish and Mennonites in Germany have departed far from their Anabaptist heritage. These once nonresistant people later accepted full military service. As an example of how far a group can depart from its heritage, consider what the American Mennonite magazine "Christian Living" reported in its December 1969 issue: A Protestant pastor in Germany became convinced that Christians should not take part in war but should be nonresistant. One day he was lecturing in a German village about peace and war. Two men on the edge of the group of listeners were not agreed with his teaching of nonresistance and heckled him. After the meeting he asked who the men were. Imagine his surprise when he was told they were Mennonites. Perhaps these two hecklers were even descendants of the Amish who had chosen to stay behind.

France

The Amish lived in three areas of what is modern France: Montbeliard, Lorraine, and Alsace. The Montbeliard Amish had four congregations, one of which (Montreux) went extinct likely through emigration. Two others, Belfort and the one by the town of Montbeliard, lost many members through immigration to America but also through mixed marriages. Both are in existance today, have errected meetinghouses, and have drifted far from their Amish heritage. They continue today as Mennonite congregations. The fourth congregation, Florimont, built a meetinghouse in 1849. In 1871 its bishop no longer felt the members needed to practice the ordinance of footwashing. This caused quite a bit of tension with the Amish congregations in neighboring Alsace. A ministers' meeting was held in Basel in 1876 to discuss the matter. The assembled ministers upheld the practice of footwashing as being a scriptural command. But the Florimont congregation never readopted it. The congregation went its own independent way for a number of years but now co-operates with the other Montbeliard congregations for they, too, have dropped the practice of footwashing along with nonresistance, nonconformity, and other Amish beliefs.

In the territory of Lorraine there was a considerable number of Amish. Many immigrated to America. Those who stayed behind became Mennonites over the years. In 1955 there were eight congregations which had Amish roots. One of them, Diesen, still practiced footwashing but in other ways had departed greatly from its Amish heritage.

At one time the great majority of Amish lived in Alsace. When it became part of France toleration of the Amish was reduced and they were expelled in 1712. But not all the Amish left Alsace. This was likely due to the fact that the noblemen regarded them as hard-working and peaceful renters and were reluctant to see them leave. When the King died in 1715, the noblemen petitioned his successor, Louis the Fifteenth, to allow a certain number of Amish to remain in Alsace. The King granted this but also said that their number was not to increase. When Amish children reached maturity they would have to leave Alsace. Numerous Amish young people joined the Reformed and Lutheran churches so as to be able to stay in Alsace. They also married non-Amish partners for the same reason.

In the early 1800's after Napoleon's wars, there was a wave of emigration from Alsace to America. Several congregations went extinct. Other congregations combined especially in the Colmar area where a single large congregation was made out of five. In the 1920's the Amish built meetinghouses and joined the Mennonite Conference of Alsace-Lorraine. Nonresistance and nonconformity had already been given up. Footwashing, which had been strongly defended by the Alsace ministers at the meeting in 1876, was discarded except at Birkenhof where it was still being practiced in 1955. It and Diesen in Lorraine were the only two congregations in Europe to retain the practice of footwashing.

As an example of how the Amish who remained in Alsace departed from their heritage, consider the following: In the early 1930's the American Mennonite historian, C. Henry Smith, was travelling through Europe with his wife. On a stopover in Alsace they decided to look up an Amish congregation and to attend the Sunday service there. Here is what he wrote concerning their visit: "From the German Mennonite yearbook we learned that the nearest congregation was located in the city of Colmar, in Alsace. Writing to the minister in charge, we received a letter a few days later inviting us to visit his congregation, and stating that he would be at the railway station to meet us on the following Sunday morning. I knew very little about the Alsatian Amish at the time. But surmising that perhaps they might still have retained all the conservatism of their fathers in the matter of dress and social practices, and might perhaps still wear beards and hooks and eyes, I suggested to my wife that we dress as modestly as possible for the occasion, so as not to unnecessarily offend the brethren.

"Arriving at the station at the appointed time on Sunday, we looked about for our host, but saw no one who quite fitted our conception of an Amishman. Just as the train pulled out and the platform had been cleared of passengers we saw a dapper young Frenchman, with a well trimmed mustache, wearing a silk hat, approaching us from a fine new automobile parked at the end of the station platform, seemingly also looking in vain for a man with a beard. Since he was the only one left at the station, I ventured to ask him whether perchance he was the minister of the Amish church. Receiving an affirmative reply we entered his automobile and drove to the church....This of course was a city church. The Alsatian Amish churches in the country, no doubt, are both more conservative in their church practices, and less blessed with cultured ministerial leadership; but all of them, city or country, have departed very far from the faith of the fathers..."

During the 1800's while many Amish from Montbeliard, Lorraine, and Alsace were immigrating to America some moved westward into the interior of France. One congregation in the Department of Haute-Marne exists there yet today, but as a Mennonite congregation. The other attempts to settle in inner France failed because of emigration and because many Amish young people married Catholics and joined that church.

Switzerland

It was mentioned in last month's article that there were no Amish left in Switzerland by 1750. This is true. But because of Europe's changing geography, by 1810 there were Amish once more within the border of what is modern Switzerland. The Amish living in Basel did not migrate back into their native Switzerland, but their area was incorporated in 1810 as a Swiss canton. This Amish congregation, known as Basel-Holeestrasse, sent some members to America. Those who remained built a meetinghouse in 1847. The use of the **Ausbund** and footwashing continued until the early 1900's. Gradually the Amish in Basel lost their distinctive beliefs and became part of the Swiss Mennonite Conference.

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*It is from Nikolaus Stoltzfus that all the Amish in America with the "Stoltzfus" name descend.

In 1814 the area of Neuchatel southwest of Basel also became a Swiss canton, thus bringing another Amish congregation back within the Swiss border. In the second half of the 1800's many Amish from Neuchatel immigrated to America so that by 1887 there were but 31 members who remained. In 1923 this small Amish congregation merged with a neighboring Mennonite group.

In summary it can be said that by 1900 nonconformity had disappeared practically everywhere in Europe among the remaining Amish and the Mennonites. The same was true for nonresistance. Departures from these Anabaptist principles came first in Holland, then German, France, Alsace, and finally in Switzerland where they had begun. (The Swiss, though, have not totally given up the principle of nonresistance.) Numerous other ordinances and practices were also discarded. Footwashing remained in only two congregations, Diesen and Birkenhof, as late as 1955; perhaps by now it is gone from them, too. The non-cutting of women's hair lasted until around 1930. The women's prayer veiling also no longer exists. One Anabaptist principle, though, is still held to by most—the non-swearing of oaths.

Sometimes Amish in America wonder and even say, "Don't you think it might be possible to go to Europe and find some Amish still believing just like we do, hidden in some valley or mountain village?" That is an interesting thought and one which contains a tinge of adventure. But the simple fact is there are no Amish anymore in Europe. The countries which once sheltered them contain them no more. They exist today only in the two Americas. ■■

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WHO AM I?

Years ago people didn't see much of me. Of course I was always found at some places such as in the castles of the kings and where there were rich men. But the last while I'm getting to be the going thing. I'm found wherever you go especially in some countries which have what they call a "high standard of living."

Although the Bible warns against me that book was written several thousand years ago and many people are agreed it doesn't apply to these days. I've heard of young people making confessions in church when they've indulged in drinking and smoking, but me? You never hear anyone confessing anything about me, so it must be that I'm not near as bad as a lot of other things. I get along equally well with old people as with young, with men as with women.

These days you hear a lot of people complain about high food prices so you'd think there would not be much temptation to have me around. But that's not the case. If you'd take a peek into almost any icebox you'd be able to understand why there's so much of me.

The reason I'm found in so many homes is because I've got some very good helpers that I can hide behind. Anybody who opens their doors wide to my helpers will have a very hard time to keep me out of their house. One of the most valuable helpers I have is called Mr. Ice Cream and he is generally accepted about everywhere. Why, he's so important that a lot of times people make a special trip to town when he's on sale. A lot of storekeepers have to put a "limit" sign on him to keep people from buying too much of him. But that doesn't discourage most people for they can easily make him at home. I especially like it when they make him on Sunday and have a big fuss about him.

Mr. Ice Cream is so popular that during the week people often take him away for the evening. Usually they don't eat much supper before they go so they can eat more of him. I like to see when people go away a lot for that deprives them from reading and meditating and building the family circle. If they built up the family too much, they would also help build the church and then there would be no room for me. I can't stand it if people get serious minded. That's what I like about Mr. Ice Cream. He is so rich and so sweet and he gives everyone a jolly good time. At least while they are eating him, and most of them don't worry about how they will feel afterwards.

Sometimes people even take races seeing who can eat the most of him. That makes a good joke for the community and the people laugh about it. Say, that's where I enjoy being and you'll always find me where people are taking a race to see who can eat the most of anything.

One thing people don't like to do when I'm around is to think of all the little children who go to bed hungry every evening. What difference does it make if people in some far off land are starved and their stomachs are gnawing with pain? The people I stay with work hard for their money so why shouldn't they spend it as they wish? (Luke 16: 19-31).

Now don't get the idea that Mr. Ice Cream is the only one I work with. That's not true by a long ways. I have lots of friends and to name only a few, I might mention Mr. Wiener Roast, Mr. Watermelon Slashing, Mr. Chocolate Cake, Mr. Wedding Supper, and Mr. Popcorn Balls.

By this time you are probably wondering just who I am. Well, to my way of thinking, I'm not half as bad as strong Mr. Wine or that filthy stinking Mr. Cigarette.

- I.M. Overeating, Iowa, Adapted.

SINGING THROUGH THE AGES

If singing is prayer, then we should use sound judgement in what we sing as well as what we pray. The words should fit the occasion and should also express the true Christian spirit. The hymns of the Ausbund are more beautiful than what they usually get credit for. Most of them were written in times of persecution and bitter suffering for the name of Christ. They have a timely message for the Christian in overcoming the world. This is more than can be said of most of the religious songs which are popular today. Quartet singing may sound nice but I am afraid there is evidence of misplaced emphasis. External beauty is not necessarily wrong, but it is not the thing which comes first. We should keep first things first and last things last. If we emphasize one of the last things as if it were one of the first then it shows that we are loving the world and the love of the Father is not in us (1 John 2:15).

It is said that Jubal was the father of music and he was the son of Cain. Later King David, a man after the heart of God, comes along and makes use of Jubal's ideas. He even advises others to play the harp of strings. God accepted David's sincerity but rejected his ideas of singing and music (see Amos 6:5).

Are we who are under the Gospel, living in the age of enlightenment or are we going back to the dark ages?

- R. Wickey

THE CHRISTIAN AND HIS ANIMALS.

God loves and cares for us as His children. So we are likewise obliged to care for our fellow creatures which He has entrusted to us. If a Christian does not have a feeling for his cows and horses, sheep and pigs, chickens and dog and cares for them, then the heart of the Creator is grieved and a black cloud will darken the sunshine of God's grace upon his life.

The glory of God's creation is seen, not only in the heavens where he has set His majesty, but in the least little creature on earth. Consider attentively any little flower in the field. It will tell you all about the glory and love of its mighty Creator. They all rejoice in His goodness. If we treat kindly our fellow creatures as God has treated us, His smile will rest upon our lives, and we can have peace in our hearts.

Psalms eight tells us that God made man to have dominion over everything which God created, the sheep, the oxen, the beasts of the fields, the fowl of the air and the fish in the sea. He wants us to care for these things, even as He cares for us in this life.

It has grieved me deeply to see Christians treat their animals without any responsibility. They buy pets as if they were toys and later on they neglect them when they have lost interest in them. A puppy is treated like a child and babied all day in the house as long as it is small. But when it gets to be a big dog it is left outside, fastened with a chain and nobody bothers with it any more.

Today many people don't care if the wild birds die with hunger when snow covers the ground or freeze to death with the cold. They let their cattle lie in the dirt while they go to church in their fine garments. After church, they fill their bellies with cakes and fine dainties while the cattle barely get enough to keep going.

They think only of production and profits in their cattle and use them like machines with hardly any feeling for them. It is not right to treat our animals as if they were machines. We should be good to them and reward them with good things to eat when they work for us.

Remember that when our Lord was born there was no room for Him among men, but he was laid in a manger in a stable among the domestic animals. When the King of all Kings celebrated His official entry into Jerusalem he chose the colt of a donkey, the lowly beast of burden.

Our little animal friends have a heart which is so sensitive to their master. They are happy if they do not need to fear him. The man of love is at peace with all creatures. If our hearts are filled with the love of Jesus it will be passed on to these little creatures and they will feel it.

As Christians in the midst of a generation of murderers we have much reason to treat kindly these little animals. By doing so, we can show the love of Jesus toward us for He has loved us in truth and in deed.

-Ulf Oldenberg, - adapted.

A FORMULA FOR RELAXING

This morning I got up at five o'clock. I fixed breakfast for my husband and then I decided to water my garden, before the sun shines too hot. Watering the garden does not mean using a hose. I carried eight pails of water and by that time I was tired. But I'd rather be tired physically than mentally.

When we're physcially tired, we can sit down, prop up our feet, read awhile or just plain sit until we're rested again. It doesn't take long if we are relaxed.

But when we are mentally tired it is hard to relax. Sometimes the nerves are so strung up that they won't relax. Then it's time to hoe the garden, pull weeds, go for a long walk, or anything to get good and tired. By that time, if we have problems on our mind, they won't seem nearly so big and we'll be able to relax more quickly and easily.

Going for a long walk is what I enjoy doing best when I have problems on my mind. Enjoying the beauties of nature is soothing and relaxing. How can we help but relax after watching the pure white fluffy puffs of clouds moving slowly and leisurely across God's clear blue sky? Or maybe listening to the songbirds singing.

There are many ways to relax but for me it's best if I can have thoughts of nature or of God. - **M.M. Hochstetler.**

Editorielles —

O Jeſu Chriſti Gotteslamm,
Mein teurer Seelenbräutigam,
Der Du für mich gelitten,
Der Du des Leidens ſchwere Laſt
An meiner Statt getragen haſt,
Und mit dem Tod geſtritten.
Gieb mir, an Dir doch jetzunder
Deine Wunder anzuſehen,
Und im Geiſte zu verſtehen.

Es tobet über Dich die Macht,
Die ganze Schaar der Höllenwacht;
Das Reich der Finſterniſſen
Gießt ſeinen ſchwarzen Zorn und Grimm
Aus über Dich mit Ungeſtüm,
Du mußt für alle büßen;
Was Du, Jeſu, nicht verbrochen,
Wird gerochen, Du mußt tragen,
Unſer aller Schmach und Plagen.

Und dies nimmſt Du, O Herr auf dich,
Daß Du davon befreieſt mich.
O herzliches Er=barmen!
Wie kann ich würdig dankbar ſein
Für dies Dein Leiden, Tod und Pein,
Die Du trägſt für mich Armen,
Ach! ich will mich und mein Leben
Nur ergeben Dir zu eigen,
Und mein Herz ganz zu Dir neigen.

Ach hilf doch, daß mein Lebenlang
Ich Dir von Herzen Lob und Dank
Für ſolche Gnad erweiſe,
Daß ich in meinem Lebensreſt,
An Dir ſtets hange ſteif und feſt,
Und Deine Wunder preiſe.
Gieb mir, nach Dir mich zu ſehnen
Und mit Tränen meine Sünden
in Dein Leiden einzuwinden.

Kreuzige, kreuzige Ihn!

Mit allem dem daß Pilatus anhielt zu flehen, riefen die Juden immer als wieder: „Kreuzige, kreuzige ihn!" Ich habe ihn vor euch verhöret, und finde an dem Menſchen nichts der ihr ihn beſchuldiget; Herodes auch nicht; denn ich habe euch zu ihm geſandt, und ſiehe, man hat nichts auf ihn gebracht, daß des Todes wert ſei. Darum will ich ihn züchtigen und loslaſſen."

Pilatus wußte daß er nach der Gewohnheit des Feſtes einen losgeben ſollte, aber der ganze Haufe ſchrie und ſprachen: „Hinweg mit dieſem, und gieb uns Barabbas los!"

Ohne zweifel waren ſie nicht alle einig, wie zu finden iſt in Joh. 7, 12. war ein groß Gemurmel von ihm unter dem Volk. „Etliche ſprachen: Er iſt fromm; die andern aber ſprachen: Nein, ſondern er verführet das Volk." Hier waren vielleicht Menſchen die aufrichtig waren in ihrer Meinung daß Jeſus ein Verführer wäre und ſchaden tun würde. Sie hatten Gottes Plan zur Seligkeit noch nicht verſtanden.

Im letzten Nummer von „Familien Leben" hat eins von unſere Brüder geſchrieben von Empörung (rebellion). Ich will tun wie ich will, nicht wie du ſagſt. Es wundert mich ob wir nicht Leute haben gerade in die Gemeinden heutiges Tags die in ihre Empörungen manches mal ausrufen: Kreuzige, kreuzige Ihn! Wohl nicht gerade dieſe Worte ausſprechen, aber in ihrem Herzen wenn ſie begreifen könnten wie es ſteht, dann wäre Chriſtus als noch ans Kreuz am hängen für ſie; als noch nicht die wahre Verſöhnung erlangt durch Chriſti Blut. Laßt uns doch daran denken wie eine gefährliche Sache es iſt zu empören und ein Aufruhr zu verurſachen in die Gemeinde, indem daß wir uns nicht wollen unter die Amtspflicht und Regierung von die Diener und Vorſteher begeben.

Bis dieſes vor die Leſer kommt ſtehen wir wieder in die Jahreszeit wo wir Gros=Gemein halten, das Leiden Chriſti verkündigen, das Brot und der Wein genießen, wie wir ſagen zu einem Gedächtnismahl, erinnert zu werden was es gekoſtet hat uns zu befreien von dem Sündenfall Adams.

Wenn wir zum Abendmahl des Herrn treten, wollen wir doch uns genau prüfen ob wir der alte Sauerteig ausgefegt haben, und ein neuer Teig geworden, dann können wir Oſtern halten. Wir wollen dies dann ja nicht unterlaſſen. Wir wollen dieſe Geboten halten aus Liebe zu Gott dieweil wir Kinder Gottes ſind. Es iſt dann gar nicht ein Sündopfer, ſondern ein Gedächtnismahl. So wollen wir nicht ein Irrſinn daraus nehmen und denken wir gehen mit zu der Gros-Gemein dann ſind wir beſſere Leute. Tun wir an die Worte denken an ſolcher zeit wo vorkommen im Gebet: „O lieber himmliſcher Vater! Du wolleſt uns alle ſämtlich würdig und geſchickt machen, als geiſtlich berufene Freund an dieſer Tafel zu ſitzen und aller Geheimniſſe dieſer Mahlzeit erinnert zu werden, auf daß wir ſie fruchtbarlich zu Deiner Ehr' und uns zur Seligkeit genießen mögen.“ Dies ſind Worte von großem Wert. Tun wir acht haben auf die Worte wo ausgeſprochen werden von die Biſchöfen bei ſolche Gebeter? Das iſt doch wahrlich notwendig, wir wollen doch nicht nur hinknieen und unſere Gedanken laſſen hin und her ſchweben an zeitliche Sachen oder ſonſt etwas.

Meine Gedanken gehen weiter in dieſem Gebet: „Wir bekennen billig und auch von Herzen gerne unſere Sünde, unſere Unwürdigkeit und Nichtigkeit; kommen von aller Gerechtigkeit nackt und bloß vor Dich.“ Iſt dies eigentlich ſo? Fühlen wir nackt und bloß uns ſelber in die Gerechtigkeit, und ſuchen wir uns zu vertröſten in die Gerechtigkeit welche der Sohn Gottes mit ſeinem bittern Tode, Leiden und Blutvergießen erworben hat? Mit dieſem wollen wir uns nicht mutlos machen, ſondern vielmehr uns aufmuntern mehr Ernſt anzuwenden, daß es uns angelegen iſt was wir am tun ſind.

Es kann der Fall ſein daß Gemeinde-Glieder mit zum Abendmahl gehen und doch nicht in wahre Verſöhnung ſtehen mit Gott. Es kann ein Gebrauch ſein. Wir möchten denken: Es heißt, ſie wollen Groß-Gemein haben nächſt Sonntag, ich denk ich geh, die andere gehn a'bout all und ich will auch dabei ſein; oder ein anderer möchte ſagen: Ich habe jener hören ſagen er geht nicht, ſo oder ſolche Sachen ſind nicht recht behandelt worden. So zähl ich auch nicht geh. O geliebte Freund! wir wollen doch nicht ſo in der Lauheit dahin leben, die Sache iſt zu wichtig. Wir haben es ſchon viel geſehen von Leute wo ſich faſt nie faſſen konnten beizuwohnen wann die Zeit kommen iſt um Groß-Gemein zu halten, ſo von Jahr zu Jahr, faſt immer war etwas letz. Ich fürchte daß bei ſolche fällen oftmals ihr eigen Gewiſſen nicht frei iſt und ſie ſuchen es zu ſtillen bei andere Fehler aufzugraben und vor ſchmeißen hie und da. Und doch ſagt die Bibel: „Die Seel die geſündigt hat, ſoll ſterben und nicht leben.“ Und wir wiſſen nicht welcher Tag, Stund oder Minute unſer Lebensende kommen möchte, und wir unvorbereitet von Gottes Hand überfallen werden, und wir dann in eine finſtere Zukunft hineinblicken müßten.

Wir kommen wieder zurück an die Kreuzigung. Um die neunte Stunde hören wir Jeſus laut ſchreien: „Eli, Eli. lama aſabthani? Das iſt: Mein Gott, mein Gott, warum haſt du mich verlaſſen?“ Wir glauben wohl die Gottheit mußte Jeſus verlaſſen eine kleine Zeit ſo daß ſie ihn ans Kreuz nageln konnten. Der Prophet giebt uns dieſes ſchon zu verſtehen in dem er ſagt: „Ich habe dich einen kleinen Augenblick verlaſſen; aber mit großer Barmherzigkeit will ich dich ſammeln. Ich habe mein Angeſicht im Augenblick des Zorns ein wenig vor dir verborgen; aber mit ewiger Gnade will ich mich dein erbarmen, ſpricht der Herr, dein Erlöſer.“

Wenn wir nun zum Abendmahl des Herrn treten wollen, ſo wollen wir doch ſolche Schriften nicht vergeſſen wie in Matt. 18, 23. 24. zu finden iſt. „Darum, wenn du deine Gabe auf dem Altar opferſt, und wirſt allda eingedenk, daß dein Bruder etwas wider dich habe, ſo laß allda vor dem Altar deine Gabe, und gehe hin und verſöhne dich mit deinem Bruder, und alsdann komm und opfre deine Gabe.“ Das iſt doch ſo notwendig daß wir uns verſöhnen mit ihm dieweil wir noch mit ihm auf dem Wege ſind. Wir wollen doch die Sonne nicht laſſen über unſerm Zorn untergehen. Wir haben vielleicht auch ſchon erfahren wo wir ſuchten uns zu verſöhnen und konnten es nicht zuwege bringen, es war ſehr leid daß wir nichts ausrichten konnten. Wir haben aber auch ſchon erfahren wo wir nachgehens uns erinneren konnten daß wir ſelbſt nicht das beſte getroffen haben. Wir wünſchten wir hätten dies oder jenes nicht geſagt, oder wir möchten vielleicht gewünſcht haben wir hätten noch etwas geſagt wo wir nicht ſo daran gedenkt haben. Das hat uns vielleicht auch ſehr leid getan. Einen alten Diener hat einſt geſchrieben wo er etwas hatte zu tun mit einem Bruder und konnte nichts zuweg bringen. Wo er ſo über die Sache gedenkt hat meinte er, Es war vielleicht zu viel Maſt und Gebrauch dabei, vielleicht zu viel ſelber daran. Gebets voll ging er noch einmal dahin im Sinn zu tun was er kann. Der Bruder hat ihn ſehr hart beſchuldigt, viel Sachen vorbehalten. Der Diener war nur ſtille bis er endlich aufgehört hatte zu ſchwätzen, dann ſagte er: Iſt das alles es du haſt gegen mir? Der Bruder ſagte: Wel, ich denk. Der Diener gab zur Antwort, du haſt aber noch lang nicht alles geſagt, ich habe noch vielmehr Schwachheiten wo du nichts geſagt haſt davon. Es ſchien dies hat der Bruder bewegt daß er wollte Frieden machen.

Wenn wir über ſolche Sachen denken möcht es uns vorkommen, wir ſind noch nicht die zweite Meile gegangen. Ja, das ſind alles Sachen wo wir darüber denken können, ich habe ohne zweifel ſchon oft das beſte nicht getroffen. Ein alter Biſchof hat öfters bemerkt, es iſt nichts leichters als wie Fehler machen.

Betet für uns. Unſer Troſt iſt der, daß wir ein gut Gewiſſen haben und fleißigen uns, guten Wandel zu führen bei allen. Ebr. 13, 18. ■

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STOP AND THINK

I am not young any more and I have spent a lot of time thinking about how it is going in the world today. It makes me sick to see how many of the churches are drifting. Men have long hair but women cut their hair. which is contrary to the word of God. And short dresses are coming into the plain churches. Either they are not reading the Bible or they do not understand what they read. It is hard to believe that mothers who want to be Christians can stand to see their daughters in such short dresses and with coverings so small. It can hardly be called a head covering.

Sundays are spent playing games or watching sports which I think is worshipping idols. Jesus said that if we love anything more than him, we are not worthy of him.

Years ago when people went visiting on Sundays they used to talk about the Scriptures. Now all you can hear is about making money and buying farms or selling crops. Sunday morning before church the talk is about worldly things which shows what the heart is full of. Apparently they are seeking pleasure more than God.

If the people can see the difference between Heaven and Hell, they would not want to go to that awful place. Either the preachers are not warning them enough or they do not hear it. Perhaps some are sleeping and don't want to hear the sermon. I think if people could see what is coming, they would lead a different life and not spend so much time for money but would be more concerned about saving their souls. I hope those who are interested only in buying and selling should stop and think. "Was des Herz voll ist, gehet dem Mund ueber."

- A.M.S.H., Pa.

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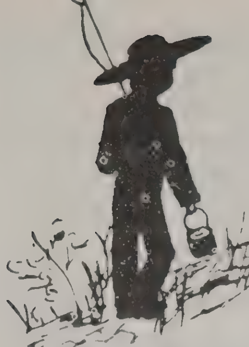

Zu viel Snitz Boi

„Gib acht!“ vermahnt die Mutter Mand Miller der Sammy, als er die Snitz-Brühe rührt. Aber es war zu ſpät. Der Sammy ſchloppt neben auf dem Tiſch.

Die Mutter nimmt der große Leffel und kratzt es zuſammen, und tuts wieder in die Mixing-Bowl.

Sammy nimmt wieder ſein Sitz hinten auf dem Bank mit Andy und die Anna. Sie alle watchen als die Mutter ſome Snitz auf ein halb von dem flat gerollt Boi-deg ſchöpft. Dann nimmt ſie die andere halb von dem Deg und deckt’s über die Snitz, und petzt die Seite zu mit ihrem Daumen.

„Ich weiß verwas ſie Moon-Boi-len heißen,“ ſagt der Andy, „ſie gucken wie ein Moon.“

„An halb Moon,“ tut der Sammy correcten.

Die Anna kriegt das kleine Redley und ſpringt am Tiſch rum. „Darf ich der Deg abſchneiden mit das Redley?“ bettelt ſie.

„Nein“ antwortet die Mutter, „denn ich will die Boi-len ſchön machen für’s Dan Hoſtetlers. Sie wollen Snitz-Boi haben für die Gemein.“

Die drei Kinder wußten daß ſie als Snitz-Boi haben für die Kinder in zeit von die Gemein.

„Wird ſie uns bezahlen für die Boi?“ fragt der Sammy.

„Nein,“ ſagt die Mutter, „ſie müſſen nichts bezahlen denn ſie ſind unſere Nachbarn und tun oft uns helfen. Wir ſollen nicht meinen es wir immer bezahlt ſei müſſe für alles es wir tun für andere Leute.“

Die Mutter lauft zum Ofen. macht das Bäcker-Türley auf und ſieht hinein. Die Boi-len waren ſchön und braun. Sie nimmt dieſe raus und tut wieder andere hinein. Dann guckt ſie gegen die Uhr. „Ich will probieren fertig werden bis drei Uhr, dann ſoll der Andy dieſe mit nibba nehmen zu’s Dans. Dat hat g’ſagt er ſoll bleiben und im Dan helfen mit die Chores Heut-Abend und am Morgen.“

„Darf ich mit geh?“ fragt der Sammy.

„Nein,“ antwortet die Mutter, „es iſt im Andy ſei Turn für geh diesmal.“

Als ſie das ſagt ging die Tür auf und der Vater kommt in die Küch. „Hmmm,“ ſpricht er, „dies ſchmackt gut do hin. Haſt du vielleicht an Snitz-Boi für mich?“

„Ich will vier Dutzend machen und nibba ſchicken an’s Dans, aber vielleicht gibt es ein wenig mehr,“ antwortet die Mutter. „Die erſte ſind noch ein wenig heiß.“

Die Mutter brecht zwei durch und gibt es zu die Kinder und dem Vater.

„Hmmm, dies iſt ſehr gut,“ ſagt der Vater. „Du kannſt gut genug backen für en Bakery haben.“

„Ich wollte kein Bakery haben, aber ich wünſch ich könnte Snitz-Boi machen zum verkaufen, denn wir haben noch viel verdorrte Snitz und es iſt bald wieder Aepfel zeit.“

„Ich glaube es dieſe gut verkaufen würden, denn ſie ſind beſſer als gekaufte Boi,“ ſagt der Vater.

„Ich will probieren fertig werden in zeit es der Andy ſie an’s Dans nehmen kann wann er geht für helfen choren,“ ſpricht die Mutter zum Vater. „Nun könnte’s Dans ſome haben für Supper.“

„Sammy ſoll mit nibba geh,“ ſagt der Vater, „denn ich will haben es er fragt ob der Dan fertig iſt mit mein Fence-Strecker. Ich ſet en habe noch den Abend.“ Er ſieht der Sammy an und ſagte, „Du ſollſt dich aber g’ſchwind heim machen.“

Sammy war froh für das hören. Er gunckt ſein Kopf und kreiſcht, ja, als er ſpringt für ſein Hut kriegen.

„Die Boi ſind noch nicht fertig,“ ſpricht die Mutter. „Du kannſt noch gehen und der Dat etwas helfen. Ich ruf dich wann es bereit iſt.“

Sammy und Andy gehen mit dem Vater in die Scheuer. Das ſchaffen war beſſer gangen weil ſie g’wußt haben daß ſie fort geh darfen.

Wo es bald halber vier war dann ruft die Mäm die Buben. Andy und Sammy kommen glei zu ſpringen. „Ich will der Korb tragen,“ kreiſcht der Sammy.

Aber Andy war am erſten zum Korb kommen und nimmt ihn von die Mutter.

„Wir nehmen turns,“ ſuggeſt der Sammy als ſie die Lane naus gehen. „Du tragſt es die erſt halb vom Weg und ich die letzte halb.“

„Nein,“ antwortet der Andy als er der Korb zum Sammy giebt. „Du wit nur groß fühlen für die letzte halb nehmen, dann denken’s Dans du haſt es getragen der ganze Weg.“

„Iſt das verwas du es letzt tragen willſt?“ ſagt Sammy zurück. Er nehmt der Korb vom Andy. „Wann ich es am erſten tragen ſoll dann darf ich ein Boi haben.“ Er hebt das Tuch ab, kriegt ein Boi und nimmt ein Beis ab.

„Du darfſt nicht das tun,“ ermahnt der Andy.

„Verwas nicht. Das ſind unſere Boi . . . ſo lang es Dans ſie nicht haben dann ſind ſie unſere, und’s Dans tun ſie nicht bezahlen.“

Andy denkt ein wenig. „Ich denk es wären unſere. An dem hat die Dan Ketty g’ſagt die Mäm ſoll Boi backen und hat nicht g’ſagt vier dutzend.“ Er nimmt auch ein Boi vom Korb.

„Ja, ich glaub es auch.“ Sammy nimmt noch ein Beis von ſein Boi. „Hmmm, dies iſt gut. Die Mäm kann die beſte Snitz-Boi machen in die Welt.“

„Sammy, s’kommt ein Buggy. Wollen wir unſere Boi unter dem Tuch verſtecklen?“

„Nein, ich glaub es iſt nur der Joſt Gingerich und ſein Dat.“

„Es guckt wie ſein Gaul.“

„Whoa,“ ſagt der Yoſt ſein Vater als ſie nahe kommen. Der Gaul ſtopped. Joſt ſein Vater lächelt ein wenig. „Sind ihr an Snitz-Boi peddlen?“

„Wir nehmen ſie an’s Dan Hoſtetlers für die Gemein,“ antwortet der Sammy. Er hebt das Tuch weg und ſieht im Korb. „Siehe, die Mäm hat vier dutzend g’macht. Es ſind nicht ſo viel Kinder in die Gemein. Ich glaub es du einen haben kannſt.“

„Ja, und ſie tun ſie als durch ſchneiden,“ ſagt der ältere Mann. „Es wäre genug für ſechs und neunzig Kinder.’ Der Vater lacht als er ein Boi nimmt.

Sammy langt ein Boi zum Yoſt.

„Well, es war dawert für ſtoppen,“ lacht der Vater als er anfingt zu eſſen. „Ich ſag dank für die Boi. Giddap.“

„Ich ſag auch dank,“ ruft der Yoſt zurück als ſie fort fahren.

„Sechs und neunzig Kinder,“ lacht der Sammy. „Die Mäm hat nicht daran gedenkt es ſo viel macht.“

„Und ſome von die Kinder ſind zu klein für Snitz-Boi eſſen.“

„Ich glaub es ich noch einen eſſen kann,“ ſagt der Sammy als er der letzt Beis in’s Maul ſteckt.

„Ich auch. Ich glaub nicht es die Mäm etwas drum gebt, denn wir haben nicht ſechs und neunzig Kinder in die Gemein."

Als ſie noch jedes ein Boi aus dem Korb ziehen dann kommt ein Kar, und ſtopped. Der Mann rollt ſein Fenſter nunter.

Sammy ſehnt gerad es er der Mr. Warner war — der Mann es Fertilizer und Samen peddelt.

„Hat der Vater ſchon all von ſein Blans Welſchkann griegt?" fragt er.

„Ich glaub nicht," antwortet der Sammy.

„Sag du ihm, ich komm ihn ſehen am Montag," ſpricht Mr. Warner.

„Ja."

„Was biſt du am eſſen?" fragte er, als er die Boi ſehnt.

„Snitz-Boi."

„Meine Mäm hat auch als Snitz-Boi gebacken. Ich hab keine g'habt für eine lange Zeit," ſagt der Mann.

Sammy hebts Tuch ab. „Ich geb dir ein Stück, denn wir haben blenty." Er langt ein Boi zum Mann.

Mr. Warner nimmt ein Beis. „O, dieſe ſind gut. Haſt du g'ſagt es du haſt blenty?"

„Ja, ganz zu viel," antwortete der Sammy.

„Wollet ihr ein dutzend verkaufen? Meine Frau iſt krank und kann nichts ſchaffen, und die Kinder ſind zu klein für backen."

„Wann ſie krank iſt dann kannſt du ſome haben," Sammy ſieht gegen Andy. Er guckt ſein Kopf. „Ich weiß es die Mäm froh wär für euch ſome geben."

„Dies iſt aber gut-meinig von euch," ſpricht der Mann. „Biſt du ſure es die Mäm nichts drum gebt wann ich ſome Boi nehm?"

„Nein," ſagt der Sammy. „Sie gibt viel Sachen zu die Kranken und Armen."

„Wel, dies iſt aber ſchön. Ich hab ein Sack in die Machine es du ſome Boi hinein tun kannſt."

Sammy zählt zwölf Boi von ſein Korb, und gibts ſie zu dem Mann.

„Was willſt du für ſie?" fragt er.

„Gar nichts," antwortet der Sammy, „denn wir ſollen nicht meinen es wir immer bezahlt werden müſſen für alles es wir tun für andere.

„Ihr ſeid gute Buben," lobt der Mann als er der Motor ſtärt. „Ich ſehn euch am Montag." Der Mann fährt fort.

„Sammy," ſagt Andy mit ernſt, als er der Korb aufhebt, „der Korb fühlt ſehr leicht. Suppoſe wir hätten nicht genug Boi fürs Dans."

„Ach, du weißt dein Arithmetic nicht. Es iſt noch genug Boi für noch . . . für noch . . . für bald achtzig Kinder. Wir haben nicht achtzig Kinder in die Gemein es Boi eſſen."

„Aber ſuppoſe es wären nicht genug?" Hielt der Andy an.

Sammy guckt im Korb. Er erſchrock bald. So wenig Boi! „Ach, dies iſt aber genug," probiert er ſich tröſten. „Sie ſchneiden ſie durch und es giebt noch viel."

„Ich kann es nicht verſtehen," ſagt die Ketty zu ihrem Mann, der Dan Hoſtetler, am Abend. Der Andy war ſchon im Bett. „Die Maud Miller hat g'ſagt es ſie ſchickt mir genug Snitz-Boi für die hilf auch, und ſie hat nicht."

„Ich denk ſie iſt wie andere Leut, ſie hat es vergeſſen," antwortet ihr Mann.

„Ja, aber ich hab mich verlaſſen auf ſie." Die Ketty guckt getrubelt als ſie die Spellen von ihrem Frock zieht.

„Ich denk wir müſſen lernen es wir uns nicht auf andere Leut verlaſſen können," ſagt der Dan.

„Ja, aber ich hab immer gemeint die Maud is ſo gut es ihr Wort."

„Ich denk mir wiſſe nun es ſie nicht getreu iſt."

„Ich weiß bald nicht was zu tun. Nun hab ich kein Boi für meine Hilf. Vielleicht nicht genug für die Kinder."

„Vielleicht ſchämt die Maud ſich wann ſie das ſehnt."

„Ich hoff ſie tut."

Auf dem Heimweg war der Sammy am zählen in ſeine Gedanken wie viel Snitz-Boi übrig waren für die Gemein. Vier dutzend, denkt er. Zwölf verkauft. Das läßt drei dutzend. Sechs und dreißig. Sechs gegeſſen. Nun hab ich dreißig übrig. Genug für ſechzig Kinder. Ach dies iſt blenty.

Wo Sammy heim kommen iſt war ſein Dat im Milch-Haus. „Dat," fängt der Sammy an. In ſeine Hand hebt er der Fence-Strecker.

Der Vater dreht ſich geſchwind rum. „Biſt du mol heim kommen?"

Sammy hörte daß er ausgeboden war es er ſo ſpät heim kommen war. Dann denkte er es wäre beſſer wann er nichts gerade ſagen wird wegen die Boi verkaufen.

„Was wit?" fragt der Vater, und ob der Sammy weiter etwas ſagen kann ging der Vater an: „Deine Küh ſind noch zu melken. Uns andere ſind fertig. Wann du fertig biſt dann komm und helf mir Fence fixen im Baum-Garten. Die Säu wollen raus brechen."

Sammy tut geſchwind melken dann geht er zu ſein Vater im Baum-Garten. Er fingt an zu wundern ob er die Boi zu die Mäm geben hät ſollen.

„Du biſt ſpat aber ich bin froh es du nicht vergeſſen haſt der Fence-Strecker mit heim bringen," ſpricht der Vater als er nägel in die Poſten ſchlägt. „Ich will probieren euch lernen getreu (faithful) zu ſein in allem was ihr tut, ſo es wir euch trauen können. Wann wir getreu ſind in die kleine natürliche Sachen dann kann Gott uns vertrauen mit ſeine große Sachen."

„Was ſind die große Sachen?" fragte der Sammy.

„Geiſtlichen Sachen, die Gaben, und die geiſtliche Frucht wie Liebe, Frieden und Freuden, und viele andere Sachen es wir Gott dienen können damit.

„Und die kleine Sachen ſind, heim kommen auf Zeit und die gelöhnte Sachen heim bringen, und . . ."

Der Vater lächelt ein wenig. „Nicht gelöhnte Sachen heim bringen, aber acht geben auf andere ihre Sachen und ſie zurück geben. Ja, und heim kommen auf Zeit, und . . ."

Sammy war nimme am hören. „Acht geben auf andere ihre Sachen . . ." ging durch ſeine Gedanken. „Acht geben auf andere ihre Sachen. Ich wunder ob dies auch die Boi meint. Ich denk ich warte bis der Andy heim kommt für etwas ſagen."

„Ich bin froh es die Buben die Boi ans Dans genommen haben geſter, es wir nicht bothere müſſe mit ſie den Morgen. Wir ſind ſpat wie es iſt," Sammy hört ſeine Mutter ſchwätzen zu ſein Vater.

„Ja, ich bin auch froh," antwortet der Vater, „denn die friſche Boi ſind s'beſt. Nun können ſie ſehnen was für ein gute Koch ich geheirat hab," retzt der Vater. Er butzt der Staub von ſeinem Hut mit ſeine Hand.

„Ach, Dat, wie ſchwetzt du?" lächelt ſie.

Sammy wünſchte er müßte nichts hören von die Snitz-Boi, denn es macht ihn unruhig fühlen. Ich hab ſie aber gegeben zu an armer Mann mit eine kranke Frau, probiert er ſich ſelbſt tröſten, und es ſind nicht ſechs und neunzig

Kinder in die Gemein.

Wo die Maud Miller in's Dans Küch kommen war ſehnte ſie wie ſchön die Boi gucken in die Schüſſel — ein goldene braun. Die Buben haben gut getan, denkt ſie, denn die Boi ſind nicht verſchittelt.

Sammy ſitzt in die Küch in Zeit von die Gemein. Er ſieht es die Schüſſel mit Boi glei leer war. Die Dan Ketty geht in die Butry und kommt raus mit noch ein Schüſſel voll.

„Ach, ſie haben blenty Boi,“ denkt der Sammy.

Wo die John Miller Familie heim gekommen war dann ſagt die Mutter zu ihrem Mann: „Ich kann nicht verſteh verwas die Dan Ketty kein Boi zu ihrem Hilf gegeben hat. Sie hat mich nicht ſo viel es gedankt für ſie.“

„Vielleicht wollten ſie die halten für ſich ſelbſt, denn ſie waren gut.“ Der Vater lächelt ein wenig als er dies ſagt.

Die Maud Miller denkt ein wenig.„Vielleicht war ſie g'rickt weil ich kein vier dutzend g'ſchickt hab. Ich hatte nur genug Brüh für neun und dreißig. Ich denk ich hab letz gemeſſen, aber ich hab geglaubt es wäre genug. Ja, blenty.“

„Vielleicht hat ſie nur vergeſſen danken,“ bemerkt der Vater. „Und vielleicht haben ſie zu viel gegeſſen am Samſtag Abend und ſie ſchämten ſich.“

„Der Dan hat ein — gegeſſen und die Ketty und ich haben nur ein halber gehabt,“ antwortet der Andy.

„Komm Andy, wir wollen naus geh ſpielen,“ ſagt der Sammy geſchwind.

Es dünkt der Sammy alles es er denken kann war, „Snitz-Boi, Snitz-Boi, Snitz-Boi.“ Er hat probiert vergeſſen wegen dem Mr. Warner kommen, aber am Montag mittag war er an die Tür geſtanden. John Millers waren fertig Mittag eſſen. „Komm herein,“ der Vater invite als er die Tür aufhebt.

„Ich denk deine Buben haben geſagt es ich am kommen bin,“ ſpricht Mr. Warner.

„Die Buben?“ Der Vater ſieht zurück gegen der Sammy und Andy.

„Ja,“ ſagt der Mann weiter: „Ich war ſehr glücklich für ſie antreffen. Ich muß ſagen deine Frau backt die beſte Snitz-Boi es ich noch g'geſſen hab.“

Sammy fühlt ſein Geſicht ganz hös werden. Er ſchämte ſich ſehr.

„O,“ wundert der Vater. Er ſieht mol die Buben gnau an.

Sammy fühlt für unter dem Bank ſchluppen.

„Ja,“ geht der Mann an. „Sie waren am Boi eſſen wo ich ſie angetroffen hab. Ich habe gefragt für ſome kaufen weil meine Frau krank war.“

„O, iſt deine Frau krank?“ fragt der Vater dieweil er nicht wußte was anders zu ſagen.

„Ja, ſie iſt ſchon eine ganze Woch krank. Die Kinder waren ſo froh für die Boi. Ich wünſch ich könnte viel mehr kaufen, und ich tu gern dieſe zwölf bezahlen was die Buben gegeben haben.“ Er kriegt ſein Geld aus ſein Sack.

Sammy ſieht daß ſeine Mutter ihren Maul aufgeht in ſurpriſe. Er weißt es ſie denkt: „Zwölf Boi!“

Der Mann hebt ſome taller bills gegen der John Miller. „Die zwölf Boi waren bald ſo viel es ſechs ganze Boi, und ich tu gern fünf und ſechzig cent geben für zwei Boi.“

Der Vater guckt gegen die Mutter zu ſehen was ſie ſagt.

Sie läuft gegen ihren Mann. „Ich tu gern Boi backen für dich an ſolcher Price.“

Der Mr. Warner war froh und er lächelt. „Heut Abend wird ich wieder da durch kommen. Kannſt du drei dutzend gebacken haben bis dann?“

„Ich glaub,“ antwortete ſie.

„Ich krieg ſie am fünf Uhr,“ ſagt er weiter, „aber ich will ſagen es mir haben's ſehr appreciate was deine Kinder getan haben. Ich hoff es ich kann meine Kinder auch lernen für gut-meinig zu ſein und an andere Leut denken. Es ſind ſo viele Leute heut-zu-tag es Geld mehr lieben es Barmherzigkeit.“ Er ſieht der John Miller an. „Haſt du genug Blanz-Welſchkann?“ fragte er.

Sammy war noch hinten auf dem Bank am ſitzen wo der Mann die Tür naus gegangen war für gehen. Die Mutter hat die Snitz auf dem Ofen zu kochen.

Der Vater ſitzt auf ein Stuhl in die Küch und ſieht ſeine Buben an.

Es dünkt der Sammy wie eine lange Zeit bis er mol anfängt zu ſchwetzen. Er ſieht ſeine Frau an. „Ich glaub es mir wiſſe verwas die Dan Ketty keine Boi zu ihre Hilf gegeben hat.“

„Ich bin ſome ausgeboten,“ ſpricht die Mutter als ſie ihre Buben a-guckt. „Ich hab geglaubt mir können euch vertrauen mit die Boi.“

„Verwas habt ihr uns nicht geſagt von dies?“ fragt der Vater.

„Ich habe nicht gewußt es ihr es nicht wiſſet,“ tut der Andy ſich entſchuldigen.

Der Vater ſieht der Sammy an.

Sammy weißt nicht was zu ſagen.

„Es iſt gut,“ ſagt der Vater weiter. „Es ihr gut-meinig waret und die Boi gegeben habt, aber dieſe Boi waren für die Gemein und das war auch notwendig. Verwas habt ihr uns nichts geſagt davon?“

Sammy weiß wohl es er nicht getreu war wie er gelernt war.

Nun ſchwetzt der Andy auf. „Wir haben gedenkt es vier dutzend Boi ſind ganz zu viel . . . denn wir haben kein ſechs und neunzig Kinder in die Gemein.“

„Sechs und neunzig Kinder!“ ſpricht die Mutter. „Die Boi waren nicht alle für die Kinder. Sie waren auch für die es helfen.“

Sammy hängt ſein Kopf.

„Wann die Mäm ſo viel Boi gemacht hat dann hättet ihr wiſſen ſötte es es notwendig war,“ erklärt der Vater. „Hab ich euch nicht geſagt es ihr ſollet lernen getreu ſein?“

Sammy gnuckt ſein Kopf.

„Nun will ich nichts mehr ſolches hören von euch.“ ermahnte der Vater. „Nun helfet ihr die Mäm mit dies Geſchirr. Sie hat viel Arbeit.“

„Die Buben waren ungehorſam aber ich bin froh es ich jemand hab für meine Boi kaufen,“ ſagt die Mutter als ſie ſehnte nach die Snitz. „Ich back vier dutzend, dann kann der Sammy ein dutzend an's Dan Hoſtetlers nehmen und ſeine Sache recht machen.“

„Das iſt was wir tun,“ vereinigt der Vater, „aber er ſoll gerade heim kommen.“ Erſieht der Sammy an. „Willſt du?“

Sammy gnuckt ſein Kopf.

„Und du ſagſt ihnen fürwas ſo wenig Boi waren,“ command der Vater,“und du ſagſt auch es du nicht getreu wareſt, und es du ſorry biſt.“

Sammy gnuckt wieder ſein Kopf.

Vater kriegt ſein Hut und geht die Tür hinaus.

Sammy ſchnauft hart als er geſchwind die Teller auf ein Haufen tut. Er denkte er will probieren ſo gut helfen es er kann, und diesmal gehorchen und getreu ſei.

CHILDREN'S SECTION

HURT BY WINNING

by Elizabeth Miller

MARY KEIM SLID LISTLESSLY into her seat. It was a warm morning and the schoolhouse windows were open. The soft breeze that came into the classroom brought with it the smell of spring. For once Mary wished she wouldn't have to go to school. How nice it would be if she could help Mom and Lydia plant garden. Maybe by this afternoon it would be warm enough that Mon would let her go barefooted. No, lessons didn't appeal to her—not when she thought about being outdoors on a lovely spring day.

Miss Lehman, the teacher, was getting ready to begin classes. Suddenly she paused and said, "Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you that my Young Companion came yesterday." She lifted it for the others to see. "First person to be finished with his work may have it first."

Now Mary forgot all about gardening and going barefooted. For some reason Miss Lehman's Young Companion usually came a day or two before most of the other people in school, so she brought it to school and let the older pupils read it. The rule always was that the person to be finished with his work got it first. And that person usually was Mary.

As Mary hurriedly got out her arithmetic book, she glanced over to see what Susan was doing. "I hope I get done before she does," she thought. "I've just got to know what happened to Lillie and Ike Chupp. I sure hope they didn't get married. Why do those continued stories have to stop at the most interesting places anyway?"

For half an hour Mary worked without looking up. Then she was finished with her arithmetic. Next she skimmed over her history lesson. By this time Susan was doing her English. Mary noticed that she was working close to the bottom of her page. "Wonder if she's got her other work done?" she worried. But she didn't take any chances. Quickly she closed her history book and went up to Miss Lehman's desk and got the Young Companion.

Mary couldn't help but notice the disappointed look on Susan's face as she went back to her desk. But then she shrugged and thought, "I'll give it to her as soon as I'm done." The next minute she was lost in the story she had waited a whole month to continue reading.

It seemed like only a few minutes later that Miss Lehman dismissed the pupils for recess. Even then Mary didn't stop reading. Only when Susan stood beside her desk and asked her if she wasn't going to come along outside did she come back to reality. "I can't believe it!" she exclaimed. "Lillie's getting married."

"To Ike Chupp?" asked Susan. "Ah-h-h, I--"

"No, not to Ike Chupp," answered Mary. "To someone else."

"Well, come on out and play," coaxed Susan. "Has anyone else asked for it."

Mary shook her head. She knew she should offer to let Susan read the continued story as soon as she was finished with it, but the story on the cover looked so interesting that she couldn't bring herself to do it. "Miss Lehman said the person who was finished with his work first could have it," she reasoned to herself. "And I was first."

Every spare minute Mary had that day she spent reading the Young Companion. It was after the last recess when she finally handed it over to Susan. But eighth-grade history class came right after that and Susan didn't have any time to read.

"Too bad you didn't get that story read," said Mary as the two eighth grade girls got ready to go home. "It sure is interesting."

"Oh, well, maybe ours came at home and I can read it tonight," said Susan. "If it didn't, then I have something to look forward to tomorrow."

"I'm glad I read it because if ours came today either Mom or Dad or Lydia would want it tonight."

"Sometimes we read out loud. That way we can all hear it at once," said Susan.

"Sometimes we do, too, but that goes so slow," answered Mary. "I like to read it myself."

They had come to the end of the schoolhouse drive now and the girls had to part. "See you tomorrow," called Mary.

"Hope so," answered Susan with a wave of her hand.

Mary walked along, enjoying the warm sunshine. But her thoughts were on the stories she had read in the Young Companion. "Susan sure missed something," she thought. But then she couldn't help but feel a little guilty. "It's my fault that she didn't get to read those stories today. I guess I should have at least shared it with her. That way I'd still have a story or two to read tomorrow." But even if Mary realized that she should have shared with Susan that day, she couldn't really feel sorry that she hadn't. She had enjoyed the stories too much for that. And besides, she had been done with her work first, so the privilege to read the Young Companion today had been rightfully hers.

The next day Susan read the Young Companion, then she and Mary had a good time discussing the stories they had read. Susan didn't seem to mind at all that she had read the stories second instead of first and Mary no longer felt guilty about it.

At noon the boys came and asked the girls to help them play prisoner's base. The girls agreed to help until they found out that the boys didn't plan to choose up; they wanted to play boys against the girls.

"But that's not fair; we wouldn't have a chance," protested Mary.

"Aw, come on, you never tried it," coaxed Levi Mast, an eighth-grade boy.

"Let's try it," suggested Susan. "Even if we lose, it will be fun trying."

Mary wasn't very enthusiastic about playing this way, but when the others all agreed to try it, she couldn't do anything about it. The girls went to their side of the playground and the game began.

From the very beginning things didn't go well for the boys. First one boy and then another was caught and put into the girls' prison. "We've got to guard them," Mary said excitedly. "If we can keep them in prison we'll be able to win the game." To her own surprise, they succeeded. When the bell rang after the noon recess the three biggest boys were confined in prison.

That afternoon Mary had a hard time keeping her mind on her lessons. It was another nice day and she longed to be outside. She tingled with excitement when she thought about the game they were playing. "Wouldn't that teach them a lesson if we'd beat them," she thought.

But then something happened which none of the pupils had expected. Miss Lehman asked the eighth graders to stay in for a while after she had dismissed the rest of the children for recess. All the reason she would give for this was that she had something she wanted to talk over with them.

Mary glanced at Susan and shrugged. Susan shrugged, too, and Mary knew she didn't have any idea what Miss Lehman was going to talk about. All they could do was sit and wait.

When all the younger children had left the classroom Miss Lehman began, "We had a teachers' meeting last evening and we've decided to try something a little different this year. The five teachers from this area have decided to run a contest for our eighth graders. In fact, there are three contests and it will be up to you which one you will enter. Or if you wish, you may enter all three of them."

There was a slight stir as the six eighth graders sat forward in their seats. They were eager to hear more about the contests.

"The one contest which I hope some of you will enter is a drawing contest. I have a sheet of rules that anyone who wants to enter is to read."

Levi Mast turned around and pointed a finger at Junior Miller. Junior blushed, but Mary knew that he had already made up his mind. "Drawing is the only thing he'd have a chance in," she thought. Then she turned her attention back to what Miss Lehman was saying.

"The second contest is a composition contest. We have four subjects here that you may choose from and once again, we have rules for you to follow," she said.

Mary glanced at Susan and made a wry face. Susan only smiled and looked the other way. "At least, I'd have more chance in composition than I do in drawing," Mary thought. She wondered what the third contest would be. She didn't have to wonder long.

"The third contest is a freehand map contest," the teacher was saying. "As the rules will tell you, these maps will have to be freehand, but you may make any map you please. It can be a map showing natural resourses, countries, or even rainfall or population."

Immediately Mary knew that if she was to enter any contest it would be the composition contest. She wasn't good at art and she detested making maps. But before she could think anything more about it, she was interrupted by Miss Lehman's voice.

"Now before we go any further, I'd like to remind you of a few things. I'm sure you realize that you can't all be winners. But that shouldn't keep you from trying. You will be competing with around thirty other eighth graders. Well, not really. There are thirty eighth graders in the area, but since there are three contests, not that many will be entering any one contest," She paused. "Are there any questions?"

Levi Mast had one. "Do we have to enter one of the contests if we don't want to?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Miss Lehman as if she had been expecting the question. "With three to chose from, I think you should all enter at least one of them."

"Will there be only one winner in each group?" asked Robert Troyer.

"No, there will be three— first, second, and third," answered the teacher.

"Will the winners get a prize?" asked Dennis Raber.

"Yes, there will be a prize for each winner, but don't ask me what it is going to be because telling you would spoil the fun," answered Miss Lehman.

When no one had any more questions the teacher said, "I will give you time until tomorrow to decide which contest you want to enter, then I'll go over the rules with you. The entries will have to be finished by April 25th, which gives you a little more than two weeks. And they have to be done here at school. No homework."

Even after Miss Lehman had dismissed the eighth graders, Mary remained in her seat, the prisoner's base game completely forgotten. She didn't know what to think about the contest. It wasn't that she didn't like contests; she loved them. But this time it seemed as if she didn't have a chance, not with thirty other eighth graders in the contest.

"What are you going to take?" asked Susan, slipping into the seat next to hers.

"It's got to be composition," answered Mary halfheartedly. "I wouldn't have a chance in the other two. What are you going to do?"

"I can't decide," said Susan. "But I'm sure it won't be composition!"

Just then Anna Beiler came bounding up the steps. "Where are you girls?" she asked. "Come on. We need you to help keep the boys in prison."

Mary and Susan hurried outside, but the game had lost some of its interest. It showed up in their playing. Dennis managed to get out of prison and soon had the other boys released, too. At the same time the boys were tagging one girl after another. When the bell rang Mary and Susan were both confined in the boys' prison, while their own prison was empty.

"We won!" cheered Dennis. He threw his hat into the air.

"I don't care," retorted Mary. "At least, we had you in prison part of the time."

"It was a good game," said Junior Miller. "You girls had me worried for a while."

When Mary was in her seat a short time later, she found herself thinking about what Junior had said. Instead of bragging about their side winning, he had complimented the girls for doing as well as they had. Well, not really, but Mary sensed that he was different in some ways than most of the boys. "Probably he's lost so many times in arithmetic races and spelldowns that he knows what it's like to be a loser," she thought.

When Mary came home from school that evening she did not waste any time telling Mom and Lydia about the contest. She was a lot more excited about it now than she had been at school. The more she thought about it, the more she wondered if maybe she would have a chance of winning after all.

"You'd better have a contest to see how soon you can have your clothes changed," Mother reminded. "There are chores waiting on you."

Mary hurried to change clothes, but that didn't keep her from thinking about the contest. In fact, that was all she could think and talk about.

"Better be careful," said Dad at the supper table.

"You haven't won that contest yet, but just remember that losing won't hurt you, but winning might."

Mary looked puzzled. She wondered if Dad really meant what he had said. Losing did hurt, even if it was just a game of prisoner's base. Losing the contest would hurt a lot more.

Dad saw her expression and chuckled. "You don't understand, do you? Well, try and figure it out and if you can't, I'll explain it later."

With this Mary had to be satisfied. Several times that evening she thought about what Dad had said and repeated it in her mind, "Losing won't hurt you, but winning might." But try as she would, she couldn't figure out what the words meant. They didn't make sense.

Mary was eager to get to school the next morning. Miss Lehman smiled when she heard that Mary wanted to enter the composition contest. "I was hoping you would," she said. "You're the only one from our school who is interested in entering that contest."

"What are the others taking?" Mary asked.

"The boys are taking either art or maps and Susan hasn't decided," answered Miss Lehman, handing Mary a sheet of paper. "Here are your rules and the topics to choose from." She pointed to the place on the paper where it said,

"IF I HAD A DAY TO DO AS I PLEASE
A DAY I WILL NEVER FORGET
WHEN I GROW UP
IF I WERE THE TEACHER"

It didn't take Mary long to cross one of the four from her list. She knew she would never write about growing up. She had tried it once for an English assignment and every one of her sentences had started with "If I...." No, that subject was easy to get rid of. She soon decided that IF I WERE THE TEACHER was almost as bad. That left only two to choose from.

Later that day Susan told Miss Lehman that she would enter both the map and art contest. Miss Lehman seemed pleased and for a while Mary considered entering two contests, too. "That way I would have two chances to win and this way I have only one," she thought. But then she changed her mind. "I wouldn't have a chance in art, and I never could make a decent map," she told herself. "I'll just spend all my time with my composition and do my best with it."

All that day and the next whenever Mary had a spare moment she tried to write a composition. But she never got further than half a page before she didn't like what she had written and crumpled up her sheet. Sometimes she wrote about having a day to do as she pleased and sometimes about a day she would never forget. But try as she would, it seemed that she couldn't write anything that sounded right. All this time she was watching Susan's progress with her map.

"I don't know what's wrong with me," Mary said to Susan one day at the last recess. "I can't write anything that sounds right. I've thrown everything away I've written."

"You're trying too hard," said Susan matter-of-factly. "Why don't you just write like it was for an English assignment, then copy it over until you're satisfied?"

> The honest man takes pains and then enjoys pleasure; the foolish man takes pleasure and then suffers pain.

"Maybe I— I should try that," said Mary slowly. "But I still don't think I have much of a chance. Not with so many others in the same contest."

"I keep thinking the same thing, but it's still fun trying real hard," said Susan. Then her tone of voice changed. "Say, have you seen Junior's picture? It's really nice. You know, I wish he'd win a prize. He tries so hard in lessons and still gets the lowest score."

"What's that got to do with winning a prize?" asked Mary.

"Oh, I— I j-just thought it— it would be nice if he could win for a change. He is good at drawing," answered Susan, blushing a little.

"That's the only thing he's good at," answered Mary. Then she didn't say anything more, but she wondered if Susan really meant what she was saying or if this was just her way of pretending she wouldn't care if she didn't win a prize.

After recess Mary tried once more to write her composition. She took Susan's advice and kept writing, even if it didn't sound quite right. She had decided on IF I HA A WHOLE DAY TO DO AS I PLEASE. As she wrote, she imagined getting up one morning without a thing to do— n dishes to wash, no sweeping to do, no little brothers to take care of. What would she do? It would be in the summer, of course, and she would spend part of the day in the woods. She decided she would take a book along to read and would sit down by the creek and let her feet dangle in the cool water.

Slowly at first, then faster and faster Mary's thoughts went down on paper. She was interrupted once by her English class, but even while they were checking papers, Mary imagined herself down in the woods by the brook. As soon as the class was over she went back to writing. Two pages were filled, then three and four. Finally she was writing about watching a lovely sunset, the closing of a happy, carefree day. Then she laid down her pencil and glanced at the clock. She could hardly believe it was time to go home.

That evening she found herself repeating parts of what she had written in her mind. As she did this, she though of ways she could improve her writing. She was eager to go to school the next morning and read what she had written. Carefully she rewrote it. She liked it better now, but she still wasn't satisfied, so she wrote it over again. At last she let Susan read it.

"I really like it," said Susan. "I can almost feel the water running over my feet and hear the birds sing."

Mary's heart beat rapidly. If Susan liked her composition, then there was a possibility that whoever judged the entries would, too. Oh, if only she could win a prize. That would be such a nice way of ending her eight years in school. She would keep the prize as a remembrance of her school days.

Now that Mary was finished with her project, there was nothing for her to do but wait for the two weeks to be up. Meanwhile, she kept her eye on the other pupils' projects. She liked Susan's map. It showed what products the different states were producers of. The state o Texas had an oil derrick and some beef cattle. Illinois and several others of the Central States had fields of corn. If the state was too small to contain the picture of its product, Susan drew it in the margin and connected it to the right state with a line. The map and the pictures were neat and Mary felt quite sure it would win a prize. But she couldn't make herself tell Susan that she admired her work. "What if Susan would win a prize and I didn't?

she kept thinking. "I bet Susan sure would feel proud about it."

Mary knew she shouldn't feel that way, but she couldn't help it. "I won't mind if Susan and I both win," she thought, "but if I don't win, then I hope she doesn't either."

Mary didn't think any of the boys in their school had much chance of winning a prize. Dennis's map was quite common when she compared it with Susan's, and Levi and Robert's pictures were nice, but nothing really extraordinary. And it looked as if Junior wouldn't even get his picture finished. He had to spend too much time with his lessons.

Junior did, however, manage to finish his picture. He handed it in on the last day. Miss Lehman held it up for the others to see before she put it into the envelope with the rest of the entries. As soon as Mary saw it, she knew that it was well done. He had drawn a mountain scene, but instead of having round, snow-capped mountains, his picture had sharp, bare cliffs, some of which extended higher than his fluffy clouds. Yes, Mary had to admit that it was a good picture.

If Miss Lehman thought any of her pupils' entries were better than the others she kept her thoughts a secret. She just smiled in a satisfied way as she put the envelope on the corner of her desk. "We'll know by Monday morning whether any of you won a prize," she said.

Mary thought Monday morning would never come. Would Miss Lehman tell each pupil when he came to school whether he had won a prize? Maybe she would write the results of the contest on the blackboard. Would the name Mary Keim be among the winners' names? "Oh, if I could only win third prize," she thought to herself. "At least, that would be better than none at all."

The closer Monday morning came, the more Mary thought about the contest. "What if I didn't win anything?" she kept asking herself. She knew she would be disappointed. "I hope I can keep from crying." But even thinking about not winning nearly made her cry. "I tried so hard and I sure hope it wasn't for nothing," she thought.

Susan came running out to meet Mary as soon as she was on the playground. "I think someone won, but Miss Lehman won't say for sure," she panted.

"Are you sure it's only one person from our school who won?" asked Mary, quickening her step.

"No, I'm not sure, but Miss Lehman looks pleased about something," answered Susan. "I can hardly wait until school starts this morning."

Nine-thirty finally came. Mary's heart beat rapidly against her ribs. She wanted desperately to know how the contest had come out, but on the other hand she was afraid to know. What if she hadn't won? As long as she didn't know she could still hope she had won. But once the news was out she wouldn't even have anything to hope for.

Miss Lehman did not keep the eighth graders waiting long. "First of all I want to tell you that I am pleased with all your work, not because it won a prize, but because it is good work — your best."

Mary lowered her eyes. Was Miss Lehman saying none of them had won a prize? Or wasn't that what she meant?

"There are six eighth graders in our school, which is about a fifth of all the eighth graders in the area," Miss Lehman went on. "And there are nine prizes, so in order to get our share, this school should have gotten two, and that's exactly how many we got."

Excited gasps were heard throughout the classroom. "Who?" someone whispered.

Miss Lehman smiled and said, "Junior Miller won first prize in the drawing contest and Mary Keim won first prize in the composition contest."

A silence fell over the classroom. Mary could hardly believe that she had heard right. She had won! Oh, could it really be true?

Miss Lehman placed a flat parcel on Mary's desk and another one on Junior's. "You might as well open your gifts and we'll look at them before we sing our songs," she said.

Mary's hands refused to stay steady as she removed the thin wrapping paper. "Oh," she exclaimed happily. "This is just what I wanted." She held up a book entitled A BLACK BEAR'S STORY. She knew already it would be the story of a bear living in the mountains and struggling to stay alive. She could hardly wait to start reading it.

Then Mary thought of Junior's prize. She glanced ove to see what he had gotten. It was also a book, but a different one. The title of his was DESERT DOG and it had a picture of two dogs fighting on the cover. "That looks interesting, too, but I'd rather have this one," Mary thought happily. "I know what; I'll ask to read his after I've finished this one." Only when she heard Junior say "Thank you" did she remember that she had not said it herself.

A short time later Mary was supposed to be doing her arithmetic, but she found it hard to concentrate. She had really won a prize! She could hardly wait until she came home to tell her parents and Lydia about it. Then she remembered what Dad had said about winning and losing. Slowly she repeated the words to herself, "Losing won't hurt you, but winning might." For the first time the words began to make sense. Deep down Mary realized that she was proud of herself for having won a prize. If she had lost she would feel disappointed and sad, but it would really be better for her. This way she felt good, but Dad would say it wasn't really good for her.

Mary's thoughts went to Susan. She had tried just as hard as anyone and now she didn't have a prize as a reward for her work. For a minute Mary felt sorry for her, but then she thought, "But it's not my fault that someone else made a better map than she did. I didn't judge the maps, so I can't help it that she didn't win." With this she shrugged and hurried to finish her work so she could start reading her new book.

"I bet Junior's the one who's really proud," Mary thought a little later. "Having lost as many times as he did and always being last in his class, now suddenly being a winner. One thing's sure; winning won't hurt me more than it will him."

However, Mary was forced to change her mind later that day. When the children came in from the noon recess Miss Lehman had a special smile on her face. "I have a nice surprise for you," she told the boys and girls "Here is a very interesting book I will read to you during storytime." She held it up for everyone to see.

Mary gasped, hardly able to believe what she saw. It was just like the book Junior had gotten for his prize.

"I'm sure you will recognize this as being Junior's book," Miss Lehman said. "He has offered to wait to take it home until I have read it to you. Let's tell him 'Thank you.'

"T-T-HAN-N-N-K YOU-U-U-U-U! chorused the pupils.

Junior sat with a happy look on his face, but didn't answer. Then as Miss Lehman read the first chapter of DESERT DOG, everyone listened eagerly. That is, all except Mary.

Mary tried to follow the story, but she couldn't. She didn't know when she had felt as miserable and as selfish as she did then. Not once had she considered sharing her gift with the rest of the pupils. Sure, she had told Susan she could read her book, but not until after she had read it herself. No, she had not thought of sharing it; her only thoughts were to read it. Already she had devoured four chapters of it and was eagerly looking forward to enjoying the rest.

"Losing won't hurt you, but winning might." The words came back to Mary and this time she knew what they meant. "I was wrong about Junior being hurt by winning," she admitted. "I guess I've won too many times before this. Junior lost often enough that winning didn't hurt him like it did me." ■■

Junior Storytime

A Better Way To Help

Martha Helmuth

"Come Christy," six-year-old Fannie said as she took him by the hand. "Let's go see what's in the toy box." Fannie pulled the toy box from under the library table and helped one-year-old Christie find some toy cows, horses, and pigs. Soon Christie was more interested in emptying the toy box than in playing with any of the toys. He began scattering the toys every which way.

Fannie sat up and listened. It sounded as if Mother was stirring something in the kitchen. Leaving Christie to play with the toys, she soon joined her mother.

"What are you making, Mother?" Fannie asked.

"I'm stirring up a chocolate cake," Mother replied.

"Oh, goody!" Fannie exclaimed. "I like chocolate cake. May I help stir the cake?"

Mother smiled as she thought of Fannie's interest in stirring anything that needed to be stirred. "Where is Christie?"

"He's playing with the toys in the living room," Fannie answered.

Mother glanced into the room and saw him still occupied at the toy box. "Okay, run and get me two eggs from the pantry. Then you may stir them into the batter. After that I think you'd better watch Christie again so I can finish up."

Soon Fannie was back with the eggs. Then she got a small bench to stand on so she could reach the bowl better. Mother broke one of the eggs into the batter. Fannie picked up the spoon and began stirring. Round and round went the spoon as Fannie tried to see how long she could stir without breaking the yoke of the egg. As Fannie stirred, she began moving closer and closer to the end of the little bench.

"I like to help you make a cake, Mother," Fannie smiled sweetly as she looked at Mother. "I can really help, can't I?"

Before Mother could answer, Fannie had unknowingly reached the end of her bench and it tipped. Fannie, feeling herself falling, swung her arms around and grabbed for the edge of the table. In the commotion the spoon fell from her hand onto the floor and Mother grabbed the bowl just before it fell off the table.

"Oh, that was close," Fannie exclaimed as she looked at Mother, wondering what she would say.

"You'd better be careful when you're on that bench," Mother replied, trying not to smile at the scene Fannie had make. "Maybe you'd better just let me do the rest of the stirring."

"Oh, Mother, I want to stir in the other egg too. I'll be real careful this time," Fannie answered.

Suddenly Mother stood still and listened. She heard water running in the washroom. "Christie, are you playing at the sink?" as Mother hurried to check she turned to Fannie, "You'd better leave the cake batter alone till I get back." She found Christie playing at the faucet, his clothes all wet.

Fannie quietly waited for her mother to come back and break the other egg into the batter. "I wonder what's taking her so long," Fannie said to herself as she began to get impatient. "Mother is really busy today and I like to help her. I think I'll do it myself and surprise her."

Without thinking further, Fannie picked up the other egg and looked at it. "How does Mother break the shell?" she wondered. She was thoughtful a moment. "I think she hits the egg on the rim of the bowl." Lightly she tapped the bowl with the egg. Nothing happened. Carefully she tried it again. Still nothing happened. She tried it the third time, hitting the edge of the bowl harder. This time there was a small crack in the shell.

"Well, I didn't know egg shells were so tough," she said to herself. "I'll have to hit it real hard." Without stopping to think that the egg shell was already partly broken, she cracked the egg in earnest. There was a crunching noise as the egg nearly smashed in her hand and the egg ran out onto the table, the yolk already broken. Fannie caught her breath in dismay as she watched the whites, stained with yellow, slither off the table, down the front of her dress, over her shoes, and then on down to the floor.

At that moment Mother came into the kitchen again "Fannie, what are you doing?"

"I - I wanted to - to stir the egg into the cake," Fannie stammered.

"But I asked you to wait till I get back," Mother rebuked.

"I - I just wanted to help you," Fannie went on. "I-I'm sorry."

"Come, let's get this egg cleaned off of you, then you'd better watch Christie for me while I finish the cake," Mother said. "In a few years you'll be bigger and old enough to help me make a cake without having accidents. Maybe you can make a cake all by yourself then." She looked out the window and saw Father disking up the garden. "As soon as I get this cake in the oven I want to work in the garden and do some planting."

Just then Fannie noticed Father working outside. Five-year-old Robert was with him, bareheaded and his thin coat opened down the front as if it was really warm out. "May I go outside?" Fannie asked suddenly. "It's so nice out."

Mother shook her head. "I need you in here to watch Christie so I can get this cake into the oven. Then as soon as we can we'll all go out."

Slowly Fannie took Christie's hand and went into the living room, still longing to go out into the sunshine.

Before long Mother was ready to go outside.

"What are we going to do with Christie?" Fannie wanted to know.

"Oh, we'll just put his wraps on and take him along outside," Mother replied. "You and Robert can watch him and play with him while I rake the garden and do the planting."

"But Mother, I can't help you if I have to watch Christie," Fannie complained.

"But watching Christie is helping," Mother explained as she dressed Christie to go outside. "That's a big help. Perhaps if you help me that way, we can let you plant your own little garden there in the corner of my garden."

"Oh, goody. Can I plant some flowers?" Fannie asked happily.

"Yes, you may plant some flowers," Mother assured her, "and perhaps some lettuce, too."

As soon as they were all ready, Mother picked up a box of different seeds, took Christie by the hand, and started outside, followed by Fannie. Soon Mother was raking the garden and Robert and Fannie were playing with Christie, giving him rides on a little wagon, just outside the garden.

Before long the children noticed that Mother had made some little furrows and was dropping seeds into them.

Quickly Fannie dropped the wagon tongue and ran to Mother.

"What are you planting?" she wanted to know.

"Radishes," mother replied, "then I want to plant lettuce and peas and maybe some carrots."

"Please, Mother, may I drop some seeds into the ground?" Fannie pleaded.

"I want to help, too, if Fannie does," Robert added as he joined them.

"No, Fannie, I'm afraid you'll plant those seeds too thick in the row and scatter too many outside the furrow," Mother answered as she held some seeds for the children to see. "See how tiny the seeds are. I don't have very many and I want to be careful how I plant them."

Meanwhile Christie had lost interest in the wagon when there was no one to pull it around, giving him rides. Unnoticed by anyone, he had gotten out of the wagon and began to investigate the box of seeds Mother had set just inside the garden fence.

"May we plant our little garden today, too?" Fannie asked hopefully. "Can I drop the seeds then?"

"If I can get done in time, I'll help you with your little garden," Mother promised. She paused to look around. "Christie, what are you doing?" Mother gasped as she saw him holding a seed packet and watching the seeds fall onto the ground. Hurriedly Mother went to see what all he had done. To her dismay she found he had completely emptied the lettuce packet and scattered the peas on the ground beside the box.

"Fannie and Robert, come here," called Mother.

"Look what he's done," Mother went on as the children walked up. "Now I don't have any lettuce seeds to plant and you'll have to help me pick up the peas." Mother looked soberly at the children.

"But I only wanted to help you," Fannie said.

"Sometimes, Fannie, I think you only want to help for the benefit you get out of it yourself," Mother went on.

Fannie looked at Mother, wondering what she meant.

"You only want to help when you can do things that you enjoy," Mother explained, "and most of those things are jobs you are really too young to do. In a few years you'l be able to do many such things as planting seeds or stirring up a cake. But right now there's a better way to help.

"A better way to help?" Fannie questioned.

"Yes," smiled Mother, "like watching Christie. Yo see, many times when you insist on doing things you are really too little to do, you end up making more work rather than helping." Mother stooped to pick up the peas Christie had spilled.

Fannie kneeled on the ground to help Mother. "You-you mean like picking up peas?"

"Yes, picking up peas," agreed Mother, "and cleaning up an egg mess." ■■

ANSWERS TO
PROBLEMS IN CHILD TRAINING NO. 2

In problem no. 2 (December issue), Susie Hershberger was having a difficult time with her three-year-old twins, Mark and Mervin. The boys hurried from one mischief to another -- waking the baby, raiding the cookie jar, coloring the kitchen walls.

Susie was not successful in handling the situation. She made one mistake after another in training her children. Even Sam, her husband, thought so. When he arrived home, he told Susie she had threatened too much without following up.

We asked our readers for their opinions, and to tell us what Susie had done wrong. Some very good answers came in. Many parents wrote of their own experiences in child training.

A summary of what the letters contained would include the following points:

1. Everybody agreed with Susie's husband. To threaten a child with punishment, and not keep the promise, is a bad, bad practice. Indeed, the wise parent does not use threats at all. A child should be told what he can and cannot do, and upon that knowledge a parent has a right to act, and there is no need to threaten first.

2. Postponing punishment till Dad comes home is ordinarily a mistake. There may be times when it is necessary, but these should be exceptions.

3. Susie should have coached the children in their play, or given them some small task to do instead of just letting them run wild.

4. Some readers pointed out that even when a mother does not feel well, she must not claim this as an excuse for neglecting her duty.

5. Susie should not have bemoaned her inability to do anything about it in front of the children. It would have been better if she and her husband could have talked about the matter privately.

6. As for the bogeyman in the closet, there was nobody, absolutely nobody, who defended this kind of "discipline".

FOLLOWING are brief excerpts from the letters received:

1.) From a mother of five, Pennsylvania: "All along Susie tried hard to avoid following up with her boys. First she threatened, then she used the false scare of the bogeyman, and at last she said she'll tell Dad. All these were efforts to avoid her responsibility. In the end this will harm her as well as the boys, for the prophet says, "The rod and reproof give wisdom, but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame." Prov. 29:15.

2.) A farmer's wife, Pennsylvania: "As I see it those twins wanted attention... Why didn't Susie leave her sewing machine a while and entertain them? She could have drawn pictures on the back of calendar papers and let them color those. Or sat down and looked at picture books with them. Or have given them paper scissors and let them cut -- three-year-old's can do this. The floor will be messy, but they will be happy. Afterwards, give them a broom and let them sweep.

"There are just so many nice things children can do quietly if you encourage them, or try to think in their direction. Give them a darning needle and let them string cheerios or buttons. Clothespins make nice toys, too.

"You can teach your children to work when they're young if you make a game of it. Do not force them continually. Learn to say please and thank you, it will bring rewards. Smile, even if you don't especially feel like it.

3.) A grandmother of 75 years: "...Try in a calm voice to draw their attention to something educational in their age limit so they forget their mischief. If they do not co-operate, it is time to warn them. If they don't listen, then comes punishment without fail. We should never promise what we don't intend to fulfill. Children feel more secure if they get praise for doing right and get punished for doing wrong."

4.) From a busy mother who 'almost stole the time to write': "There are some women who are gifted with strength and firmness of character so as to be able to control a house full of children. But for those of us who are not thus gifted, a husband's constant support is needed. When the husband is not at home day after day, then I'd say that the mother is carrying a bigger load than God designed for her."

5.) Father of a large family, Ohio: "Especially wrong was the make-believe bogeyman. Later, when the boys learn they cannot believe their mother, they will lie, too. Why didn't she teach them that God sees all their naughty acts, to teach them the fear of God instead of a falsehood?

"If it was not practical to engage the boys in the work she was doing, Susie should have started them with some game or playthings. They must be kept busy, not just chased from one mischief to another."

6.) An Amish minister and grandfather, Missouri: "This young pair of twins, if allowed to continue in such a manner until time to join church, will also think the preachers don't mean what they say, then sometimes the preachers must take the blame for not handling them right.

"Training children is challenging and can be about the most rewarding of all things entrusted to us in this life. But when a parent must say, 'I can't do anything with that child', there is only one reason why. The child is not at fault, but the parent is, because training was not started young enough, and without determination to conquer the child's will... 'In Gottes Segen ist alles gelegen', but we must do our part in order to receive the blessing."

7.) An Iowa mother in her fifties: "I can sympathize with Sam Hershberger's wife, Susie, as I feel I know what she went through... as for me, the less words I used, the better. I explained to them only once that they will have to be quiet, and more so if the baby is sleeping.

"Then if they didn't listen, I made them come and sit on chairs near where I was working. There they had to sit still and quiet and were not allowed to come down till they gave me a nice smile and said, 'Mom, may I please come off now?'

"I also carried a strap in my dress pocket and they knew it, but I didn't use it unless necessary, like going into mischief they knew they weren't supposed to, or talking back."

8.) A person who gave no address: "Susie had too much bark and not enough bite. She also, of course, had far too much patience. It was up to her to correct the twins right them and there instead of waiting for Sam to do it.

"Why can't a young mother make a three-year-old behave? What does that forbode for her family's future when they get older and far more difficult to handle? I'm afraid there are too many such young mothers, who, well-intentioned and kind-hearted they may be, do a lot of threatening and nothing else."

9.) A young mother, Indiana: "If the children didn't listen to her the first time, I think she should have spanked them or made them sit on a chair, which for our four-year-old boy I think helps about as much as a spanking.... Our 2 1/2 year daughter and 4 year son tease each other, too, when they get grouchy about something, but that's what a mother is for, to get them to make up again..."

10.) A grandmother, Missouri: "I suggest Susie move her sewing machine near the kitchen table, and place the twins on the bench and give them supplies to do their art work, where she can occasionally instruct them. Even their play must be supervised. If they are overactive, instead of giving them candy or cookies to keep them quiet, withhold all sweets. Sweets create energy, so instead of quieting them, it only gives them more energy.

"As for the bogeyman, never! This is an untruth. I know of one mother with twins who put them in a closet. They screamed, but she just ignored them for some time. When she did let them out, one had her finger pinched in the door... Punish them if need be, but don't hurt them. Use reason at all times.

"Teach your children to stand up for what is right, not just do as the others do."

11.) A mother of six, Pennsylvania: "I've heard patience is half of child training, and it does take a lot of patience. But they should also be taught to listen by the age the twins had -- three years. I remember one mother saying, 'I don't move one thing in my kitchen. They have to learn to let my things alone.' I myself have never been able to make them walk a straight line like that, but once they can talk they should be punished if they don't act a little mannerly. Our youngest child was the most mischievous child I ever heard of. At 20 months he finally started to play instead of doing mischief all the time. I wish I would have taken time to write down what he got accomplished in one day."

12.) From a grandfather who is concerned: "I had a praying mother. When we boys would get into mischief, as all boys do, she would punish us for it immediately in a loving and God-fearing way. And if she felt she couldn't, she didn't threaten us with saying she would tell Dad when he got home, but would go about her work in sober silence with tears in her eyes and patiently wait until Dad came home, and then tell Dad in front of us and we would get our whipping, and afterward love them the more for it. My parents are both gone now and the longer it is the more precious the memory of them, and I thank the good Lord for God-fearing parents.

14.) Father of eight, Geauga County: "I can sympathize with Mrs. Hershberger, but I do not think she should console herself with the fact that she isn't feeling well. We all know that married life isn't all sunshine. (I was told that about two hours before I was married, and I find it very true.)

"Also I believe in implanting the love of God and the fear of Satan in young children, and not the fear of worldly dark places and things. I find it quite true that where children are afraid of the dark or spooky places, they had parents that threatened them with such things."

15.) A young mother from a southern state: "I realize there are times when Mom and Dad should discuss problems together before punishing, especially when older children are involved. But why should we make the children dread to see Daddy come home when it could be taken care of immediately?"

16.) "Just sign me Indiana": "I don't think it is necessary to always be yelling at them to behave. Warn them once, then let them know you mean it. I'm afraid if we keep on yelling, then they will learn to be loud and yell back."

17.) A minister's wife, Pennsylvania: "Our children like to be in the room I'm sewing even though it is small. That togetherness between children and parents does more than words can express. What an excellent time to implant in them the Bible stories or other stories that help to build their character.... I believe if we as mothers could get our minds off ourselves and remember that our work accomplished lasts for a little time and our children live on into eternity, perhaps we would often do things differently."

18.) A mother of ten children, Ohio: "Patience and love go hand in hand for Christian parents. Many a time a kind word and a patient smile would have been the answer, but because I thought I had 'an extra busy day', I have failed and almost driven them to the point where the rod had to be used."

19.) A young mother of Ontario: "Children are happy if a line is drawn, then they know how far to go. But time and again they will step across just to see if mother really means what she says.

"One day I was trying to bake, and our two-year-old was into everything. Three times I spanked him and sent him away to play, then I remembered, why the little fellow doesn't know how to play. So I set everything aside and took him to the table, made little pens out of wood chips, put his cows, pigs, and horses into them, then showed him how to make them walk out to pasture and back. He was very pleased and played nicely for awhile.

"Little boys have a lot of energy, but with a little help they can work it off in a way that is not so tiring to mother. A few minutes spent with them now and then keeps them happy a long time. My best wishes to Susie."

21.) A Pennsylvania parent: "About Susie Hershberger's problem with the twins, I don't know what to say, but I feel a few spankings could be used. At least it would be lots better than that spook in the closet."

22.) Father of a big family, Indiana: "Susie should have had this thing mopped up long before her husband came in for dinner.

"The mention of a bogeyman was an outright lie. For years a lot of children have heard, 'A mon greekt dich'. When children tell lies it is bad, but when adults do it, well, that is something else."

23.) From a minister, father, and grandfather: "Sam's wife consoled herself with the thought that she had good reason to be grouchy with the boys. This is a lie from the devil himself. We have no excuses whatsoever, for God's grace is sufficient for all the trials of life.

"She should have spoken once to Markie and Mervin Once is always enough if we as parents are what we should be. Our children are just as obedient as we parents require them to be. So it is shame on us as parents, plus depriving our children of true joy they could have by being taught obedience and submission."

24.) A mother of Indiana: "One thing we have learned is, take time to think before we make any threats. Make sure they can be carried out if the need arises. Hasty threats are often regretted."

25.) A mother of northern Indiana: "I agree with Sam that she threatens too much, because I could see myself in her for that... I realize of course that before the babies come you don't feel your best, but I think a whole load of crabbiness, crossness, and sinful actions are sometimes blamed on our condition, instead of where it belongs.

"Another thing I don't like to see is rapping knuckles or hitting or anything else on children's heads. There's a nice padded place down low for that."

26.) An Ohio father: "It is a very poor practice to place fear in a child concerning an imaginary bogeyman. That is not teaching them to obey; instead, after they realize the truth of the matter, it is teaching them to distrust and disbelieve their parents!

"We have six young boys, all of them full of pep and healthy thus getting into mischief many times... Sometimes when orders are not obeyed we wonder will they ever learn? But boys will be boys and thinking back and being honest with ourselves we were probably much the same. They need teaching and more teaching, over and over again in a nevertiring, loving, but firm manner."

27.) From 'Anxious to read the other answers': "I think Susie is wrong on two points. First is that she's dishonest about the bogeyman. Those children will for sure tell her lies, too. The second is my own problem -- threatening and not carrying it out. I have to be careful not to say something and then forget to follow up... A spanking without a warning isn't against the rules."

28.) A father from the south: "I feel sorry for Sam Hershberger's wife. She is creating a full time job with her three children, plus lots of trouble and heartaches for the future, instead of enjoying her children in obedience and love. A parent like that reminds me of an auctioneer, 'Johnny, do net, come here, will you please stop, now behave, now haven't I told you several times now, how many times am I going to have to tell you, etc., etc."

29.) A mother of Indiana: "I write this letter with sympathy and understanding for Susie Hershberger. Some days my children are good as little lambs, no problems at all, then comes a day... they are simply impossible! I am one who believes in paddlings... but at the end of a day when I have given them many a talking-down and several spankings, I go to bed with a heavy heart feeling I was too rough with them. Can we expect constant good behavior from healthy children?"

30.) From a baby-sitter: "Susie should have taken time out to love the boys and give them some attention. She could have gotten the boys interested in playing nicely with something harmless... Also, if you tell a child it's the last time or else, and he repeats his mischief, then

(continued on page 3)

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

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QUESTION:

Why is it almost always the men who make trouble in the churches? Are the women more ashamed to make trouble or do something out of "ordnung?" Here in our community the men are allowed more worldly things than the women, yet when we have "sitz gma" it's about the men-things. If the men are supposed to be the head of the home, shouldn't they be more of an example for the women?

-Often wondered

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ANSWERS TO HOUSE OF MERCHANDISE OR PRAYER?
(Jan. issue)

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Because of the number and the length of the replies, it was necessary to greatly condense them.)

I FEEL IF THE PARENTS will bring up their children in the admonition and nurture of the Lord and they themselves walk in holiness and contentment, keeping well within the accepted ordinances, the children will learn to respect them, also the ministers and the church. I think this would be better than forcing them to behave in the parents' presence and when the parents are absent, they would again return to their rowdiness.

-Waterloo, Ontario

THE OTHER SUNDAY in ____________ Church, I saw two middle aged women keeping a lively conversation going during the services. One thing the bishop pointed out was that Jesus said if two or three gather together in his name, he will be in their midst. The bishop also said that he believes the devil is here in our church, too. I believe it was the devil that was keeping those two women talking so they would not get any good out of the sermon.

I think it is a good suggestion that children should sit with their parents until they are ready to join the young folks. We must pray for and strengthen each other lest we come to that Judgement day and hear that awful curse, "Depart from me, ye cursed into the lake of everlasting fire."

-Mohnton, Pa.

I AGREE THAT WHERE BABIES ARE PRESENT there will be noise. Also where young children are in church, they are bound to be restless (if they are healthy) and so will get into mischief if they sit with other children alone. To have families sit together would eliminate a lot of the problem among the children, but those that have reached the age of accountability need some other remedy. I think the problem is much more serious than this. The gossiping, inattentive adults need something to stop talking. They need to be delivered from the evil desire.

To depend on the seating arrangement alone to prevent talking would be like cutting off weeds above the ground. If we do not pull the roots, they will grow again. Or it would be like putting a lion in a cage and hoping he would thereby become tame. But he won't.

Gossiping during church services signifies a carnal and unregenerated mind. It needs to be renewed to a spiritual one. We not only need to try to stop talking and listen to the sermon, we should also have a new mind that will make us thirsty to hear the Word of God.

-Fleetwood, Pa.

I TAKE FROM THE ARTICLE THAT THE AUTHOR IS AN OLD ORDER MENNONITE: Well, we are O.O. Amish but we used to live in a community which had a meetinghouse and I am glad to share some of my experiences with you. When we'd drive into the churchyard everything was quiet and people would talk to each other in low tones and when in the church house the same thing. When a hymn was announced all whispering would usually cease. It did happen once in awhile among the children.

I remember once when I was about ten years old and sitting with my cousin, we did get to talking a little. Mother must have noticed it and since Dad was one of the ministers, he talked to me in a nice way. He said we shall not talk in church. Then I happened to think and asked him what if my cousin will ask me a question. Could I answer yes or no? He said I should not say one word.

I thought that would be pretty hard but I was surprised how easily it was kept. I expected that I would be asked a question, but I don't think I ever was. What made the difference? I believe it was because I tried very hard not to give any chance or cause for it. I can see now that perhaps I was more the cause of it than I realized that we had whispered before Dad told me anything about it.

Later we moved to another community where we held services in homes and there we'd all go in at one time according to age. There was not much chance to pick out beside who we'd sit, and I thought there is not so much chance of people always sitting beside the same ones which might not be so good. I think it is well if the older folks mix up a little more so the young folks are not so separate from the old in time of church. It seems the young folks from 16 up were most of the problem.

I think your suggestion of families sitting together would be a good one provided the ministers would be agreed to go along with it.

-Ontario, Canada

I AM GLAD TO KNOW THAT OTHERS ARE CONCERNED ABOUT NOISE IN CHURCH: I once saw where two boys were talking in church and laughed and the minister just stopped and looked at the boys and said if they want to talk, to please leave the room. Another time I saw where the minister just stopped talking and of course this got everybody's attention and everyone was quiet again. When people are talking, it always draws the attention away from what the minister is saying.

When I was young, my father always said he doesn't want to see us chew gum in services. We knew if he said this then there would be a punishment of some kind if he found out we did, regardless of our age. I believe the parents don't realize how much it means for the minister to have a quiet audience when he is trying to tell them the way of salvation.

-Ontario

I THINK THE ARTICLE HIT A SORE SPOT IN MANY CONGREGATIONS. I once heard a story about a boy who dreamed an angel took him to a great church. They stood at the back of the church watching the people worshipping and listening to the sermon. As the boy gazed about, his eyes wandered to the roof and he could hardly believe what he saw. For floating around the rafters was the strangest collection of things one could imagine. There were ladies' hats, frocks, golf clubs, footballs, meat, vegetables, cakes, account books, sewing and washing machines, tractors, race horses and also several farms. When the boy asked what those things are doing up there the angel replied, "These are the things, these people are thinking about. Their thoughts do not go higher than the roof because they are not thoughts of God."

How can we get ourselves to pay more attention to the sermon? The Bible tells us that out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh. If we can barely keep silent long enough until the services are over in order to get back to talking about material things, then we should examine ourselves to see whether Christ is really our supreme treasure, or if it is earthly things.

-Ephrata, Pa.

I DON'T BELIEVE ANY OF OUR FAMILY ever made any great commotion in church. Anyway, not two Sundays in a row. Dad used to make us behave. How did he do it? He was concerned enough and took action when needed and often remarked that he can not understand how parents could sit in church and not take notice of their children. For some strange reason, it seems that some parents think their own children wouldn't do anything like that.

Children are often merely a reflection of the parents. One need only come early and sit in the church house and hear the subjects discussed. Of course it varies greatly but a big majority of the things do not pertain to religion. After the services, hardly a thing is mentioned about the services.

The solution the author suggests might help provided the parents would cease sleeping. I have often wondered where the seating pattern came from and why it was done so to begin with. Is it not more necessary for the young people to hear the Word for they have not yet given their lives to God? Youngsters of 14 years of age usually sit all the way back. Why couldn't they be seated closer to the ministers, maybe just behind the older people who have trouble to hear. I feel the ministers have a stake in this, too. They should preach against this situation. When there is noise, I have seen where a pause will do wonders. It even causes the parents to wake up.

It so happens that we now live in a new settlement where nearly all the parents are young and the children are small, so the only noise one hears is the babies. But I still feel we must all join hands and work together if we want to keep it from getting like it is in many of the larger settlements. -Pennsylvania

I HAVE OFTEN WISHED THAT ALL THE CHILDREN WOULD SIT WITH THE PARENTS UNTIL THEY ARE OLDER. Ours did and few others still do. It looks like some parents almost push their children to sit away from them as it looks more grown up. Then those mothers can sit all forenoon without glancing over to see what is going on. I believe if all the parents were concerned enough to teach their children respect in the house of God, something could be accomplished. Noise in the church is distracting to me so how must it be to the ministers. -Bowers, Pa.

THE SUGGESTED PLAN MIGHT WORK ALL RIGHT, but to move a large congregation to change from a practice that has been used for generations will not happen quickly. But I wish to make another suggestion, I feel that reverence and the respect for the sacredness of worship should begin at home. By having a regular time taken for Bible reading in the form of worship for the little children and for those that are grown up enough to read for themselves. They can also read a few verses themselves according to their age. If sacredness is practiced at home, surely it will also be respected in public places. Some like Bible story books, and I do not wish to reject them but the unadulterated Word of God seems to me to be the best. -Gowanstown, Ontario

OUR CONGREGATION IS SMALL but I think they are well behaved in time of worship. As we enter the churchroom, it seems as if worship has already begun. Some may have songbooks while others sit quietly and meditate. The young children take the front seats, the youth next, then the older folks. Parents with small children are in the back.

When the time comes, a hymn is announced and everyone gives attention. It's the same way when the minister preaches. Children and all seem to be very attentive and reverent. I believe the parents teach their children reverence at home and home is where it should be taught. If they have proper training and devotion at home, they know better than to act up in church. As for adult gossipers, I think it is time they wake up and be an example to the younger generation. -M. W., Ohio

IT IS WELL TO CONSIDER WHAT OTHER CHURCHES HAVE DONE IN THE PAST and how it worked out for them. If we sit together in church, that is how the higher churches do and might not work our too well. If we go to Genesis 32, we find that when Jacob saw a danger he divided the people into two groups and said if Esau comes upon one group and smites it, the other one can escape.

Our church houses are too big and too full. There is lots of room all over the land. There is no need to have the churches that full. Abraham saw a danger and he said, "We are brethren. Why strive? If you will go to the right, I will go to the left."

-Plenty Of Room In Missouri

I CAN NOT SEE HOW SUCH AN ARRANGEMENT COULD BE WRONG (having the boys sit with their father and girls with their mother until they are with the young folks) and I believe it might be much better. But I wonder if the children of these mis-behaving grown-ups would profit very much by sitting with them. Can we really believe that such persons have really "put off the old man and his deeds and former conversation, etc" and have "put on the new man created in righteousness and true holiness?" -Mt. Pleasant Mills, Pa.

ALTHOUGH WE NO LONGER LIVE IN A LARGE COMMUNITY, I well remember how I was many times grieved at the lack of spiritual concern in the church. One of the things which hurt me most was when the tobacco buyers were out, this was number one subject before services and right after services. The remark was made that the people were probably selling tobacco in their minds all forenoon.

We are only a small group but the way we have it, the school age boys sit on the front benches, then the old men sit back of the boys. Next come the older boys and then last the married men who have the smaller children with them. This seems to cause less distraction and works our pretty well.

There could be other seating arrangements worked out but I'm afraid it will not be the answer to the problem. It is like trying to get a wound to heal from the outside while the inside is still full of pus and infection. It may be that the condition will be worse in the end than at the beginning. -South Carolina

(con't on page 6)

Across The Window Sill

by Aunt Becky

Musings Of A Busy Housewife

-by Frieda Amstutz

The cares of housework stare me in the face and apall
me:

Greasy dishes on the cupboard top,
Soiled laundry piled up high,
Buttons to attach, shirts to mend.
The rug to clean.
The parlor cluttered up by careless hands,
Sticky fingerprints on wall and furniture,
Musty beds to air and make.
And cream to churn.
Dinner to plan, a pie to bake...
My spirit sags,
My mind's befuddled.
My back aches.
  I want to gather flowers.
  Roam the hills,
  Sing a song.
  Read a book— joyful things.
Why must we eat and sleep,
And work— toil long hours,
And do the humdrum of ordinary households?
Why couldn't I have...?
And yet... and yet...
There is a joy in simple ordinary things.
The sudsy swish of water doing dishes.
The carefree flapping of clean clothes upon the line.
The efficient rustling of a starchy apron,
The healthy tug that ripped the button off a
  youngster's overalls,
The love bestowed upon a husband's ironed shirt.
The glossy sheen of windows newly polished,
The swish of the broom sweeping up the crumbs
  from last night's meal
The satisfaction in a straightened room.
The symmetry of line in smooth, soft beds.
The inspiration of a bird call through my open window,
The colors of a spray of flowers in a cookie jar
  or pan of nutbrown biscuits deftly made,
The lucious sunshine in a pat of Guernsey butter.
The crispy snap of green beans morning gathered,
The deep comfort in a cup of mellow coffee,
The leaping pulse from muffled muddy footsteps com-
  ing through my door.
O God,
I see it now.
Why we must eat and sleep
And work and play,
And so I humbly say,
Dear God, I thank thee for the humdrum of an ordinary
  household.

-Selected by Mrs. Iva Hege, Jr., Hagerstown, Maryland

* * *

A special thanks to the friend of northern Ohio who took time from her duties to pass on some original ideas. Below are some of her suggestions:

1. Try doing your ironing on the enameled living room stove this winter. Slowly fold the clothes as you press the creases where they belong and they're ready to put away— even the Sunday denims.
2. Open the bottom instead of the top of tin cans. Keep the label dry when washing. The cans looked filled. Give to the pre-schoolers for their store. The cans will stack into one another for storage.
3. I have a thin plywood board 22" x 18". I put contact on it and use it in many ways: Children's school work, lap board for cutting quilt pieces, for raised doughnuts, for a tray, and when a kitchen drawer is pulled out I lay it on top for extra working space.
4. When children's friction toys don't work because of hair and lint wrapping around springs, light a match and burn the gatherings off. This also works with casters.
5. Clothespins keep pre-schoolers happy. They make "fences" around a cut down box (4 inches high), they can be used for "cattle," and when laid down flat will make "roads."
6. Boxes can have doors cut in them that open and crayon "stalls" marked out for a barn.
7. A handy household tool is a crochet hook. I have two — one fine and one large-- for unplugging wash machine drains, sink traps, changing oil stove wicks that stick (What causes this? Can anyone tell?). The hooks also make handy "threaders" to string curtains.
8. When starting plant slips, plant in container. Set in 2 inch deep plastic tray made from cut off bottle. Cover the whole completely with a plastic bag. Loosely fold end and they'll stay crisp and root quickly. Water only when planted. The sweat inside the bag will supply the moisture.
9. Children work more willingly if the day's work is written out on paper. Each job may be crossed out when done. The children hurry instead of dragging each job along, and in this way have free time.
10. White shelf paper which comes in 69¢ rolls is about the cheapest paper for play. Use cookie cutters for tracers. These pictures may be colored. I bought an alphabet and numeral lettering set (3 inch- cost $1.50) and there's no end to writing and counting for the pre-schoolers. I "loan" them to the children to play with, which makes them take better care of the set. I use the alphabet for making signs for the road to sell produce and to mark kerosene and gas cans. This is a necessity where there are children, and it is also well to have the cans marked in every family.

****

For a good one-dish meal, take the largest loaf pan. Put sliced raw potatoes in the bottom. On top of this pour slightly thickened meat sauce (same as for spaghetti). Top the whole with a cheese sauce made by melting 3 tablespoons butter, add 3 tablespoons flour. Make a smooth paste with two cups milk. Boil this together then add 3/4 cups velveeta cheese. When melted, put on top of the meat sauce. Bake 1 1/2 to 2 hours slowly. It is delicious.

—Mrs. G., Ohio

* * *

Pineapple Upside Down Cake

Spread 3 tablespoons brown sugar and 3 tablespoons butter in skillet. Heat and melt. Arrange 5 slices of pineapple on top of this. Cover with sponge cake batter below:

Beat thoroughly, 3 egg yolks. Add 1/2 cup sugar, 1/4 cup boiling water and 1/2 teaspoon lemon flavoring. Mix one minute. Sift together and add 3/4 cup cake flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1/4 teaspoon salt. Beat quickly about 1/2 minute. Bake 25-30 minutes at 350. Turn upside down on a plate to serve. Other fruit may be used.

* * *

Biscuit Mix

8 cups flour
1/3 cup baking powder
8 teaspoons sugar
2 teaspoons cream of tartar
2 teaspoons salt
1 cup powdered milk
1 3/4 cups shortening

Sift dry ingredients and cut in shortening.

Pack loosely in airtight container.

Method: 1 cup mix 1/3 cup water Bake 10-12 minutes at 450 degrees.

Powdered milk can be omitted, then milk added instead of water.

-Mrs. Thom Hinckley

* * *

Flaky Pie Crust (Makes 2)

2 cups sifted whole wheat flour
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons wheat germ
3/4 cup margarine
4 to 5 tablespoons ice water

Sift flour with salt into medium bowl; add wheat germ. With pastry blender cut in shortening. Sprinkle ice water over pastry and mix with fork. Pastry should be just moist enough to hold together. This dough handles just like any dough using white flour and is far more nutritious.

-Mrs. Glenn D. Mullet, Nappanee, Indiana

* * *

Pie Crust

1 1/2 cups flour
1 1/2 tablespoons granulated sugar
1 teaspoon salt

Mix together in pie pan. Add not quite 1/2 cup cooking oil in which 2 tablespoons milk has been stirred in. Press around pan.

* * *

Key Lime Pie

1 can condensed milk
4 egg yolks
1/2 cup lime juice

Beat 1 egg white stiff and fold into above mixture. Beat 3 egg whites and gradually add 6 tablespoons sugar and 1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar. Put into baked pie shell and bake till egg whites are golden brown (350).

* * *

Organic Pie Crust

1 1/2 cups whole wheat flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 cup wheat germ
1/2 cup peanut oil or other vegetable oil
1/3 cup cold water

Mix flour, salt and wheat germ together. Add oil. Mix with fork or pastry blender. Add cold water and mix only enough to form into a ball. Divide into equal parts roll out between wax paper.

* * *

Sour Cream Cake

3 eggs
1 cup sour cream
1/2 cup buttermilk
1 teaspoon soda
2 1/2 cups flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
2 cups sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla

* * *

GRANDMA

I love to visit Grandma and stay there for awhile;
She makes me feel so welcome when she greets me with a smile.

The kitchen seems so cozy- just like the time before,
And I can always feel at home when I walk thru the door.

My Grandma isn't modern, her home is proof of this;
I hope it never changes. I love it as it is.
And when I'm there at Grandma's, my mother seems so near
For Grandma, too, has memories of times when she was here.

If somehow in my life span, a grandma I should be,
I want to be to someone what she has been to me.

-E. W., Port Trevorton, Pa.

Some Mothers Write

When our 6-year-old daughter started to school, the opportunity to wash the breakfast dishes was left to her little brother. The day before his 4th birthday as he was busy at the sink, happy with his new job, he said, "Ich gleich chah vesha. Es macht mich feela vee an mon ally mol." (I like to wash dishes. It makes me feel like a man everytime.)

He did quite well for awhile, but the day came when he stood on his stool looking at the dish water, and sighed, "Mam, es macht mich nimme feela vee an mon." (Mother, it doesn't make me feel like a man anymore.)

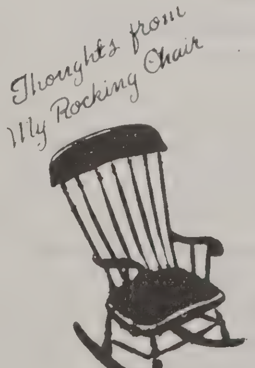
I hope every man and boy who has done the dishes when a Mother needed help, also feels more "like a man." May God bless their kind hearts, and thanks for the blessing of children, who often bring cherished encouragement in their childish ways.

- Pennsylvania

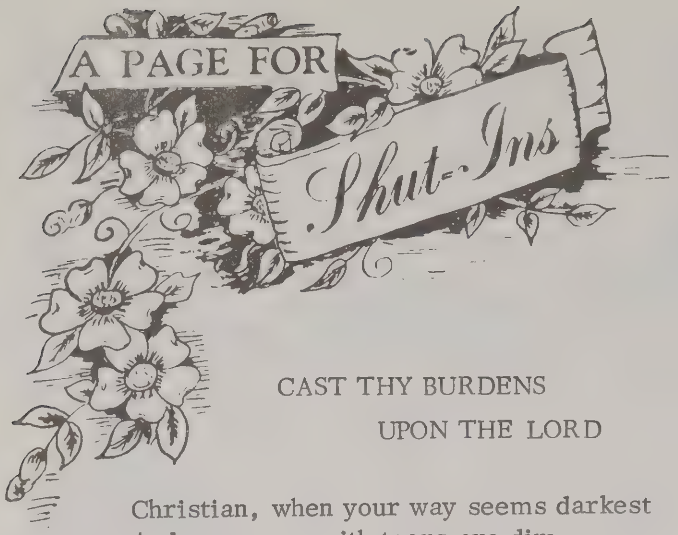
Our two boys aged 1 and 3 were playing in the yard with the dog when I overheard the oldest one scolding the baby and saying, "Don't pull the grass on the dog's back."

-Mrs. E. Hoover, Leola, Pa.

* * *



A great man
is one who
looks up to
see the little
man.
Aunt Becky



A PAGE FOR Shut-Ins

CAST THY BURDENS UPON THE LORD

Christian, when your way seems darkest
And your eyes with tears are dim,
Straight to God your Father hastening
Tell your sorrow unto Him.
Not to human ear confiding
Your sad tale of grief or care,
But before your Father hastening
Pour out all your troubles there.

Sympathy of friends may cheer you
When the fierce wild storm is past,
But God alone can console you
When it breaks upon you fast.
Go in words, or tears, or silence,
Only lay them at His feet;
You shall prove how great His pity
And His tenderness how sweet.

Think too, your divine Redeemer
Knew as you can never know,
All the deepest depths of suffering,
All the weight of human woe.
And although now in glory seated,
He can hear your feeblest cry,
Even hear the stifled sobbing
Of your heart's dumb agony.

All your griefs by Him are ordered
(Needful are such griefs for all);
All your tears by Him are counted
And not one too much will fall.
And, if while they fall so quickly,
You can own His way is right,
Then each bitter tear of anquish
Precious is in Jesus' sight.

Far too well your Saviour loves you
To allow your life to be
One long, calm, unbroken summer,
One unruffled, stormless sea.
He would have you fondly nestling
Closer to His loving breast,
He would have that world seem brighter
Where alone is perfect rest.

Clearly now you can't always see
His wise and loving purpose through;
Still believe with faith unshaken
"All shall work for good to you."
Therefore— when your way seems darkest
And your eyes with tears are dim,
Straight to God your Father hastening
Tell your sorrows all to Him.

Author unknown

About three years ago we took our daughter Julia to an orthopedic surgeon. She could not walk normally and also had other problems. The doctor was puzzled so sent us to the children's hospital in Philadelphia. After asking endless questions, the doctors there decided that they would like to take a lot of tests and xrays, and also have other doctors examine her. They wanted her to stay 2 or 3 days as soon as it would suit to have her admitted. At first I was at a loss for words, but asked if I would be permitted to stay with her at all times. Julia was afraid of strangers, and she did not understand any English.

My thoughts were in a turmoil when I was told I could be there during the day but not at night. Knowing my daughter, I could imagine her crying half the night. I explained to the doctor that I would rather bring her to the hospital one morning and take her home in the evening then bring her again the following day.

They asked me if we have hospitalization.

I told them we didn't.

The doctors asked me the third time about this.

They then planned to have the xrays taken that day yet, and scheduled several tests for our next appointment. After that we took her twice a week for therapy. She improved enough that no operation was needed. Still later the doctors showed us how to give therapy treatments at home.

One of our neighbors told me how things were arranged when her daughter broke her arm that it wasn't necessary to keep her at the hospital. They contacted their doctor who was not at home at the time. He told them not to give the child anything to eat and no water after midnight, and to take her to the hospital in the morning. Because she had nothing to eat or drink, the doctors were able to set her arm that day and she could go home right away.

Maybe not all parents are able to take their children home to spend the nights when tests are being taken, or bones broken, but we were glad we asked about it.

—Mrs. Enos Burkholder, Pennsylvania

KINDNESS TO AGING FOLKS

Be very kind to the aging folks
Their steps are getting slow,
Remember they were young as you
Not very long ago.
And if God spare you, you will be
Sometime as old as they
And you may sneer at cruel things
That heedless young folks say.

Be very kind to the aging folks;
Each gentle word and deed
Like bread upon the waters cast
Returns in time of need.
And hands shall reach to hold you up
And hearts to cheer some day
For kindness shown to aging folks
Is never thrown away.

-Sent in by Mrs. John H. Coblentz, Lakeside Ontario

A shut-in writes: "Sometimes it seems to me folks make themselves busier than they used to. Do we lose something in human fellowship by so doing? I, for one, do feel so. True, it takes more to buy needful things than it used to, but is it not also that it takes more to satisfy many of the people, whether needful or not? Well, it's not for me to judge but more that I should watch my own course. I know I have all I can do with that."

The Crucifixion

Within the Holy Bible the life of Christ is given;
On this earth He lived and died and arose again to heaven.
He performed healing miracles to the sick and to the lame;
Gave His life as a ransom amid hatred, greed, and shame.
The greatest drama of all time that history for us leaves
Was when Christ, nailed upon the cross, died between two thieves.
As Jesus hung upon the cross the disciples hopes diminished;
'Twas then the greatest words were said when Christ said,
"It is finished."
The darkened sky, the great earthquake, the centurion did nod,
Then fearing greatly he said, "Truly, this was the Son of God!"
In great agony and forsaken, the King of kings thus died;
Salvation flowed from hands and feet and from the wounded side.
Within the Holy of Holies the veil was rent in two;
There's entrance behind the veil of crimson, purple, and blue.
Noble Joseph of Arimathea Jesus a burial gave
He placed Him in his garden tomb— within his own new grave.
To Joseph of Arimathea this kindly sentiment goes
And that in his own garden, Christ from death to life arose.

-Anna J. Miller, Arthur, Illinois

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ontinued from page 6)

time I have heard some very good sermons while some boys and girls and also men were sleeping.

-Oakland, Maryland

IT IS A TRUE PICTURE OF WHAT IS SEEN AND HEARD IN REAL LIFE. When the main room is 30 percent filled with people, the room is 100 percent filled with noise, hum and murmur. Some words are audible. The following conversations are not imagined but recounted as nearly as possible of what was seen and heard today before the services. In the ministers' room, one of the ministers tells excitedly how he sold his farm and bought another and moved on it. The Internal Revenue Service demanded a certain amount of tax. He defied them and sought legal advice and won to the tune of around $500. Other snatches of conversation from the same room.... yes, low topped tobacco will do that .... and all the sand leaves.... water in the cellar.... pump out every day until the ground is frozen. From another direction 33 1/2¢ and good ones will bring 35... the stuff really fed good.... they just went for it (it turned out to be hay).

Suppose you were asked to make a speech on the condition of the church, as it is, not as we pretend it to be. Would it sound something like this?

"We,the people of the -------district, the horse and buggy Mennonites, have grown and prospered and multiplied, becoming a mighty people... like Nebuchadnezzar, or Herod.... we now esteem ourselves highly in the sight of men. We worship God with our lips and obey His commandments, providing they do not interfere with our way of thinking. We have been taught it is all right to smoke, chew and act like worldly men and women do. The Bible tells us that we are the temples of God and that if any man defile the temple of God, him will God destroy. Temple defiling practices are found among us,but few, if any people have been destroyed, at least not yet. Perhaps we are now powerful enough that we can get away with it."

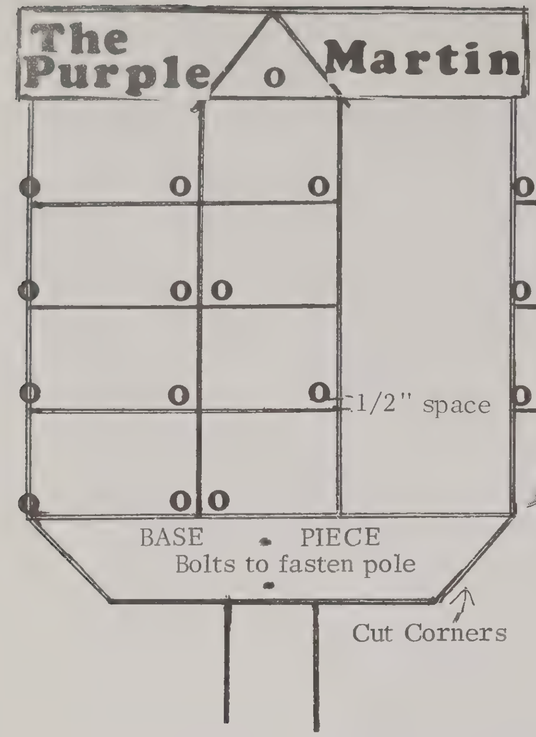
But what can be done about the problems of the irreverence in church? One of the best church services I ever experienced happened in another county. The congregation had a churchhouse. The men wore plain suits and the girls wore head coverings and aprons. Singing and preaching was in German. The part of their services that made a lasting impression was their silence. Silence— yes, all the people waiting as if they expected something great and good was about to happen to them. And it surely did, when the ministers came out to preach.

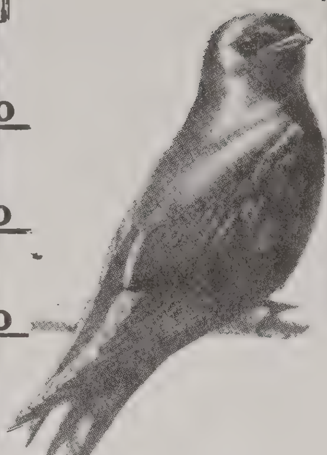
-Martindale, Pa.

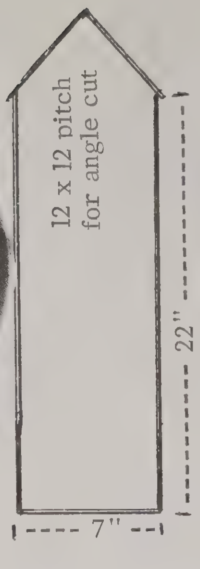
I WAS TO CHURCH THE OTHER SUNDAY AND SAT WHERE I COULD SEE THE YOUNG BOYS. They were on a bench in the back of the living room— behind their dads. They weren't all mischievious but too many soon had their heads together and were whispering. Throughout the services they were either unruly or had their heads down as if they were sleeping. I can believe that the way they were in church so they are in the home and in school.

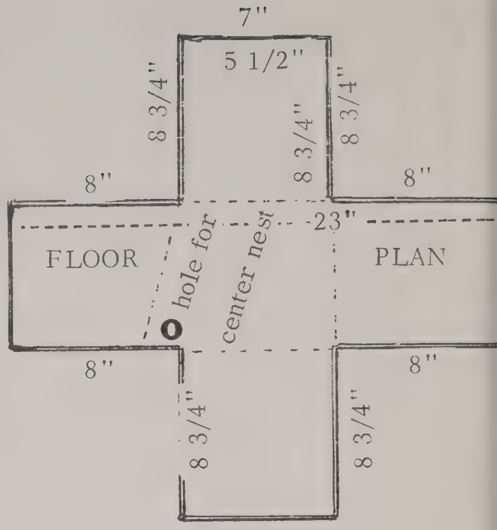
These boys were not too old to sit beside their dads. Sometimes I wonder if the parents are too occupied in their work, trying to get the farm paid for and do not spend enough time with the children to try to plant the fear of God in their hearts. This kind of planting is more important than trying to get the corn planted on time.

The little girls in church sat quiet like little ladies. These did not sit on the back bench, but in front of their mothers. If they had been on a back bench, then what? Somehow it is an accepted fact that girls behave better than boys. Why is this? Is it maybe that the wives are doing better jobs with their little girls than their husbands are doing with their sons? -Millersburg, Ohio









Martin House plans by:
M. E. Hershberger
R.1, Box 72
Baltic, Ohio 43804

How To Build A 24 Compartment Purple Martin House

This type of house has been in use for more than 50 years with good results. Use poplar wood for best results as it is most nearly odor free. Paint outside of house only. Use oil or latex. Cover roof with shingles (any kind). Make the holes 1 7/8" in diameter. 1/2" above perch. Floors are also 1/2" below holes. Angle cuts on short roof pieces is: tilt saw to 30 and set mitre gauge at 35. Gable end cuts are 45.

Sides	4 pieces	3/4" by 8 3/4" by 22"
"	4 "	3/4" by 8" by 22" '
Gable Ends	4 "	3/4" by 7" by 26" aprox.
Roof	1 "	3/4" by 6 3/4" by 26 1/2"
"	1 "	3/4" by 6" by 26 1/2"
"	2 "	3/4" by 6 3/4" by 14"
"	2 "	3/4" by 6" by 14"

Return Addresses:
In Canada- Family Life
Aylmer, Ontario

In U.S.A. — Family Life
LaGrange, IN 46761

Base: Any 2 by 4 inch stock for base of house and pole support. Set base pieces 2 1/2 inches apart on edge. Nail first floor (long piece) crosswise over base pieces Use rust proof nails.

First Floors (second floors slightly smaller)

1 pc.	3/4" by 5 1/2" by 23"
2 "	3/4" by 5 1/2" by 8 3/4"
4 "	3/4" by 5 7/16" by 22 7/8"
8 "	3/4" by 5 7/16" by 8 11/16"

Upright partitions	Perch
16 pc. 3/4 x 5 7/16"x 4 1/2	20 pc. 1/2 x 2"x 7"
Holes : 2 1/8" diameter	4 pc. 1/2 x 2"x 10 3/4

This type of house has a decided advantage over other types of martin houses since each apartment is separate. When two or three holes are beside each other, one pair will tend to possess them and drive out others.

THE PURPLE MARTIN - NATURE'S INSECT CONTROLLE

Did you know that a purple martin can eat up to 2,000 mosquitoes in a day? They also feed on flies, gnats, beetles, moths and all manner of flying insects. Because of this amazing capacity to consume objectionable insects, the purple martin can make any neighborhood more pleasant.

Martin houses can be erected as late as the first of June in the northern states and still attract occupants. However, it is best to put your house up earlier, as soon as the first scouts begin appearing in your community. You should have a well designed house which will attract martins and in which they can raise a large percentage of their young. It should be mounted on a pole which is easy to raise and lower regardless of the age of the owner.

In the 1960s one company began manufacturing lightweight aluminum martin houses which have guard rails to keep the young from falling to the ground and with a telescoping pole which can easily be raised or lowered.

Martins do not object to human activity around their nests. Place your house in the most open location available with at least 15 feet of clearance in every direction from buildings.

Even with man on their side, purple martins must overcome a number of obstacles in order to survive. These include pesticides, sparrows and starlings. One of the most effective ways of ridding the house of sparrows is with a sparrow trap. These can be affixed to a building, post or tree or the best place is to the pole itself. Martins and other air feeding birds will not enter the trap

Becoming a purple martin landlord takes patience but the reward is great. If you do not have martins the first year, don't give up, but keep your martin houses free of sparrows and starlings. Chances are you will have some next year. -Mose E. Stoltzfus, R.1, Box 371, Paradise, Pa.17

FAMILY LIFE

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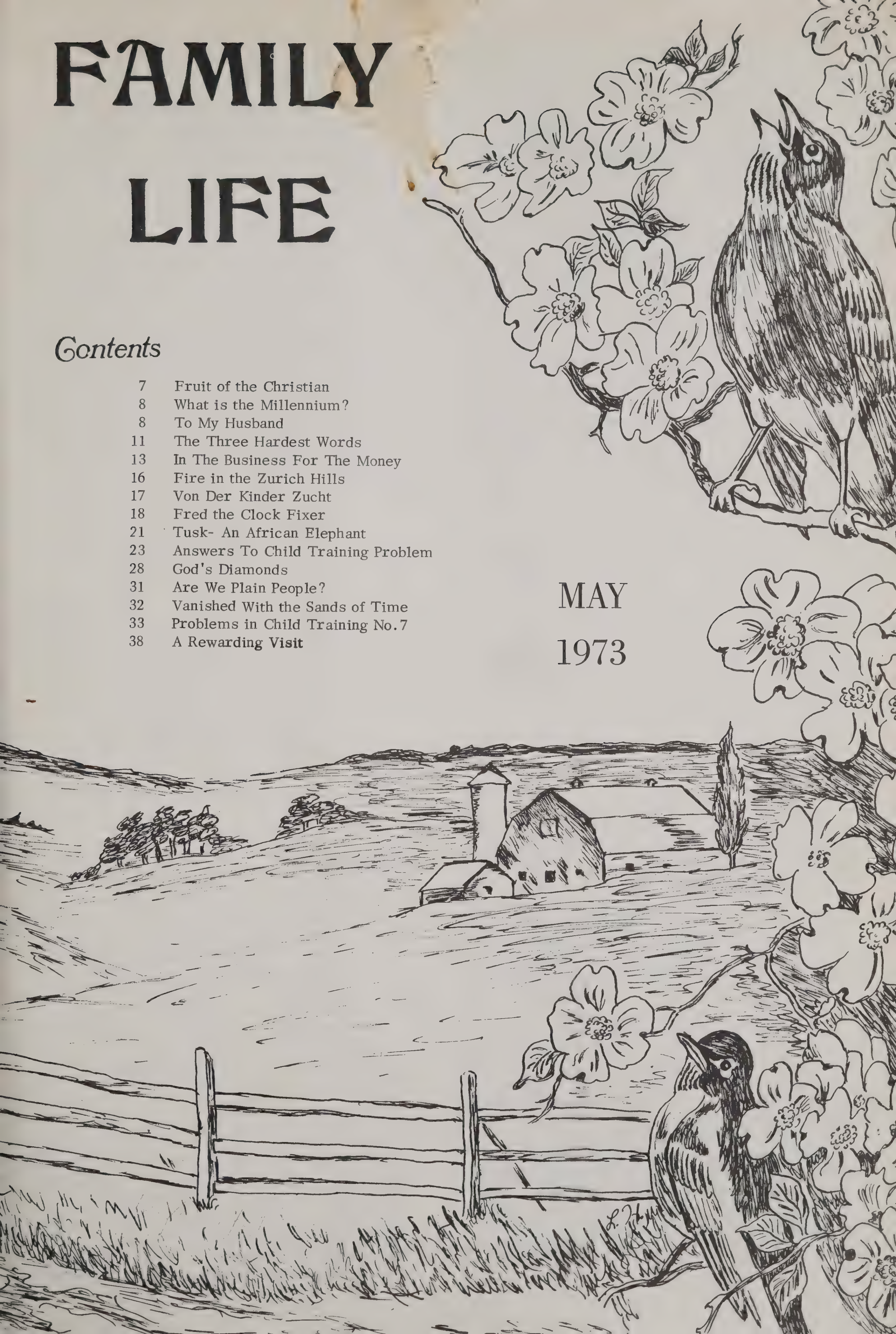

letters to the editors

THE RUSH FOR THE BARGAINS-

WE READ WITH INTEREST "A Rush For The Bargains" (February issue). As in most cases, there are two sides to every story. Granted, there are grabbers, but there are also those with large families who are trying hard to make ends meet. We know of some mothers with ten to sixteen children who go on sale days and why shouldn't they?

About the minister's wife buying 100 yards of material, who knows, maybe it went for a very good cause? I have heard of people buying up goods when it's cheaper for sewing up for the needy or for relief.

Several years ago there was a woman whose occupation was knitting sweaters and such for other people. Once she was shopping and it so happened it was sales day and the yarn counter was well stocked so she bought a good bit of yarn. Later she heard say how "greedy" she had been. Because of this in the following years she avoided the Sales Days.

-Pennsylvania

THE PIECE ABOUT THE RUSH FOR THE BARGAINS sounds exaggerated to me. I have been working at a similar place for nearly ten years and we also have sales. I never saw anything like that. I never see anyone pushing or grabbing or crowding like this woman said.

But most unbelievable to me was that nearly one hundred people were waiting before the store opened. That's hard to visualize.

-Ohio

EDITOR'S NOTE- The article was sufficiently verified that there is no reason to doubt it. I suppose a lot of store managers would like to know how that store does it to attract so many customers.

MORE LETTERS FOR THE HUSBAND-

JUST GOT DONE READING "To My Husband" in the March issue. I think it was well-written and I was glad to see it. If my husband ever asked me if I sometimes feel like that, I would have to answer, "Yes, quite often."

I think a lot of us wives would also be glad to hear how our husbands actually feel about us. I think this can be a good way of sharing our feelings and I hope it will bring many married people closer together.

One thing I think is very important if we have children, if the man would realize how much it means to help keep order with the children. It is so often he could help by listening to their problems like who had it first, etc. and helping to get them to the table. If the parents are both willing to do their share, it makes it so much easier. And what means more than peace and love in the family?

-Ohio Mother

I FELT SORRY FOR THE WIFE who wrote the letter to her husband. But don't feel discouraged, your life is not past yet. Time can bring many changes. Take it to God in prayer. Perhaps your husband will read and study Ephesians 5:22-33. You both have made these promises on your wedding day. If your husband is a god-fearing man, he will want to nourish and cherish you even as Christ loved the church and gave himself for it.

You asked if it's selfishness to want to see a smile or hear a word of praise. I don't think so. How it cheers a wife when the husband comes in and says, "My, that smells good," or one of the children says, "Thank you for fixing my dress." It's the little things that make a happy home.

I am thankful my husband doesn't come in and plops himself on the couch and sticks his nose in a newspaper. Usually he reads out loud and I can still finish the day's work or take care of the baby. It gets my mind off my daily work and I can meditate on what he is reading from the Bible, or from one of the two magazines that comes into our home. It's not that he's such a fast or good reader, but it does make me feel wanted.

-Ontario Housewife

THE LETTER TO THE HUSBAND was all right but now let's have "A Letter to My Wife." When it's down on black and white we can see it plainer and I think it can bring us more happiness. After all, marriage isn't a one-way street.

-Mrs. S., Ohio

MORE HELP FOR THE HIRED GIRLS

I'VE BEEN READING ALL THE ARTICLES AND COMMENTS about the hired girls in F. L. so decided to write about some of my own experiences. I used to have a job doing housework in town one or two days a week for a respectful family. When an Amish family wanted my help, my mother had me quit my job in town.

I enjoyed most of the places I worked. Even though I had to sometimes get up early to help milk, and get breakfast, I enjoyed this work for it was similar to what I was taught. My job in town had everything modern, but I still like it best to be with my own kind of people.

My first job I remember well. The family just had a baby. What fun I got giving the baby her bath before it was a day old. There were two pre-school children and also two schoolgirls who were supposed to help me with the supper dishes. But they talked back and didn't help me. Once, one of them even spit in my face. Where was the father? He was in bed for he always went right after supper but it was bedtime for all of us as he hardly ever came in for supper be-

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I always appreciated it when children were taught to mind their maud. In one home, the father went to the hospital right after supper but the children knew they were to help with the dishes. If they didn't mind me or do their work properly, the father usually found it out from one of the other children and next time they did mind.

I have to wonder, what does a girl do after she's married if she works in the factory as soon as she's out of school? I heard one young married woman say she doesn't even know how to mix peanut butter for church, even though her parents had church in their home all her life. She went from schoolroom to factory and didn't learn a lot of these valuable lessons.

One thing to remember, girls, is that many places you work won't have as many conveniences as you are used to at home. We haven't had as much time to get things fixed up as your parents have had.

-Indiana

READING OF OTHERS' EXPERIENCES brings back memories of my own. I would like to tell about two of them. One place it was springtime, there was lots of everything, a big house to clean, a large garden to plant, raspberries to trim in a chilly April rain and lots of everyday choring, like milking by hand. The tenth child arrived, the oldest one being 12 years old. I got up each morning promptly at 4:30, and worked till around eight in the evening, sometimes later. There was no coffee break during the day or rest period. It took lots of eats as they were healthy youngsters. Ten pies and several cakes lasted over the weekend. There was no time to get lonesome. I was there seven days a week. On Sunday afternoons I had time to enjoy the children and help them play. I was not there for pleasure but because I was needed.

Everything in that home went by routine. The children all had their regular work and they did it. There was no nagging or pay, no fancy foods on the table. It was all plain healthy food cooked in granite dishes and placed on the table in the same. I received less than $1.00 a day.

The other place, the husband was a day laborer, had a few acres of land, a few thousand broilers to tend, a cow to milk, a few pigs and a horse to feed. It was in winter time and he took sick and was bedfast, had to have special eats fixed for him three times a day. One night at midnight I was awakened to go up the road for a doctor. It the early morn, the sixth child was born, the oldest was six.

Mother and Daddy were both in bed, in different rooms. All eats, etc. had to be carried in and all things carried out. There was no bathroom. In those days mothers stayed in bed ten solid days. I was on duty seven days a week, 24 hours a day. The 2-yr. old was usually where I was. One day a friend was there and she asked, "Do you allow that?"

"Allow what?" I asked.

"To hang onto your dress like that. I sure wouldn't allow a child to hang onto mine," she said.

"Oh, I don't mind it," I answered, "then I know where she is."

Several years later this same girl worked at that place and complained to me that the children refused to help her work. She thought the mother should have seen to it, but I believe it's sometimes the hired girl's fault if they don't help. While I was there, they often came and helped me wipe the dishes without their mother telling them to. Here I got even less pay than at other places as they had no income at the time. They even had to buy their groceries on credit. I waited until they could pay some. I always made out if I didn't have as much as some. I just didn't spend as much.

I enjoyed working at both these places. I guess I was just one of those lucky girls for I never had any bad places to work. Now I would enjoy seeing all those children again. They have all married and have homes of their own. If any of them could find the time, a few words from them would be a great reward. But I guess to them, I was just-

-ANOTHER HIRED GIRL

I'M IN MY FORTIES and have a number of years of experience working for other people. I find there are many blessings it it, too. Others of my class and age bought or rented a home of their own and went to work for higher wages. I also thought it over but could never come to the decision to do this.

I resigned myself to work on the farm for our own people. I felt I have received a blessing, for these people see to it that I get to church and some places to visit. And there is usually someone to share a chat.

I feel sorry for those who slave for their own people. Should we not use another as we would have others use us? If we are willing to help the needy at reasonable wages, surely most of them will respond in a nice way even if some of them don't.

I also wonder what will become of me someday but it is enough to take one day at a time and hope and pray there will always be a way. The Lord cares for us if we are content in whatsoever state we are in.

-An Old Maid Yet, Ontario

MOTHERS OUGHT TO BE CONCERNED for their girls and boys who work out in the world. When I think back of how men tried to tempt me into very serious temptations, I believe it was only through the Holy Spirit that I was able to resist the temptations.

I have never told this to anyone except to my husband and my teen-age daughters. We cannot warn the girls enough to be very careful who they work for and how they behave themselves. When I think of the testimony it could have left for me as well as the church as a whole it brings shivers to me.

After these instances happened, I feel I was brought closer to God than I had ever been before.

-By a Mother Who Understands The Temptations of Young People

I WAS ALSO A HIRED GIRL a lot of the time between the ages of 16 and 22. I must say I also often had a feeling you cannot do enough for some people.

Right there I promised myself if I ever have a hired girl, we want to have our things in shape before she comes so she can have a good start, and not ask her to do so many other duties especially while the mother is in bed. The daily work with all the cooking, baking and cleaning is enough for that time.

I am also glad my parents never allowed me to work for anyone except our own people. I worked a lot of places with pleasure and learned many good things that helped me to this day. At that time the hired girl didn't get high wages. The most I got was $4.00 a week. But remember, girls, it's not always the ones that get the high wages that are the best off. Oftentimes it's the others that get the most saved.

-Missouri Grandmother

DEAR HIRED GIRL—

I read your letter in the February F. L. and am sorry you feel this way. I used to be a hired girl, too, so I know a little how you feel. I also worked in a factory and worldly places awhile and now I'm sure working as a hired girl among our own people was the best place for me.

Since I am a homemaker and a mother, this has proven to be a very useful experience to me. If you feel you can't take it to be a hired girl in an Amish home, maybe you'd better just forget about getting married.

We've had five hired girls and I always tried not to give them more than they could do in a day. When I worked as a hired girl, I appreciated it when they gave me a rest period during the day so I try to give our girls a rest period, too. I know most of our people can't afford to give a hired girl what she is really worth, but maybe someday you'll be in our shoes, and then you'll understand. Please try to understand now. We need you.

-Ohio Mother

CHANGE OF COOKS AFTER 21 YEARS

"TO COOK FOR A NEW HUSBAND" (March issue) was very interesting. We all know it's hard to cook for a new husband the way his mother was used to cooking. But on the other hand we should realize that he had been eating her meals for 21 years or more and was no doubt used to having it done her way.

It is hard to keep on trying, time and time again, but it is rewarding when we finally succeed. The best thing of all is when we can make something which is better than the way his mother made it. It was nice to read of other people's first years together.

-New Wife From Pennsylvania

I GUESS THE HUSBAND FOUND OUT HIS WIFE HAD FEELINGS, TOO. The husband in that article must have known more about how things are made than our married son does.

A few weeks ago our son and little granddaughter were here for dinner and he claimed our applesauce is not as good as his wife makes it. Then eating some more of it, he said, "Now I know the difference. My wife sprinkles some pepper on top of it."

Of course I knew it must have been cinnamon.

-Ohio

I THOUGHT THE STORY ABOUT COOKING FOR A NEW HUSBAND was amusing and sort of cute. When I was working as a hired girl for my sister-in-law she told me, "Now don't spoil your husband like I did. When we were first married, I tried to fix all his favorite dishes and exactly to his liking. In a few years, I had my hands full with babies and could no longer spend so much time concentrating in the kitchen. The next thing I knew he was feeling hurt and seemed to think I no longer cared for him."

When I got married, I remembered this advice. I tried to find out what my husband liked and disliked but instead of spending so much time to please him exactly in the cooking, I worked from an economical, healthful food point of view. His favorite foods that seemed permissable under these two rules, I tried to keep up and still do.

We got along just fine. Of course he still occasionally craves some of "Mom's cooking" of long ago, but I believe he appreciates mine just as much. So often I have to prepare our meals according to necessity and not according to personal whims. We try to be thankful for our food, no matter how plain it is.

-Missouri

BOYS AND GIRLS IN THE SAME FAMILY

I would like to comment on the article "Thoughts from the Past For the Future" which appeared in February issue. The writer thinks people should not talk with the opposite sex more than a few words unless their companion is along.

I know there are dangers for us all but I feel the writer is unrealistic and asking for the impossible. God allows boys and girls to be born into the same family and no one thinks anything about it if a brother and sister come into contact with each other daily, or are alone at times as this is as it should be.

Is not the church composed of brothers and sisters of the same faith? Are we not to be as little children? If evil thoughts arise in the heart, the Christian will quickly squelch them, knowing it is the whispering of the evil one. If a person has a weakness in this respect then by all means he should keep himself away from temptation as much as possible.

I think the answer lies in arming ourselves with God's Spirit. We can't hide from temptations altogether so we must work to overcome them. A fledgling won't learn by sitting in the nest.

I believe if a person is afraid to enter into conversation with the opposite gender for the reason stated, he already has evil thoughts in his heart. But we must exercise temperance in all things and if we think we stand, take heed lest we fall.

-Maryland

SOME THINGS THAT OUGHT NOT TO BE

I was both shocked and surprised last week one day when our neighbor boy came over and said, "My friends and I really saw something last evening."

When I asked him what it was, he said they had stopped at a gas station up along Route 23 and a car pulled in with 3 Amish boys and 3 Amish girls in it. He said the boys were dressed in "loud" clothes and the girls jumped out and ran for the rest rooms. They were soon back again with their hair hanging down to their shoulders and dressed in skirts which he said were "real short."

They drove off down the road and these boys were curious to know where the now "so-called Amish" young folks were going. They followed them up the road and they pulled in at the Fire Hall building where a dance was being held. There they were laughing and talking among the worldly people.

I just had to wonder, where were these young folks' parents? Seems to me these young people should have been at home that evening. Things like this hurt me very much when I hear them and I believe that surely the Lord must also be grieved. How sad if those who profess to be his children are found in such a condition. As a young parent, I know it takes a prayerful heart and a strong trust in the Lord for strength to try and raise our children in the way that is pleasing to him.

-Name and address withheld

ANOTHER PROBLEM AT A DIFFERENT AGE

Recently a man openly disgraced his busy, hard-working wife with belittling, unkind expressions right in front of his children (who are not too young anymore). How can he ever hope to have these children show any respect for their mother (or father) when he is such an example? Can he expect to have the Lord's blessings on his doings if he is not willing to do better than this? I am so sorry to learn that such things are happening. -Name and address withheld

SAME FOR ONE AS THE OTHER

I agree with the article "Saying Or Doing" in the March issue. My father always pulled off the highway to let traffic pass if at all possible. But I have seen lots of tractors holding up traffic, more than I have ever seen buggies doing it. What I can't understand is why some people think it's a lot worse if a buggy holds up traffic than it is when a tractor does.

-M.M.H., Ind.

COMMENTS ON HOME REMEDIES-

This spring in the rush to get the housecleaning done to get ready for church, I was exhausted. It was Friday noon and Daddy was not home so I didn't cook a meal but just ate what we had around. The teapot was on the kitchen stove so I made some hot peppermint tea and drank several cups of it. I decided to lie down a few minutes with Family Life in my hands to read and relax. I went to sleep and such a refreshing sleep it was. I felt like a different person all afternoon.

That evening I happened to read in Family Life about the peppermint tea and then I knew why I had been able to relax so completely even if it was only for 15 minutes.

-B., Delaware

THE SHAMPOO RECIPE in February issue is simply out of this world. It works better than anything we have ever tried and it costs only 35¢ per quart.

-E.M.S., Hartville, Ohio

MORE DAND-E-LIONS, PLEASE

I agree with the Pennsylvania write about the dandelions. They are the most delicious first green plants from nature we can eat in the spring. My mother used to say it is a tonic for all of us. Not only dandelion, but also other wild greens. Before we were old enough for school, we were sent out to gather greens. There are so many good ones, we knew them by appearance more than by name. A few of them I can still name such as sour dock, white top, wild lettuce, ground cress, and also the small tender shoots of wild blackberries. These were all cooked together and then seasoned with bacon and drippings. If there was not enough (it took a large bowl for a family of 10) Mother added small radish leaves and horse radish leaves. Our season here is just beginning and we can hardly wait to go. -Ontario

DANDELIONS AND EGGS taste almost like bacon and eggs if made right. Fry the dandelions in butter till crisp. They will turn black but they aren't burned if you keep adding butter while frying. Also add some salt. As long as you can see some greens, they aren't done frying. When they are done, put eggs on top, cover and set on back of stove. Let set till eggs are done. It's delicious and a lot cheaper than bacon. It does take a little practice until you learn to do it just right. -Leola, Pa.

READING MATERIAL SOMETHING NEW

WE ENJOY ALL YOUR PAPERS and are glad for your efforts to provide worthwhile reading material for the plain people and especially for the young people. How often I think, "Oh, if we only had such reading material when we were young!" It hurts my heart to hear of people with large families who would be afraid of getting your papers because they fear it is something new which might lead off to higher churches or be too spiritual with an "Ebenezar" attitude. I've never had any reason to feel this way about it. While at the same time some of those get the daily newspaper which in my opinion is not fit for children to read.

-Mrs. King, Pa.

MOST OF US WHO LIKE TO READ, are going to read something. Before these papers were published, the only religious books and magazines which were available somehow made me lose confidence in our church. I often wondered why our church did not have something we could turn to. At that time I was critical of our church and also of your papers when they started. I always read them in the spirit of trying to find fault with you. I felt sure you would twist things around so they would come out to uphold your precious "traditions."

How wrong I was! I found you fair on both sides—not hiding our many faults but still sure there is a better way than forsaking it for a more liberal church. God only knows how many of my doubts and questions have been answered and my love, faith and confidence in our father church restored without undermining my belief in salvation through Jesus alone—through articles in your papers. My heartfelt prayer is that you may continue to seek and receive guidance from above in your work, for, oh, how sad, if after you have gained the confidence of so many people, you should then prove untrue and mislead them! Would not the consequences be awful? I know we are all human and need the help from God but we are also "shuldig" to help each other along the way.

-Quarryville, Pa.

WE APPRECIATE THE whole of Family Life although at times we do not get it all read. Usually some articles are more interesting to our personal likes than others. We always hope that people will not neglect Bible reading as some would indicate. For my part, I've always felt a tendency to neglect Bible reading long before Family Life came upon the scene. It's just one of the areas in which I ought to do better and if I don't it's my own fault.

-Missouri

A MISTAKE IN THE PICTURE

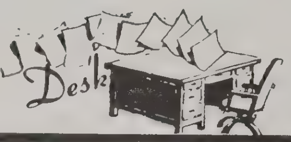
The lambs on the front cover of the April issue look real good except for one thing. If I know the nature of sheep or lambs, then three barb wires won't keep them in the pasture very long. We use woven wire, which not only keeps the sheep in, but the dogs out as well.

But even with woven wire fencing, if one finds a hole, they all follow this one and then we have to put them all back in again, and fix the fence or they'd come back out again.

I'm wondering if maybe some churches think they can keep their sheep in the pasture with only three strands of wire (love). Then they can't understand why the sheep get out. Even with a good fence, the sheep sometimes find a hole. Then the sheep are gotten back in but the hole is not patched with TLC (tender loving care) to keep them from getting out again. If I know the sheep right, they have to be led back into the pasture, not driven in..

-K., Meyersdale, Pa.

Across The Editor's Desk



Apparently it is necessary, at times, for wives to remind their husbands of the things they don't appreciate. This can be a difficult procedure which is the reason we published the article entitled "A Letter To My Husband" in the March issue. Judging from the response we got, a lot of wives thought it was all right.

But on the other hand, several suggested that it is also important that the husbands know what their wives do appreciate about them. In this issue we are publishing a letter from another wife who took time to recount a lot of little things which she is thankful for. No doubt other wives could mention many different things but this really isn't of much importance. What makes it so interesting is that someone is thoughtful enough to go out of their way to look for something to be thankful for.

The April issue was a headache as far as pasting it up was concerned. No doubt it was also a headache to the many readers who don't like to turn to some other page to continue reading an article or story. There were a record number of broken articles and some of them were continued both forward and backward. There is really no excuse for this but it is the result of trying to meet deadlines, and also a lack of planning, in arranging the layout. It is a lot more complicated than most people think and is no job where you just start pasting up the material in front and keep on going back.

The middle section of the magazine, from pages 11 to 30, is usually printed first. The last portion is prepared next and the forepart is left for last. The Letters To The Editors is usually gotten ready last, and oftentimes material arriving as late as the 20th of the month can still be used in the next month's issue for this part. Most of the material for the rest of the magazine has been in our files for several months.

All we can say is we hope to be able to do better in the future as far as cutting articles up is concerned. We may never be able to eliminate it entirely but we like to keep it at a minimum.

No doubt most of the readers will notice that there is no historical section in this issue. During the past year, there have been some very worthwhile articles concerning the history of the Amish church and where the people come from. These articles require a tremendous amount of time and effort in searching out the old historical writings. It so happens, the article which was intended for this month is not quite ready at this time. In view of the fact that some of these articles have been larger than average the last while, we decided to skip it for this time, but we hope they will be back again for next month.

This month's "What Do You Think" question brought various answers which do not seem to agree, but perhaps it is because the writers are looking at the problem from different viewpoints. We are publishing all of them in the hope that they will help the readers to get a better overall look at the matter.

There are some churches where only darker colors are worn and where purple is not tolerated. I hope the answers will not influence the members of these churches to come to the conclusion that purple ought to be allowed. However, in some of our larger settlements, very bright colors are tolerated. In these communities, a dark shade of purple would no doubt be more modest than many of the red, yellow, pink, and even some of the green or blue dresses that are being worn.

We believe the references in the Bible against purple refer to costly or flashy clothes. Should not that principle still stand today as strictly as it did two thousand years ago? If we wear clothes which are showy, or if we spend a lot of money on clothes when we could buy something else which would give us equal service for less money, then we are in the wrong.

There is a danger in taking the Scriptures literally instead of trying to discern the actual meaning. For example; some people feel it is wrong to call our earthly father by that name because the Bible plainly tells us "Call no man your father on earth" Matt. 23: 9. This, in spite of the fact that the Bible in numerous places uses the name such as "Honor father and mother." We would probably all agree that it would be inconsistent for someone to say they believe it is wrong to wear purple clothes if at the same time they had no conscience against bright red, pink, silk or other showy or costly clothes.

Sometime ago we received an unsigned letter from a party who said he is a Mennonite living in an Amish community. He said his neighbors make frequent use of his telephone, and at times disturbing the privacy of his family life by coming to use the phone at any time of the day or night. He also said he is asked to do a lot of driving to many different places including such things as taking people to birthday parties while they themselves do not believe in going to such parties. If it were a case of necessity, he would apparently not object but he wonders whether it is consistent for our people who do not own these modern conveniences, to make so much use of them merely for convenience's sake.

In the past we have published a number of stories and articles touching on this problem but perhaps more teaching would be needed on the subject.

Since this person did not sign his name, we have no way of contacting him but we hope he understands that our churches teach against misusing such things. We would suggest that if he feels he is being imposed upon, that he talk the matter over with his neighbors and explain that he does not object to helping someone when there is a need, but that he has work of his own to do and a family to care for and that it does at times present a problem.

Fruit of the Christian

When Jesus brought the Gospel on earth and started to preach and spread it out among the people, it seemed very hard for them to understand. It was so different from what they had been used to that they found it hard to grasp the meaning. He came in such a different way and used so many different examples and parables of natural things which might occur or did occur to bring out a moral or spiritual meaning to make his will understandable. John the Baptist gave us one of the first examples-- the parable of the axe and the tree in Matthew 3:10, "Now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees, therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire."

In the above parable the fruit tree is used to symbolize the professing Christian and the axe is used to mean the Word of God. If we, as Christian professors are hearers of the Word only and not doers (James 1:22) then we can easily, by being careless and unconcerned in our spiritual lives, and without realizing it, be hewn down and cut off from the Kingdom of God and in the end be cast into the fire.

Jesus gave us another example of the fig tree in Mark 11:12. "And seeing a fig tree afar off, having leaves, he came if haply he might find anything thereon, and when he came to it, he found nothing but leaves for the time of figs was not yet." (Editor's note: Other renderings of this passage say it was not yet time that the figs had been gathered in, therefore it was to be expected that there should be figs on the tree.)

Why did Jesus go to the fig tree to look for fruit? Why didn't he go to an elm or an oak or maybe a cottonwood? Isn't it because he could tell from afar off that these other trees were not fruit-bearing varieties? But he could tell by the shape and the characteristics and outward appearance that this tree was a fig tree and a tree on which he could expect to find fruit.

So I believe it will be when Jesus comes to gather in his own. I don't believe he will expect to find the real fruits of the Spirit on those who adorn themselves in worldly fashions, worldly styles, and hair-dos, immodest dress or those who dress themselves as near like the world as possible to make themselves look more appealing and attractive to others. When Jesus comes he will look to those who are meek, the simple, the lowly minded, those of low esteem. In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety, not with braided hair or gold nor pearls or costly array but (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works (1 Tim. 2:9). I believe the same thing applies to men.

Jesus means to show from this parable that we must always have good Christian fruits and works, not just at certain seasons of the year, not just on Sundays, but we must always be willing to do and to live within his will and keep his commandments. If he should come at a time when we are not expecting him and not ready with good fruits, if we have only leaves and no fruits, then our lot will be no better than the fig tree in this parable.

On the other hand we could hardly expect to find fruit on a tree that didn't have the leaves of a fruit tree and thus show its distinction from the trees of the forests.

Jesus gave us another example in Luke 13:6 where a certain man had a fig tree. He knew it was a fig tree for he could tell by the outward appearance and the looks of it that it was a fig tree. Therefore he expected to find fruit on it and he kept on looking for three years. But since he found none, he became disgusted with it and began making plans to get rid of it. That parable stands as a warning for each of us.

Jesus gives an example in Luke 6:43, "For a good tree bringeth not forth corrupt fruit neither doth a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. For every tree is known by his own fruit. For of thorns men do not gather figs, nor of a bramble bush gather grapes. A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good and an evil man, out of the evil treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is evil. For out of the abundance of the heart, his mouth speaketh."

It is my opinion and sincere belief that there should be an outward distinction between the Christian and the world as well as there must also be a difference in our speech and all our works and deeds.

"Watch ye therefore, for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight or at the cockcrowing, or in the morning. Lest he come suddenly, he find you sleeping and what I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch" (Mark 13:35).

-Joni D. Gingerich, Nappanee, Indiana

(Continued from back cover)

silo before the lower leaves are dried out, the silage will furnish more carotene than even the best hay. Since it is not exposed to air, the silage retains most of its carotene content, as long as the silage remains good. The result is that especially in the spring silage is the best source of carotene. For livestock, silage would be like carrots are for humans.

Yellow corn is the only farm grain which contains carotene. It has only a fraction as much as hay or silage but it retains it well. After four years in the crib it was found that it still had half as much carotene as when it was husked.

This is the time of year to plan ahead to provide food for the family and feed the livestock which is rich in carotene.

What is the Millennium? . . . . .

Many years ago people believed the earth was flat. There were many theories as to how the sun managed to get back in the east in the morning after disappearing in the west in the evening. The leaders of the people and the priests of the many religions had many different ideas and explanations. Every explanation was wrong because it was based on a false conclusion that the earth was flat.

After ships began to circle the globe and airplanes flew around the world, the idea of a flat earth disappeared like a fog disappears in the morning. Now as we look back, we can smile at all the different explanations which were thought up because we no longer believe that the earth is flat.

The theory of a millennium is much like the theory of the flat earth. The only biblical references to such a thing as a millennium is found in the book of Revelation. As far as I have been able to find, there is no other place in the Old or New Testament which mentions anything like this. Apparently the confusion about the second coming of the Lord results from the fact that the book of Revelation is clothed in deep mystery.

There are three main theories concerning the millennium. The premillennialists see a sinful world going from bad to worse until the second coming of Christ at which the righteous dead will be raised. Together with the righteous living, they will be caught up to meet the Lord in the air. Then the great tribulation will follow after which will come a literal thousand year reign of Christ on earth.

The post-millennialists look forward to a golden age in which the righteous will reign supreme. They believe things will get better and better until all the

To My **Husband**—

Let me take this chance to thank you for the countless little things I do appreciate, although I'll never tell you face to face.

When things aren't going smoothly on the farm, when you have suffered loss, machinery breaks, you're behind with the work and the hired man doesn't cooperate, or no matter what, I'm thankful I can still depend on you to walk into the kitchen in a pleasant mood.

You don't know how much it thrills me when I see you cuddle the children for a minute before returning to your work. When I'm washing the breakfast dishes with a busy day ahead, wondering how I'll get it all accomplished, it's a big lift to hear you romp with the children a little before you go out. It puts them all (and me) in a better mood to meet the day ahead.

I'm thankful for the many little tasks you do without thinking such as starting the fire, filling the coal bucket or pausing a few moments as you walk by when I'm planting the garden. The rake I'm struggling with goes much easier in your big hands than it does in my little ones.

Those days when I'm so tired, I have something to look forward to— the evening when you come in, the day's work done and we'll relax a little before bedtime. Sometimes not much is said, each with our own thoughts, or something to read. Other times we think and talk of deeper things.

I'm glad you take an interest in the children's needs and share their joys and trials. I like it when you ask, "Why was girlie crying?" even if it was just over a trifle.

Yet you have the firmness fathers need and in spite of your cuddling, the children know when father talks it's time to listen. What a help it is when children ask for something and I'm doubtful, to be able to say, "We'll ask Dad."

I appreciate it when you take an interest in everyday matters such as when I say, "I made a new dress," or "The peas are up."

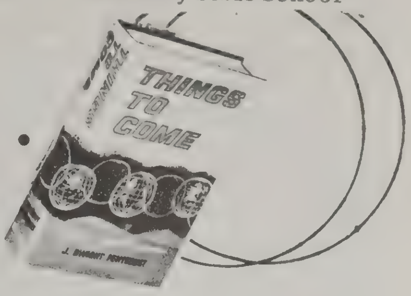
When I start to gossip or talk too much or too sharply to the children, I'm thankful you remind me with a look or a few words. The first years of our marriage, I found it hard to swallow my pride and not talk back. But now I realize it is for the family's good and to help me fill my place better. I guess I'm still too proud to thank you at the time but I do appreciate it.

I know the beauty of the home is order. Mine is often not as orderly as it ought to be. Like other busy mothers, when my kitchen is cluttered with sevenemies of Christ will be put under his feet before the Second Coming.

The ammillennialists do not agree with either of the above theories. They believe conditions on the earth will deteriorate until it is as it was "in the days of Noah, and in the days of Lot." Christ will appear in the twinkling of an eye at the sound of the last trump and will call all men into judgement. The sheep will be put on the right hand and will inherit the kingdom of heaven. The goats, or the wicked, will be placed on the left and be turned into hell.

It is not altogether clear when or where the theory of a literal reign originated. Some claim it dates back to the time of the apostles but it did not seem to have much place in the literature of the early writers. The prominent leaders of the Reformation times, (Luther, Melanchton, Calvin) were not premillennialists. Menno Simons and the other Anabaptist writers do not write much on this subject but from what they do write we are convinced that if they were living today, they would be classed as ammillennialists. The confessions of faith seem to bear out this conclusion.

Daniel Kauffman, a well-known Mennonite writer of the early 1900's, wrote that in his boyhood days he, at times, heard the theory discussed but its advocates as a rule were non-Mennonites. The Mennonite leaders at that time taught against it. He further writes that a number of Mennonites took up the literal reign theory, mostly as a result of the Moody Bible School teachings and the circulation of certain other books at that time. At first he wrote against the theory and opposed it vigorously but after finding that such disputations led mostly to strife and hard feelings among the brethren, he tried to avoid the subject but still held a firm conviction against it.



Many Bible readers make the mistake of approaching the Holy Scriptures in the same way they would a book written by human beings. In some places and especially in Revelation the literary style of the Scriptures is such that its message is clothed in "secret code." We believe that God could have written a book so plain that no man could have misunderstood its meaning. But He did not write the Bible in this way. The one who designed the pattern of the snowflakes so that no two are alike, and also fixed the colors of the rainbow, planned the exact style in which the Scriptures are written.

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eral children playing, the sink is stacked with dishes, the wash is being gathered, I know that if I'm to get my work done I can't wait until the house is all in order. Yet there is no excuse, unless someone is sick, not to have the kitchen looking decent at the end of the day when you come in so tired. But on those days when I'm trying to do more than I can, you'll find it upside down. I really wouldn't blame you for grumbling then but I appreciate it when I hear you say, "Come on, children, let's pick things up." And you man the broom yourself. Then I feel so guilty that I didn't get it done, and resolve to do better next time. That's why, when I'm late in doing the dishes and the children are in bed, if you offer to do the dishes, I tell you to rest, you've worked harder than I (not that I never let you do them).

I've never told you, but there's a grateful feeling inside me when you help me off to an early start when I go to visit my mother. It's only every month or so and you don't complain when you have to get your own meals twice that day. In return, I try not to go away too often or on unnecessary shopping trips and I'm willing to do the chores when you are gone.

I'm thankful when you trust me with your pocketbook. I try not to spend unwisely, though it is good if your remind me, every once in a great while, to be careful.

One of the best things I'm thankful for is that you read a chapter from the Bible to us every day. I know I should really thank God for this as well as for the many other blessings He gives us. Only God knows how often I prayed to have a home where the family reads and prays together. No, I never told you to, for I think we wives should not boss our husbands or tell them what to do. Rather we should ask God to make us loving and submissive (more than I am). And when you read and lead in devotions, I try to keep the children quiet and listen so they will learn to show respect and reverence for the Word of God.

The Bible says of a virtuous woman, "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her." I am glad when you show you trust me, but at the same time I hope I can be worthy of your confidence, to always be truthful and not make excuses when I am in the wrong or try to cover up my mistakes.

Our children take you for granted. They never realize that not all children have a father like you. I pray that if God leads them to marriage, they will have a companion like their father is.

Of course you have your faults. Who knows them better than I? Yet I pray to God to help you overcome them. Meanwhile I ask you to have patience with mine, remembering I am the weaker vessel.

-Lovingly, Your Wife.

In the Bible we find shadows, signs, types, symbols, allegories, and parables which convey God's message to man. Some of these are considered figurative and they need a special interpretation. But if the message is in plain speech without a form of vision, it needs no special interpretation but should be taken at its face value.

The Jews did not accept Christ, but they looked forward to an everlasting kingdom here on earth. They would not understand the prophesy in Isaiah 9:6-7, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given and the government shall be upon his shoulders: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, the everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgement and with justice from henceforth even forever."

The reason the Jews stumbled over these and many other Scriptures concerning the coming king was because they understood it according to their heart's desires. To have a king which would bring peace and establish a kingdom which would have no end was certainly a bright hope for the Jews. No more would they be subject to the heathen nations. This form of doctrine appealed to their carnal natures.

But when the King came he did not conform to what they had expected. He was not from the house of the high priest, nor in the palace of the kings. He was born in a stable and his parents were very poor. His boyhood home was Nazareth and "what good thing can come out of Nazareth?" It was rumored that he was born from fornication. The people of his own city were filled with unbelief so that he could do no great miracles there. It pleased God that he should be despised and rejected of men so that he would sift out the hearts of those who were not humble.

The Scriptures were fulfilled right in front of their eyes but not according to their human ideas. Those who seek to establish their own ideas often turn to shadowy Scriptures to prove their point.

In the very first verse of the book of Revelations, it says that the message has been signified it is in code and not like most of the rest of the Bible. The Scriptures and especially the book of Revelation contain many hidden things and many things which are sealed. In Deut. 29:29 we read, "The secret things belong unto the Lord our God; but those things which are revealed belong unto us and unto our children."

The Throne of David as referred to by literalists has an entirely different meaning than that which is given it in Acts 2:25-36. In this portion of Scripture, Peter makes it clear that the seat of power and authority, frequently called the "Throne of David" is not the material throne upon which David sat when he lived on earth, but the seat of power and authority at "the right hand of God" to which Christ was raised. This is the place he now occupies and will occupy when all nations will be brought before him in the judgement of the living and the dead.

Some people interpret Amos 9:11-12 to mean that the material throne of David will again be erected in the fullness of time. James says that "the Gentiles turning to Christ" is the explanation of that prophecy (Acts 15:14-18).

Figurative language is unsafe ground upon which to build major doctrine. The theory of the millennium involves the following doctrines, the return of Christ, the resurrection of the dead, the day of Judgement, the transformation of the saints, and the revelation of Jesus Christ as the King of Glory.

There are six key Scriptures which throw light upon this subject. The first one we wish to consider is John 5:28-29. Here it says that the hour is coming in which "all that are in the graves" shall hear the voice of the Lord. They shall all come forth, they that have done good unto the resurrection of life and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation.

The next key Scripture is John 6:40 where it says that it is the will of God that everyone should believe, and that Christ will then raise him up "on the last day." This is apparently the same day which is referred to in the first key Scripture.

The third key Scripture is Luke 14:14 where it says that the blessed shall receive their reward (be recompensed) at the "resurrection of the just." According to this plain statement the rewards are given to the saints at the day of resurrection.

Our next Scripture is 1 Thess. 4:13-17, which says that when the Lord returns to earth, those who are living will not be taken up ahead of the righteous who are raised from the dead. On the same day in which the Lord returns, the righteous shall be caught up with him in the clouds and so shall be with the Lord forever.

The fifth key Scripture is Luke 21:25-35 where it says that the signs of the heavens shall be seen, the hearts of men failing them for fear and then the Lord shall come in glory and the heavens and the earth shall pass away.

The sixth key verse is John 12:48 where it says that whosoever believeth not the words which Christ has spoken shall be judged "on the last day." When we compare this with key Scripture number two where it says that those who believe will be raised up "in the last day" then we know that "the certain hour" which is spoken of in key Scripture number one in which all shall come forth from the grave, both the good and the evil, is on "the last day". Then according to Luke 21:25-35 this would also be the time in which heaven and earth shall pass away. If this is true, then where and when could there be a thousand year reign?

Some people feel that from 1 Thess. 4:13-17 it is to be understood that the resurrection of the just will be before the resurrection of the evil. What the apostle was saying here is that at the coming of the Lord, those who are in the graves will come forth and receive the same reward as those who are living at the time of His return. In other words the righteous who are living will not be taken up before the righteous who have died. Together they will be caught up in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air.

From these Scriptures we see that all "the good and the evil" shall hear His voice at a certain "hour." They shall all come forth, those which have done good to the resurrection of life and those which have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation.

-J. E. M., Mo. Adapted

Many things are opened by mistake — but none so frequently as the mouth.

Views and Values

- By Elmo Stoll

The Three Hardest Words

It all began in a very ordinary way and no one would have guessed that it would mushroom into an argument that would spoil the day and leave strained feelings between husband and wife.

John Miller came into the house on a spring morning with several letters from the mailbox. He stood on the mat just inside the kitchen door so his boots wouldn't leave tracks on the floor.

"Mattie," he called to his wife. "Here's a letter from your brother Amzie. It must be something special to get him to write."

Mattie took the letter. "Maybe their Linda is getting married," she said as she tore it open.

John laughed at the idea. "Not much chance of that— not longer than she's been going with Jesse."

Mattie scanned the page quickly. "I guessed it," she said excitedly. "Linda is too getting married. It's to be in April, but we're to keep it quiet."

"Well, now I always took Linda for sort of a level-headed girl," John said. "I didn't think she would rush into marriage like that. Why, she's barely been going with Jesse for a year."

"Oh, but it's been longer than you think," said Mattie. "It was already a year in the fall. That'll make it a year and a half by the time they get married. And they're old enough to know what they want."

John shrugged. "It's their business, of course. But you're wrong about how long they have been going together. It can't be quite a year yet. I remember it was in the spring when Linda wrote us about it. We were sowing oats in the field behind the barn."

"The way I know it was in the fall," said Mattie quietly, "is that it was just a few weeks before John Lena was in the hospital for her operation. I remember we talked about it when I went to see her."

"You must have something else in mind," John said flatly. "I'm sure it was in the spring— it's just as clear in my mind as if it happened yesterday."

"Well, we can find out," said Mattie.

"I know it was in the spring," John said. "I don't even need to waste time finding out. I don't know how you got it so mixed up in your mind."

The argument went on. Gradually it became more and more apparent that Mattie was right. John began to sense it and to feel uneasy, but he refused to back down. He changed the subject and left the house. He knew he should admit that he had been wrong. But he just couldn't get himself to do it.

When he came in for dinner, the atmosphere was still pretty strained. Mattie had had her feelings ruffled by some of the things John had said about her. He had even called her stubborn for not admitting she was wrong. Now that he had turned out to be wrong, why didn't he admit it? Just who was being stubborn now?

It wasn't that John didn't think about admitting he had been wrong. He realized he should. In fact, he even wanted to. It bothered him and several times he thought he would, but the words just never made it past his lips. It was almost unbelievable how hard those words were to say, just three simple little words— "I was wrong."

Had John been able to admit he was wrong, it would have gone a long way to relieve the tension and undo the harm of the argument. Arguments and disputes are bound to come up wherever people are, but if the person who is in the wrong has enough grace to say, "I was wrong," that will go a long way in restoring good feelings.

Many, many happy relationships have been blighted because someone found those three words too hard to say. Many friendships have been ruined. If we could only make those words a little easier to say, many children would have more respect for their parents and pupils for their teacher. Many marriages would be brighter, many grudges would be forgotten, and church splits could be healed.

If only those three words would be easier to say. And they could be easier. They wouldn't have to be so hard. John's biggest mistake wasn't in getting his dates mixed up, in thinking what had happened in the fall had happened in the spring. That was just a small mistake. His biggest mistake was in being so sure of himself. If he only hadn't been quite so sure, if he hadn't made such strong statements, it wouldn't have been so hard to back down and say, "I was wrong."

Sometimes we are just positive we're right and the other person wrong. But the funny thing is, that the other person may be just as sure. Someone has to be wrong. A good rule to remember is: "It could be me." We should always leave the possibility of being mistaken, especially when we are sure we're right. If we don't it will be that much harder to come down low enough to say those words, "I was wrong." Sometimes we make something so sure that those three words almost choke us when we have to say them.

We had a good example of what happens when we're too sure of being right, a good example that took place several years ago in connection with our work at the printshop. I think it's a story we'll remember for a long time.

It all began the first week in April, 1969. We received an order for some cookbooks from a woman in northern Ontario. There was nothing unusual about the order. She wasn't a subscriber, just someone who wanted some cookbooks. We processed it in the normal way and thought no more about it. But about three weeks later we received a letter from this same woman. She was a bit upset. She still didn't have her cookbooks. She said we had cashed her check, but hadn't sent the books.

We checked our records. It was true, we had cashed her check. And as far as we knew the books had been sent. But of course, we could have made a mistake. It was also possible the books were just that slow in the mail. So we wrote the following letter:

> May 3, 1969
> Dear Friend,
>
> Thank you for your letter. Sorry for any inconvenience. We felt the books were sent; perhaps they are a little slow in the mail. If they still aren't there by the time this letter arrives, write us and we will see that they are sent right away.
>
> Sincerely, Pathway Publishers

Our letter wasn't too well received. The woman wrote right back and this time she was more upset than ever. Here is a copy of her letter:

> May 7, 1969
>
> Dear sir;
>
> We were quite disappointed to receive your notice that you "felt" the books were sent. We sure haven't received them after having been ordered over a month now. Kindly send our books as we are anxiously awaiting them.
>
> Sincerely, Mrs. _____ _____
>
> P.S. Better bookkeeping methods??

It was impossible to miss the icy tone of her letter. For extra emphasis she had returned our letter, underlining the statement, "We felt the books were sent." For some reason that sentence was particularly offensive to her, perhaps because it suggested the possibility she could be mistaken. But what stung the most was the P.S. with the double question marks, rubbing it in that we had been careless in filling her order.

We had never denied the possibility that it could have been our mistake, so we swallowed the insult the best we could, wrapped up a package of cookbooks and sent it off.

We dismissed the incident, not expecting to hear of it again. But a few weeks later, here comes another letter from this same woman:

> Dear sir;
>
> I'm so sorry about the mix-up that has occured about the Amish cookbooks. The first shipment did not reach me but was sent to my husband at a bush station. He neglected to tell me they arrived!
>
> Please accept my apologies and the enclosed check to cover the cost of the second shipment.
>
> Sincerely, Mrs. _____ _____

The moral of the story is clear enough not to need much comment. How much easier it would have been t write this last letter if she hadn't been quite so saucy in her earlier letters. Humble pie always has a bitter taste, but when we have been too sure of ourselves, it only makes eating our words so much the harder.

Best of all, when we leave room for the possibility o being mistaken, it almost always helps the other perso to do the same. For example, let's take another look at the argument between John and Mattie. Here's how it could have gone:

John: Why, it's only about a year that Linda and Jesse have been dating, isn't it, Mattie?

Mattie: Well, it hasn't been real long, but I think it's more than that. It was a year in the fall already, so that would make it a year and a half.

John: Are you sure? I have in mind it was in the sprin because it seems to me we were sowing oats when Lind wrote.

Mattie: I could be wrong, but I believe it was just a fe weeks before John Lena had her operation. We talked about it at the hospital.

John: I could be wrong, too, but I sure thought it was in the spring....

After all, why not say, "I could be wrong"? If we end up being right, we won't need strong statements to convince anyone, the truth will speak for itself. And if we turn out to have been wrong, it will then be so much easier to say those otherwise hard words, "I was wrong." ■■

THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON

—Martin J. Troyer, Indiana

We Christians have a powerful weapon,
A secret one it is true
And yet it is known by millions
Of people like me and you. (Rev. 7:9)

It is not the fearful atomic bomb,
The weapon's more powerful than it,
And if our enemies would use it, too,
It would not hurt us a bit.

It could pierce the "iron curtain"
And mountains it can remove;
It could put an end to war and strife
For God's power it would prove.

This secret weapon that we have
Is the God-given one of prayer;
It's the most powerful thing e'er was known
And with it each can do his share.

Prayer is just as powerful today
As it was in days of old
When through this weapon God saved Daniel (Dan.6:16-23)
From the lions so fierce and bold.

It parted the waters of the Red Sea
To let God's children go through;
It caused rich Jericho's walls to fall,
And a path clears for me and you.

It caused the sun and moon to stand still
In Joshua we are told; (Josh.10:12-14)
It delivered Peter from the prison cell
Who preached so brave and bold. (Act 12:4-12)

It saved the three in the fiery furnace
From even a singed-off hair (Daniel 3:1-27)
When King Nebuchadnezzar looked in
And seen that four were there.

An Angel strengthened Jesus that night (Lu.22:43)
As he prayed in Gethsemane;
So He was able to endure the cross
And set us sinners free. (Matt.26:36-46)

So let us take this powerful weapon (Psa.145:18-19)
So tried, and true, and strong,
And have it with us every day
And use it against all wrong.

If we would all kneel and pray (Phil.2:10; Psa.95:6)
With all our might for peace (Ps.122:6)
And let God have His rightful place
All troubles then would cease. (II Chron.7:14)

Let us pray for our dear ministers (I Tim.2:1-2; Eph.6:18,19
So they will be able to stand,
And warn us to flee from the wrath to come
So the blood will not be on their hands. (Eze.3:18)

Let us pray for our dear brothers and sisters
So they will live faithful and true,
So others can see their lost condition
And accept Christ the Saviour too.(Prov.10:9)

So let us pray more earnestly (James 5 16-18)
Dear brothers and sisters who care,
To our Father who dwells in heaven above— (Matt.6:9-13)
There's wonderful, wonderful power in prayer. (Matt.7:20,2

Jake Byler thought he was getting a lot of money for the colt but he had no idea what he was getting into

IN THE BUSINESS FOR THE MONEY

-Author's name withheld

Jake Byler looked at his wife across the breakfast table. "Well, it looks like another nice day," he said. "Three more days of this weather and I should be done husking corn."

Ruth smiled at her husband, "You know what I had planned for today, don't you?" she asked. "I'm invited to Aunt Lena's to a quilting."

Jake frowned a little and then he answered, "I wish we had a horse you could drive, but Dannie just isn't safe. The last time I met a truck, he went for the ditch. That means I'll have to take you over and go after you again this evening for you have no other way. And that means, too, that I'll get a late start in the fields. A horse that is traffic safe is worth a lot. I said something to Sandy Gardner the other day to look around for a safe horse but I don't know if he can find anything or not."

"Well, I hope he can find a good one," Ruth answered, "and I hope the price won't be too high. It's hard enough nowadays to pay for a farm when everything else costs so much."

The Bylers had just finished breakfast when a car pulled into the lane. "It looks like Sandy," Jake said as he reached for his hat and coat. "I wonder if he found a good horse for us."

"Good morning," Sandy said as he got out of his car. "I just thought I'd stop by and tell you I bought a good standardbred mare yesterday at the Widow Jenson's sale. I don't know too much about her for I haven't hitched her yet."

"How old is she?" Jake asked.

"She's an eight-year-old and she's got papers. The papers show she's from fast stock. I'll stop by after dinner and take you over to look at her."

"What's the price on her?"

"You can bring her home and try her out for a week. If you want her the price will be $350.00. If she's not what you want then I'll take her back. My brother is looking for something to raise colts. She's supposed to have a colt in the spring."

It sounded like a lot of money to Jake but in the end he bought her. She was sensible and traffic safe and even Ruth could drive her. The mare's name was May-la-Day so they just called her May.

One morning late in April when Jake came into the barn, he found May standing in the box stall with a new colt by her side. The colt turned on his wobbly legs and looked at Jake. He was a bay color and had a white star on his forehead. "That's a fine looking colt," Jake said to himself as he went to the milk house and reached for the milk buckets.

All through the summer he grew and grew. From a colt with a short stumpy body and spidery legs, he grew to great strength and beauty. Jake loved to stand and watch the colt romping and playing in the pasture. "That will make a good fast driving horse someday," he thought to himself.

Jake decided to register the colt but discovered that he himself would have to become a member of the trotting association. This bothered him somewhat and when he mentioned it to Ruth, she asked, "Don't our ministers say we should keep ourselves free from membership in worldly organizations?"

Jake didn't know what to say but in the end, he registered the colt and named him Lucky Day. Yes, Lucky Day would make a good horse someday.

It was late in the fall one day when an expensive looking car with a horse trailer behind it came rolling into the Byler lane. "Wonder who that could be?" Jake thought to himself as two men got out of the car. The one was thin and somewhat carelessly dressed while the other one was short and fat. He was wearing an expensive looking suit and carried himself with a businesslike air.

"Howdy," the fat man said, "my name is G. Arnold and this is Roy Harris. He drives and trains my horses. We're from Chicago," he said as his sharp brown eyes looked Jake over. "I am wondering if you own a mare by the name of May-la-Day?"

"Yes, but she's not for sale," Jake answered. "We like her real well and wouldn't want to sell her."

"Could we see her?" Mr. Arnold asked a bit impatiently.

"Yes," Jake answered slowly as he reluctantly led the two men toward the barn.

May knickered softly as they entered while Lucky, who was tied in the stall beside her, stared curiously at the strangers. Mr. Arnold's eyes lit up as he saw the colt. "Is that her colt?" he asked.

"Yes," Jake answered. "I've got it registered."

Mr. Arnold looked pleased. "Could I see the registration papers?"

When Jake entered the house to get the papers, Ruth asked, "What do they want?"

"They're interested in buying the colt," he said. "Shall I sell it?"

"I don't care," she answered, "as long as you don't sell May. We need her."

When Mr. Arnold saw the papers, he was satisfied. "I'll give you $500.00 for the colt," he said briskly as he looked at Jake.

Jake could hardly hide his surprise as he had not expected such a high offer. He tried to frown as he answered slowly, "I don't know. I wasn't planning on selling him now."

Mr. Arnold moved a step closer. "Listen, we mean business. I'll give you a thousand dollars for that colt and we'll load him right now."

Jake could hardly believe his ears. After the colt was loaded, Mr. Arnold turned to Jake saying, "Guess I might as well tell you, I own a full brother to this colt and he's doing good on the track. He's made me $50,000 so far this year."

The car moved slowly out the lane as Jake stood holding ten crisp one hundred dollar bills in his hand. He had given the colt the right name, Lucky Day.

In the spring, Jake decided to sell his cows and raise colts. He and Sandy were gone a lot, travelling in different states, looking at horses. Jake followed his advice. "You can find plenty of Standardbred mares for $250 and less," he told Jake one day. "They would raise colts good enough to pull a buggy but not fast enough to win on the track. Buy the very fastest mares you can find, even if you have to pay a thousand dollars a piece for them. It will pay you in the long run."

Jake paid a lot of money but in the end he had eighteen fast-blooded mares.

Three years had passed and Jake had already sold his second crop of colts. The third group was looking nice. Jake loved to stand and watch the colts romping and playing in the pasture. The first crop had brought more money than ever expected. They had paid their mothers.

One day Sandy came driving into the lane. As Jake came toward the car, he said, "Hello Jake. I just thought I'd stop in and tell you I'm going to the races tomorrow evening and thought you might want to go along. That horse, Lucky Day will be racing. He's quite a horse. I figured you might want to see him now that he's racing."

Jake was anxious to go along to see Lucky, but he didn't think he ought to. "B-But- But that's pretty far, isn't it?" he stammered.

"It's a six hour drive so we'll have to start soon after dinner," Sandy was saying. "I wasn't planning on coming home for the night. I just thought I'd spend the night at my brother as he lives close to there. He's got some good race horses you ought to see. We'd come home Sunday afternoon."

Jake had a great longing to go and see Lucky again and to see him race. "But tomorrow is Saturday and we wouldn't come home overnight. I'd have to miss church on Sunday," Jake answered.

"Oh, it wouldn't hurt to miss church once in awhile," Sandy laughed. "Afterall, you've never seen Lucky Day on the track yet."

"I'll think about it," Jake answered.

When Jake told Ruth what Sandy had wanted, Ruth was shocked. "You surely didn't tell him you're going along, did you? The race track is for entertaining and certainly no place for Amish people to be seen."

"I can't see that it would be worse than going to those fancy horse sales, a lot of people go to," Jake answered. "And besides, what the people don't find out won't hurt them."

"But God will know," Ruth answered. Jake didn't hear for he was already leaving the house.

Jake had never seen so many people before. There must have been thousands. The grandstands were filling fast. Jake found a seat and sat down. Sandy was soon lost in the crowd. Jake was conscious of his plain clothes as the people stared at him.

After awhile Sandy came back. "I placed my bet," he said. "I always place a bet. Usually I lose, but sometimes I win. It gets into your blood and once you get started, you can't quit. It used to be against the law, but now the state legalized it, because it brings them a lot of revenue."

The race was ready to start. Jake recognized Lucky in front of his sulky. He was a beautiful horse. As the horses started down the track, Lucky dropped behind. "He hasn't got a chance. He started too slow," Jake said as he watched anxiously.

"He always starts a little slow," Sandy said.

As they watched, the horses were coming around the track on the homeward stretch. Lucky began moving forward slowly gaining on the lead horse. The crowd was tense with excitement. The horses were streaming with sweat, their muscles trembling from the immense strain. Their nostrils were flaring and their sides heaving. As they streaked across the finish line, Lucky was in the lead. The crowd roared and cheered. Sandy reached over and slapped Jake on the shoulder. "A good name you gave that horse. A Lucky Day for him and lucky for me I placed my bet on Lucky Day."

The crowd continued to cheer but when Jake saw how exhausted Lucky was from the race, he knew why a race horse's life on the track is short and why so many of them become stiff jointed while still young. The thought came to him, is it right to use a horse like that just for entertainment?

Months passed and summer came and with it the harvest. Old Dan Byler drove slowly toward town. As his horse plodded onward, his gaze rested on the nearby wheat fields. The shocks stood thick and straight. The corn fields looked a dark green. His thoughts went on the past. He had seen good years and he had seen bad ones. He thought of the children, once so young but now they were all grown. His mind rested on his youngest son, Jake. Jake had bought a high-priced farm up in the north district but last year he had been able to make a large payment on it— probably because of the horse business. But was Jake doing the right thing? It looked as if the high-priced race horse business was paying Jake's farm. Now Jake was planning on getting twenty more mares.

To Dan's way of thinking, Jake already had enough. Dan stopped at the grocery store and then at the sale barn. For an hour, he watched the livestock sell. He was about ready to leave when an advertisement caught his eye. It was tacked neatly on the wall of the sale barn. There was a picture of a race horse pulling a sulky. The driver was tense. The letters on the poster were loud and bold. "THE ENTERTAINMENT WORLD NEEDS YOU— JOIN THE FASTEST GROWING SPORT IN THE WORLD TODAY."

Dan read on, "Get in on the fun. Make yourself a nice and easy income by raising and racing— " Dan didn't finish reading for a hand touched his shoulder. It was Deacon Joe Yoder of the north district. After they had chatted a few minutes, Joe said, "There is a matter I would like to talk to you about. I suppose you know your son, Jake is getting pretty deeply involved in the race horse business. We have learned that he even attended the horse races a few times. We ministers feel it would be better if he raised crops or livestock which would be of benefit to people instead of helping the entertainment world like that poster says. We talked with him and he feels he should not have gone to the races but he can't understand why he ought to quit raising race horses. It's not wrong to raise horses for we need them to drive, but he is raising them for the race track. I was just wondering if you could talk to him sometime. Maybe you could explain it better than we can."

"I don't know about that," Dan said, "but I was thinking of going by there on my way home. Maybe I could mention something to him."

A short time later, Dan left the sale barn. He was troubled in his mind. So Jake's business was causing trouble in the church? Dan felt guilty. "I should have warned him more," he thought to himself. "But I didn't say anything since I saw he was making a lot of money at it." And Jake had gone to the races? Dan could hardly believe it.

As Dan turned in the lane, there were signs of prosperity. The fences were well-kept, the buildings freshly painted. Jake was behind the barn building a board fence. Dan tied his horse and was soon holding the boards while Jake nailed them in place.

"It's getting a little dry," Dan said as he held another board.

"Yes, I know," Jake answered. "If it doesn't rain soon, I will have to start feeding hay. The pastures are getting short."

Dan gazed at the nearby pasture. Two dozen or more mares were grazing peacefully in the afternoon sun, their colts by their sides. Slowly Dan began, "Jake, I wonder if you are doing the right thing raising these horses. God made the horse to ride, to drive and to work in the fields, not to run around a race track and entertain worldly people. If you would use your farm to raise crops and produce milk, meat or eggs, you would be feeding hungry people and be doing a useful service. I can't help but think you are only serving the entertainment world now and that the race track is paying for your farm."

Jake looked somewhat surprised that his father would talk like this to him. He shrugged his shoulders and answered. "Now that's funny that you never said anything like that to me before. Could it be that someone has sent you? Well, I've heard all those arguments before. I can't help it that my colts go to the race track. I just raise them and sell them to the highest bidder. And if they go to the race track, what can I do about it? It's just like when you pay your taxes, you don't know where all your money goes to."

"But I feel this is a different matter," Dan replied. "The Bible says we are to pay taxes to the government. Why couldn't you just sell your colts locally to people who need driving horses? I'm sorry I have to talk like this to you, but I just don't think it is right what you are doing."

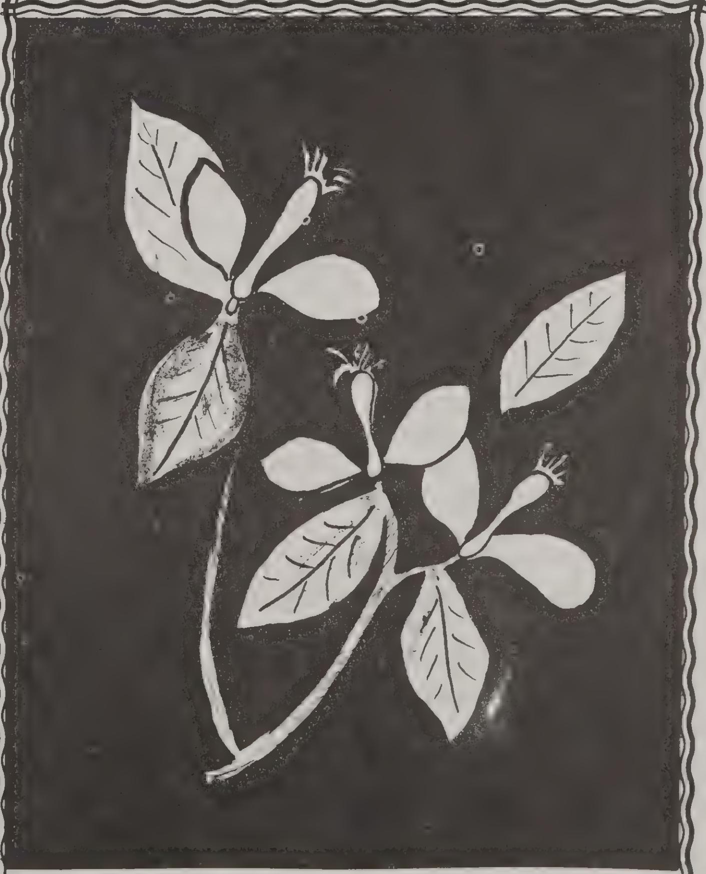
Jake was silent for awhile and then he smiled, or was it a sneer that crossed his face, "Don't you remember, Dad, when I was a boy at home, you sold our best team to a man who wanted to use in the pulling contests at the country fairs? He offered you a tremendous price for them and you couldn't resist selling them. They went for entertainment, too, didn't they?"

Dan Byler hung his head. "Yes, I should not have done it and if I had it to do over again, I wouldn't. If that is wrong, how much more is it wrong to raise horses especially to race on the race track, where people bet on them and go wild to see the races, and where the horses are abused to try to get them to go a little faster? Couldn't you just sell your colts for buggy horses?" Dan pleaded.

Jake dropped his hammer and pointed toward his pasture. "Do you see that mare standing beside the fence? That's Becky, and that's her colt standing beside her. I've got a bid of $1500 for the colt just as soon as he is weaned. Yes, I'll sell that colt to anyone right here in our community who wants him for a driver." Jake laughed and then he went on. "But that's a joke. Who'd want to pay that for a driving horse? Yes, I do just like everybody else does. I'll sell my livestock where they bring the most money. I'm in this business for the money and that's the only reason."

That night Dan went to bed tired and discouraged. His back was bent a little more than usual and it seemed his hair was a little greyer. When he tried to sleep, all he could see was colts scampering around the pasture field, and snorting steeds dashing past on the race track. "The love on money is the root of all evil," he thought to himself. "Somehow I have failed. This is what Jake learned from me— how to make the most money."

Tears came into his eyes. Over and over the words rolled through his mind, "I'm in this business for the money— Join the fastest growing sport— The entertainment world needs you— needs you— needs you—." In the distance he could see his youngest son, Jake — the one who had made so much money, slipping slowly away— away— away— . Was it too late now? Dan Byler fell into a troubled sleep. ■■



FRINGED MILKWORT
Another name for these pretty lavender, pink, or white flowers is Gay Wings. It is a small plant and grows in the mountains from Quebec to Georgia.

FIRE IN THE ZURICH HILLS

This is a condensed version of the story which gives a gripping account of the early days of the Anabaptist movement. It is the cold stark facts about the times of persecution in which our forefathers lived. Information for the story has been taken from the court records of Zurich, and every major inciden actually happened.

The condensed version will appear in Family Life in eight installments. The complete book, when it is ready will give more details on some of the happenings. The book should be available in the fall of 1973.

Chapter 6

By Joseph Stoll

Marx Boshart grew pale. What could be done to stop Uncle Hans? He rushed outside, followed by the others The crowd, with Hans at the front, was bearing down upon them. "I wish Grandfather were here," muttered Marx.

Hans came on.

"What do you mean by this?" asked Marx rather coolly of his uncle.

Hans had stopped shouting, and he looked at Marx. His eyes were shining brightly and the sweat was pouring down his face. "What am I doing?" he asked, his voice trembling. "God has called me to preach judgment upon Zurich, and upon the great dragon."

"But this is not Zurich," put in Jörg Schad mildly.

"Don't stand in my way," cried Hans. "The end of the world is near, and so there is not much time. The prophet Jonah was sent to Nineveh, and surely Zurich is no better than Nineveh."

"Hans," began Marx firmly. "Come in and sit down. Have you been drinking?"

"I know what I'm doing," protested Hans. "And you know what I'm talking about, too, Marx. You heard what Conrad Grebel wrote. Zwingli will be taken captive.... Someone must warn those poor people in Zurich."

Marx and Jörg pleaded with Hans, but in vain. A crowd was fast gathering. "We might as well go back into the house," suggested Marx, defeated. "The less we say, the sooner Hans will quiet down."

"Surely no one will take Hans seriously," remarked Jörg.

"I'm sure of that," agreed Marx. "A lot of people are curious, but they'll soon tire of it and get disgusted. Then Hans will be standing alone."

They entered the house. Meanwhile, Hans Hottinger had plunged up the hill back toward the center of the village. The crowd surged along behind him.

AS IT TURNED OUT, Marx Boshart was wrong in his prediction. True, Hans Hottinger was not a likely man to lead a revolt against Zurich, but with the dissatisfaction that existed in Zollikon, he gained more sympathy than Marx expected. A few of his excitable friends joined him, and then it was no longer a matter of one lone countryman crying out his hate— it was the ferment of a village against the oppressive city.

Marx Boshart was tired after the excitement of the morning. When Jörg Schad and his wife left for home, Marx lay down on the cot to rest. He dozed off, and was wakened by new cries and shoutings. Quickly he rushed to the door, and was in time to see a procession of men, women, and children passing by. The women and children far outnumbered the men.

They were headed toward Zurich!

MARCHING ALONG IN THE heat of the day, Hans Hottinger was no longer drunk from the wine of the morning. Now he was drunk with a new intoxication. The people milling at his heels were as excited as he was.

With willow twigs and ropes tied around their waists, the "prophets" from Zollikon marched down the highway to Zurich. Some of the younger children tired and dropped behind, their curiosity replaced by fatigue. A mother or two stopped also, and headed back toward the village. But the main body marched forward.

They entered the city, and in a straggling line moved up the narrow street. "Woe, woe, woe!" cried out Hans Hottinger, and those with him echoed the cry. The children added their imitaton to the tumult.

"In forty days this city shall be destroyed!" shouted one man.

"Repent ye! Repent! Put on sackcloth and ashes," cried another.

"Tis the last hour! If you do not repent, a dreadful calamity will befall you," shouted Hans Hottinger. "Woe to Zurich! Woe to the Dragon!"

Slower now the procession struggled along. The residents of Zurich came running to see the spectacle, and filled the doors to watch them pass.

Back and forth through the city the mob wended its way, and at last it came to a stop before the Grossmünster cathedral. Here at Zwingli's church, the zealots from Zollikon called down God's wrath upon the stiff-necked city. Then gradually the group moved toward home, breaking up and growing quiet.

As the sun set upon Lake Zurich, the tired "prophets" came straggling homeward. Marx Boshart and his wife stood in their doorway and silently watched them pass.

MARX BOSHART SLEPT very little that night. Surely, with the coming of daybreak the officers from Zurich would appear in the village to round up prisoners a third time. How could Zwingli and the council be made to understand that the brethren were not responsible?

Anxiously, Marx and Regula watched the road all day Monday. To their surprise, and to the surprise of the other brethren, no officers came. Tuesday passed and they began to relax.

And then on Wednesday the officers came at last. They marched through the village, asked a few questions, and arrested Hans Hottinger. With their single prisoner in tow, they returned to the city.

Early the next Sunday morning they brought Hans back

(continued on page 25)

Editorielles —

Vor der Kinderzucht.

Ihr Eltern, groß iſt eure Pflicht,
Verzärtelt eure Kinder nicht;
Gewöhnet ſie in früher Zeit
Zu nützlicher Geſchäftigkeit.

Wohl euch, wenn keines es vergißt,
Was aller Weisheit Anfang iſt,
Die Furcht vor Gott, der alles ſieht,
Und ſtraft was Böſes hier geſchieht.

Lehrt ſie, wenn ihr Verſtand erwacht,
Gott kennen, ſeine Lieb und Macht;
Lehrt ſie, auf ſeine Werke ſehn
Und was ſie lernen, auch verſtehn.

Erſtickt durch Unterricht und Zucht
Der Jugend Sündenkeim und Frucht,
Damit ſie Gottes Ebenbild
Früh werden, liebreich, ſanft und mild.

Erweckt des Guten ſchnell Gefühl
In ihren Herzen; euer Ziel
Sei nicht bloß Anſtand vor der Welt,
Sei Liebe deß, was Gott gefällt.

„Wer ſeiner Rute ſchonet, der haſſet ſeinen Sohn; wer ihn aber lieb hat, der züchtiget ihn bald.“ Spr. 13. 24: „Laß nicht ab, den Knaben zu züchtigen; denn wo du ihn mit der Rute haueſt (ſchlägſt), ſo darf man ihn nicht töten.“ Spr. 23, 13. Und Vers 14, „Du haueſt ihn mit der Rute; aber du erretteſt ſeine Seele von der Hölle.“ Ein andrer Ueberſetzer ſtellt es alſo: „Du ſollſt ihn mit der Rute ſchlagen, damit du ſeine Seele retteſt von der Unterwelt.“

Es gehet die Eltern wohl ein wenig hart im ganzen ihre Kinder zu ſchlagen mit der Peitſche oder Geißel, oder Rute wie es in dieſe Schriftſtellen heißt; aber dieſe Worte ſind in dem heiligen Bibel-Buch geſchrieben, und ſie ſind nicht nur dort um das Blatt zu füllen, ſie meinen was ſie ſagen. Drum wollen wir ſie nehmen an was ſie uns ſagen. Alle Schriften von Gott eingegeben ſind nützlich zur Lehre, zur Strafe, zur Züchtigung in der Gerechtigkeit, daß ein Menſch Gottes ſei vollkommen zu allen guten Werk geſchickt.

Es heißt hier, wer die Rute ſparet oder ſchonet der haſſet ſeinen Sohn. Wer wollte zugeben daß er ſein Kind haſſet? Es wäre faſt niemand der ſolches eignen wollte. Nein, wir ſagen alle, wir lieben unſere Kinder; aber es iſt doch zu fürchten, die Rute wird zu viel geſparet. Viele Kinder wachſen nur auf, anſtatt daß ſie auferzogen werden in der Zucht und Vermahnung zum Herrn. Nicht lange zurück habe ich geleſen wo ein Schreiber es ſo geſtellt hat: „Was in einem Kind gepflanzt wird von zwei bis vier Jahre alt tut beinahe ſagen was die Natur und Eigenſchaft von dem Kind ſein wird wenn es erwachſen iſt. Wir könnten wohl meinen, das wäre ſo ziemlich jung; aber es iſt vielleicht mehr dazu als wie wir uns einbilden.

Die Bibel lehrt uns hier wir ſollen die Kinder ſchlagen mit der Rute, es ſagt nicht du kannſt wenn du willſt oder wenn du ſo fühlſt, nein es iſt unſere ſchuldige Pflicht, und es ſagt warum, daß wir ihre Seelen erretten von der Hölle. Es iſt niemand der will daß ſeine Kinder in die Hölle gehen, nein, ich glaube wir wollten gerne ſehen daß ſie in den Himmel kommen. So wallen wir uns in acht nehmen daß wir nicht die fleiſchliche Liebe laſſen dazwiſchen kommen und wir die Kinder zum Verderben helfen.

Ich vernehme es gibt einen großen Unterſchied in wi Eltern ihre Kinder vorgehen. Es gibt einige wo ſo ziemlich bald ſchnell mit die Hand oder Rute hin ſchlagen, vielleicht zu zeiten ein wenig regend etwas in die Natur und das Kind wird nicht viel gebeſſert, tut die nämliche Sach vielleicht bald wieder. Einige Zeiten ſieht man wo die Kinder etwas tun daß ſie nicht tun ſollten und die Eltern tun nur ſo in einem leichtfertigen Wege ein wenig ſagen wie der alte Prieſter Eli, „Nicht alſo meine Söhne . . .“ aber nicht ſauer dazu ſehen und das Kind wird auch nich gebeſſert. Dann haben wir auch ſchon geſehen wo Eltern etwas geſagt haben und wir vernehmen, das Kind wußte wenn es nicht aufhört iſt etwas mehr am kommen, ſo hat das Kind ſich beſſer benommen. Solche Kinder hatten ſchon Schläg gehabt und ſie wußten daß ſie ſich am Platz halten müſſen oder ſie bekommen es wieder. Wir vernehmen daß einige Eltern ſind wo meinen wenn ein Kind alt genug iſt daß es verſtehen kann was wir ſagen und meinen dann brauch man nicht mehr ſchläg geben. Wir haben ſchon hören ſagen daß Eltern mit ihrem Kind geſprochen haben und bald ſind die Tränen von die Augen gefloſſen. Sie meinten ſie haben ihre ſchuldige Pflicht getan. Das kann auch zu Zeiten möglich ſein, aber nicht immer. Wir wollen ſorgfältig ſein daß wir nicht ein Irrſinn nehmen in dieſer Hinſicht und zu bald aufhören mit der Rute, und wenn das Kind ſchon wenig älter iſt.

Wir erinnern uns vor einige Jahren zurück wo ein Diener die Frage geſtellt hat: Wie alt kann ein Kind ſein wo man als noch ſchläg geben kann oder ſoll? Ich glaube nicht daß gerade eine Aelt gegeben war. Es war vielleicht geſagt daß es bei alle Kinder nicht eine gleiche Aelt wäre Dann erzählte der Diener die Erfahrung wo er hatte mit eins von ſeine Töchter, die war ſchon bald erwachſen. Sie etwa 13 oder 14, doch weiß ich nicht mehr genau. Die Tochter hat etwas getan oder geſagt wo ſie gar nicht hätte ſollen und mit beſſer wiſſen. Er wußte nicht gerade was das beſte wär, aber er nahm es im Sinn ihr ſchläg zu geben. Er ſagte ihr was ſie an demſelbigen Abend zu erwarten hat. Ich zweifele nicht er wollte noch ein Geſpräch haben mit Gott ob er dieſes Werk vornimmt. Der Abend iſt gekommen, und er ſagte ihr ſie ſoll kommen, zu welchem die ſich gar nicht weigerte. Sie gingen hinaus in ein ander Gebäude wo er etwas von einer Geißel hatte, ſo ging das Werk fort. Das Kind fing an zu weinen und heulen, aber nicht das Kind allein, der Vater heulte gerade ſo laut als das Kind. So nach meinem Dünken glaube ich daß eine inbrünſtige Herzens-Liebe dieſes Werk getrieben hat, eine Strafe aus ein warmes Gefühl wo dem Kind zu ſeiner Beſſerung und Seligkeit dienen ſollte.

Ihr liebe Eltern, und wer dies auch leſen mag, nehmen es zur Warnung. Achtet nicht auf wer es geſchrieben hat. Wenn ihr leſet, ſo prüfet es mit Gottes Wort. Was ſagt

die Bibel dazu? Dann könnet ihr prüfen für euch ſelbſt, euch mit Ernſt zum Herrn wenden im Gebet und für euch ſelbſt erwählen der beſte Weg eure Kinder zu züchtigen und auferziehen zum Herrn. Die Sache iſt wichtig, und wir können es ſo leicht verfehlen.

Wir laſſen noch ein paar Dichter Vers folgen:

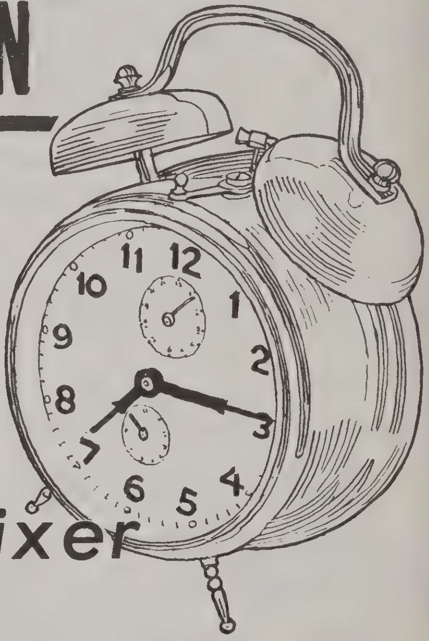
Ach, nehmt doch eure Kinder wahr,
Denn Glauben ſie zu lehren,
Daß vor die Sünd ſie ſich bewahr'n,
Durch Glauben ſich bekehren!
Die Jugend iſt der Lüſte voll,
Von Eitelkeit ſich kehren ſoll.

Laßt ihr ſie ſo in Eitelkeit,
In Stolz und Hoffart wallen,
So müſſen ſie in Ewigkeit
Mit euch in's Elend fallen.
Wer ſeiner Kinder Heil nicht ſucht,
Der iſt und bleibt von Gott verflucht.

Wie ſchrecklich wenn die Eltern ſehn,
Die Kinder die ſie lieben,
Die Sünd und Laſterwege gehn,
Die Eli's Söhne übten;
Die Straf, die kam auf einen Tag,
Daß Eli ſelbſt den Hals zerbrach.

Eu'r eigen Wohl, der Kinder Heil,
Erſchütt're eure Seelen;
Nehmt doch noch an der Gnade Teil,
Verlaßt die Sündenhöhle!
Jetzt bitt' ich: Hört ihr aber nicht,
So folgt ein ſchreckliches Gericht.

CHILDREN'S SECTION



Fred felt his face grow warm as he thought of what he had said. Everything he had said was true in a way, and yet.....

Fred The Clock Fixer

- by Elmo Stoll

FRED BURKHOLDER RAN out the barn door and stood beside the granary to listen. "Whoa, Bob," he heard his father say on the other side of the granary.

Fred had been in the barn choring when he thought he heard a buggy coming. Now he raced around to see what his father had gotten at the auction sale. He hoped to see a pair of geese, for just that morning his father had agreed to let Fred have a pair of geese during the summer if he promised to keep them penned up so they wouldn't be all over Mom's garden and flower beds.

Fred ran to the buggy, but there were no geese in sight. "Didn't they have any geese this week?" Fred asked, disappointment in his voice.

"No, they didn't," Dad said. "I asked the man who usually has them, and he said he would have some again next week."

Fred swallowed. Oh, well, he could wait another week if he had to. He pulled a cardboard box from under the seat. "What's in this box?"

Dad laughed. "Oh, junk, I guess. That's a joke on me. I thought I was bidding on a box with a couple of large screwdrivers I wanted, but instead I got that box. But I guess it could be worse. I only paid 50c. There's some pie pans and part of an old clock in the box."

Fred dug down into the box and pulled out what was left of the old clock. It was really just the insides of a clock, but it looked fairly complete. The pendulum was off, but was tied fast with a string. The winding key was also tied to the clock so it wouldn't get lost.

Dad was leading the horse to the water tank. Fred stood looking at the clock a few moments longer. "I bet I could make this thing run," he said to himself.

"Hey, Dad," Fred called. "Could I have this clock? I want to see if I can get it to run."

Dad smiled. "I guess so. But I think you're wasting your time. If it were any good, it probably wouldn't have been in that box."

"I don't know about that," Fred thought to himself. But aloud he said, "I want to try it anyhow." He went back and once more lifted the old clock from the box. He noticed that the hands were still fastened to it, but it had no face and there was no case around the works. It appeared that someone had carefully removed it from its case and put it in this box.

As Fred hurried back to his chores, his disappointment about the geese was forgotten in his excitement about the old clock. Already he was thinking how he would make a face for it. And he would construct a case for the clock, too. There were some pieces of plywood in the shop that he could use, and he'd ask Mom for some brown paint. He'd fix up the clock and hang it in his room.

After supper Fred took the gas lantern and went to the shop to work on the clock. He decided the first thing to do would be to find out if he actually could get it to run before he made a case for it. So he mounted it temporarily on a board and leveled it. Then he hung the pendulum and carefully wound the clock. Gently he swung the pendulum into motion. Immediately the clock began ticking. It worked. Fred was elated.

All evening Fred worked on the case for his clock. His younger sister Susie came out to watch. She was fascinated by the sight of the clock ticking away without being in a case, the pendulum swinging in full sight. "I wouldn't know where to start to make a clock run," she said admiringly. "How did you do it?"

"Oh, I just did," Fred said. He was glad Susie liked the clock. He could hardly wait to get it all fixed up and take it in and surprise the rest of the family. Why, if old clocks were this easy to fix up, he would tell Dad to look each time he went to the auction and see if he could get some more. He would fix them up, and maybe he could even sell them. That might be better than raising geese.

Several evenings later Fred put the finishing touches on his clock. He stook back to look at it. It was true that his case was square like a box and didn't look exactly like a boughten clock, but it was neatly made, and nicely painted. He had constructed a face with a black marking pen and heavy white cardboard. The main thing was that the clock actually ran and that Fred had made it himself.

With Susie trailing admiringly at his heels, Fred carried the clock into the living room. He tried not to seem too proud as he placed it on the desk.

Mom looked up from where she had been sitting at the Coleman lamp mending socks. She peeked over her glasses at the clock.

Dad was in the rocking chair reading the **Budget**. He put the paper down and looked at the clock, then at Fred.

The two younger children, John and Amanda had been playing a game on the floor. They came running to see Fred's clock, too.

"Well, well," Mom said, "now that's not too bad. Did you give it the second coat of paint? It looks good."

"I helped him paint it," Susie put in eagerly. "But Fred fixed the clock up. I don't know how he did it, but he just knew how."

"It looks pretty good," Dad said. "But the big question is, does it run!"

"It sure does," Fred said. He lifted one end of the clock and set the pendulum in motion.

After a while Fred carried the clock upstairs to his room. Susie went with him to see where he would put it.

Dad smiled at Mom. "It may not be the greatest clock," he said with a twinkle in his eye," but it's still good for a boy his age."

"Why, yes," Mom smiled back. "So what if the numbers of the face are a bit crooked? He can tell time on it, and having made it himself, it will mean more to him than an expensive one out of the store."

Meanwhile, upstairs in his room Fred put the clock on his dresser beside his bed. Susie stood back to study it admiringly. "You know what," she said. "I bet you could make that alarm clock run that's been down in Mom's dresser drawer for so long."

"I expect I could," Fred said confidently. "Do you know what's wrong with it?"

"It doesn't work, is all I know. But I'll go and ask Mom if you can fix it for her."

Susie sped off down the stairs. In about five minutes she came racing back, the alarm clock in her hands.

"Mom said she dropped it long ago, and it never ran after that, so something must be broken. She said she took it to a jeweller once, but he didn't even look at it. Said he doesn't fix clocks, just watches. So she didn't bother with it again."

"Well, we'll take a look," Fred said, trying to sound like he imagined a real jeweller might. "We shall take a look and see. Susie, do you want to run out to the shop and bring me those two smallest screwdrivers on the workbench?"

In only a short time Susie was back with the screwdrivers. Fred settled down to take the clock apart. When he pried the case apart, he was a bit puzzled when he couldn't find a pendulum. He studied it a long while, trying not to let Susie see that he really didn't know what to do. He gently touched a few of the cogs, and checked to see if they were loose. Then he saw something that was clearly out of place. It was a small cog with a very fine spring fastened to it. The cog had been jarred from its socket when the clock was dropped.

"Ah, ha," said Fred slowly. "Here's the trouble."

It wasn't too hard to see where the cog belonged. There was a screw that tightened or loosened the socket. Fred turned the screw to loosen it, then carefully placed the cog where it belonged. Then he tightened the screw again.

There. Fred wound the clock. But it didn't want to run. It ticked about twice, then slowed and stopped. Maybe he had the screw too tight. He loosened it a half turn. The clock began to tick in earnest.

Fred's face lighted up. He waited beathlessly to see if it would stop. But it kept right on ticking. It was almost too good to be true. He had fixed it!

Susie was wide-eyed now, more impressed than ever at the way Fred could fix clocks. "Fred, you're a real good clock fixer," she said admiringly.

Triumphantly they started downstairs. Susie ran ahead and Fred followed with the clock. "Fred fixed it, Mom!" Susie burst out as soon as she had opened the door to the living room.

Fred could see on Mom's face that she didn't really believe Susie. He held it up to her ear so she could hear that it was actually running.

"What was wrong with it?" she asked, still finding it hard to believe that all this while the alarm had been in her drawer when Fred could have fixed it in twenty minutes.

"Well, the—the-the-ah flywheel was knocked out of the socket," Fred explained.

Dad smiled. "Was there a fine black spring connected to the cog?" he asked.

"Ah, er, yes," Fred said.

"I think that's called a hairspring," Dad said gently. "A clock doesn't really have a flywheel, but anyway it looks like you fixed it, and that's the most important thing."

Mom took the clock and listened to it tick again.

"Maybe you better ask Fred what the bill is for fixing it," Dad said laughingly. "Some jewellers charge a lot of money."

They all laughed at the idea of Fred charging Mom for fixing the alarm clock, but later that evening as Fred lay in bed trying to go to sleep, he kept thinking about how he had fixed the alarm clock. He wouldn't think of charging Mom anything, of course not, but if that had been the neighbor's clock, maybe he could have made a dollar or two. Fred began to imagine himself fixing clocks for the neighbors and other people. Maybe he could make a lot of money that way, and it would be fun. And maybe he could work up quite a business and by the time he was twenty-one he could have a shop and do nothing except fix clocks. Already in his mind Fred could hear people talking about him as "the Burkholder boy who's so good at fixing clocks." Just thinking about it gave him a feeling of pleasure.

That night Fred dreamed that he had a whole roomful of clocks, and he fixed them one after the other. People kept bringing in more and more clocks to fix, and he kept rushing back and forth from one to the other trying to keep all the clocks running. When he woke up the next morning, he knew it was just a dream, and yet it left him excited.

Fred remembered that in a mail order catalog he had seen a fix-it-yourself kit that was called "The Clockmaker." Now he got out the catalog and found the kit again. Why, it was just what he needed to go into business. There were several small screwdrivers, a small sharp-nosed pliers, an assortment of brushes with a bottle of cleaning fluid, some clock oil, and a magnifying glass. The only thing that didn't suit him was the price—$3.95.

But when Fred thought about it, he decided that the price shouldn't stop him. Why, this clock fixing business would soon pay off the price of his tools. But, of course, he would have to give up his geese, because if he spent $4 for this kit, he wouldn't have enough left for a pair of geese.

It was a hard choice to make, but Fred was so excited about his success in fixing clocks that he soon decided he wouldn't have time to take care of any geese anyhow, even if he had only a pair. He would be too busy fixing clocks.

Fred took the catalog to Dad and showed him what he wanted. "I guess I won't get the geese this year," he said.

"Hmmmm," Dad said slowly, reading the catalog ad. "A kit for fixing clocks." He studied it a while, then he asked, "You don't need a kit anymore, do you? You fixed all the clocks around here already."

Fred hung his head a lttle. He couldn't tell Dad what big ideas he had. "I just like to fix clocks," he said. "Maybe I can get hold of some other old clocks and fix them up to sell and get my money back that way."

"I don't know what to think," Dad said. "But I guess it's your money. If you'd rather invest it in a clock kit than in geese, well, that's your choice."

Fred could hear that Dad wasn't too enthused. But Dad just didn't realize that Fred planned to make the kit pay for itself.

The next morning when the mailman drove away from the Burkholder box, he carried with him an envelope which contained an order for the clock kit. Every day when Fred came home from school, he asked whether his clock kit had come. Finally, nearly two weeks later, it finally did come. Fred opened it quickly. The kit was every bit as wonderful as he had thought it would be. He handled the tools carefully. Now, all he needed was some clocks to fix.

A few days later in school Susie started telling the teacher about how Fred could fix clocks. She told how he had built the case for the clock Dad had boughten by mistake in the auction. She also told how he had fixed Mom's alarm clock in only a few minutes after it had been in that dresser drawer for years.

"Why don't you bring your clock to school so the rest of us can see it?" the teacher asked Fred later that day. "Some of the other pupils might get some ideas in building things from plywood."

"Okay, I'll bring it," Fred said.

The next day the pupils and the teacher crowded around to see Fred's clock. "Does it really run?" was asked right away.

Fred put the clock on the teacher's desk where it was level and showed them that it did indeed run. "You should have seen it when I got it," Fred told them. "It was just thrown in the bottom of a cardboard box, and in fact, it was even tied together with string! Dad said I would never get it to run, but I worked until it did."

The clock ticked loudly, as to show that what Fred said was true. Still, Fred felt his face grow warm as he thought of what he had said. Everything he had said was true in a way, and yet...

"Oh, I wouldn't know where to start to fix a clock," one of the pupils said.

"I wouldn't either," Susie admitted. "But Fred is really good at it. He has the tools to do it with, too—you know, just like a real jeweller."

The teacher was surprised to hear this. So were the pupils.

"Do you really have tools like that?" Fred's friends asked him in admiration.

"Sure," Fred said. It felt good to have everybody looking up to him. And yet at the same time Fred felt uneasy. Maybe he should explain that he really was just learning—that he wasn't experienced like Susie made him sound. But if he admitted that he was only learning, people would be afraid to bring their clocks to him.

"You should have seen how surprised Mom was when he fixed her alarm clock," Susie said, as she bragged on Fred. "And Dad thought maybe it wouldn't run all night, but it did, and it still runs just perfect. And Fred has stuff to clean clocks, too, or do anything that a clock..."

Fred loved the praise. But was it really true that he was so good at fixing clocks? He had only gotten two to run yet, and as far as he knew, there hadn't been anything wrong with the first one to begin with. But Fred remained silent. After all, it was Susie that was bragging on him; it wasn't the same as if he did it himself.

Knock, knock, knock.

It was Tuesday afternoon. Mom Burkholder was alone in the house. She wondered who could be at the door. She hurried to see. One peek told her that it was someone Amish. With a feeling of relief, she opened the door.

An Amish woman stood there holding a large mantle clock. "Is this the place where clocks are fixed?" she questioned.

Mom looked bewildered. The woman must be from another district, as her face wasn't familiar. "Well, now, no, I don't think so. You must be at the wrong farm."

"Isn't this Ben Burkholders?"

"Yes, it it."

The woman glanced nervously over her shoulder. She had left her horse standing in the lane without tying him, and now it seemed she didn't trust him after all. "Well, we heard your son fixes clocks," she said. "Our girl was at her cousin's place overnight last week, and she heard through the school children that you have a boy who fixes clocks. Since I was going by today, I thought I would drop it off."

Mom's face lighted up. "Oh, you mean Fred?" She smiled to herself at the idea that he could fix this woman's clock.

"I don't know his name," the woman said, glancing at her horse once more. "We just heard that one of your boys fixes clocks. The jewellers in town want so much, and you can't trust them then. Fred does fix clocks, does he? Tell him the chimes aren't working."

"He fixed a few for us," Mom said, "But I don't know..."

"It doesn't have to be right away," the woman said quickly, thinking that the reason her clock wasn't welcome was because Fred had more than he could do. "We're willing to wait a few weeks or even a month, if he could do it."

Just then the woman's horse took a step, and the wheels crunched the gravel in the lane.

"Whoa!" shouted the woman. She thrust the clock toward Mom. Instinctively Mom grabbed for it, fearful that it might fall. The woman whirled and hurried out the walk. "Whoa, now. Whoa."

Before Mom realized what was happening, the woman had stepped into the buggy and pulled the horse to a halt. "We'll stop for it in a few weeks," she called back over her shoulder. The horse pawed impatiently and lurched forward.

Mom stood in a daze, the clock in her hands watching the buggy leave. Her lips were still trying to form the words that had been on her tongue when the woman left so suddenly, "But Fred's only thirteen, and doesn't know much about clocks..."

It was too late to say them now, the buggy was out on the road and disappearing from sight behind the row of trees. Mom turned and carried the clock into the kitchen, then decided she had better put it in the bedroom where it would be safe for sure. It was an expensive clock. Hardly a clock for Fred to experiment on.

Mom said nothing about the clock that evening until the chores were done and the whole family was together getting ready for supper. Then she related what had happened.

"Where's the clock now?" Dad asked.

"I put it in the bedroom."

Mom led the way and everyone followed, eager to see the clock Fred was supposed to fix. Even Fred was scared when he saw what an expensive-looking clock it was. Only Susie seemed to be confident that he could handle it.

"Are you going to fix it tonight yet, Fred?" Susie asked.

"Oh I-I-I don't know," Fred faltered. He wondered what Dad was thinking.

"Maybe Fred and I had better both take a look at the clock after supper," Dad said, a half-smile playing around his lips.

They sat down for supper. Fred tried to eat the food on his plate, but he had to force it down and it seemed to stick in his throat. The smallest bite was like a large lump when he swallowed it. He kept asking himself why he had ever pretended to be such a great clock fixer when he knew in his heart that he was just a little boy who happened by a stroke of luck to get two clocks running. It had made him feel big for a while, but now when he was asked to live up to what he had pretended to be, he realized how helpless he was to fix a clock that really needed fixing.

At last supper was over and Dad said, "All right, Fred, let's take a look at that clock." Dad carried the clock out and put it on the desk in the living room where they could get to it and have good light. Carefully he opened the back of the clock.

Fred was dazed by what he saw. It seemed as though the whole inside was a maze of shiny thin bars. It almost gave him a headache to look at it.

Dad saw the expression of Fred's face. He chuckled, "Does it look complicated?"

"Yesss-ss," Fred stammered. "What--what kind of clock is it, anyhow? I never saw anything like it."

"No, I suppose not," Dad said. "It's a chime clock, and chime clocks aren't allowed in our district, since in a way they're like a musical instrument. But some Amish have them. As you can guess, a clock like this is pretty expensive, hardly anything to experiment on in trying to fix. And they're sensitive— what I mean is they're touchy—if something gets bent just a hair, it throws the chime out of tone." Dad looked at the clock a bit more closely. "Just what I thought, this isn't an ordinary chime clock either—it has three different chimes, which only complicates things that much more."

Fred didn't say anything, but kept his eyes on the clock. He was ashamed to meet Dad's gaze. He wondered if Dad guessed how the rumor had started out that he could fix clocks.

Dad waited a bit, then he said quietly. "You don't think you could fix a clock like this, do you, Fred?"

Fred stared at his shoes. Then he glanced up and swallowed. "No," he said hoarsely. "I-I-wouldn't know where to start."

"I'm sure I wouldn't either," Dad said honestly. "I expect it would probably be best all around if we just put this clock away until the people come back to pick it up. Don't you think so?"

Fred nodded again.

"And we'll just have to tell them you can't fix it?"

Once more Fred nodded. As Dad carried the clock back into the bedroom, Fred was glad Dad hadn't asked more questions about how the report got around that Ben Burkholder had a boy who was good at fixing clocks. He was glad, too, that Dad hadn't scolded him, for Fred felt sure that he would remember the lesson he had learned for a long time, without a scolding to make it more painful. He realized now that people who pretended to be something they really weren't sooner or later came crashing down to their true size. He wasn't Fred, The Clock Fixer at all.

He was just Fred, that was all, and right now he barely felt up to that. ■■

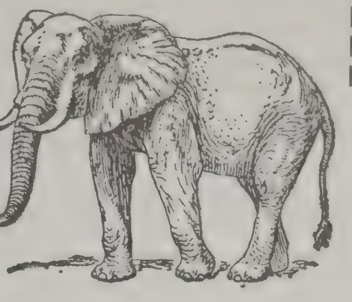
Character is what you really are; reputation is only what others believe you to be.

• • •

Many would love their neighbor very much if they'd love him as themselves.

• • •

Along Nature's Paths



TUSKY

An African Elephant

- by Titus

The small herd of twelve elephants, one male and eleven females, travelled across the African plain in search of food. They did not gallop for they could not. They glided along in their shuffling gait at their usual speed of six miles an hour. They were hungry and passed through tall grass which they would have stopped to eat if it had not been so brown and dried out by the summer sun. They were on their way toward a grove of trees in the distance where they would find good things to eat—leaves, bark, and tender branches.

Across the plain they shuffled one after the other. They did not each take a separate route or see who could reach the grove first. They walked in single file behind the large female who was the herd's leader. But when they reached the grove something very unusual happened—two females broke away from the others. The leader of the herd watched them depart but did not raise her trunk to trumpet a warning command. Instinct told her that they were leaving for an important reason.

Among the cool shade of the trees, a good distance away from the herd, the two elephants stopped. They did not begin eating the inviting tender branches which hung about their heads. They had a more important mission ahead of them than merely eating. One of the elephants was going to give birth to her first baby elephant. Within a few hours the baby elephant was born—Tusky, a wobbly, wrinkled-skinned male. He stood three feet tall at birth and weighed 150 pounds. He was a good-sized baby elephant, but he looked tiny standing beside his huge mother who stood eight feet tall at her shoulders and weighed five tons.

The other female elephant which had departed from the herd watched over the mother elephant and Tusky protectingly. She was called by the African natives as "Auntie" because she was sort of like a nursemaid. But she was really there to defend the weakened mother elephant and the helpless newborn Tusky from attacks from lions. A lion was no threat to a full-grown elephant but could easily kill a baby elephant. Instinct had told Auntie to come apart with the mother elephant. And someday when Auntie reached 14 years old and was ready to give birth to her own baby elephant, an elephant would come apart with her too.

Two days passed and Tusky no longer wobbled as he had when he had first tried to walk. Nor did his trunk now get in his way as it had the first several times he had sucked milk from between his mother's front legs. He had learned to throw his trunk back over his forehead and to reach his mouth between her front legs without any hindrance. Tusky was nursing and his mother was peacefully eating leaves when Auntie suddenly let out a tremendous trumpet sound by blowing air through her trunk. The unfamiliar noise frightened Tusky and he stood tightly next to his mother. He did not know what such a loud noise meant, but his mother did. It signaled danger and she lifted her trunk and sniffed the air. She soon smelled what had alarmed Auntie—the scent of a lion.

On one of its many hunting trips, the hungry lion had spied Tusky. Silently the lion had crept through the underbrush and hidden not far from the elephants. He had hoped that Tusky might wander a little ways from his mother and come within striking range. Now he knew that Auntie had caught his scent. But instead of retreating, the lion crouched lower, his tawny hide blending with the dusty underbrush.

Auntie could not see the lion, for like all elephants her eyesight was not keen. But her sensitive nose told her that the lion had not left. She trumpeted again angrily, threateningly. Repeatedly she waved her trunk high in the air sniffing for the scent of the lion. The scent was still strong. The lion had not left. Trumpeting loudly, Auntie charged through the underbrush straight toward the lion. She could not see him with her eyes, but her nose told her where he was hiding. The underbrush snapped and crackled as her heavy legs stamped towards him. But the wise lion fled from his hiding place and disappeared into the forest. He knew better than to try and fight Auntie who could knock him senseless with one strike of her 300 pound trunk.

The third day after his birth Tusky returned to the herd with his mother and Auntie. All the elephants took an immediate interest in him for he was the only baby in the young herd. They sniffed him tenderly, rubbing their trunks across his head and back. Like any baby elephant he became the "pet" of the herd, and all protected him.

As the months passed Tusky grew and learned various things. One of his favorite things he had learned to do was to swim. All elephants are excellent swimmers; so when the herd reached a river one day, Tusky automatically joined them in their swim. He liked, too, when his mother sucked water up her trunk and sprayed it across his back. He soon learned to stick his trunk into the water, to suck up water, and to give himself a shower. His small truck did not hold the gallon and a half of water like his mother's, yet he could give himself a pretty good shower. And when he wanted a drink of water he sucked water into his trunk, reached his trunk into his mouth, and squirted the water in. But most of the time he preferred to drink his mother's sweet milk.

The river was Tusky's favorite place, but he had another place he also liked—the cool shade of trees. Even though his dark gray skin was an inch thick, there was no layer of fat under it and the hot sun made him uncomfortable. The older elephants experienced the same feeling. So they often stood in a forest during the hottest part of the day, eating whatever they could reach with their long trunks. And sometimes they ate things they couldn't reach. Tusky was puzzled one day when his mother began bumping her head against a 30-foot tree. She had tried to reach some branches at its top which were more tender than the rest. But her trunk wasn't long enough. So she began pushing her head against the trunk, rocking the tree a little more with each push. Finally the tree toppled over with a terrific crash and Tusky's mother ate the branches and leaves which she had been unable to reach.

Several years passed and Tusky continued to drink his mother's milk several times a day. In fact he was nearly four when she finally would no longer allow him to nurse. It came as quite a surprise to Tusky one afternoon when he received a whack from his mother's trunk as he reached between her front legs for a drink. He was startled by such harsh treatment but soon realized that his babyhood was over and he would have to search for his own food like the rest of the herd. And that was a task which occupied most of the elephant's time. Each adult required about 600 pounds of food a day.

When Tusky was nine years old he had an experience he would never forget. He was grazing with the herd on the plain when out of a nearby forest came a jeep. His keen ears heard the sound of its motor before his eyes saw it. The female leader of the herd trumpeted a warning and the herd began shuffling as fast as they could toward the forest. The fastest elephants went 25 miles an hour which they could for a short distance. But the jeep came at a much faster speed and the men in it were able to get off a few shots before the herd reached the safety of the forest. One of the bullets struck the female running beside Tusky. It struck her in the head and killed her. Tusky had no idea what men were nor why they wanted to kill elephants. But he knew one thing— he would never forget what had happened. His excellent memory would store the incident there forever.

What Tusky did not realize was that the men were ivory hunters. They had killed the elephant for its tusks and would have killed Tusky for the same thing if they had been able to. The men were illegally hunting but they always found a ready market for the elephant tusks. Many companies in foreign lands were eager for the ivory to use in making piano keys, chess sets, knife handles, statues, and many other items. They liked ivory for it was hard yet could be bent without breaking and was easily carved. The creamy white color was easily polished. The hunters removed the six-foot tusks from the base of the elephant's trunk and left the huge body of the elephant for the wild animals and birds to eat. An elephant, the largest land animal, had been killed by a small bullet and left to be eaten by the animals which in life could never have conquered it.

It was not until he was nineteen that Tusky reached his full size. He had grown from a helpless 150 pound baby elephant to a powerful giant. He stood eleven feet high as his shoulders and weighed 14,000 pounds. Even though he was huge, he was not mean. Like all elephants he led a peaceful life with the animals around him. Since no elephant eats flesh, Tusky did not attack any animals. His sheer size scared off any enemies. That is except for another male elephant. He had had to fight a male elephant to gain his position as the strongest in the herd and likely he would have to fight again sometime with another who might challenge him. But it was not a fight to death. The defeated elephant would roam the territory without a herd and often would be quite angry rather than peaceful. It was these displaced males which the African natives feared, not the majority of elephants who peacefully went about their own business.

Each day was similar for Tusky. His main concern was finding enough food to eat. His trunk was ever busy pulling leaves and branches off trees and putting them into his mouth. He liked small bushes, too, and the tall

YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL

It was a busy Monday afternoon getting close to chore time. Our one-year-old daughter was getting fussy so I sent the 10-year-old daughter and the six-year-old son upstairs and told them to fix the beds while I put the wash away and start supper.

"You take the little girl along upstairs," I told them, "but make sure the door is closed so she doesn't fall down the stairs."

Soon the 10-year-old was busy fixing the beds but our six-year-old son found something else to do. He lifted the top grill from the register and dropped a toy down through to the kitchen floor. Then he would run down and get it and take it upstairs again. Then he would drop it down through again and so on.

Once when he was downstairs, the little girl stepped into the register but it didn't hold her. We were working down in the kitchen and all of a sudden we heard a noise. When we looked we saw her coming down through, feet first. We could hardly believe our eyes as we saw her come on down and land on the floor on her back. We were almost too scared to pick her up. She turned pale, but started crying a little but not as loud as usual. So we picked her up and took her outside. After a half hour, she was smiling again and could walk like usual. Soon she was playing again.

We felt thankful she wasn't hurt worse. The register had just been put in three years ago so it must not have been very strong. Since that, we are very careful that no one takes off the top grill of the register.

-Iowa Mother.

green grass on the plains. One thing which he really liked but seldom got to eat were cocoanuts.

Tusky's life of freedom came to an abrupt end one day when he was twenty. He was walking through the forest searching for food. It was a forest where he had not been for several months. As he shuffled along, suddenly the ground went out from under his feet and he fell into a deep hole. It was a trap which some natives had dug and cleverly covered over with branches and grass. Tusky trumpeted angrily, his four-foot-wide ears which usually lay flat against his head stood straight on each side of his face. He was angry enough to kill anything in sight. But his anger was useless for he was captured and there was no one around to kill, nor could he reach them if there were.

The next day a dozen natives and an American came to the trap. They gave out cheers for they had captured a beautiful elephant. The American had received a government permit to trap an elephant for a zoo. The natives told him Tusky was a very good looking elephant and he decided at once that he would not try and trap any more elephants but take Tusky to America.

Tusky did not like the natives nor the American. When they stood at the top of the hole he reached at them with his trunk, his ears spread wide. But they were careful and did not come close enough that Tusky could strike them. They dropped heavy looped ropes into the hole. Before long Tusky had stepped into them and they tied the ropes to nearby trees. Then they threw branches into the hole so that Tusky was lifted up higher and could finally climb out. But when he reached the surface he was not free for the ropes had him tightly by the ankles. Tusky was dangerous yet because of his powerful trunk. But after being fed for several weeks by the men he began to like them rather than hate them. Slowly he was being tamed.

It was a long boat ride for Tusky to America. He had been used to roaming the wide open plains of Africa and now was confined to a room not much larger than he was and his front feet were chained together. But he had the most important thing—plenty of food.

At the zoo Tusky's chain was left around his front feet. He could walk but not run. When he was led into the large outside pen which was to be his new home he saw other elephants. But somehow they did not quite remind him of the ones he had known in Africa. What Tusky didn't know was that these were his elephant cousins from India. They were lighter gray, smaller, and easier to tame. Their ears were not nearly as wide as Tusky's and their tusks....well, they had no tusks but neither did Tusky anymore. The zoo officials had felt they were too dangerous and also worth too much money so they had removed them and sold them. But Tusky didn't really care. He didn't need them in his new life.

Tusky had hated men since the day he had seen a fellow elephant killed. But in the zoo he came to love people for they always stopped in front of his pen and praised his size and powerfulness. And best of all they gave him lots of delicious peanuts. When a child held out a peanut, Tusky stretched out his six-foot trunk which had once uprooted entire trees and gently took the tiny object from the outstretched hand. This was possible because of the two, small, finger-like knobs of skin at the tip of his trunk.

Like most elephants Tusky lived to be nearly 60. During his forty years at the zoo he ate an amazing amount of baled hay. Each day he ate several hundred pounds of hay and grain, but since it was higher in food value he did not require 600 pounds a day as he would have in his native Africa. During his years at the zoo, Tusky's life differed much from his old life on the plains of Africa, but he never forgot his homeland. If he had suddenly been released from the zoo and returned to Africa, he would have had no trouble resuming his former way of life. For like all elephants Tusky had an excellent memory. Perhaps that is the most amazing thing about this amazing animal—an elephant never forgets. And Tusky was no exception. ■■

ANSWERS TO PROBLEMS IN CHILD TRAINING NO. 3

Isaiah Bender and Levi Lehman, if you remember, were brothers-in-law who got to talking one winter day about runaway boys and Proverbs 22:6. (See January issue). The two men disagreed on the meaning of the verse, "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

Isaiah Bender took the verse as a hard, fast promise that every child who is trained right will turn out right. If somebody's son or daughter turned out badly, that was proof to Isaiah that the training had not been right.

Levi Lehman thought Isaiah went too far. In fact, he was sure of it. "If it's like you think," he said, "the parents decide the salvation of the child. If they train him right he can't go wrong."

But Isaiah still felt he would be doubting God's promises if he did not take Proverbs 22:6 at face value.

WHAT DID OUR READERS think? What, in their opinion, was the cause when children did not turn out right?

Although we did not receive as many answers as for the first two questions, the contents this month were more varied. A number of parents wrote of their own heartbreaking experiences when a son or daughter left home or was disobedient. There were several interpretations of Proverbs 22:6, and many suggestions what causes children to go astray. All in all, I think this has turned out to be a very worthwhile discussion, one that all concerned parents are interested in.

For truly, our children are our greatest treasure, and training them our greatest responsibility. What greater joy is there in this life than if they grow up to walk in truth?

We can sum up some of the outstanding points here:

1.) All parents are imperfect and make mistakes in training up their children. What father or mother would dare say he has not fallen short many times? When children are disobedient, parents should be willing to accept their share of the blame.

2.) The training and teaching of childhood goes with a person all his life. He will not forget it, even though he may not live up to it.

3.) There are many dangerous outside influences that lure the young person away from what is right. Among those mentioned most often are bad companions, worldly society, hypocrites in the church, and public schools.

4.) Misunderstandings may arise between parents and young people. Communication may break down, with the fault being on either or both sides. This can result in children leaving home.

5.) Parents with only young children should not be too sure of themselves. But they should be hard at work, for the roots of most teen-age problems go back to pre-school days.

FOLLOWING ARE A FEW quotes from the letters received:

1.) **From an Indiana Father:** "If I in my great weakness can raise a family that all turn out like they should, God must have the glory because I come far short of my duty. If only one would go astray, I would have to admit that it was partly my fault, even if I had always done the best I knew at the time. I am only a weak and imperfect mortal."

2.) **A Mother of Five, Pennsylvania:** "I've often wondered about the promise that children will not depart from the right way if they are trained in the way they should go. But how do we know what is the right way always? Children are different and what works for one will not for another. Doesn't it all add up to this, that we as parents must keep ourselves very close to God so that He can show us -- or put in our hearts the right way to take."

3.) **From Maryland Parents:** "As to our opinion on Proverbs 22:6... it cannot be taken to mean what Isaiah Bender said, or it would conflict with the rest of the Bible -- with the teaching on everyone's free choice to choose life or death. One meaning could be that he will always remember the Word of God that was taught him, even though he doesn't ever accept salvation."

4.) **Another Couple from Maryland:** "Sometimes we take one verse and forget all about what other passages say on the subject. I am often amazed at the preoccupation with Proverbs 22:6, and yet we seldom hear anything about Ezekiel 18. Here God says, 'If a just righteous man have a wicked son, the son only shall be punished. And if that wicked one shall beget a son who shall see his father's sins and doeth not such like, he shall surely live. If the wicked turn from his sins, he shall surely live and if the righteous turn from his righteousness and commit iniquity he shall surely die." The last of the chapter sounds like the New Testament, 'Repent! Turn from your transgressions and receive a new heart and spirit for why will ye die?'

"Parents do need to faithfully teach and train children if they want to see them turn out right, but that does not rule out the possibility of one turning against the teaching and going his own way. We live in an ungodly society which is trying to tear down the authority of parents and church and nation. We have seen some godly parents heart-broken and unable to do a thing when their children reached their late teens, and their companions had more influence than their parents.

"Sometimes school or church leaders teach something quite different than the parents, and children decide they are right. We found it is so important that parents, church and schools say the same thing. We have a responsibility to control the environment they grow up with as much as possible, but that does not mean that the enemy of our souls won't try to find a way to defeat us."

5.) **An Amish deacon and grandfather:** "I do not believe Isaiah was right altogether. Solomon was the author of Proverbs 22:6, and he himself worshiped idols in his old days. I don't believe David, Solomon's father, trained him to worship other gods.

"But we can read that we should teach our children and warn them of evil, and teach them in the way they should go. And I believe this has a bearing what they do when they are old, but not always will Proverbs 22:6 hold out. But we should certainly try and do our part, for it is required of us.

"Why children do not turn out the way they should is a hard question, in my opinion. But I do believe if the parents are enough concerned what company they keep and what company they are for others, is a very big help. And above all keep in prayer for God's help in bringing them up. Be a good example for them. In your talk and actions show your concern. But then it seems it will not always turn out the way it should."

6.) **A Father of Nine Children:** "To me the Proverbs are little pearls of wisdom that God inspired King Solomon and others to write. Proverbs 22:6 is a general truth that all godly parents can accept with gladness. The verse means simply that the training of childhood molds a person's life. The habits formed by the child, the learning of obedience, the knowledge of God -- these make the man. It is similar to saying, 'Bring up a boy on the farm and plant the love of the farm in him, and he'll be a good farmer.'

"But we know that not every farmer's son grows up to be a farmer. In the same way Proverbs 22:6 is not an absolute rule. There are exceptions. Not every child trained in a godly home grows up to be a saint. There are many influences that can enter into a young man's life and ruin all the groundwork the parents have laid -- evil companions, worldly values in society round about, misleading books and magazines, and many more. The wrong kind of church can do it -- a church that does not deal with sin, that shields hypocrites, that is not guided by the Bible.

"Any Christian can fall from grace. Young people especially face many temptations. The parents and the church must do all they can to safeguard their youngfolks, and the loss should be only a small per cent. But they can still fall.

"If Proverbs 22:6 is an absolute rule as Isaiah Bender thought, or a promise for Christians to claim without fail, why don't we hear more of Proverbs 23:14. This verse reads, 'Thou shalt beat him with a rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell.' This too should be claimed as a promise, yet we know that many children are beat with a rod who are not saved from hell.

"Isaiah Bender, I fear, made a mistake. He took one Bible verse and carried it way beyond the intention of the inspired writer. That is a dangerous thing."

7.) **A great-grandfather from the East:** "Every person has a free choice to do right or to do wrong, and parents need not feel guilty if they have done the best they knew how with their children. Some will choose good and others will choose bad."

8.) **A Pennsylvania Grandmother:** "About the question in the January issue, I don't know what to say. I can't say we raised our children different from each other. Our oldest son has left the church after being a member for years.... Years ago when one of my brothers left and my parents took it so hard I thought if ever one of ours left I would feel the cause would be that we failed somewhere. I still feel so, but where?"

9.) **A Father, from the Midwest:** "I was a typical Isaiah Bender when my children were small. When I gave orders they knew that I meant it. I had great trust and faith that when they grew up, I could talk to them and convince them to good behavior.

"But I found out the time comes when your hands are tied and your words are in vain. What would I do if I had it to do over? Through prayer and the help of God I would concentrate on a child's conscience and honesty. I would make great efforts to keep them out of public schools.

"Recently a mother told her growing boys, 'Now boys, don't do that. We don't want you to grow up and be bad boys like — and —.' I cannot help but think that this mother was giving these boys a challenge to do wrong instead of a warning. I wonder if this mother would not have planted much more fear in her boys had she shed tears and with a weeping voice and much concern talked about the souls of these wayward ones.

"Will gossip and rude statements about others help our own children keep their balance? How much more would tears and pleading help them on. But why should you worry and cry over my children when your children are obedient? How glad I would be if my children were all obedient and I could help others. This I had to learn through the bitter lesson of experience.

"Now I can humbly pray for other children that are disobedient to their parents. I am very thankful for those of my children who are obedient, and for all the obedient children that we do have in our church today. I hope these few poor words can be a help to someone."

10.) **Father of Twelve, who "doesn't have his task finished":** "One thing that might make Proverbs 22:6 hard to understand is that we as parents don't want to admit our mistakes. When a child does right we are ready to take the credit, so why not accept the blame when they fail? We ought to at least be willing to accept

(Continued on Page 32)

to Zollikon. The constable had tied his hands together, and was leading him like a tame horse. Behind Hans came two other officers with drawn swords. As he watched them walk by, Marx wondered greatly what they planned to do with Uncle Hans.

That afternoon he learned all about it. The news spread from house to house among the brethren, as those who had been to the church came home from services and told them.

Hans Hottinger had been led up to the pulpit, his head hanging in shame and his face red. A week without wine had left him in a state of cold soberness. The officers with swords stood at his side.

"Now then," the constable had ordered, "tell the congregation that you didn't mean Pastor Billeter when you cried out last week, 'Go out from the false prophet!' Tell them clearly that you did the pastor a great wrong, and that you're sorry."

Hans cleared his throat.

The officers moved closer with their swords. The constable continued in a level cold voice, "You confessed to the council of Zurich. Now confess to the people of Zollikon. If you fail to do so, we shall lead you back to the Hexenturm, and place you on bread and water until you are ready to confess."

The constable's voice carried to the back of the church. A hush fell upon the audience, as they waited expectantly. Pastor Billeter wrung his hands nervously.

Hans opened his mouth, but his voice was strangely subdued. This was not the voice that had cried, "Get ye out! Get ye out!"

"I...I...didn't mean it," he stammered. "It was all a big mistake, and I wish it had never happened."

The constable could not hide his smile of victory. Quickly he untied the ropes from the prisoner's hands. Then he commanded, "You may go to to your usual seat. The services will begin."

Hans Hottinger walked down the aisle and sat down. The officers followed, and likewise prepared to listen to the sermon.

Pastor Billeter walked to the pulpit.

THE WEEDS BETWEEN the grape rows kept springing back, so Marx and Regula were hoeing again. As they hoed they examined the vines for worms and insects.

For several days Marx had not been himself. Regula could stand it no longer. She asked softly, "Marx, tell me what is bothering you."

He straightened, leaned on his hoe, and stared unseeing at the village spread out below them. "Oh, I don't know," he answered at last, shrugging his shoulders.

"Yes, you do know," insisted his wife, determined to pry the problem from Marx. She knew that talking about it would be one way to obtain relief.

At last Marx decided to try putting it into words. Perhaps then he himself could better understand what was troubling him, and know what to do. "It's simply this," he began, "the church here is no longer growing. It can't, under the circumstances. If anything, we're losing out, and no wonder— we promised to stand still, not to baptize or spread our faith. We still meet in little secret groups to read from the Bible, but beyond that, we're afraid to make a move. Is it right to do like we're doing? Is it?"

Regula sensed the struggle in her husband's mind. "But Marx," she said, "it's not our fault. What choice do we have? You know what happened before. If the church returned to baptizing and open preaching, the council would have half the men in prison again, and then where would the church be? I see no future in that, either, do you?"

How could she give up Marx and let him be dragged off to prison, to languish there on bread and water. And what would she do at home alone, with the cows to milk and the grapes to tend? She couldn't manage alone, she knew she couldn't. And in August, when the baby came.. Waves of self-pity hit her, and the tears dripped faster.

Marx did not notice. He was still thinking. Aloud he said, "Felix Manz and Georg Blaurock— they've been in prison more than anybody else, and they haven't budged from what they think is right. What we need is courage and faith like theirs. Or like Johann Brotli has. He was upset when he heard we gave in the first time we were in prison. I wonder what he thinks of the way we are doing now...."

Marx stopped. He saw the stake sticking out above the grape vines and for a moment he was puzzled. Then he remembered. This was the stake they had put in to mark the damaged branch— the branch that had been almost broken by the winter's snow. "Regula, come here," he called, parting the vines with his hands and looking closer.

Regula came over. Together they peered at the injured branch. It was not dead. They could see new green leaves and tiny clusters of grapes. Nevertheless, the branch had been seriously damaged. Whether in the months to come it would grow securely fast to the vine again, or whether on some windy day it would be torn completely loose, remained to be seen.

"It's fragile, isn't it?" observed Marx. And then he added, "A little like our faith perhaps. Unless....unless we abide in the vine, we cannot be fruitful branches."

Looking up, Marx for the first time noticed his wife's tears. "Why, Regula," he cried out, "What's wrong?"

Regula turned her face away, and burst into sobs.

THE FIRST EVENING AFTER Grandfather had returned from Waldshut, he came over to see Marx.

"There is a great hunger for the Word of God," Grandfather said, "I've never seen anything like it. There is a longing to know God's will, especially on baptism."

"Isn't there anything we can do about it?" Marx asked.

"I think so," replied Grandfather, "and maybe now is a good time to tell you the real reason I came over tonight."

"What? Why did you come?"

"Conrad Grebel asked me to."

"Conrad did?"

"Yes. Do you remember he wanted to go to Grüningen this summer? That is where he is now, and he would like to have you come join him. He thinks there is a big harvest there."

Marx's thoughts were in a turmoil. Go to Grüningen? What would Regula think? Was this God's leading?

Grüningen was a half day's walk over the hills to the southeast, but still in the canton of Zurich. This was Conrad Grebel's boyhood home, a land of hard-working farmers and herdsmen, a land of forests and grass-covered hills. Conrad would know the way around, and they would visit from home to home. There would be preaching services, perhaps at night or deep in the forest. Already Marx was eager to go, but what about Regula? He could not leave her now for any length of time.

A few minutes later Regula came home. She had been to visit her sister, where she had heard news. Two more of the brethren were in prison!

A FEW DAYS LATER Marx left to join Conrad Grebel in Grüningen. There followed busy days and nights as the two preached the Gospel fearlessly. There were debates with village pastors. The message spread like fire before the wind, reaching even remote huts of shepherds in the hills.

Marx had not been gone from home a week when Urich Ryhener sought him out with a message.

"It's a letter from your parents," Ryhener explained.

Marx tore the letter open and read,

> "Son Marx,
> Listen to us, please, and come home to
> Zollikon at once. Quit chasing about the
> country with that tramp Grebel. Your place
> is at home with your wife and you know it.
> We mean it.
> Father and Mother Boshart"

Marx folded the letter and placed it in his pocket. His heart thumped in his chest, and he was breathing fast. The message from his parents hurt, and he could not hide the pain.

"You may tell my parents I plan to come home anyhow the end of this week," Marx told Urich. "We can talk then."

TWO DAYS SLIPPED BY, and Conrad and Marx had ridden on horseback to visit Marx's brother-in-law, Arbogast Finsterbach. They had spent the night there.

Suddenly a lone rider approached the house, dismounted and tied his horse.

"Why, it's Urich Ryhener again!" exclaimed Marx, peering out the doorway. Conrad Grebel had just finished reading a portion from the New Testament, and had begun to explain it to Arbogast.

Marx shook hands with Urich, studying his face for what news he might be bringing this time.

"Is it good news or bad?" asked Marx, almost afraid to speak.

Ryhener drew a paper from his pocket. Marx saw at a glance that it bore the official seal of the city council.

"Here it is, Marx. But I don't know what it contains," apologized the young messenger. "I hope it's not bad news."

"Hardly good news, if it's from the council," said Marx, looking at the paper. It was marked, For Conrad Grebel and Marx Boshart. "Let's go inside and open it. Conrad Grebel is here." Marx felt his hands tremble.

He handed the letter to Conrad. Gravely Conrad broke the seal and began to read, but not aloud. When he had finished, he handed the letter to Marx.

"It is a summons for the two of us to appear before the court on Saturday morning," explained Conrad.

"Oh, I'm sorry," cried Urich Ryhener. "To think that I carried ill tidings to my friends."

"You had no choice," said Marx, seeking to make his young friend feel better. "Don't worry, they haven't arrested us yet. They just want to question us."

"About what, if I may ask?" wondered Urich.

Conrad Grebel answered, "About some statements we made. Both Marx and I said there are lies in Master Zwingli's book on baptism, which there most certainly are, for that matter. But perhaps we should not have spoken openly." He sat down heavily in a chair, and placed his head in his hands in deep thought.

"But who reported us, do you suppose?" asked Marx.

"Master Zwingli has ears everywhere."

Marx got up and walked around the room. The back of his neck was suddenly very warm, and the sweat poured from his face. What did the summons mean? Would this be the end of preaching in the Grüningen district, or the beginning of a new prison sentence?

"Saturday," mused Marx, half to himself. "That's three days. What do you think we should do, Conrad?"

"Of one thing I'm certain," replied Grebel. "If we go to Zurich, we'll walk right into their trap."

"But...but, Conrad, if we don't go, they'll have an arrest warrant out for us, and we'll get caught anyhow before long. Why, I couldn't even go home to Zollikon, or bailiff Wuest would arrest me."

"That's very true," agreed Conrad.

"Don't you think we'd better go to Zurich then, and let them question us?" asked Marx impulsively.

"It would be like walking right into the prison."

Marx slumped into a chair, but it was hard to sit still.

Grebel had a suggestion. "There is one thing we can do," he said, "and that is to ask them for a letter of safe conduct, both to and from Zurich. If they give that, I am willing to go but without it I don't think I will. However, it is not something we should decide hurriedly. We will pray about it and sleep over it tonight, and tomorrow morning we can decide what to do."

"Er...is there anything I can do to help?" offered Ryhener. "Perhaps I could take a message back to the council."

"If you can wait till tomorrow, that would be fine," said Grebel.

Ryhener shook his head. "I must ride back tonight," he said.

"That will be all right, Urich," Marx assured him. "I believe I will go home to Zollikon tomorrow, now that this has come up. I can carry the request for a safe conduct that far, and some of my friends will gladly take it on to the city for me."

With this decided, Urich Ryhener bowed, and backed out of the door.

"Wait," called out Marx, running out just as Ryhener was getting on his horse. "Would it be asking too much of you to go past Zollikon, and take word to my wife. Tell her I plan to be home tomorrow."

The messenger looked at the sun. "I can do that," he said. "I think there will be time. I'll head directly for Zollikon now."

In a moment he was off, his horse at a lively trot and and raising puffs of dust. Marx waved, and Ryhener returned the salute.

REGULA BOSHART SAW THE horse approaching from a distance. A hundred times a day she peered down the road, hoping to see Marx coming home. It was almost dark and she could not make out for sure who was riding. But then she felt sure it could not be Marx, for this rider did not sit as straight in the saddle as her husband did.

Urich Ryhener dreaded breaking the news to Mrs. Boshart, and yet Marx had asked him to.

Regula looked at him questioningly as he got down from his sweated horse. The mare dangled her nose near the ground in weariness.

"Where...where have you been?" asked Regula. She knew without asking that the horse had come farther than from Zurich.

"I've come all the way from Oberwinterthur this afternoon."

"Did you talk to Marx? Is he all right?" The questions came quickly.

"Yes, he told me to let you know he plans to come home tomorrow already."

Regula's face brightened, but the look on Ryhener's face stopped her smile. "Is there...is there other news?"

"There is." No use putting it off, decided Urich. He might as well tell. "He is summoned to Zurich on Saturday to answer some charges. So is Conrad Grebel."

"Oh?" Regula's hands flew to her mouth.

"But I wouldn't worry if I were you. Conrad Grebel is a smart man, and he is not likely to walk into a trap. He will think of some way so it will be safe to go, or he just won't go."

"Not go?" Regula was astonished. "But they have to go, if the council said so."

"That remains to be seen. But please excuse me, will you? I must get started if I am to go on to Zurich tonight."

"Oh, but you'll stay here for the night," objected Regula. "It's late, and that poor horse has gone far enough for one day."

Urich Ryhener was bone-tired. He was not hard to persuade, especially when his nose caught a whiff of supper. He led the horse around the house to the stable, unsaddled her and fed her. Little Rudi Thomann came out just as he finished. The two men went in to supper.

URICH RYHENER jerked awake in an instant. Some noise had startled him from his sleep, yet he could not imagine what. Then he heard it again, a tapping on the side door not ten feet from his bed. It was a muffled sound, but very persistent. Who could be wanting in at this hour of the night? Urich rubbed his eyes and tried to think.

At last he called out gruffly, "Yes?"

"Marx! Marx, are you there?" came an urgent voice from outside.

In an instant Urich understood. In the dusk someone had mistaken him for Marx, or perhaps they had seen the horse. Whoever was knocking thought that Marx had come home. Urich did not recognize the voice.

He was about to call out that Marx was in Oberwinterthur, many miles away, but before he could open his mouth, the man outside was talking.

"Marx," came the hoarse whisper. "Don't stay in Zollikon. Get out as quick as you can. The constable is coming to arrest you. Get out, whatever you do."

And there were footsteps fading away into the darkness, and all was again quiet. In time, Urich Ryhener dozed off to sleep once more.

EARLY THURSDAY MORNING Conrad Grebel wrote the appeal to the council, asking for a letter of safe conduct for himself and Marx Boshart.

Marx Boshart did not arrive home in Zollikon till late Thursday evening. He decided it would be safer to wait till nightfall to enter the village.

Regula came running out to meet him as he drew near. "How did you know who was coming?" he teased her. "It's too dark to see."

"Oh, Marx, I know your step," she replied, not trying to hide her great joy at his return.

Marx felt strangely light-hearted too. It was good to be home, to be greeted by his pretty young wife, to smell the onion soup that was waiting for him. He had much to tell Regula about the preaching meetings with Conrad Grebel, and how the new faith was spreading like fire in Grüningen.

"Perhaps Zwingli has dampened the spirit of the brethren here in Zollikon," he said, "but Regula, I know one thing, he'll have a much bigger job stopping the church in Grüningen. Here we're only a few dozen families, but there the whole district is ready to be baptized."

"Why didn't Conrad come with you?" asked Regula. "I thought he probably would."

"He wasn't ready to take the risk, and for him of course there is a great risk. He is a wanted man."

The smiles had all fled from Regula's face. "But don't you...don't you think the council will give you a letter of safe conduct?"

"Conrad doesn't think so. But it won't hurt to ask. The first thing in the morning I'll get someone to take our request in to the council, and they should have the reply back by tomorrow evening."

"Surely the council will do that much," mused Regula hopefully. "It would be only fair."

"That's what I thought, too," said Marx. "Conrad said if they do promise us safety, he's willing to go along in to Zurich. But if they don't, they'll have to come out and catch him. He's not about to walk into their hands."

The worried look on Regula's face changed to one of fright. "Is it...do you think, Marx, it may be just a clever trap, and you're going to walk right into it?"

"No, I don't think so," Marx answered boldly, trying to make his wife believe there was no danger, yet not convinced in his own mind. "We're just summoned to be questioned, that's all. It happens to lots of good people these days, and they turn around and go back home in the evening. Of course, a man like Conrad Grebel— I agree it wouldn't be safe for him to go in without a letter of safe conduct."

"You mean then... you mean you're going in on Saturday even if they don't send out a letter, and even if Conrad doesn't go with you?"

"I don't have much choice, do I?" asked Marx, a little shortly. "If I don't appear, they have every right to arrest me and put me in prison. I don't care to be hunted like a mountain deer."

Regula was silent for a moment. Marx could see that she was thinking. She reached out and took his hand. "Could...couldn't we just flee to some other canton where we would be safe, Marx?" she pleaded. "Maybe to Hallau, where the Brotlis are."

"And lose our house and vineyard, Regula? No, things aren't that serious yet. Besides, I'm not sure it's any safer where the Brotlis are. Conrad says we aren't welcome anywhere, and persecution awaits us in every canton of Switzerland."

Marx tapped his fingers on his knee. His wife was still uneasy, and in fact, talking about the danger had brought a sense of foreboding upon him too. He did not want to admit it to Regula. He was sure it would pass in a moment. He must keep up his courage and help his wife be calm.

"Look," he suggested, "let's pray about it, and probably tomorrow afternoon the messenger will bring out the letter we asked for, and I can go to Zurich in safety.

FRIDAY PASSED WITHOUT INCIDENT. No messenger from Zurich came to Rudi Thomann's house with a letter of safe conduct. However, during the day Marx learned some news that cheered him a great deal. At least he would not need to go to Zurich alone.

Marx was in the vineyard checking the grapes when Fridli Schumacher came hurrying toward him. "I just heard that you're home," said Fridli, his round face red and sweaty. "I was to Zurich this forenoon, and came home a little while ago. And tomorrow I have to go again."

"You do? What for, Fridli?"

"For the same reason you're going," said Fridli sheepishly. "I talked about Zwingli's Taufebuch while the wrong people were listening, and they tattled on me."

"Then I needn't go alone," Marx was relieved.

"That's not all, there are two others."

"Really! Who else?"

"Felix Kienast."

Marx remembered at once the journey to the canton of Schaffhausen with Kienast. He wondered what quiet-spoken Felix might have said about Zwingli's book.

"And the fourth man is Oggenfusz the tailor. I myself heard him say that Zwingli has written a full ten lies, so it's no wonder he's being called in for questioning."

"Will we all go in together?" wondered Marx.

"We might as well, don't you think so? That is, if the other two want to go with us."

EARLY SATURDAY MORNING the four men from Zollikon were ready to start for Zurich. Marx lingered in the house to bid good-by to Regula before joining the other three outside. "I'll be home again this evening," he said, "so don't worry. Fridli says his wife will come over this afternoon, and the two of you can wait here till we return."

But Regula was not so easily persuaded. "I...I don't think they'll let you come back home," she said through tears she could not keep back.

Marx kissed her tenderly and turned to go.

THE DAY DRAGGED ITS FEET for the two women waiting for their husbands. Regula tried to think of things to talk to her sister about, but always her thoughts returned to Marx and the other men who even now were appearing before the council of Zurich. Many times she breathed a silent prayer for them.

"Let's take our mending outside where we can watch the road from Zurich," suggested Regula as the sun began to set in the west. "There will still be an hour of daylight left."

The two sisters fixed their chairs in front of the house. The heat of midday had been swept away by a fresh breeze off Lake Zurich. All was peaceful and quiet in the little village.

Several children ran past, laughing and kicking dust with their bare feet. An ox cart came creaking up the road and slowly passed. The sweet scent of its load of cured hay lingered after the cart had passed.

The dusk thickened. Regula gazed anxiously down the highway toward the city. It was empty for as far as she could see.

"Do you think they will come tonight?" wondered Fridli's wife.

"No, I don't think they will," cried out Regula with conviction.

For another hour the two women waited anxiously, but no one appeared. Mrs. Schumacher decided she might as well go home, for it would be bedtime for the children.

"I knew they shouldn't have gone," said Regula. "I wish I had insisted that Marx should not go."

"They may come yet, don't you think?" asked Fridli's wife, in a desperate attempt to save her sinking hope.

THE DAYS IN PRISON passed slowly for Marx. Alone in his cell, he had hours and hours to think. In fact, there was nothing else to do but think. A week slipped by. He wondered what Regula would be doing at home. She had surely been told that he was in prison.

Conrad Grebel had been right, Marx decided. To come to Zurich without a letter of safe conduct had been like walking into a baited trap. Over and over again Marx wondered what would have happened to him if he had not come. As far as he knew, Conrad Grebel was still free, and preaching the Gospel in Grüningen.

But then one day he had visitors. Master Ulrich Zwingli came to see him. With him were three men, whom Marx took to be council members. One carried a pen and paper, and a bottle of ink.

Zwingli was in a gay mood, and Marx was soon to

God's Diamonds

True Christians, like stars, are shining so bright
   For nothing can hide their beautiful light
And though they are battered and often distressed;
   Pure love flows from heaven, if this they request.

For these are God's diamonds, by affliction they're tried
   In the great wheel of life, He's e'er by their side.
With a sure hand He'll polish, and we'd be surprised
   At the beauty of some one whom man has despised.

We see but the outward, but God sees within
   And His diamonds like stars will be made pure from sin;
All aspiring true Christians, oh, faint not but fight
   For nothing can hide your beautiful light.

learn why.

"We have come to have a talk with you," began Zwingli. "No doubt you are tiring of prison life, and are ready to go home to Zollikon and be a dutiful citizen there."

Marx lowered his head. It was true, he was tired of prison!

Master Zwingli did not expect a reply, nor wait for one. "I am positive," he continued, "that this little rebellion in Grüningen will not last long. More and more of the cantons are working together to wipe out the radicals." He pulled a paper from his pocket and waved it in front of Marx.

Just then a guard entered, bringing in the other three prisoners. Felix Kienast and Fridli Schumacher sat down on the bench beside Marx. Oggenfusz stood against the wall.

Zwingli waved the paper again. "This is the letter from the council of the canton of Chur," he explained. "They are co-operating with us and have sent home a prisoner, someone you know. He was causing a disturbance over there, and so they put chains on him and sent him back here where he belongs."

Who could Zwingli be referring to? Marx felt certain the prisoner could be no other than Felix Manz.

Zwingli's face darkened, and the smile disappeared. "But now it is up to the council here in Zurich to deal with this prisoner. We have set an example for other cantons to follow, and we have no choice but to continue setting an example. A revolutionary like Felix Manz must not be let free again. He must be dealt with so that he causes no further trouble, either here in our canton or in Chur."

Marx was thinking fast. What was Zwingli trying to do, frighten them? Or was he merely stating facts so they would know how to decide? Oggenfusz was scowling, rubbing his hands together nervously.

Zwingli turned to him and said, "Oggenfusz, you have told us you see your mistake. Would you care to make it a formal statement, so you can be freed?"

The man leaning against the wall cleared his throat. "I see where I was in error when I said that Master Zwingli wrote ten lies in the book." His voice was weak and low. "I would ask that the council deal with me as they think just."

"I will put in an appeal for you," offered Zwingli. "They may let you go free without a fine or any further punishment, since you have co-operated with us so nicely."

So saying, Ulrich Zwingli turned to Felix Kienast, the oldest of the three men on the bench. "Kienast," he began, "I would advise you to do the same, and it will not go hard with you. Will you promise to leave off all activity that is against the wishes of the council?"

Felix Kienast straightened his shoulders and replied, "I am sorry, Master Zwingli, but I cannot promise anything of the sort, since I have no way of knowing what God might yet wish to accomplish through me."

"All right," snapped one of the council members, "if that is the way you feel, you can stay right here in prison and think about it some more. You will soon think better of it."

Fridli Schumacher also refused to give in. He said, "I have been baptized and I cannot see that the baptism was against the will of God, so I want to stay with it."

"You will stay right here, too," announced the councilman.

Marx waited for his turn. He suspected they had left him till last because he was a preacher, and they were afraid he might influence the others if he spoke first.

"Marx Boshart," said Zwingli, "you have preached openly and have caused much disturbance, but everything will be forgiven you if you promise not to do it anymore."

"No," Marx shook his head.

Zwingli's voice grew brittle. "The choice is yours," he said.

"If you elect to stay in prison, don't blame us for it. But I will say this, if you don't co-operate with us, we are prepared to keep you in prison for a long, long time."

"I have committed no wrong before God, and therefore I can confess no wrong," said Marx firmly. "To obey the Word of God is no crime."

When Ulrich Zwingli saw that Marx was not about to recant, he changed his approach. "Tell me about Conrad Grebel and his preaching in Grüningen," he said. "Conrad and I used to be the best of friends in the work of the Gospel. How I wish it could still be so! I have heard that he complained because no justice has been given him, neither imperial justice, civil justice, or divine justice. Is it true that he said these words?"

Marx nodded. "Yes, I heard him say just that at Hinwil. I rebuked him, but Conrad said it is truly so."

"Tell me another thing," Zwingli leaned forward and his voice lowered. "Did you hear Grebel say that I preached the peasants should be shot down, — that we should let them gather in front of the city and then level the guns at them and cut them down? Or that if we took off the heads of six or seven of the leaders, the rest would come to their sense? Did you hear him accuse me like that?"

Marx looked up in astonishment. "No, I didn't," he answered.

"There is a rumor going around that Grebel charged me with such things." Ulrich Zwingli could not keep the grimness from his voice.

"But...but when was Grebel to have said it?"

"At Hinwil, at the dinner table," replied Zwingli.

"But we didn't even eat at a table that Sunday in Hinwil," said Marx. "We ate a few a few bites on the way, and hurried on to Baretswil. I'm sure it's just a rumor. Grebel said no such thing that day."

"Then it must have been some other day." Zwingli got up and moved toward the door. "I will see more of you," he announced to the prisoners as he passed into the hallway.

THE FOLLOWING MORNING Hans Oggenfusz the tailor was freed from prison. The three men from Zollikon who remained could not help wishing they could walk out and go home too. But they were not ready to give in to Zwingli.

Marx Boshart, especially, was determined that he would remain true to the faith, even if it meant, as Zwingli said, that his prison stay would last a long, long time.

"If our faith has any foundation at all," Marx had whispered to the other two before they were led to their own cells, "we should know that it is better to obey God than men. Conrad Grebel is quite disappointed that the Zollikon brethren haven't been more true."

But as the weeks passed, and the first month in prison came to an end, Marx found himself torn more and more by doubts, and by a compelling desire to get out of prison and home to see Regula again.

Some days he would sit for hours in his lonesomeness, hearing only the singing of the birds outside in the summer sun. He would remember the happy days in the vineyard with his wife, as they worked together in the loose soil and the warm sun. He would recall the sweet smell of the freshly-limed stable, and the joy of milking the cow on a cold winter morning. Marx Boshart was homesick.

Added to his longing for home was a new concern. What would Regula do when the baby was born and he was not at home to be at her side? And the baby? Would Regula harken to the threats of bailiff Wuest to have the baby baptized? He knew a few of the Zollikon brethren had done so during the summer, even though they did not think it was Scriptural to baptize babies.

Not baptizing them would mean a fine or prison, so it was easier to just give up and let the pastor baptize the babies. Would Regula do so too, or would she stand true and refuse to have the baby baptized, as they had agreed together? Marx wondered.

The hours and hours in prison with nothing to do were hard for Marx to endure. If he could have brought along a New Testament to read, it would give him something worthwhile to do. But to sit there, get up and walk around the narrow cell, sit down again, think, get up and walk around, sit down.... There was no routine, only empty endless days.

Marx wished he could speak with Felix Manz, but he knew it would be impossible. Felix could boost his drooping spirits and strengthen his courage and faith. But Felix was in the old prison, the Wellenburg.

To speak with Felix Kienast or Fridli Schumacher would help, too, Marx knew. But the guards were careful to keep the three prisoners apart. The only human contact Marx had was the twice-daily visit of the keeper, bringing his porridge and water.

One morning Marx was shocked to find his thoughts dwelling deliciously on freedom, and felt his resolve slipping before the pleasant prospect. He had never seriously considered denying his faith in order to be freed. But suddenly the dreary meaningless future in the dark, damp cell was too much for him. He could not bear it any longer. If he could not get out, he feared he would go mad.

What would he need to do to get out? Marx knew it was simple enough. He knew he would have to admit having been in error, and he would have to promise to be a good Zwinglian and forget the brethren. He would have to pay a fine and the costs of his imprisonment. Perhaps there would be a bond to back up his promise.

No, decided Marx, he couldn't do it. How could he possibly say he had been wrong when he hadn't been? The teaching of the brethren had been the teaching of the Bible, and building a church like the New Testament church certainly couldn't be called a mistake or an error, just because it displeased the government.

Marx tried to remember the Bible verses he had learned. This morning once again he overcame the temptation to recant as he reviewed what the Bible taught. The apostles were faced with the same problem as we are, thought Marx. They didn't turn from the will of God just to please the government. Always it was obedience to God first, and then, in all things that didn't conflict with God's will, there was obedience to the government.

That evening as Marx tried to sleep, he felt uneasy. He was ashamed that he had seriously considered recanting, even if it had been only for a few minutes. But above the shame rose the fear that the next time the temptation would be stronger or he would be weaker.

IN SPITE OF HIS FEAR of recanting, and his awareness of the temptation, Marx Boshart felt himself weakening. Regula needed him. Perhaps even now she had given birth to their first child. What would it be like to be a father, and Regula to be a mother?

But perhaps she would perish in childbirth. It was not an uncommon thing. Marx could count at least ten young mothers who had died giving birth in the past five years or so, all from Zollikon or the neighboring villages. The thought of Regula dying made Marx tremble.

Was it really worth it, this being penned up in prison because of a different way of understanding the Bible? Wouldn't it be possible after all to live a good life in Zwingli's church, and live in peace?

After a day of soul struggle during the first week of August, Marx looked up as the prison door was unbarred and Ulrich Zwingli entered. Zwingli started over the familiar arguments. This time Marx listened, his head down, weary and sick.

"You're only being foolish to waste your life here in prison," said Master Zwingli. "If there was something to gain by it, I wouldn't try to dissuade you, but what will you ever gain by being stubborn? Yours is a hopeless cause. Your two friends from Zollikon are ready to go home, and you must go with them. Your wife is waiting for you, don't you think? Why let your health be ruined in here?"

Marx tried hard to resist the terrible onslaught of the words. These were not new words coming from the lips of Master Zwingli. For several days he had been hearing these very words in his mind, and he had fought against them, knowing they came from the Tempter, Satan himself.

But now he was tired. So he let the words fall upon him, one after the other.

"Do you think you cannot be a Christian in the village church?" asked Zwingli. "Yes, you can, and we need you there. We need young men and women who are in earnest to serve the Lord, who shun sin and wickedness. Surely, going to church each Sunday and hearing Pastor Billeter's sermons is better than rotting here in prison. You may lose your faith in God entirely if you stay here."

Marx closed his eyes and tried to shut his mind to the coaxing voice that was going on and on. But it was no use. Still the words penetrated, "I'm for church reform just like you are, and like Conrad Grebel and Felix Manz. But it can't be done overnight. Things like this takes time. When you're dealing with people, improvement must come gradually. Look how long we waited here in Zurich for the Mass to be abolished, but now at last it has gone from all our churches. If I had insisted two years ago that the Mass be stopped immediately, what would have happened? The council would have refused, and today the churches would still be saying Mass and I might be in prison just like you are. See?"

Marx saw, and yet he did not see. Was Zwingli's really the better way— to reason and wait and compromise, gaining a little here and a little there. To baptize all the babies born in the canton, and then try to make Christians out of them by teaching and preaching. To keep the council and its sword standing behind the church to take care of the unhandy non-conformists. Was this the Bible way?

Something inside him cried out, "No, this isn't the Bible kind of church." But Marx had reached the point where it didn't seem to matter a whole lot what was the Bible way, and what wasn't. He tried to pray, "Oh, Lord in heaven, help me to do thy will." But the prayer fell back, unspoken.

Zwingli was building up to the climax. His voice was pleasant, yet it carried the unmistakable note of authority. "I have received a piece of news from Zollikon that will interest you greatly. That is the reason I came to you today. Your wife was delivered of a baby boy last night. If you are ready to sign the papers and pay the fine, you can go home and see your wife and your son tonight yet. I will arrange matters with the council."

Marx raised his head in interest. "What...what are the..the terms?" he asked.

"The council advised me that they are inclined to be lenient with you, and that your fine will be a bar of silver. However, you will have to sign a bond of one hundred pounds that you will completely desist from any further preaching or teaching."

Dazed, Marx could not think straight. One hundred pounds! That was a small fortune. But he didn't have to pay it. It was only a bond. As long as he did not break his promise, he would not need to pay such a sum. If he did not break his promise...

"Are you interested?" The words were curt.

A vision of Regula's face swam before Marx's eyes. And then a smaller face, a wee baby face, indistinct in its features.

"Are you ready to go home? Just say the word."

Slowly Marx nodded his head.

--To be continued

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ARE WE PLAIN PEOPLE?

Are we plain people? This is a question I have asked myself many times in the last few years. The Bible teaches us that we should dress plainly, modestly, and not wear jewelry. But how do we really look in the eyes of God?

There is a poem entitled "If Jesus Came To Your House." I do not remember all the things mentioned in this poem but let us stop a few minutes and think.

What would we do if Jesus came to our house to spend a day or two? Would we welcome him with outstretched arms? Or would we be nervous and tense, hoping he would soon be on his way again?

Would we be happy that he noticed us and decided to visit us? Would we welcome him into our house to meet family and friends? Would we be comfortable to show him through our new house with all those modern conveniences? Would we speak to others in our usual way? Would we ask him to stay longer than he had intended? Or would there be whispered conversations out of his hearing perhaps something like this?

"Oh, I certainly wasn't prepared for company like this. If I had known he's coming, I would have done some work."

"What were you doing?"

"I was finishing the last point of that 'Broken Star' quilt."

"What's a 'Broken Star' quilt?"

"Oh, it's made of little pieces about 1 1/2 inches long and an inch wide. They're cut like diamonds and all shades of red, brown, yellow, blue, and green."

"Oh, did he see it?"

"And that's not all. We were just sewing up the edges of that large "Friendship Quilt." It is a really beautiful quilt and some of those blocks took hours to sew. But still, I wish it were packed in a trunk for the present."

"Where is Mary?"

"She hasn't come home yet from the factory."

"Can you warn her when she comes?"

"I wish she hadn't worn that dress today! She is wearing the pink one. It is quite short and thin, too. She only made it last week."

"How does she have her hair fixed today?"

"Like usual, I guess. Piled on the back of her head the way the fashion is."

"Doesn't she have other dresses?"

"Of course she does but they're not much better.

(continued on page 33)

our share of the blame. How can we expect our children to admit mistakes when we can't? We seem more concerned about the reproach a wayward child brings on us than we are in his salvation.

"I believe this verse would work out the way it says if we were perfect, but we know we all fail sometimes. Therefore, to all parents, especially to those with problem children, I believe that if we are willing to admit our failures, God would be more ready to hear our prayers and help our children to repent."

11.) **From One Who Has Had Experience:** "If the verse in Proverbs meant that parents have the power to force their children to become Christians, it would conflict with many other verses in the Bible. Every child as he grows up has his own decision to make, but the parents are the biggest influence upon the child what that decision will be.

"Nearly all children have a problem in being as obedient as they should. But to run away from home is such a terrible thing that we must believe that not only the child but the parents and perhaps others as well have failed their duty. However, even with the best of teaching, children can go astray. The sons of Samuel are one example.

"I am afraid that when children run away, the parents are at least partly to blame. Perhaps there was one weak point in their lives which influenced the child to go astray. There are so many different pitfalls that it is hard to avoid all of them.

"No doubt there are many reasons which could cause a child to do something like this. Probably the foremost reason would be lack of confidence in the church. This could be caused by hearing criticism at home of the church and the ministers.

"When our children are small, it is easy to think, 'I am going to raise them right. I am not going to permit them to do this or that. I won't stand for my children doing things that some people's children are doing all the time.'

"It's easy to be a child training expert as long as our own children are not grown. Then we can make them behave. But when the children grow up, it will be seen if there are any holes in our boat. Maybe we have been concentrating on painting our little boat on top where the people can see it and have not been careful enough about the leaks which are below the surface where they don't show."

12.) **A Father of Six, Indiana:** "Who of us can say we have trained up our children exactly right? In our human weakness we fail too often, and I would feel we dare not make such a boast ... I know we often fail in many ways. If our children do grow up right we can only give God the glory and praise Him for it.

"This does not mean that we need not put forth our best. It takes daily self-denial and taking up the cross. How can we expect our children to grow up and follow Christ if we aren't a living example for them?

"Raising our children for the Lord is the most important task in our lives. This should be put first of all. There is no price too dear to pay for their spiritual welfare. Not that we should pamper them or make life easy for them -- that would only spoil them -- but to teach them to place value on spiritual things and to live daily in such a way that they might be ready when He comes.

"It takes time. Effort needs to be put forth. What if we get behind in our work because we take time with our families each morning in family devotions? What if we get to the fields later than our neighbors? What if we don't make so much money this way? How do these things compare in value with the value of the souls of our children? In eternity these things will amount to nothing, but the souls of our children will live on.

"We often see that the younger children do not turn out as good as the older children did in a family. And the blame is put on the parents because they allow the younger children to have their way too much and they do not discipline them as they did the older children. This may be true, but I also believe that if the older children turn out right, Satan is always there to spoil things if he can in any way. And he will tempt the parents with pride and tempt them to think that they have done pretty good with their older children. If we yield to this temptation it may well be that our younger children will suffer spiritually, perhaps eternally, because of pride in our hearts."

VANISHED WITH THE SANDS OF TIME

— Anna Mary Martin

Vanished with the sands of time
Are the nation's men of old,
How those colonists did struggle
In the wilderness so cold!
Long their hands in rest have folded
Yet their many deeds have stayed;
Goal in life was to have freedom,
Gratefully to God they prayed.

Vanished with the sands of time
Are those weatherbeaten hands,
How they worked to clear the forests—
Clear those vast and rolling lands.
How they toiled in these great forests;
'Twas a major job indeed,
Hard they worked with spade and axes,
And by hand they sowed the seed.

Vanished with the sands of time
Are those cabin homes we read,
Where the parents raised their families,
Struggled hard to make ends meet.
Crude and rare was their appliance,
Inconvenient, we'd say,
Yet those cabins served the purpose,
Place of warmth — homes to stay.

Vanished with the sands of time
Are the nation's men of old;
They were faced with many hardships—
This is history, we are told.
Yet it seemed that they were peaceful;
Broken homes were very few;
Seems there was less time to quarrel,
There was always work to do.

PROBLEMS IN CHILD TRAINING NO. 7

The Yoder boys, fourteen and fifteen years old, were home alone. Their parents and the younger children had gone with some our-of-state visitors to an uncle's place for dinner. The boys had stayed home to wait on egg customers.

Business was dull and the boys were bored. "I wish we could go hunt squirrels," said Fifteen.

"We can't," said Fourteen. "We have to sell eggs, and besides the rifle's broken."

"We could use the shotgun."

"No, we couldn't. You know Dad said we're never to shoot that thing, it's too dangerous."

"I know," said Fifteen, "but it doesn't hurt to wish."

The boys went to look at the shotgun they were talking about. They got it down, handled it, held it up to their shoulders. Fifteen found the box of shells, bright red and shiny. The temptation was a strong one.

"Let's shoot it just once, behind the house," suggested Fifteen. "No one will ever know, and we'll be careful."

"If you shoot it, I get to, too," said Fourteen. "I reckon she kicks like a mule."

A few minutes later there was a loud boom, followed by a second one a moment later. The boys were not disappointed in the way the gun kicked. Laughing, but also feeling very guilty, they put the gun back in place.

That evening the visitors came to the Yoder home for supper. A neighbor, a bachelor, also came over. After the evening meal, everybody was visiting in the living room. The boys passed through the room, and the neighbor called out, "What were you boys hunting this afternoon?"

"Hunting? We weren't hunting," replied Fifteen.

"I heard the shotgun. What did you shoot?"

"Nothing," said Fourteen, looking as innocent as he could.

"But you did fire the shotgun. I heard it. Twice."

"Did you, boys?" asked Dad Yoder.

"No," said both boys at once. Quickly they left the room. But their father soon caught up with them. In the privacy of the kitchen, it took him only a few minutes to uncover the truth. "I'm ashamed of you," he said, his voice loaded with disappointment. "First, disobeying, then lying. I didn't expect it of you. After the company leaves, we'll settle this." Then he returned to the living room.

LATER THAT EVENING Yost Yoder and his wife talked it over. "As big as they are, I believe they have a whipping coming to them," said the father.

"But they're too old for a whipping," objected his wife. "Don't you think so?"

"Not if they disobey, then lie about it," said Dad, firmly.

"But wouldn't it be better to talk to them first before you make up your mind. "I'm sure they're as sorry as they can be. They're not bad boys at heart, and probably wouldn't have lied if company hadn't been here. I'm afraid whipping them at their age will only make them bitter and rebellious. The oldest one is as big as you are, Yost."

"Bigger. But he's not too big for a whipping in a case like this."

"Do what you think best," said Mrs. Yoder. "But I wish you would talk to them first, and see if they're not as ashamed as they can be, and sorry for it."

WHAT DO YOU THINK? Should the boys have been whipped? How old is too old for a whipping?

What is the purpose of a whipping? Is it to break the will of a stubborn child? Or is it merely a punishment, a "payment" for misbehavior?

What methods can and should be used to discipline an older child? What harm may result from whipping a child at this age? How can boys and girls in their teens best be helped through the "growing-up" period?

We are asking our readers for their opinions. How would you answer the questions above? What experiences have you had, either in your own youth, or with your children? Write to:

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PLAIN PEOPLE (continued from page 31)

She was ironing this morning and didn't get the clothes put away before her driver came. Now they are hanging in plain sight, including the yellow one and that pale green one. And those shirts I bought for John are hanging there, too."

"Oh, I'm so glad we let John put his car in the shed! How would it look now if it were still on the outside?

Would we be worried lest some of John's friends would drop in to pick him up to go to the ball game?

Would we be ashamed of all those magazines and newspapers on the table instead of the Bible? Would we quickly shove those ash trays in a drawer?

Would we hope John would keep his record player turned off so our guest would not hear the Rock and Roll music and cheap love songs?

Would we hope he doesn't notice the fashionable curtains at the windows or the fancy flowered and printed towels in the bathroom? And how about that bouquet of artificial flowers on the table? And the knickknacks on the shelf and hanging on the wall? Did he see them?

Would we change our plans and stay at home instead of going to the places of amusement where we had intended to go? Would we invite him to go along with us to visit some of our friends?

Or— would we breathe a sigh of relief when he finally decided to travel on? Now, maybe we can get back to a normal life again.

What would we do if Jesus came to our house to spend a day or two? Are we really plain people? Sometimes I have to wonder.

-Author's name and address withheld

Deadline
for
answers
May 25th

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

'??????????????????????????????????????'.

Question:

How should a Christian feel toward dying? Should he feel as though he were ready to go at anytime? I for myself don't feel as though I were ready at anytime. It seems I haven't accomplished anything good here on earth yet. Yes, we all want to go to heaven but when it comes down to the fact of dying maybe today yet, it makes me shiver. Does a person feel more ready as he grows older? -A girl that wants to know

??????????????????????????????????????

ANSWERS TO THE READER WHO WISHES TO KNOW IF IT IS RIGHT FOR A CHRISTIAN TO WEAR PURPLE

WHY DO WE WEAR CLOTHING? To be noticed? Some shades of purple or red may not be showy but other colors can stand out too. The way they are made also tells if they are worn to show yourself or to cover yourself.

If you found out that Jesus were coming to your home tonight, which one of your dresses would you pick out to wear? Or would you have to make or borrow one quickly that had a suitable color, shape, and length? -A Father

I'VE WORN LAVENDER and did not feel guilty so (I'm not fond of purple), but it wasn't the color that was rich. It also says the rich man was clothed in linen and fared in great luxury every day. This is more the description of a great many of us plain people. Seems as long as something isn't just the best tasting, most expensive, or in the best shape, it's not worth having anymore so out it goes and in comes the best. Looking at homes and tables full of the richest foods these days makes me wonder more and more, don't we live like the rich man? But just because we see richer people we don't see ourselves as rich but believe them to be "the rich man." It doesn't say "the richest man." -Only trying to help

EVEN THOUGH THE wearing of these clothes might not be wrong (see Rom. 14:5), would it not be a good chance to practice self-denial? Surely, it would not be wrong to abstain from these colors, especially where there is doubt, and then you could go with a clear conscience. Romans 14:23 says, "He that doubteth is damned if he eat, because he eateth not of faith."

For my part, I would feel better doing the thing I knew was right rather than the thing I hoped was right, especially when my carnal self wanted it so badly.

-B., Virginia

I DO NOT THINK this a suitable color for Christians. Neither do I think a lot of other colors seen among plain people today are fitting or proper. In I Timothy 2:9 we read that women should not only dress modestly, but their apparel should be characterized by shamefacedness and sobriety. Does purple, to say nothing of red, yellow, pink and any bright shade of color, reflect sobriety and shamefacedness? Instead, I think bright colors demonstrate frivolity, showiness, and pride. The Bible speaks much of sobriety which applies to many areas of life, including the colors one wears. Some of these verses are Titus 2:12, 2:4, I Thes. 5:6, I Peter 5:8.

I know many worldly people have expressed their surprise when seeing the bright colors many plain people wear. It seems that the general public thinks plain people wear only gray or black. Perhaps it would be a good idea to restrict ourselves to these and a few other somber colors. -S., Ohio

THE PURPLE DRESS QUESTION made me think of the time we three teenage sisters were at home. We had a rich purple piece of material. We all wanted that dress, and somehow I won. Soon after having it made, I thought of that dress every time the preacher talked about the rich man that was in hell and had worn purple.

I disliked that dress from then on and it was soon too small. After we were married I only saw it at spring house cleaning time. It was strong goods and when our own girls got big enough I washed it hard so the color would not be so rich anymore then made them wear it out for everyday. They got their purple fill on the same dress I did. -Ohio

IT HURTS ME DEEPLY to see someone dressed in purple or scarlet. When Jesus was crucified they mocked and scourged Him and clad Him in purple. Does this not show us that He probably despised that color more than any other? -Sugarcreek, Ohio

WHY MAKE AN ISSUE of wearing purple? Here in our community wearing pink, yellow, too pale or too bright colors is not our ordnung, but even the plainest people here wear purple. However purple reminds me of the purple robe Christ wore when they mocked Him, so I never wear a purple dress. Still, I do not think less of those that do. A neighbor, who is plainer than myself, gave me a dull purple as a baby gift. If the dress were fancy made and out of ordnung, I would give it to relief. But since it isn't, I put it on the child without a guilty conscience.

Let each one be fully persuaded in their own mind.

I know women, who wear purple unthinkingly, having fine Christian virtues and probably with more humbleness in their heart under their purple dress than what I have under mine that isn't purple.

-A purple-less One

IF A PERSON DOESN'T HAVE PRIDE in clothing, I don't think colors really matter. But then wear the dress wherever you go. I was taught certain kinds of material are okay, but don't wear it for church. I realize now that that wasn't the proper thing to do as the Lord sees us wherever we are. At the resurrection people won't do the judging.

-Very Concerned, Ephrata

IN OUR CHURCH lavender and purple are forbidden but there are always some that get those colors. Why? Don't they feel humble in their hearts as God wants people to be? I sometimes wonder if the church would show that they mean it when they forbid such colors, if maybe we couldn't get it out of the church?

-Berne, Indiana

THE WAY THE QUESTION appears makes me wonder if you don't already have an opinion against it. According to the Bible, Eve very likely had some of that same trouble (Gen. 3-6), because the fruit on that tree was so very pleasant to her eyes. It seems like she might have gazed at it just a little too long thus bringing much trouble and sin into the world. Could it rightly be called, lust of the eyes?

If I understand the Scriptures right, we are going to have to do a lot of sacrificing along life's way. Paul says we shall present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And he also says, and be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove, what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God (Romans 12). To live up to that text we will have to do a good deal of sacrificing.

If we sacrifice the things of life we don't care so much about, then we are not making much of a sacrifice, in my way of thinking. But if we sacrifice the things our eyes really lust after, things our flesh and blood has the greatest desire for, things we hate to do without, then we are making a sacrifice that is worthwhile and acceptable to God. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world, and the world passeth away, and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever; I John 2:16,17.

We positively know there is no place in heaven for the lust of the flesh, nor for pride of life, and here John puts them all three right in the same category, one is just as bad as the other.

In exodus 25 we read where God asked of the people to bring him an offering of gold, silver, brass, blue, purple, fine linen, scarlet and more things with which to build him a sanctuary that He may dwell among them.

As we read on through the Bible we find quite a few places where purple was used as a decoration in the Tabernacle and in the Temple of the church. But we notice it was always used in combination with gold, silver, scarlet, fine linen and some other things that were highly esteemed among the people at that time. But if I understand it rightly, it was something of a hard-to-get item, scarce, and high priced, and the ordinary people couldn't have it but only those of high rank.

Now when Jesus came upon earth and started preaching the new Gospel, He denounced those higher things, and not just a few of them, but all of them. He said what is highly esteemed among men, is abomination in the sight of God (Luke 16:15).

After they had captured Jesus and had tried Him before Pilate, they led Him into the hall called Pretorium and there they clothed Him with purple just to mock Him. Surely, they knew He had preached against the gay and fancy things of the world, so that's exactly what they put on Him— what they thought would belittle Him the most. Isn't that alone just about enough to make a person think twice before wearing purple. In my opinion, purple was considered a proud color and was only worn by proud people.

The mother of harlots, we read in Rev. 17, was dressed in purple. Here again in combination with scarlet color, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls. I can't hardly believe she did it to show meekness, nor modesty; but on the contrary I would say it was done to attract attention— probably from men.

It is my belief there are many colors today that are not fitting for a Christian to wear such as loud, flashy, shiny and stylish colors that are made for the lust of the eye more than for comfort and for the protection of the body.

It might be a good rule to go by too, not to wear anything we would not like to be wearing when Jesus comes. Or better yet, let's not have any clothing in our possession we would not like to be wearing when Jesus comes.

Prove all things, hold fast that which is good, abstain from all appearance of evil (I Thess. 5:21,22).

-Joni D. Gingerich, Nappanee, Indiana

People have more need of demonstration than of criticism. Success consists of getting up just one more time than you fall down.

HEALTH REMEDIES and suggestions----------------

The cause of kidney and bladder trouble varies, so what helps one may not help another. Some doctors recommend cranberry juice and vitamin C for some of the kidney ailments. In some cases just plain vinegar tea is very effective. Use one or two teaspoons vinegar to a cup of hot water. Add honey. Take this on an empty stomach. Generally before breakfast.

I USED TO HAVE trouble with kidney infection quite often and a doctor told me to get ground flaxseed. Make a tea of 1 teaspoon in a cup. Fill with boiling water. Let steep awhile. Drink one or two cups in a day. In advanced cases take a cupful every hour for 3 or 4 hours, then only 2 a day. This can save many doctor bills if people will try it. The flaxseed should be kept refrigerated so it won't get rancid. -Mifflintown, Pennsylvania

(Acute kidney trouble is serious. When this occurs, the patient should see a doctor immediately.)

HOW TO MAKE CASTORIA—1 pack senna leaves, 2 cups sugar. Boil leaves in 1 quart water. Boil down to a pint. Strain, then add sugar. Boil a little longer, and bottle.

IN ANSWER TO THE QUESTION about the lobelia plant: This herb can be grown in one's own garden but it requires rich loam. For coughs or other bronchial troubles: put an ounce of the powdered herb in a pint of boiling water. Take two tablespoons every 4 hours.

Lobelia is successful in liver disease, ulcers (when combined with slippery elm), nervous tensions (and even when the patient is delirious), for fever, angina pectoris.

(Information gathered from the Modern Encyclopedia of Herbs by Joseph M. Kadans, N.D., Ph.D.)

-Mrs. Christian Weber, Elmira, Ont.

Across The Window Sill
by Aunt Becky
SALT
Pie

MOTHERHOOD

Down in the valley of shadows we go,
How far in those depths we never know;
Months of waiting— hours of pain,
Then it's over— we're smiling again.

A kiss from Daddy and a great, glad smile,
Then to hold in our arms our own baby child;
That's heaven, that only a mother can know
And it's worth all the suffering thru which we must go.

Oh, the mighty strength of those wee baby hands
That clasp two hearts together like iron bands;
Those dear little arms two hearts will entwine
With a love that's so sacred it's almost divine.

Have you ever wondered if it's really worthwhile
To hold in your arms your own baby child?
Oh, Mothers, I'll tell you— if I had my choice
Of some wonderful talent— a beautiful voice,

A gorgeous home with enormous wealth—
Together with these I'd have strength and health;
But in order to have them it must be understood
That I'd be denied joys of motherhood.

Oh, I might have been tempted had I never known
What it means to a woman to call her very own
A dear little babe of your own flesh and blood—
Oh, God's greatest blessing is Motherhood.

It may be the first one or perhaps number ten,
But with each one comes a new joy once again,
For mothers' hearts somehow hold a boundless love
That must have been sent from heaven above!

For each new babe gets the same tender care—
When another one comes there is more love to spare.
We may want a daughter and receive a little son;
But we are happy and contented, when all's said and done.
In this world of ours, no home is complete
That has not known the patter of little feet,
And no woman can give to this world her best
Until with motherhood her life has been blest!

(Mrs. Leland Clark)

* * *

Spring knocked on our doors early this year. Even in February I saw birds carrying twigs to build their nests. Maybe they were a little confused about the unusual winter weather. When the cold came again our blooming daffodils laid their golden crystalized heads down into the snow. "Little-faith" began worrying about the already-budding fruit trees, the birds, and about the flowers. But He who had formed all things knows how to provide for us and how to preserve the things He made. When the warm sun came again, the daffodils lifted up their heads and looked refreshed and more beautiful than before.

Over a year ago someone had asked how to get rid of vinegar flies or gnats. A late suggestion comes from Indiana: I often have the slop pail near my dry sink when washing dishes or canning. When I am bothered with these pests, I tack a fly ribbon on the end of the sink. The gnats would sometimes get into the cellar and into the cream so I hung a ribbon above the cans and soon got rid of them.

A Belleville friend writes: If you use part of your buttermilk and want to keep the remainder for future use, pour about a cup of fresh water into it. The water will come on top. Pour off the water when you are ready to use it again.

Can homemade graham crackers be made so as to taste like the store-bought crackers? Mrs. Alvin W. Miller of Route 1 Box 123 Etna Green, Indiana 46527 would like to have the recipe.

Another reader from Indiana would like to know if anyone has the recipe for 7-Up.

A mother from Meyersdale, Pennsylvania writes: I'm also one of those that hate to see meat jars soaking. I usually wet the jar and then I take a chore boy and put liquid soap on and scrub the can. This soon leaves it sparkling clean.

This mother passes along her favorite frosting recipe also. Take one cup of brown sugar, or as much as you desire. Add 1 tablespoon flour, about 1 level tablespoon butter or oleo, vanilla or chocolate flavoring. Mix, and then add hot water to a spreading consistency. Put on cake when cold. (This is an old-time frosting which I had almost forgotten about. It is simple— and surprisingly good. — Aunt Becky).

* * *

For those who care to experimint, I'll give the following advice:

To prevent the colors from mixing in gladiolas, put 1 tablespoon lysol in 1 gallon water. Soak bulbs about 3 hours before planting. -From Mother's Notebook.

A friend said she uses kerosene to ward off bugs and worms from watermelon, muskmelon, and cucumber plants. she puts the seeds into a can of kerosene, then she fishes them out immediately with a spoon — and then plants them.

* * *

Amazing Cleaner-

1 cup ammonia
1/2 cup vinegar
1/4 cup baking soda
1 gallon water

This is for cleaning walls, and for taking off extra coats of varnish.

* * *

To the curious cook in Ontario:

When you have leftover bread from church, cut it in cubes and toast in pans in oven. Stir a few times. When toasted, put in glass jars with lid. I toasted over 4 gallons awhile ago. I use it in soups, dressings, etc.

For fresh tasting rhubarb dishes anytime of the year, cut rhubarb in small pieces and pack into jars. Fill the jars almost full with water. Put the lid on and cold pack 20 minutes. I use this then to make rhubarb pies (See following recipe) and supper dishes. (Some like to can it with sugar to use as a fruit in winter. -Aunt Becky.)

Rhubarb Pie

Melt 2 tablespoons butter; add 2 cups rhubarb and 1/2 cup water (or 1 pint canned rhubarb with no extra water added), 1 cup sugar. Cook slowly until tender.

Combine 1/4 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons corn starch, 1/8 teaspoon salt, 2 egg yolks beaten and 1/4 cup cream or rich milk and cook until thick. Put in baked pie crust. Use egg whites for meringue. I often make this as a pudding and mix the beaten egg whites in when ready to take the pudding off the stove. -Sarah Mast, Indiana

* * *

A friend from Holmesville, Ohio suggests: To give popcorn a bar-b-q taste try adding about 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and about 6-10 drops of tabasco to the partly heated grease before adding popcorn.

To Can Red Beets

4 cups sugar
2 cups vinegar
1 quart beet juice
1 tablespoon salt

2 cinnamon sticks, broken. Other spice may be added. Bring to a boil before adding enough beets to use the above juice, and can. —Mrs. Obed J. Troyer, Ohio

Amish Cake

Cream 1/2 lb. butter and 2 cups brown sugar (packed). Add 2 cups buttermilk or sour milk with 2 teaspoons soda. Add 3 cups flour and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Bake at 375°. Spread on top the following topping after cake is done. Return to oven and bake until bubbly or 1 minute. It is best while warm.

Topping:
6 tablespoons butter (soft), 4 tablespoons milk, 1 cup brown sugar, 1/2 cup nuts.

—Mrs. Obed J. Troyer, Ohio

Breakfast Cereal

1/2 cup butter
2 cups brown sugar
1 cup nut meats (preferably pecans)
1/2 cup raw wheat germ
10 cups raw oatmeal (quick, or regular)

Mix butter and sugar. Add oatmeal. Mix with hands till there are no lumps. Bake on a cookie sheet at 275° for 25 minutes. After it has been baked, add nut meats and the wheat germ. Mix. Serve with rich milk and fruit. Store in tight container. —Marietta Miller

Homemade Muenster Cheese

2 1/2 gallon sour milk- let set till thick like junket. Scald till it is too hot to hold your hand in, then pour into cheese cloth. Let hang until curds are dry— overnight or about 12 hours. Crumble curds and mix 2 heaping teaspoons soda and 1/2 cup butter into them. Let set for 2 hours then put in the double boiler. Add 1 cup sour cream and melt. When melted, add another cup of sour cream and 1 tablespoon salt. Mix well. Pour into a buttered mold. Let set until completely cold, and slice. —Ada Zimmerman

Summer Sparkle Punch

2 (3 oz.) pkg. strawberry flavored gelatin
2 cups boiling water
2 (12 oz.) cans frozen lemonade, slightly thawed
3 (28 oz.) bottles ginger ale

Dissolve gelatin in water. Stir in lemonade. Add ginger ale. Add ice if you wish. Makes 1 gallon.

—Priscilla Byler, Pennsylvania

* * *

MOTHER'S HANDS

Mother's hands have much to do
Every day her whole life thru,
Guiding the little ones safe and right,
Folding in quiet prayer at night.
Binding up scratches, attending to need,
Applying a spanking with prudence and speed.
Comforting, calming, capable hands
Devotedly serving a family's demands.
A mother's hands are always best
For soothing a fretful child to rest.
They skillfully rear her own brood and then,
With the first grandchild start over again.
(June Reed Ruff)

* * *

Some Mothers Write

If you have trouble keeping bugs out of your flour, try placing a few pieces of gum in the container. It worked for us. Give it a try.

When you notice a jar with a flat is slow in sealing, turn upside down and it usually seals.

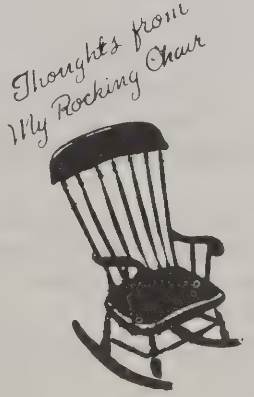
Our little grandson cut his foot and it was bleeding. He tramped across the floor and exclaimed, "Look, Papa, I'm making ketchup all over the floor!"

—Mrs. David E. Miller, Illinois

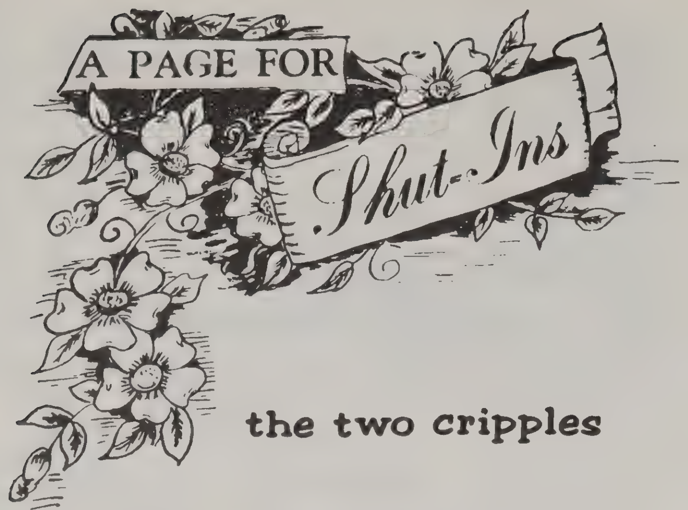
Some Aunts Write Too

Lately we were at my brother's place. Then their 3-year-old came and said, "I have two cows. I milk two cows and my wife milks." Then he added, "I feed them fertilizer and piggy pellets." -Ohio

* * *


Thoughts from My Rocking Chair

To be a true friend is not a gift, but a goal to obtain.
Aunt Becky



A PAGE FOR Shut-Ins

the two cripples

Two cripples entered a church one day;
Crippled— but each in a different way.
One had a body strong and whole
But it sheltered a warped and twisted soul.
The other walked with a halting gait
But his soul was tall and fair and straight.
They shared a pew; they shared a book
But on each face was a different look.
One was alight with hope and joy
And faith that nothing could destroy.
The other joined not in prayer or hymn,
No smile relaxed his features grim.
A neighbor had wronged him— his heart was sore.
He thought of himself— and nothing more.
The words that were read from the Holy Book
Struck deafened ears, and a forlorn look.
To the one came comfort—his soul was fed—
The other gained nothing from what was said.
Two cripples left the church that day
Crippled— but each in a different way.
A twisted foot did one body mar
But the twisted soul was sadder far.

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A Rewarding Visit

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affiction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world" (James 1:27).

We had often heard and read this verse, but it was not sense of duty alone that caused my sister and myself to plan to go visiting on a sunny January day. We had wanted to visit these two widows for a long time already— Sue, past eighty years old, who had been our father's cousin, and her daugter-in-law, Mary. Both were glad for company.

As our horse plodded along, we talked of the trials and sorrows these friends had had. Surely, they must be sad and lonely.

Sue and Dan had lived on a farm with their only child, Homer. In time, he married and brought his bride, Mary, home to live. A son and daughter were born to them and life seemed complete. Then Dan died. Mary did what she could for her family and helped Sue bear her sorrow.

Sue was diabetic, and after some years her right foot became sore and inflamed, and wouldn't heal. The doctor advised amputation. The family was shocked. Grandma lose a foot! It couldn't be true.

But Sue took it calmly. "All these years I could have both feet," she said. "If that's best,we'll let them take it off." When it was healed she was fitted with an artificial limb and learned to walk again.

After several years the left foot flared up and had to be amputated. Sue was fitted with two artificial limbs, and the courageous old lady learned to walk with a walker. With that and her wheelchair, she gets around well in the house and also goes to church when the weather permits.

Then Sue's son, Homer, lost his health. The doctor did his best, but again death entered the home and Homer was gone, leaving Mary a widow too.

"Why, Oh, why, wasn't it me?" sighed Sue. "Homer is needed, not me."

Both of Mary's children are married and live in homes of their own, but are ready to help if needed. Since Homer's death less than a year ago, two of Sue's sisters and one step-brother have passed away.

My sister and I were warmly welcomed by both ladies. Sue had been sewing carpet rags to crochet into rugs, but quit when we came. "I work when we are alone," she said. "When we have company, we visit."

We talked of many things— our unusually warm January weather, mutual relatives, some of whom had passed on, and of things that happened long ago. In answer to our inquiries, Sue spoke briefly of her operations, not in a complaining way, but simply told the facts. "The doctors can do wonderful things," she said, "but when your time comes to die, they can't keep you here."

They showed us quilt tops they had made, and rugs Sue had finished. In their conversation you could hear each one thought of the other first. There was a hint of sadness, but none of self-pity; no why-does-all-this-have-to-happen-to-me attitude.

The afternoon passed quickly, but I had learned a big lesson. We had hoped to bring cheer and encouragement, but I felt we received more than we gave. Could I be as brave if I was in their place? They seemed cheerfully resigned to their lot, which I felt came from a deep faith in God. Here was a beautiful mother-daughter relationship, a devotion such as must have existed between Naomi and Ruth long ago.

So if things go wrong and I feel like complaining, I like to think of two widows who have learned to carry their cross with a smile. -A Friend

****

The invalid, Sam Mast, died on March 4th at his home on Route 1 Dundee, Ohio. Many of the readers may remember him from the story "Shut in With a Shut-in" (September '71 FL).

****

New Handicap Catalog

Plans are being made to print another handicap catalog this summer. Many of the handicaps who had their products listed in last year's catalog, sent in their thanks and said how the people have responded in helping them. We are glad that the catalog proved to be of some benefit.

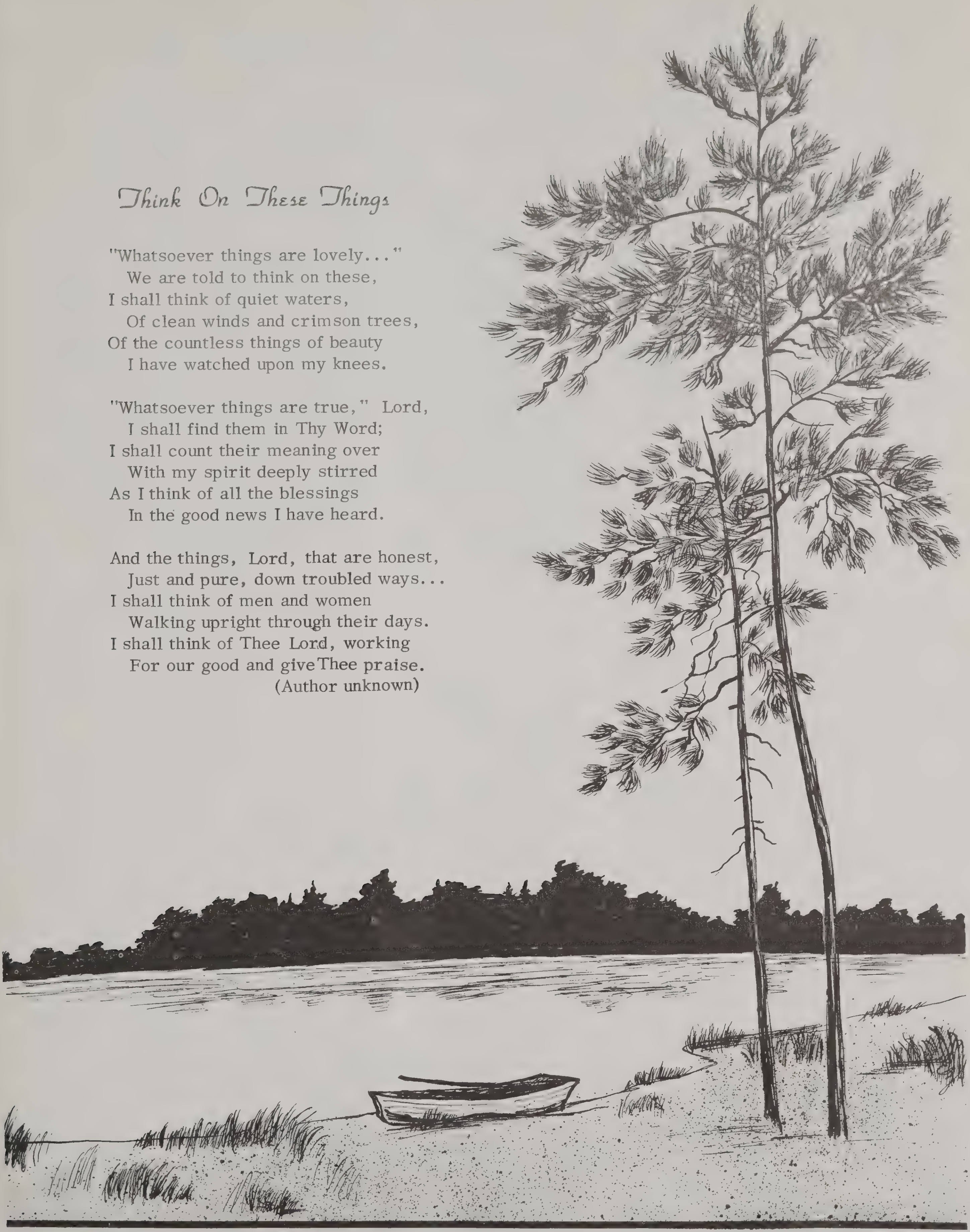
When sending in your price list, please include the following information: name and address, parents' name, directions to the home (state this briefly, but clearly), reason for being handicapped (write a little a-

Think On These Things

"Whatsoever things are lovely..."
We are told to think on these,
I shall think of quiet waters,
Of clean winds and crimson trees,
Of the countless things of beauty
I have watched upon my knees.

"Whatsoever things are true," Lord,
I shall find them in Thy Word;
I shall count their meaning over
With my spirit deeply stirred
As I think of all the blessings
In the good news I have heard.

And the things, Lord, that are honest,
Just and pure, down troubled ways...
I shall think of men and women
Walking upright through their days.
I shall think of Thee Lord, working
For our good and give Thee praise.
(Author unknown)



bout yourself), product and description, prices. Deadline: June 10th. Send to: Handicap Catalog R. 4
Aylmer, Ontario c/o Pathway

We do not intend to print a catalog every year, unless necessary because of changing prices, so check and recheck your copy before sending it in. Since different handicaps have sent in complaints about having a "postage" problem, I would suggest that the postage be included in the price. If this is done then be sure to mark your item postpaid. (Contact other handicaps among the plain people and tell them of this free advertising.)

****

Pass The Carotene, Please

Why are carrots a better food than potatoes? For many generations, parents have been teaching their children they should eat more carrots. Were they wrong in their idea?

Today scientists are able to analyze the foods we eat and they tell us that potatoes contain more protein, carbohydrates, phosphorus, vitamin B1, vitamin C and niacin than carrots do. Also more total food value. A cupful of potatoes contains about a hundred calories while the same amount of carrots has only fifty. Were our parents wrong in thinking carrots were healthier for us than potatoes? The answer is no, they were not wrong. The fact is that carrots contain more than 300 times as much carotene as potatoes do. This is the reason why they are healthier.

Vitamin A is not found in plants, but carotene is the plant form of this vitamin. All green and growing plants contain carotene. When we eat these plants our bodies change the carotene into vitamin A.

Have you ever wondered why Jersey milk is so yellow? Most people think it is because it contains more butterfat than Holstein milk, but this is not the real reason. Years ago when I was a boy we had one Jersey cow in our milking herd. She always gave yellow milk and we assumed it was very rich in butterfat. imagine our surprise when we had our herd tested and this cow's milk was among the lowest in butterfat. We thought there must have been a mistake in the testing but when we had the herd retested, the results were the same.

We now know the reason a Jersey cow's milk is so yellow is because Jerseys (and guernseys) are not abl to digest the carotene in their feed as well as Holsteins. Pasture, hay and silage are all very rich in carotene and when the cows eat it, they change the carotene into vitamin A. For some unexplainable reason, Jerseys are not as efficient at this process as Holsteins. The result is that they pass off a certain amount of the carotene in the milk which makes the milk look richer. This is also the reason why butter which is made while the cows are on lush pasture is more yellow than at other times of the year. The pasture is richer in carotene than any other feed.

Holsteins do a more thorough job of assimilating th carotene and changing it into vitamin A. Consequentl Holstein milk contains more actual vitamin A but not as much carotene as Jersey milk does. When we drin Jersey milk our bodies can easily change the carotene in the Jersey milk into vitamin A, so actually there is very little difference in the food value of Jersey milk and Holstein milk. The difference is mostly our own idea since the Jersey milk is so much more yellow, it looks more appetizing to us. (Note: On the average, Jersey milk does have a higher percentage of butterfat than Holstein milk but it is estimated that at least one third of the Jerseys have a lower butterfat test than th top one-third of Holsteins do.)

But to get back to carrots again. They are one of the richest known sources of carotene. One hundred grams (about 2/3 cupful) of raw or cooked carrots have enough carotene to furnish you with 12,000 units of vitamin A. This is more than twice the recommended daily requirements of this vitamin. (Some doctors think the minimum daily intake of vitamin A should be 20,000 units instead of 5,000.)

Other yellow fruits and vegetables which are very rich in carotene include cantaloupes, pumpkins, apricots, persimmons, sweet potatoes and yellow peaches

All green plants are rich in carotene but the green chlorophyll in the plants hides the yellow color. Gree vegetables which are extra high in carotene are spinach, peas, green peppers, mustard greens, parsley, green onions, dandelion, swiss chard and broccoli leaves.

As mentioned before, actual vitamin A does not occur in growing plants and vegetables. But it is found in all kinds of liver and especially fish livers. Cod liver oil is very rich in pure vitamin A. Whole milk contains a large amount but skim milk has very little. The colostrum is especially rich.

Vitamin A is very important in the diet and a shortage will result in various diseases and sicknesses. The best way to assure a sufficient supply in the diet is to make sure we get lots of fruits and vegetables. The critical time of the year for vitamin A deficiency is during the winter and early spring. If additional vitamin A is needed, it can easily be supplied in the form of cod liver oil tablets.

Green pasture and especially legume pasture is ver rich in carotene. Well cured hay contains about half as much carotene as was originally in the green plants Hay which is stored in the mow will continue to lose its carotene content so that by the following spring it will have only 10% as much carotene as was originally in the plant. These figures are for well cured green colored hay. If hay becomes weatherbeaten, or heats in the mow, it will have very little carotene left.

The corn plant is rich in carotene and if put into the

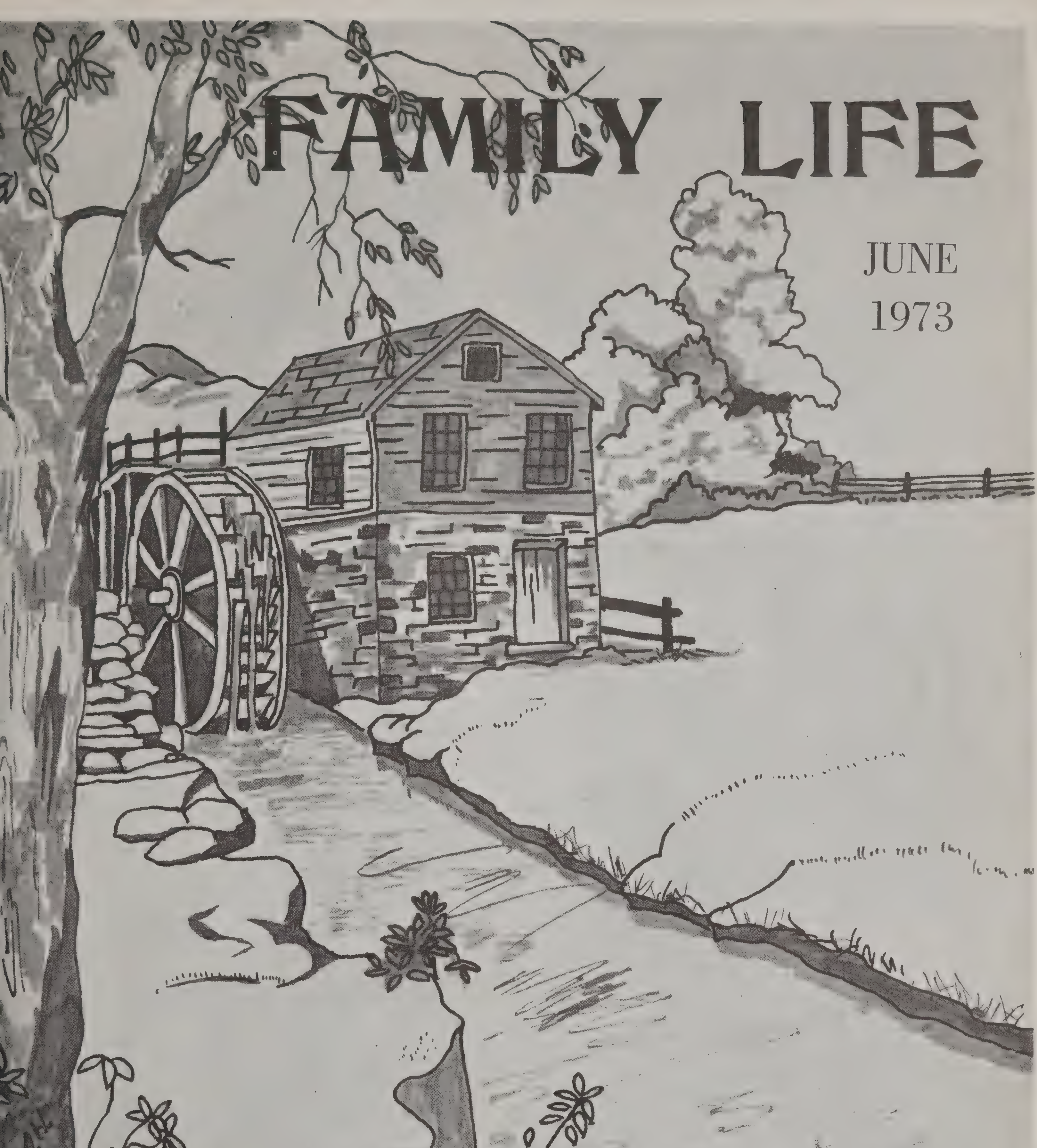
-Continued on page 7

Return Addresses:
In Canada- Family Life
Aylmer, Ontario

In U.S.A. — Family Life
LaGrange, IN 46761

FAMILY LIFE

JUNE
1973



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Letters

TO THE EDITOR

MORE THOUGHTS THAT COME AT NIGHT

● Yesterday the April issue came and as I looked through it, "Thoughts That Come At Night" caught my eye. I had thought of writing you a letter just like that. The writer took the words right out of my mind.

I'm the oldest in a family and so is my husband and we were both kept pretty well in line by our parents. This didn't hurt us. In my home we went to church on Sunday morning and then had to sleep on Sunday afternoon. Of course, this was hard for us older children. The girls were not allowed to go away with other girls until they were over 16 and then it took a lot of begging. We were watched very closely in all our doings and how we dressed and all our whereabouts were known by our parents.

Now both my and my husband's younger brothers and sisters are so much more free and in some ways I am glad for them that they have it so nice. But I have to wonder at some of the things they do. Might it not hurt them later?

We are still young and with lots of small children and have had little experience in raising children, but as I watch older families it seems that in nearly all of them the younger ones have more liberty than the older ones did. Is it because the younger ones grow up in another generation? We think we would like to keep our children alike but it looks like it can hardly be done. It looks to me like raising a family is a pretty big job, and the older I get, the bigger it looks. But I believe with the Lord's help it can be done.

—Pennsylvania Mother

● Someone asked me if I wrote the letter in the April issue about thoughts that come at night. It was someone else, but I have been kept awake, too, in the lonely time of the night thinking about how the "ungerechtigkeit" is taking over. I feel sad to see our children growing up in this sinful world which seems to be so full of hate. There are so many people in the world who are so good to the weak souls that one could easily fall.

I hope I can be a good light to our children while they are growing up and teach them alike and not maybe some day let the younger children be insolent toward the older ones. It seems there are trying times and the untruths are taking over and it is often caused by jealousy. Satan is busy, but we can always pray.

—A mother who is trying

NOT ENOUGH FARMS FOR ALL

● I thought the Views and Values in the April issue was good, all except the part under "Places to Work." In that paragraph it sounds as if the men that work in factories have all the choice they want, but still choos the factory.

This paragraph hurt me, not because it is trying to tell me I shouldn't be working in a factory, but becaus it seems to say it is my choice. I am the father of tw children and nobody knows how I long to have my work at home with the family, but as yet there doesn't seem to be a chance. Another thing, if the Amish would all be farmers, there wouldn't be farms around except Amish and that would look like greediness because there are other people who like to live on a farm, too. I don't think anyone can tell me you make more money in a factory than on a farm. And the farms are so expensive. It seems every time the Amish start a new settlement, in a year's time the prices go up.

If you work in a factory and take a day off, you get n pay. But if you farm and take a day off you'll still get milk from the cows and the steers will keep on getting fat and the crops will keep on growing.

Talking about a frolic, I was at a shed raising one day and I heard one farmer say to the other one, "This is the second day I was away and my wife said, 'No more this week'." That sure hurt me. Those two wer on the farm all they lives. They don't know how lucky they are.

—Leola, Pennsylvania

A WIFE SPEAKS UP ON WORKING AWAY

● I'm also a reader of Family Life and many times m feelings are written by others. I would like to add a word of warning to the fathers who are working away day after day and are not at home with their family. They are not teaching their sons how to work so how will these sons learn to like to work when they grow up? What will it come to? If their sons don't learn to work while young, they will grow up and when they hav a family of their own it's the family that will have to suffer. If the head of the family has to push himself to work, there will scarcely be enough to supply his family, let along all the things his father didn't teach him to do. How can he teach his sons?

Of course maybe they will grow up and see how thing are at home and decide to do different. I'm thankful to say most of ours did. But I have a feeling for all those sons growing up with so much leisure time on hand and their fathers working away. Soon these sons will be in the father's place. Is it fair?

—The wife of one of the sons who didn't learn to work with his father.

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MEEKLY HOPING FOR THE BEST

● "What Action to Take" written by a middle-aged father (April issue) expressed my feelings. I well remember hearing a bishop say, "I don't want to force the members to do this or that. I would much sooner have them see it for themselves." I think this would be wonderful if it would work that way. But I wonder if the bishop saw his children playing with fire, he would just hope they would feel the heat and back away, or would he let them continue playing until they were burned. Again, some are tempted to do things they see others get by with, whereas they would have been satisfied to leave it alone if it had been forbidden fruit.

—Virginia

EXPERIENCES OF A BISHOP'S WIFE

● After reading "Another Problem at a Different Age" in the May issue it struck me deeply as the same thing can be applied to a man or woman who belittles a minister, finding fault over his shortcomings and saying rude things about him in the presence of his children. How can he ever expect those children to show respect for the ministers or the church?

Being a minister's wife for many years, I can well detect the expressions on my loving companion's brow and the sighs that go with it, whether it is only tiredness from natural work or if it is a trouble at heart. Then while lying beside him in bed, I can hear his heavy breathing, trying to fall into a relaxing sleep. The next morning, with a heavy heart, I carry his damp pillow to the stove for drying.

Is it a true Christian spirit that brings this about? At such times, out thoughts go much more to Jesus, how He bore the crown of thorns and without the help and strengthening from an Angel of God He could not have borne it all.

—A Bishop's wife

MORE ANSWERS TO NOISE IN CHURCH

● I have seen some of the problems already which were discussed in "A House of Merchandise" (April issue) but not nearly all of them. Having the children sit with their parents might help but I'm afraid there aren't enough parents concerned about it to make such a big change.

I have also wondered,if boys from the age of 14 and 17 can't behave a few hours on Sunday when they are in their parents' sight how can they be trusted out of their sight? From where I sit in church I can easily see the young boys. The ones who do the most talking seem to get by with it. If you look at the father, he is earnestly listening to the sermon. I believe the ministers are glad for the attention, but they would also be glad to see them turn occasionally to check on their boys.

In our home if we didn't behave one Sunday, we had to sit with Mom for a few Sundays. When we were older we were told if we don't know how to behave in church, we are not fit to go away on Sunday afternoon either.

A group of men made plans that if it gets noisy, they will go and sit among the boys and I think this might be a good plan. Maybe they should work with the ministers and draw lots to see who should be the first to go and the next, etc. It might be a good plan to take only such men who have boys with the young folks.

—M. Burkholder, Pennsylvania

● There is another idea from the old ordnungs that the deacon is to see that the people are orderly during the the services. Not all deacons may relish the idea but since he has the same view of the group as the ministers, he could well take note of any disturbances and if it is a youngster who is misbehaving, he or she could be brought to the parents' side during the services. Such a procedure would have a strong influence and if the parents desire to have orderly children it should be welcome. --Liverpool, Pennsylvania

MORE WENGER HISTORY

● It was indeed a pleasure to read the account of my grandfather's brother, Blind John S. Wenger 1843-1916, in the March, 1973 issue of Family Life. It reads as though it was pretty largely taken from the Michael S. Wenger Family History, by Eli D. Wenger (my father's brother) 1960. It is well-written and accurate, although more could have been said. One of the more important aspects of the story is how he sat around and moped for a year after he for the first time realized, as he put it, that he was stone blind. He came to the realization when members of the family commented on an extremely bright flash of lightning—and he had seen nothing!

After a year of gloom, the family one day had visitors. He said little during the visit. When they left one of them asked, "Aren't you well, John?" John mumbled that he was all right. But that one question changed the course of his life. He thought to himself, "If I go on like this, I will indeed make myself sick!" So he determined to take a cheerful attitude and face life with courage.

My father was his hired man for one winter and he had lots of stories to tell us. I remember going to the funeral as a five-year-old, and being impressed with only one thing— how deep the hole was in which his body was lowered!

John C. Wenger, Goshen, Indiana

DISAPPOINTED ABOUT THE HISTORICAL

● I want to give a word of appreciation for the historical section of Family Life. I don't think I ever read any until our teacher suggested we should. We were studying the Amish and Mennonites in Europe.

So I dug up the March and April issues and found the articles very interesting. When the May issue came, that was the first thing I looked for and was disappointed to find there was none. But I can understand they do take a lot of time and I'll be looking for more next month.

—T. K., Lancaster County, Pennsylvania

PURPLE FOR $2000 A POUND

● If we look in the Bible history books, we find that at that time only the rich could afford purple cloth because the dye was so high priced. I once read that the dye was made from murex shellfish which live in the ocean and men went out in boats to gather these in and sometimes even lost their lives at sea. It was stated that the price would be equivalent to $2000 a pound in our time.

At that time the wearing of purple denoted luxury and wealth, considering the fact that men lost their lives in order to obtain it. I would take this to mean that we are not to wear high-priced clothes or anything which is for vanity or show.

—Pennsylvania

NO NEW FURNITURE

● The article about getting married in the depression (April issue) gave some good advice. Seems like these days you almost have to have new buildings and new matching furniture or you are not accepted.

When we got married we couldn't see how we could make ends meet so we rented an old house and bought second handed furniture and refinished it which made a big difference. We were thankful we did for soon afterwards I got sick and was in the hospital for a couple of weeks. Then we were thankful we didn't have a lot of debts on our minds. We also lost our first child which was hard to give up, but God knows best and there are no burdens too heavy to bear. When we have only smooth sailing, we forget to thank God.

—Thankful to our parents who taught us to save.

A PRESENT FOR MY HUSBAND

● I wanted a birthday present for my husband so I decided to make the birdhouse on the back cover of the April Family Life. Having enough plyboard, I marked everything out first, then started cutting it up with a hand saw as we don't have motors in our district. After seeing how many pieces there were I was very doubtful. But since I had spent this much time I could not give it up now.

I was surprised that it all turned out so good. Now I have it done and all painted up. My husband came home early one day and caught me at it so it's no surprise to him. He said, "Maybe I should stay at home and let you work out." It only took a week of hammering my thumb and cutting my fingers, but it was certainly worth it.

—Geneva, Indiana

AN AWFUL BIG MEAL

● I was surprised that you published that article about purple martins where it says one bird will eat up to 2000 mosquitoes. I saw an article in a paper which said that such claims are just made as an advertisement to sell birdhouses. At least it went over big as we see it printed from time to time and apparently accepted as fact. When you stop to think about it, it does sound fantastic, doesn't it? Can you imagine a bird catching that many on the wing, much less swallowing and digesting them in a day's time?

Martins are different than other birds in that a whole colony will live in one place whereas most of the insect eating birds claim a certain territory and will drive away other birds that want to nest nearby.

-Mechanicsville, Maryland

MORE SNITZ BOI PLEASE

● I can't resist writing you how we all enjoyed the last Sammy story about those snitz boi. As a result, we just finished putting on a dryer full of apples to dry, although this isn't exactly the apple season.

-Paris, Tennessee

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS TOO SOON

● The story "Fire in the Zurich Hills" Chapter three states the prisoners were eating potatoes. According to history the potatoes were unknown in Europe at that time.

-S., Port Trevorton, Pa.

EDITORS NOTE- You are right. According to history, potatoes originated in South America and were taken to Europe by the Spaniards around 1550. They grew so well in Ireland that it became their national crop. The settlers brought them from England to North America. The "Irish potato~~es~~" is really a South American potato.

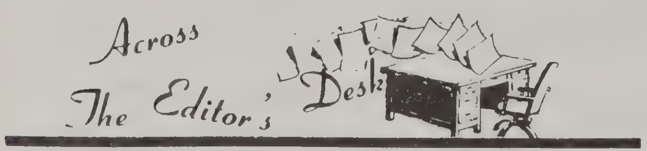
WE WERE WRONG AGAIN

● Recently when I received an expiration notice for Family Life, I thought I had renewed for two years last year. But I thought about those three hardest words (see May issue) and didn't say anything until I checked the bank and got my cancelled check. It was for two years, and was dated July 5, 1972. It was cashed on July 14th, 1972. Perhaps your records will verify this. If not, I will be glad to send you a photocopy of the cancelled check.

-J.P., Ohio

EDITOR"S NOTE- You were right and we were wrong. We hope that if at anytime anyone doesn't get proper credit for their subscriptions, they will let us know.

Across The Editor's Desk



Summertime is a busy time on the farm, which we believe accounts at least in part for the smaller response to the Child Training Problems and What Do You Think. We realize that reading gets pushed off, let alone writing, but we do hope more people will take time to send in their opinions on the different subjects.

The Child Training Series seem to be of considerable interest. Where else could we go to get better answers to the problem than to the parents themselves, the ones who have had the experience?

I believe many people will also be looking forward to the answers to the What Do You Think question which was printed in May. It was about what our attitude should be toward dying. To date we have not received very many responses, but we hope more may be coming.

Different people look at such problems from different points of view. In order to get a well-balanced response we need the opinions of many different people.

Although we usually give a deadline for the What Do You Think question, we do not always adhere to this date. We will accept any answer which arrives before the answers are gotten ready for printing and sometimes this is two or three weeks after the deadline which is given (but not always). So if you had intended to send in an answer or a comment, then there may still be time to do it. Although we don't want to encourage anyone to wait until the last minute, still at times it is better late than never. But of course, it is still better never late.

Would you be interested in having a bound volume of Family Life? These seem to be of special interest to children. It is hard for us older people to realize how much a child grows up in five years time. Family Life is now going in its sixth year. The first five years have been bound up in hard cover, one year per volume. Four of these volumes are still available at the present time. The price was originally $12.00 per volume, but we have been offering them each summer at reduced prices, according to our supply. We are again making a special offer and this time at less than ever before on the last two volumes.

Following are the prices postpaid:

1968	Sold Out
1969	$10.00
1970	$10.00
1971	$8.00
1972	$8.00

Some of our subscribers have kept all the issues so of course they would have little use for the bound volumes. But for those who have only recently become subscribers, or whose copies are worn out, this is an opportunity to get them done up durably bound in book form. ■■

PATHWAY PEN POINTS

THE CATALOGS SHOULD BE BURNED

Our seven-year-old daughter looked very serious as she pointed at some catalogs and said, "Mommy, you should throw those books away."

"Why do you think so?" I asked. "Little Tommy likes to look at the colored pictures in them."

"There are pictures in there which he shouldn't be looking at," she said in her childish wisdom.

It made me stop and think. Are we slipping and getting lax? A few years ago we were members of a church where the women had cut hair, short dresses, and skimpy head coverings. We thought that having such things in front of our children's eyes would cause them to be like that when they grow up. After all, the church allowed it.

I had to think of Jacob who set the rods before the flock so that when they conceived, they brought forth speckled and spotted lambs, which was the kind he wanted for his wages. Will it have an influence on our children, what we do and think when they are small—yes, even before they are born? The catalogs in question, were burned. -Pennsylvania Mother

HOW CAN I BE SO BLIND?

It was a beautiful day in spring. Perhaps if it hadn't been my washday, I wouldn't have noticed it was so nice. But with seven children, I always have big washings and I appreciate nice days to wash.

I also had bread to bake and the house to clean as tomorrow would be the school picnic. I knew I wouldn't have time tomorrow to clean the house before I got ready for the school picnic. And so started my busy day.

Washing went good and I was done by eleven o'clock, an hour earlier than usual. So I decided to sweep out the big front porch yet before dinner. It was windy and the dirt blew back about as fast as I could sweep it forward. Finally I had it all swept and it didn't look too bad so I decided I wouldn't wash it off this week. Then I went in to put dinner on the stove and nurse baby while the potatoes cooked.

All afternoon it was rush, rush, rush. Breakfast dishes had been stacked from breakfast because Dad had wanted the two oldest ones to run some errands for him before they mowed the lawn. So there were dishes from two meals to do besides what I had dirtied baking bread.

I was so busy that I barely had time to answer the questions the little ones asked. I cleaned the two bedrooms, the living room and was ready to start on the bathroom when I happened to think that there were still diapers to hang up. I had run out of clothespins that morning. With a sigh, I turned the faucet open to get a pail of water. Oh, this slow water! I guess I should have started the motor first.

While waiting on my pail to fill with water, I was looking out the door. I was tired and my back ached. Suddenly I noticed the cherry tree was in full bloom. How nice it looked. Then the thought came to me, "Why isn't the one outside my kitchen window blooming yet?" It always is such a beautiful sight when it is covered with blossoms. It is always so refreshing to the soul to see such a beautiful sight like the cherry tree outside the kitchen window. So I walked to the window to see why that one wasn't in bloom. Imagine my surprise when I saw it was blooming just as much as the other one. How could I have been so blind?

Then the truth dawned on me but I was almost too ashamed to admit it. I had been so busy that I hadn't seen the beautiful things of nature right outside my kitchen window.

Then I thought about our children. Are we so busy scrubbing floors and washing windows, cleaning rooms, and baking bread that we miss the joys of being with our children? Will they be like the blossoms outside my kitchen window, some morning we will wake up and they will be gone?

Oh, God, may my daily prayer be to keep my eyes open to the joys of our children, and the beauties of nature, and the things which are really worthwhile. Blind me to the dirt and dust that I will never be able to get ahead of anyway. -R.B., Nappanee, Indiana

HOW I TRIED TO GET RID OF THE RUDE

It was a pleasant morning in July. A refreshing rain the night before had put the soil into a nice condition to cultivate. We live beside a state highway and I was working steadily and paying little attention to the usual flow of traffic. I had my mind on my work for as soon as I was finished, I would have some other things to do.

I heard a car slow down and stop in front of me.

When I looked up from my work the woman in the car had her camera turned on me and at that instant it clicked. She waved her hand and drove on.

I was disgusted but when I thought of the picture which the woman had gotten it almost amused me. A plump, barefooted woman, red in the face from the heat, with an old, not-too-clean dress on, pushing a hand cultivator. But the vegetable and flower plants looked nice so maybe her picture wasn't too bad after all. This woman hadn't asked permission, she simply took the picture and went on.

I wished she would have asked permission but I've learned that even though some ask, they don't intend to respect your wishes. For example, last summer I went to a shopping center with my daughter-in-law. She went in first and when I came in, she warned me, "There's a lady in here who says she's from Switzerland and she's taking all the pictures she can get. When she asked me to take mine, I said no, but she just watched her chance and took it anyhow."

The lady was standing by the entry doors which faces the hitching racks and was taking pictures of people putting their groceries on the buggies. This woman asked permission but when it wasn't granted, she took them anyhow. In a way, this seemed even ruder than not asking in the first place.

But the most unpleasant experience I ever had with photo hunters was several years ago. The reason it was so unpleasant was because this time it was not just the tourist that was rude. I had my horse hitched to the surrey and had 4 or 5 of the children with me and was going to my sister's house. My nerves were tense as I turned north for I always dreaded this one mile on a U.S. highway. "Well, I tried to console myself, "Surely, the factory workers have all gone to work already so there shouldn't be so much traffic on the highway now."

It wasn't too bad and we had gone about half the distance when a car passed me. "Tourists," I said when I saw how they looked back and watched us. Then they turned around and approached us slowly from the rear and I saw they had a camera ready. "Put your heads down," I told the children on the front seat and I also put mine down.

They stopped beside the road in front of us and we passed them and I urged my horse on. I watched for the car to pass us again but they stayed behind us until the highway was clear from both ways. Suddenly the horse jumped and I saw they were passing us on the wrong side. When they were in front of us they suddenly pulled across the road in front of us. I pulled the lines up tight hoping none of the children would slide off the seat because of my sudden stop.

Suddenly I realized they had us where they wanted us. I couldn't put my head down because I had to control my horse and the children were too curious to see what was going on. I felt anger rising up inside me and before I knew what was happening I was yelling at them, "The nerve of some people!" I don't know if I shook my fist or not but at least I almost felt like it.

Of course just at that moment the camera clicked and I could see they greatly enjoyed my annoyance. Right away I felt ashamed of myself. I checked both ways for traffic and drove past without looking at them. They soon went around us again and this time they were laughing and waving their hands mockingly as they sped away.

Just then we turned off the highway and went our way. At first I felt upset but after I had time to think, I was thoroughly ashamed of myself. What kind of a witness had I been to these people? Would it make them respect the Amish any more? And what did God think of me? Just because they were rude didn't make it right for me to be the same. Maybe their actions didn't look worse to Him under the circumstances than mine did.

When they were crucifying Jesus, causing Him almost unbearable pain, He prayed for them, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." But here I couldn't even take a little mocking and rudeness from these people without getting angry. Maybe God lets things like this happen to try us out. And I have also found out that not all tourists are rude and disrespectful.

Several years ago one evening my husband and I were at the sale of a friend of ours in town. We left our horse at the hitching rack beside the blacksmith shop. I stood beside the buggy and my husband was tying the horse when a car drove in beside us. A man and a woman came out and the woman asked, "Would you mind if we took your pictures standing beside your rig?"

"We'd rather not," answered my husband.

"Thank you," said the lady. "We just didn't know."

We looked the other way and started walking toward the alley. My husband said to me, "They'll probably get us anyway."

I couldn't resist a glance backward and was surprised to see them walking away. They had respected our wishes and didn't take any pictures.

When we happen to have wheat or oats in a field alongside the road, people are always interested in seeing us cut it. The sight of a binder being pulled by four horses, and with someone shocking the grain has stopped many a car. Some only watch but others take pictures. If the threshing machine is operating close to the road, the same thing happens, and they ask to take pictures. These people have never been taught anything different and they use their cameras, somewhat like we use our diary. Where should we draw the line?

Human nature being what it is, I suppose we will always have the politely interested, the curious, and the rude people. But I hope, with the help of God, I will never again lose my temper when I meet up with the latter kind.

-Indiana

WHO AM I?

I am more powerful than the combined armies of the world. I am more deadly than bullets, and I have wrecked more homes than the mightiest storms.

I steal in the United States alone over $300,000,000 each year.

I spare no one, and find my victims among the rich, and poor alike the young and the old; the strong and the weak; widows and orphans know me.

I lurk in unseen places, and do most of my work silently. You are warned against me, but you heed not.

I am relentless. I am everywhere; in the home, on the street, in the factory, at railroad crossings and on the sea.

I bring sickness, degradation and death, and yet few seek to avoid me.

I destroy, crush, and maim; I give nothing but take all.

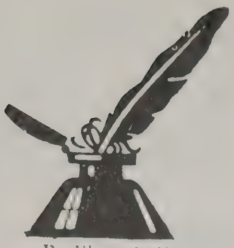
I am your worst enemy.

I AM CARELESSNESS.

◆ ◆ ◆

Family Life

Views and Values



- By Elmo Stoll

COMMUNICATION—

cure for quarrels

Mary Beiler stood with her hands on her hips, watching her young husband walk toward the barn. Then she went over to the cookstove, lifted the teakettle and shook it a bit. "Sure enough, he did it again," she said to herself, her voice impatient. "He always puts the teakettle back on the stove without refilling it, even when it's completely empty."

Mary and David Beiler were only married six months, and at first everything had gone fine, but now she found herself more and more annoyed by his sloppy habits. Mary stood at the faucet filling the teakettle, and her mind reviewed some of the annoying habits her husband had. For one thing, when he struck a match to light a lantern, he would drop the burnt stick on the floor instead of in the waste can. Or when he dried himself at the sink after washing his face, he would drape the towel over the rack in any careless way instead of folding it and putting it back the way it had been. Worst of all, when he was in a hurry he was as apt as not to come right into the kitchen with his boots on and leave tracks across the floor.

"Didn't his mother teach him anything?" Mary wondered to herself. How did her husband expect her to keep the house clean if he didn't cooperate better than all that? And he could never get up from the table without sliding back his chair and scratching the floor. Didn't he notice? Or didn't he care?

When the teakettle was full, Mary put it back on the stove. She walked to the window and looked toward the barn, but her husband was no longer in sight. Suddenly she felt guilty for allowing such thoughts about her husband to enter her mind. Why, in other ways he was so good to her. He probably never dreamed how some of these little habits bothered her and rubbed her the wrong way.

What did it matter anyway if the floor was scratched a bit, or the towel wasn't folded neatly? She told herself those were just little things. It wouldn't hurt her to clean up a few boot tracks, pick up some matches now and then, or refill the teakettle. After all, her husband worked hard to make ends meet and pay off their debts. Keeping the house in order was the least she could do.

Mary told herself these things many times, but as the days went by and David's habits also kept on, she found her patience wearing down. Especially when she was tired or unhappy or in a hurry. At such times her feelings of resentment would come back with full force. Then she would be doubly disappointed— disappointed not only in her husband, but in herself. This often caused her to be short-tempered, irritable, and snappy.

Sometimes when his wife seemed curt for no particular reason, David would look at her, his eyes puzzled, wondering what was bothering her. Then he would decide she didn't mean it the way it sounded, and he would go his way, dropping matches, scratching floors, and leaving teakettles unfilled.

There was no mistake about it, Mary Beiler had a problem. She had hoped it would go away and leave their marriage in peace, but it stayed right with them. The part that made her feel so bad was that such little things should bother her so much. Many times she was tempted to say something to her husband about his habits, but she always caught herself. "No, I mustn't say anything," she told herself. "I don't want to hurt his feelings, whatever I do. I would hate it if I made him feel bad. No, I must be careful and not let him find out how I feel."

But one day her resolve failed. David did several of his annoying things in a row. When he came in to get the lantern before starting evening chores, he dropped the match on the floor. He also tracked across the kitchen floor with his boots on, and then to top it off, lifted the teakettle from the stove and found it empty. "Don't we have any hot water?" he asked. "A pipe in the pig barn is frozen."

It was a reasonable question, but Mary was annoyed and touchy. She imagined David was implying that she hadn't done her part around the house or she would have kept the teakettle filled. She felt a hot feeling inside her that burned her neck and warmed her ears. And then the words came. "How did you expect to find water on the stove?" she snapped. "If you had filled it this noon, there would be some there now."

David turned, a bit dazed by the sharp response. He shrugged his shoulders. "It's all right," he said. "If you put some water on the burner now, I'll come in for it after chores."

Already Mary was sorry she had spoken as she did, and yet the bottled-up words kept surging from her. "I will," she said, her tone stinging, "but first I'll have to pick up the matches you throw on the floor all the time and clean up the dirty tracks your boots make when you stomp through the kitchen."

She knew she was being unfair, unkind, unreasonable, but the resentment within her had been building up pressure for months and now the words had come out like fire from an angry volcano.

David couldn't hide the hurt on his face. He looked at his boots. It was true, they weren't very clean. He saw, as though for the first time, the tracks on the floor. Silently he bit his lips and bent to pick up the partly-burnt match stick and then stepped carefully out the door. "Why didn't she say something sooner?" he kept asking himself. "I had no idea she felt that way." He felt almost sick as he thought of the many times she must have been irked by his habits, yet he had been unaware of them.

Later when both of them had had time to think about it, they talked it over together. Mary was overcome with remorse for her harsh words, blaming herself over and over and asking to be forgiven.

When the whole story was out, and the sobs and tears quieted down, David said, "You did make a mistake, but it wasn't in saying something. It was in not saying something sooner— in waiting so long to let me know these things bothered you."

"But I didn't want to hurt you," Mary said.

"That is what hurts the most," David said quietly. "It hurts me to think that all this while you couldn't confide in me. I want to be the kind of husband that you can talk to about anything that bothers you."

"But I felt so bad that such little things bothered me so much," Mary said, smiling through her tears. It seemed already as though a big load were lifted from her.

"Nothing is little that comes between us in any way," David said. "You know I was the only boy at home, with all those sisters, and they probably figured it was easier to clean up behind me than try to change me, so I was never taught better in some of these things. But I'm not too old to learn. Anytime I do something that bothers you, I want you to tell me about it, and I'll try to do better. I may forget sometimes, but just remind me when I do."

It took a while for Mary to really grasp that what she had thought was a mistake had turned out to be the solution— talking it over. Best of all, she found that this same solution worked for other problems that came up. When she and her husband could sit down and talk something over, that it itself already went a long way toward solving it. A feeling of trust and confidence grew between them.

There are probably few marriages that could not be helped if problems were more often frankly discussed together. In any relationship where humans must get along together, talking things over with each other is important, but in the intimate world of marriage, it is even more so. And yet so often husband and wife are partial strangers to each other, afraid to let their partner know how they really feel. They choose instead to remain locked inside their lonely selves, never discovering the depth of trust that makes it possible to confide in another their most secret fears and problems.

Many marriage problems have been solved by husbands and wives learning to trust each other completely, learning to be frank and honest about themselves and others. But that doesn't mean that bluntly blurting out your partner's faults is an automatic guarantee to a happy relationship. Here, as well as in anything else, a certain amount of common sense, tact, and kindness are important. Following are a few tips that may help if you find it necessary to discuss a problem with your mate.

1. Don't let resentment build up. A minister was counseling a young couple about to be married. "If you forget everything else I say," he told them, "try to remember this one thing: 'Never go to sleep angry.'" It would be hard to find better advice. The Bible says the same thing, "Let not the sun go down upon your anger" (Eph.4:26). Problems should be met and solved as they come up. Mary Beiler's mistake at the beginning of this article was to put off finding a solution for too long. She let the sore fester and become so infected that she could no longer face it calmly and in a reasonable frame of mind. If your partner is doing something that bothers you, don't wait too long. Many marriages have been ruined, not by the size of the problems, but by the deep-seated resentment that one or the other lived with for years.

2. Add a pinch of praise. A person who feels he dare never criticize his partner will fall short of developing a meaningful relationship, for no one is perfect and we all need loving criticism to spur us on to greater growth. But the person who always criticizes and never praises is also missing the mark. Criticism goes well with a little praise. Many marriages turn sour because partners forget to season their conversation by adding a pinch of praise. While no partner may be perfect, certainly none is all bad either. If you expect your partner to listen when you criticize, don't forget to praise him frequently for the things you like and admire, and appreciate about him.

3. Shoulder some of the blame yourself. Be fair and admit that you aren't perfect either. Don't put all the blame on your partner's shoulders. Wives, if your husband has a habit of getting impatient when meals aren't on time, he certainly is in the wrong. But when you speak to him about it, admit that you aren't as punctual as you should be, either. Promise to do better, to try harder to have meals on time and on schedule. That will certainly put your husband in a more likely frame of mind to take your criticism of his grumbling in a constructive way.

4. Choose a suitable moment. Be careful when you bring up a subject. Never, never decide to straighten up your spouse when you feel so angry that you can hardly wait to begin. Angry words beget angry words. All you will accomplish is sparking off a spat that you will regret. And don't try correcting him when you're tired. Your voice will be tense and edgy, you will probably sound accusing and blaming, and your husband will feel he has to defend himself. And don't approach such a difficult subject when he is tired, either, or frustrated. Wait for some fitting moment when you both have time together. Pick a time when neither of you are under pressure from your work, or in a hurry or discouraged. Such times are suitable for praise, but not for criticism. And last of all, never, never a thousand nevers, bring up some of his faults at a time when he is mentioning some of yours. That is not constructive criticism, that is self-justification at the best, revenge at the worst.

5. Say it in a nice way. Saying things in a nice way is an art that all of us should practice more. If we really have love in our hearts, and desire to build our marriage, it is possible to say an unpleasant thing in a pleasant way. Criticism doesn't have to be sharp, or snappy, or stinging. It can be gentle reproof, a loving reminder, a chance to reaffirm that we still love each other and want only for both and our children that which is best for all.

Mary Beiler kept her problem to herself for a long while because she didn't want to make the mistake of telling her husband about his faults. But being honest with each other need not be a mistake. It can be a rewarding and meaningful experience, the gateway to a marriage where two are truly one. The biggest mistake is to suffer in silence, brooding over our problems, letting them get bigger and bigger in our minds and destroying the trust and confidence that should be and can be between every husband and wife. ■■

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"Go break to the needy sweet charity's bread;
For giving is living," the angel said.
"And must I be giving again," my peevish and pitiless answer ran.
"Oh, no," said the Angel, piercing me through,
"Just give till the Master stops giving to you."

• • •

IF I COULD CONTROL MY EMOTIONS

With a sigh of relief I stepped down from the bus. I still had a mile to walk and I was tired. I was returning from visiting an ailing aunt in another community and at the last terminal I had waited for a number of hours. Now I was on the last part of my journey.

"Won't Elam be surprised to see me?" I thought to myself as I hurried toward home. "He's not expecting me yet."

That was the reason there was no one to meet me for I had come home a day earlier than I had planned.

By the time I neared home the suitcase was getting heavy. As I turned in the lane my hungry eyes swept over the yard. The late blooming flowers looked very pretty and around the corner of the house came my favorite cat. I was home.

I entered the screened porch and on into the kitchen. The children were nowhere around. Elam sat at the table doing some figuring.

"Hi," I said. "Am I ever glad to be home!"

"Hello," Elam mumbled, barely lifting his head to glance my way. Then he turned again to his figures.

I was surprised and hurt. "Surely he doesn't miss me as much as I missed him," I thought to myself, "or he couldn't act so cool."

It wasn't the first time that Elam had treated me like this. It had happened so often that I should have gotten used to it. But it still hurt.

Just then the children appeared and this partly made up for the lack of interest that Elam had shown for my return. Later on, when I should have been relating about my trip I was strangely silent. The look in Elam's eyes betrayed the fact that he wondered what was wrong, but he did not bother to ask. I imagine he was thinking, "She's probably on one of her emotional sprees. Women are so touchy."

When the incident had passed and I had time to think over it with a clear mind, I realized that no doubt Elam really was glad to see me, even if he didn't show it. He was in the middle of a difficult problem and probably didn't want to lose his train of thought. How was he to know that his wife was extra tired and that a genuine smile and a cheery greeting would have meant so much. How was he to know that the greeting he gave me was like a bucket of cold water dashed into my face. I resented it, and I felt not without cause. Any of the neighbors who would have stopped in or even a total stranger would have gotten his full attention. Why couldn't he offer the same courtesy to his own wife?

But then I decided it could be my own fault. If my emotions were not so sensitive, I could have shrugged it off and soon forgotten it. I am an introvert. An introvert is one who thinks more about himself and what he wants than about others and what they want. I have to wage a constant battle against self-pity and an inferiority complex. All because my husband doesn't realize how much I need the feeling of being important to him.

At times it appears to me it is all my fault. If I were not so emotional then I wouldn't mind it if I were slighted, neglected, insulted or hurt. But then again I have to wonder. Should we be like machines to go through life? Do we need a wall between ourselves and others, or build a protective shell around ourselves so others can not hurt us?

Women are generally considered to be more emotional than men. Perhaps men can hide their feelings better because they are stronger. Only God knows each person as an individual. A shallow person doesn't have the depth of feeling and to lose a friend doesn't mean so much to him.

From childhood many children are taught to bottle up their feelings. Boys, especially, are told that "only babies cry," or "you must be a big boy." Of course we should discourage them from feelings of self-pity but when misfortune strikes, if they lose a favorite pet, a few tears may be a healing balm. Why should they be discouraged from showing their feelings?

What does the Bible say about people who are emotional? What does God think of them?

SAMUEL 1:8, Hannah wept because she wanted a child and the great prophet Samuel was born.

RUTH 1-2, Ruth was emotional. She uttered those never forgotten words, "Where thou goest, I will go." She wasn't afraid to let her mother-in-law know she loved her. What was her reward? A rich husband who cared for her and through her was counted the lineage of Jesus.

GENESIS 45:1, "Then Joseph could not refrain himself before all them that stood by him, and he cried." If ever anyone had a right to feel that he was misused, Joseph could have felt that way but he never allowed anything to harden his heart.

LUKE 7:37, When Mary washed the feet of Jesus with tears and wiped them with her hair, the Pharisees were astounded but Jesus praised the deed.

LUKE 6:21, "Blessed are ye who weep now for ye shall laugh."

JOHN 20:13, Mary wept at Jesus' tomb and received the privilege of being the first to see the risen Christ.

ROMANS 12:15, "Rejoice with them that do rejoice and weep with them that weep."

ACTS 21:13, Paul answered, "What mean ye to weep and break mine heart?"

PSALMS 126:5, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

JOHN 11:35, "Jesus wept."

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From all these verses, we must conclude that emotions in themselves are not wrong. They merely show the depth of a person's feelings but they must be controlled.

The new commandment which Jesus gave to his disciples was that they love each other. I wonder how many people lose a lot in life by not being more demonstrative at times. All people feel the need of love, to be needed and wanted. The amount depends a lot on a person's upbringing and also individual temperament.

Now as I look back on that particular incident, the evening I returned from my trip, I feel I was at fault for being so hurt about my husband being so engrossed in his figures to barely notice me. I knew he is not overly demonstrative and I should have taken him for what he is. I believe he was glad to see me, even if he didn't show it.

On the other hand, I cannot help but think that perhaps he was also partly at fault. He might have realized that I am sensitive by nature and he could have made some effort to show that he was glad to see me. It might have made such a big difference not only that evening but perhaps also for days afterward. He may have succeeded in keeping his train of thought but to do it, he had to sacrifice something else. He lost the chance to bring hours of pleasure into his own home.

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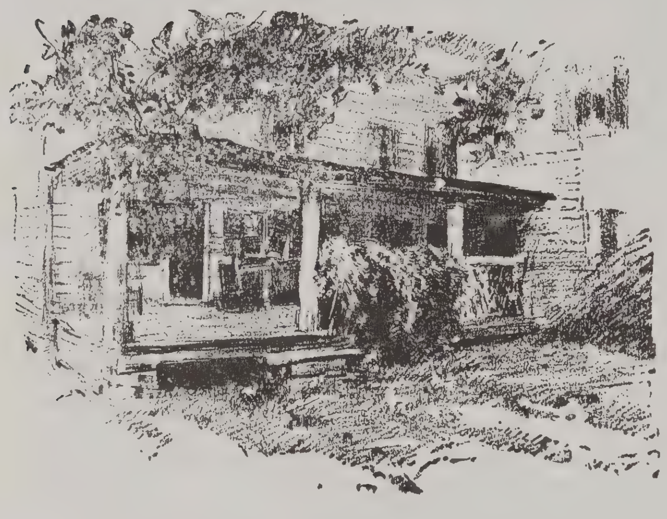

WHY WE LIKE OUR OLD HOME

Daddy, aren't we almost there?" little Robert asked for the sixth time from his seat in the buggy box.

Ezra Yoder smiled down at his little son. "No, Robert, it's still a few miles."

His little sister Naomi had fallen asleep on the seat between her parents, and baby Nancy was cuddled on her mother's lap.

"Will Uncle Levis have some toys to play with?" Robert asked rather hopefully.

"If they don't, maybe you can find a book to look at," his mother answered him. "You know Uncle Levi and Aunt Susan aren't used to having any children in the house so you mustn't be noisy or mischievous."

"Mom, what does that last word mean?" Robert asked rather slowly.

"It means you mustn't get into things you shouldn't and not to be naughty," his mother answered. "They have a brand new house and they don't want to have anyone tracking in a lot of dirt, or marking up the furniture. Now do you know what it means?"

"Yes. I shouldn't write on the walls with a crayon or spill my water at the table, or- or- " he was thinking of what else he could say.

It was a pleasant day as the Ezra Yoder family drove through the narrow roads that led to the place where Ezra's youngest brother, Levi, and his new wife, Susan, lived. Levis had just been married four months and had already built a new house on a wooded lot. They had just moved in last week. Since Levis lived many miles away, Ezras had not seen the new house since it was finished.

"That house over on top of the little hill is where they live, Robert," Daddy said. "Look, they even have a dog tied there by that big tree."

Soon they were driving into the lane and stopped in front of the house.

"Hello there," called Levi as he came out of the house to help Ezra unhitch Molly and put her in the barn. Mary and the children went into the house where Susan met them with a smile.

"Here, give me the baby. Is she still sleeping?" Susan asked. Little Nancy squirmed and opened her eyes. "My, how she has grown. I haven't seen her since the day of our wedding. She looks a lot like you."

The men were soon seated in the living room visiting. The women were busy preparing the noon meal. "Well, how do you like your new home by this time?" Ezra asked.

Levi was slow to answer but mumbled something about that maybe soon they would get used to it better.

Ezra noticed the shiny new floors and the tight fitting boards. "Did you put this flooring in yourself?" he asked.

"No, we got the men from the flooring company to put it in," Levi answered. "All we did was sand it and finish it. We didn't get it finished as good as we had hoped to but after five coats of varnish, with sandings in between, we decided it would have to be good enough for us."

"Five coats of varnish!" Ezra exclaimed. "I'd think that would be good enough. We usually try to give our floors the second coat if we can. Is this a new kind of stove you have here? I don't remember seeing any just like it."

The stove they were looking at had a two tone jacket resembling a T.V. set. "Yes, we got it at the Grover Hardware," Levi answered. "It's a new kind and supposed to be extra good. It ought to be, too, for the price it cost," Levi laughed.

As Ezra looked around the room, he saw many things which surprised him. He had not known that his youngest brother was so "high-up." Ezra noticed several things which he had not seen in Amish homes in that community before.

"Maybe I notice them more because I'm a minister," Ezra thought to himself. "We have had to work on some of these very things in our own district."

Robert was sitting on his daddy's lap when Susan came with a big toy tractor. "Here, you want to play with this?" she asked.

Robert was surprised, for he had never had one like this at home to play with. She also brought a big doll for Naomi. Soon they were busy playing.

In the kitchen, the women were putting the finishing touches on the big meal. Finally Mary got up enough nerve to ask Susan who made her cupboards. They were different than any Mary had ever seen before and were very modern looking.

"Levi put them in but we bought them ready built," Susan answered. "No, I don't think anyone else has any like them, but we thought they would be so handy. We got woodwork to match and I think this wood will be easy to care for. It's supposed to stay nice and shiny." Susan ran her hand over the trim around the door frames and the windows.

Soon dinner was on the table and the men were summoned from the living room. They sat down to a table laden with all kinds of rich foods, much of it out of the store. An expensive set of chinaware and a lacy tablecloth were on the table. Everything was so stylish that Ezra and Mary felt ill at ease.

The men discussed some things about the farm and talked about Levi's new driving mare which he had bought a short time before. Soon the last dessert was passed but everyone was so full they didn't take any. When the meal was finished, the women did the dishes. Soon they were all seated in the living room.

Mary hadn't noticed the expensive looking couch before, which stood along the west wall. She also noticed the curtains which were made of loud material. She tried not to look around anymore for it made her feel bad to see such things. Slowly the afternoon wore on. Mary felt uncomfortable and wished Ezra would be ready to go home early. A few minutes later, Ezra glanced at the clock and suggested it would soon be time to go home although it was only 2:45. "No hurry about us," said Levi. "It isn't chore time yet."

"Yes, I know," Ezra answered, "but we're many miles from home and Molly likes to take her time. Would you be ready to go, Mary?"

"Yes, I'm ready when you are," smiled Mary.

Ezra got up to go. Robert was still playing with the tractor when Ezra handed him his coat. "Give the tractor to Aunt Susan and we'll be going."

Shyly he handed the toy to Susan and went to get his coat. "You'll have to come again, Robert, then you can play some more with the tractor."

"Yes, I want to," said Robert over his shoulder as he was leaving with his father.

Soon the family were in the buggy and on their way home. Robert soon said, "Mom, when will we go to Levis again so I can play with the tractor?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Mary.

"Robert," began his father, " wouldn't you rather play with your wooden horses and wagon at home than with the tractor? Then you can play you are doing the same work I do with Bess and Bell."

"Yes, I can haul wood and husk corn and make hay and some day when I'm real big I can drive Bess and Bell for you, can't I?" asked Robert.

"Yes, I certainly hope so," answered Ezra in a more relaxed tone.

The family drove on in silence for awhile. Soon Ezra said to Mary, "My guess is you are thinking the same things I am."

"Very likely," answered Mary. "But you weren't in the bedrooms and bathrooms. There are two bathrooms in the house. I was shocked when I came into the first one. I was glad I was alone for I was so shocked that I exclaimed out loud. The walls are a fresh pink color and of course everything matched. I can't understand why anyone would paint their walls a color they wouldn't use for clothing. To me if a color is too "frech" for a dress, it's too "frech" for anything else, too. If they use the color for painting the walls, it almost looks like they would like to use it for their clothing, too, if they thought they could get by with it."

"I'm just glad we don't have to live in that house," Ezra agreed with his wife. "It looked to me like Levi was nervous and anxious to change the subject when I asked a few things about the house. That house is just not fitting for a Christian to live in."

"I don't think either one of them was used to anything fancy in the homes they grew up in," Mary answered. "What kind of houses will their children build if the world should stand that long? Or maybe they aren't thinking about that. I just thought Levi would have more with him than that. I'm afraid they were thinking only of an earthly home when they planned that house. Surely no one would want such a beautiful home here on this earth if they hoped for a heavenly home after this time."

Little Robert had been watching things along the road and talking to himself about this and that but now he piped up, "Why? Is the new house too beautiful to go to heaven?"

"We still like our old home, don't we?" Ezra answered as he winked at Mary knowingly. They both knew they should not continue talking about it in Robert's presence if he was listening.

A bunny hopped along the road in front of them as they drove along. A squirrel scampered up a tree beside the road and by this time Robert was quite excited. He kept his eyes open the rest of the way home.

That evening, after they were in bed, Ezra and Mary talked for a long time. Sleep was slow in coming. Finally Mary fell asleep but Ezra lay thinking for another hour.

When morning came, Ezra awoke with a start. He had just had a dream and now he lay trying to figure out where he was and whether the dream was true or not. He soon found himself, and as soon as Mary awoke, he related his dream to her.

"I was dreaming about Levi's beautiful new house," he told her. "I saw it very plain and all those nice things were in ruins. The whole house was full of big flies and spiders. Mice and rats were running over the shelves. Big ugly worms were crawling out of the knotholes from the kitchen cupboards. The lacy tablecloth was moldy. The floors had big cracks and were covered with mud. The pretty pink color in the bathroom had turned to grayish brown and was covered with filth. The windows were all broken and the house was cold and smelly. Their nice furniture was banged up and broken. The cellar was dark and damp. Big cracks could be seen in the concrete blocks. In one corner a large snake hung from the ceiling and its tongue was darting back and forth and it was hissing.

"Then I saw Levi and Susan. They were standing in the living room dressed in rags and they looked cold and hungry. They were looking at the house and were weeping bitterly.

"In my dream, I had to weep for I pitied them so. I thought, 'Why didn't I warn them about building the fine house and maybe they wouldn't be in such a miserable condition now.' I can't tell you how I felt in my dream, Mary, for it was all so real."

Mary pulled the bed covers closer around her shoulders as she lay thinking about the dream which Ezra had related to her. "It makes me shiver to think of it, too," she said. "They say what is in your heart will show on the outside. If their hearts are hung on that fine house then maybe their souls are in ruins like you saw the house in your dream."

"That could be," Ezra answered. "But why didn't I talk to Levi about it. He probably wouldn't have liked it if I had, but then I could feel I did my part. I feel so sorry for them. I think I should write them a letter or should we go and see them again soon? After all, he's my brother and his soul is just as precious as anyone's."

As Ezra was starting up the fire in the kitchen stove, troublesome thoughts kept coming into his mind. "Could a young couple live in love and harmony and would God's blessings rest upon them if they want to live in such a way? How displeased God must be to see people build houses to suit their own desires and spend time and money for living in luxury."

By this time the house was warm and comfortable and Mary was getting herself ready to go along to the barn to do the milking.

After the chores were done and Ezra came in for breakfast, Mary asked with a smile, "Ezra, doesn't this old house seem extra cozy and homey this morning?"

"Yes," answered her husband, "I was thinking the same thing. This old house is dearer to me than ever now."

When breakfast was over, Ezra went out to finish the chores. Inside the house, Mary was washing the dishes and as Ezra made his way toward the barn he could hear Mary singing a hymn. Then his thoughts turned once more to his brother many miles away and a serious look crossed his face. If only there were a way that Levi and Susan could be made to realize that if our hearts are in Heaven, we do not wish for such a fine home here on earth. If only they could know— if only they could know. Suddenly Ezra felt very small and helpless when he realized the great responsibility which was on his shoulders to try to help his brother and others like him. He breathed a silent prayer and ended by saying, "Lord, I am willing to do what I can. Help me that I don't do anything which I ought not to do, and that I don't neglect to do anything I can do." -Ohio

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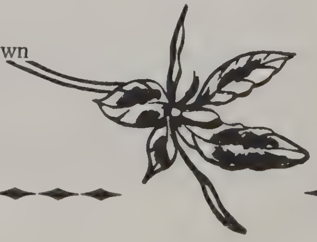
The Song of the Sparrow

I'm only a little sparrow-- a bird of low degree;
My life is of little value but the dear Lord cares for me.
He gives me a coat of feathers— it is very plain, I know,
Without a speck of crimson, for it was not made for show.
But it keeps me warm in winter and it shields me from the rain;
Were it bordered with gold and purple, perhaps it would make me vain.
And when the spring time cometh, I will build me a little nest,
With many a chirp of pleasure, in the spot I love the best.
I have no barn or storehouse, I neither sow nor reap;
God gives me a sparrow's portion, with never a seed to keep.
My meat is sometimes scanty, close pecking makes it sweet;
I have always enough to feed me and life is more than meat.
I know there are many sparrows— all over the world they are found--
But our heavenly Father knoweth when ONE of us falls to the ground.
Tho' small, we are never forgotten; tho' weak, we need not fear
For we know the dear Lord keepeth the life of His creatures here.
I fly through city and country; I alight on many a spray;
I have no chart or compass but I never lose my way.
I am only a little sparrow— a bird of low degree;
But I know that the Father loves me; dost thou know his love for thee?

Author Unknown



By Their Fruits

Years ago when I was a boy, we had different kinds of trees around the buildings. Some were tall trees, some small trees, some shade trees, and some really didn't do much good that I could see.

Three trees that stand out clearly in my mind were a Carolina Poplar and two mulberry trees. The poplar tree stood by the barn and was tall and wide. On warm days we got a lot of good from it just by sitting in the shade. Sometimes in the summer time we would pull the farm machinery under it to make repairs or adjustments. It seemed Dad always liked to work in the shade of that towering tree. Also many a bird found a place to make its nest in the branches. Once in a while a crow would perch in the tree and turn a wary eye downward. Finally, the tree got old and the branches kept breaking off so an axe was laid to it.

The mulberry trees served a different purpose. The one by the woodshed was just so-so. I could never really figure out what good it was doing. Possibly it had something to do with thepollination of other trees,I don't know, but it never did have any fruit to speak of.

But the other mulberry tree stands out in my mind very clearly. It was a fruit bearer, not just ordinary mulberries, but literally loaded with them. At the peak of the season it was just one big splotch of red and black. It attracted many birds, hundreds came to feed on the black berries. At least 25 different kinds of birds came to sample the fruit and get a free meal. Some came and soon left again while others stayed nearly the whole day. Early in the morning and at late afternoon was the favorite snack time. There was always a lot of commotion and bird talk in that mulberry tree.

The birds didn't get all the fruit for we sometimes had some on the table, too. All in all, it was quite a fruit bearer for about two months every year.

Jesus once asked whether it is possible to gather grapes from thorn trees or figs from thistles. The answer of course is no, because thorn trees and thistle bushes can not bear fruit. This is to say that the final test is whether we bear fruit or not. Jesus said it is impossible to gather fruit from any tree except that which is the outgrowth of the inner life. Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit but the corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. We cannot gather good fruit from a corrupt tree. Of course we cannot bear good fruits of ourselves as Jesus teaches in St. John, "Abide in me and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me."

One more thing we should keep in mind. The fruit does not keep the tree alive but the tree keeps the fruit. The tree that is alive bears fruit—at least that mulberry tree by the chicken house did.

-J.C. M

YESTERDAYS AND YEARS

NEW NAMES AMONG THE AMISH

By David Luthy

Part 5: Names Which Came and Went Again

Sometimes an Amish person will be reading in a family record book and see an unfamiliar last name. It will show that the person was married to his ancestor whom he knows was Amish. Studying the name, the reader will say, "Was that an Amish last name? He shrugs his shoulders in wonderment.

The fact is there are dozens of family names which once were found among the Amish in America but now no longer exist. They were family names of Amish in Europe, were transported to America by Amish immigrants, and for various reasons vanished from Amish society in America. In the earliest Amish settlement in America(Berks County, Pennsylvania) there were Hollys, Umbles, Conrads, and Bloughs among the Amish settlers. But where are those family names today? They have disappeared from Amish society. In Ohio there were Amish settlers with the names of Kennel, Wyse, Nafziger. In Iowa there were Goldsmiths, Klopfensteins, Rogies, Wereys. These are but a few of the many names which once were found among the Amish in America but are no more. Many of these names vanished at the time of the church divisions between 1850 and 1880 when it has been estimated that two-thirds of the Amish left the old paths and went with the liberal Amish-Mennonite movement. By the 1920's this group had merged with the Mennonites, taking numerous once common Amish names into the Mennonite Church.

But perhaps the most interesting names which have disappeared from Amish society are the new names which came and went again. They were not Amish family names in Europe, having entered Amish society in America. They existed in America for a generation or two and then diappeared. Following are the histories of five such names.

Smiley

Like many pioneer American names, this family name took various spellings in early American records: Schmeily, Smyly, and Smiley. The reason for the different spellings is that many immigrants did not know how to write, not even how to write their names. So when a public offical wrote down their names, he spelled them according to how they sounded to him.

Nathan Smiley was the first Amish "Smiley." He was born in Ireland on April 17, 1797. When he was four years old he came to America with his British mother. They made their home in Somerset County, Pennsylvania. His mother, who likely was a widow, married a Mr. Bowers. For some unkown reason it was decided that young Nathan shoud be placed in a foster home. The John Troyers, an Amish family, took him in. When he reached maturity he joined the Amish church. Several years later he married Anna Stutzman. The wedding date is unknown but was before 1822 as their first child was born then. They had two sons, John and Samuel, and then the mother died. Nathan later married Margarette Miller. To this marriage were born two daughters and a son, Emanuel.

By 1840 a number of Amish families in Somerset County were considering moving westward where the land was cheaper. In that year four men went on a trip west to hunt for a suitable location for a new settlement. One historian says that "Nathan Schmeily" was one of the four men. Another historian has in his book that it was Nathan's son "John Smyly." Whether it was Nathan or his eighteen-year-old son John that went on the trip is not certain, but at any rate a "Smiley" was one of the four Somerset County Amish that set out in 1840 to find a new location.

The four men traveled by flatboat and steamboat to Iowa where they crossed the prairies on foot investigating Des Moines, Henry, Washington, and Johnson counties. They liked the timberland and the soil but not the reports of malaria fever which was killing settlers. They turned their backs on Iowa, crossed the Mississippi River, and traveled to the small city of Chicago (it's population at that time was around 4,000). They got a boat there and crossed Lake Michigan and entered the St. Joseph Rilver which flows through northern Indiana. From there they went a short distance overland to the area around Goshen in Elkhart County. They were well pleased with the land and decided that this would be their future home.

In 1841 Nathan Smiley and his family moved to Elkhart County, Indiana. They must have been one of the earliest Amish families to settle there. Other families moved in from Pennsylvania and also from Ohio. Some of the settlers bought land in the adjoining county, Lagrange County. It is not know for certain when church problems first arose among the Amish living in these two counties, but during the 1850's, bishops were called in from other areas. But the problems were not solved and the Amish split into two groups: the Old Order Amish and the progressive Amish-Mennonites. Before this they were all merely called "Amish."

Nathan Smiley's oldest son, John, had been ordained an Amish minister in 1849. When the Amish church split into two groups, he joined the Amish-Mennonites. It is thought that his father did, too. The congregation where John served as minister developed into the Clinton Frame Amish-Mennonite Church. In 1866 John and his family moved to Wayne County, Ohio where he united with the Oak Grove Amish-Mennonites.

WANTED:

We would like to obtain a copy of the following family record books for use in our historical work. Anyone having a copy to sell, please contact:

Historical Editor
Pathway Publishers
Aylmer, Ontario, Canada

1. Descendants of Jeptha A. Troyer, printed at Nappanee, Indiana in 1957.
2. Family Record of Simeon H. Yoder, Kalona, Iowa, 1964.
3. Family Record of Jacob Graber and Hannah Reich.
4. Troyer Family Record, Howe, Indiana, 1952.
5. Descendants of Johannes Schwartz, Berne, Indiana, 1949.
6. Family Record of Michael Yoder, 1950.
7. Bishop John Blank and Family, Gap, Pennsylvania, 1963.
8. John K. Glick and Martha Hooley Family Record, 1963.
9. Yutzy Family History 1819-1964.

Nathan Smiley died in 1872. His son John died six years later at age 56. He was helping one day in the neighborhood threshing ring. As the other men sat down for dinner someone said, "Where's John?" They recalled that he had been working in the mow tramping down straw. Hurrying to the barn, they could not immediately find him. But after searching for a while they found him buried in the straw. He had died of heart failure and had been covered with straw from the blower on the threshing machine. He was survived by his wife and seven daughters, there being no sons to carry on the "Smiley" name.

Morrell

James Morrell was either of Irish or Scottish descent. It is believed that his father, Robert, came to America from Londonderry, Northern Ireland and settled in Huntington County, Pennsylvania. Both Morrell parents died and the children were put into foster homes as apprentices or "bound learners." Seven-year-old James was bound to an Amish farmer in neighboring Mifflin County. His name was Jacob Zook. The date of the contract was January 1815 and was signed by Mr. Morrell. Since he died soon afterwards, it has been suggested that Mr. Morrell signed it on his deathbed, wanting to place his children into homes and not leave them as orphans for only the state to look after."

The practice of legally binding children into apprenticeship was common in pioneer America. Parents who could not support all their children or wanted certain children to learn specific trades bound them to a master. One famous American who served in such a way was Benjamin Franklin who was legally bound to his older brother to learn the printing trade.

The terms of James Morrell's apprenticeship are interesting. James was to serve Jacob Zook until he was 21 and to serve "honestly and obediently in all things as a dutiful apprentice ought to do." Jacob Zook was legally obligated to teach James the "art and mystery of a farmer." He was also required to teach James to read and write and to give him one and a half years of schooling - three months of which was to be in his seventeenth year and three months in his eighteenth year. He was to provide James with food, clothing, washing, and lodging. When the term of apprenticeship was finished he was to give James "one good horse and two hundred dollars two suits of apparel - one whereof shall be new."

James Morrell's term of apprenticeship was to cease on his 21st birthday which was April 25, 1828. But a few months before that, on December 29, 1827, he got married. It was likely done with his master's permission. His wife was 22-year-old Leah Lewis, the daughter of a Revoluntionary War soldier, Samuel Lewis. Like her husband, she had been bound as an apprentice to an Amish family, that of Christly Yoder of Mifflin County. She had served the Yoders from age four in 1809 until her eighteenth birthday in 1823. (Grils were bound until 18 and boys until 21.) So she was no longer serving an apprenticeship at the time of the marriage, and her husband had only a few months to serve.

It is interesting to notice the terms under which Leah had entered into apprenticeship. Much admonition was given that she retain her moral character, not to play cards, dice, or unlawful games nor to marry before turning 18. She was not to buy or sell nor to leave home without permission. She was to be given "one year's schooling after she was 7 years of age and two suits of clothes - one off and the other on - after the form of the farm." Her master was to treat her the same as he would his own daughter and give her a bed, clothes, one cow, a spinning wheel, and a chest.

It is not known if James and Leah joined the Amish church before their marriage or afterwards, but it is thought that it was before. They lived in Mifflin County until 1834 when they moved to the Amish settlement (now extinct) in Fairfield County, Ohio. They lived there for eighteen years, moving in the fall of 1853 to Lagrange County, Indiana. That was right at the time of the church division among the Amish in Elkhart and Lagrange counties. It is presumed that the Morrells went with the Amish-Mennonite side, for today Jame's grave can be seen in the graveyard of the Maple Grove Amish-Mennonite church, one of the churches directly involved in the church split.

The Morrells had a number of children. One son, David, was ordained a minister at Maple Grove in 1870, ten years before his father's death. When the congregation united with the Mennonite Church in 1917, the "Morrell" name became extinct among the Amish.

Hartz

Moses Hartz was born on December 23, 1819. He was baptized into the Lutheran faith as an infant and orphaned at four years of age. When he was 18 he left his birthplace, Alleghenyville in Berks County, Pa. and walked into the adjoining county, Lancaster County. He carried his few possessions under his arm and went from farm to farm asking for work. He stopped at the home of David Mast, an Amishman living in the Conestoga Valley. At first Mr. Mast said he had no work to give Moses, but on second thought called him to come back. Thus, Moses Hartz found a good home and a job.

During the 1840's America was rapidly expanding westward. Trains had not yet become practical to use in hauling supplies westward. Freight was commonly hauled on flatboats and by wagons - Conestoga wagons, named after the Conestoga Valley where they were first manufactured. Mr. Mast owned one; and when the summer work was finished each year, he would send Moses Hartz out with the wagon to haul freight through Bedford and Somerset counties or to the warf in Phiadelphia. Sometimes Moses, who was in his twenties, would go across Pennsylvania to Pittsburg and on one occassion he went into Ohio. But each spring the six mules were taken from their job of pulling the wagon and worked in the fields. Moses, too, returned to farming each spring.

Moses found the Amish way of life and religion attractive and joined the Amish church. At the age of 30 he married an Amish girl, Magdalena Nafziger. The rented a farm in the Pequea Valley, the valley in Lancaster County next to Conestoga Valley. It was while living here that he was ordained to the Amish ministry in 1855. Three years later he moved back to Conestoga Valley where his former employer, David Mast, helped him to buy a 240 acre farm.

When the Civil War broke out in 1861, Moses was exempted from the draft because he was a minister. He was spared the trials some Amish men endured at that time because of their convictions against going to war. But even the Hartz family felt the effects of the war to a certain degree. The Battle of Gettysburg was fought in July of 1863 less than 100 miles from where the Lancaster Amish lived. The Amish in the two valleys, Pequea and Conestoga, hid their most valuable possessions as they feared the Confederate soldiers would come through their area and take whatever they wanted. Mrs. Hartz is reported to have said at the time, "But we had nothing worth hiding." This was true in one sense but not in another. They did not have many possessions, but they did have 90 acres of wheat which the soldiers could have set on fire causing a terrible financial loss. But the Amish homes and fields escaped the plundering of the Confederate soldiers who were defeated in the battle.

About 1880 Moses Hartz introduced the first grain binder into the area. Up to that date the grain had been cut and tied by hand. Farm laborers were numerous and were much alarmed by the binder for it would take away their work. Threats were made by some men that they would destroy the binder at night, but that never happened.

When the Amish church in Lancaster County split around 1877 into the Old Order Amish and the Amish-Mennonites, Moses Hartz sided with the Old Order. But in the 1890's he ran into difficulties when his son, Moses Jr., was put in the ban for leaving the Amish and joing the Mennonites. Moses refused to shun his son. Because of this he was no longer allowed to preach and eventually put in the ban. After a while he and his wife asked the Conestoga Amish-Mennonites to let them join their group. The Amish-Mennonites were slow and cautious to do this and called in two bishops from Ohio to consider the case. Eventually Moses and his wife were taken in by the Amish-Mennonites who lifted the ban but did not allow Moses ever to preach.

Moses Hartz lived to be 96 years old, dying on May 17, 1916. He has the distinction of having lived through the terms of office of 23 United States presidents. He was born during the presidency of James Monroe and died during the presidency of Woodrow Wilson.

The "Hartz" name left Amish society when the Conestoga Amish-Mennonites merged with the Mennonite Church in 1927.

Briskey

William Briskey was married to Elizabeth Johnson. It is thought that they were German Lutherans, but both last names appear to be more British than German. William and his wife decided to immigrate to America, taking with them their two children, Jacob and Mary Ann. While crossing the Atlantic Ocean, Mrs. Briskey died and was buried at sea. Mr. Briskey and his children settled in Somerset County, Pennsylvania, where the children were put out to foster families. Both of these families were Amish. When Jacob and his sister grew to maturity, they both joined the Amish church.

In the spring of 1865 a group of Amish from Somerset County moved to Illinois where they founded a settlement near Arthur and Arcola. Among the early settlers in this settlement was Daniel Miller. His daughter Barbara was Jacob Briskey's girlfriend. He followed her to Illinois and they were married there on November 17, 1867. He was 23 and she was 18.

Jacob and Barbara had seven children which lived to adulthood, four girls and three boys-John, Daniel and Henry. The Briskey family owned a farm along the Arthur road across from the present Dan Yoder farm. Jacob met a sudden death on October 5,1903 when he was 56. He was seated atop a wagon loaded with baled hay and drove onto a scales to weigh the load. A bale fell off and scared the horses. They ran off and threw Jacob off the wagon which then went over him and killed him. He was buried in the Otto Cemetery.

The "Briskey" name disappeared from among the Amish because eventually no male descendants joined the Amish. Jacob's three sons joined, but one never married. Of Jacob's three "Briskey" grandsons, one joined the Amish, but none of the "Briskey" great-grandsons did. Thus the name vanished after three generations. The last Amishman to bear the "Briskey" name was Jacob's son, Henry, who died in 1950. Of course, there are a number of present day Amish who trace back to either Mary Ann Briskey or to Jacob's daughters.

Schwietert

William (or Billy as he was more often called) Schwietert was born on February 3, 1879 in Hanover, Germany. He came to America in 1900 at the age of 21. His father was no longer living, and his mother wanted him to go to America to escape compulsory military training in Germany. She sewed a patch on his underwear with some money under it so he would have some in time of need.

After arriving in America, Billy went to live with an aunt in Minnestoa. He found a job there working for a man who imported purebred horses from Belgium. His job was to accompany the horses to their new owners. The horses were shipped by train. One day Billy was standing in a boxcar which had its sliding door open. He was leaning against the door frame when the door suddenly flew shut, chrushing his left hand so badly that it had to be cut off. But Billy was good in handling horses, even with one hand, and continued at the job.

During the first part of the 1900's there was a good-sized Amish church in Rolette County, North Dakota. One of the residents, Joe J. Graber, purchased a Belgium stallion from the man Billy Schwietert worked for. Billy got the job of delivering the horse to the Garber farm. Mr. Graber then hired him to take the horse from farm to farm as was the practice in those days. Billy made his home with the Graber family and married one of the daughters, Anna, in the early part of 1908. He also joined the Amish church.

A person who well remembers Billy Schwietert says, "Billy was quite a talker; and whenever in a crowd of some kind, he soon had a bunch of listeners around him just to hear him talk on account of his high German accent."

Billy and his wife raised a family of 10 children. They made their home in North Dakota until around 1937 when they moved to Lagrange County, Indiana. Later they moved to neighboring Elkhart County. Here Billy died in 1965 at the age of 86. His widow died four years later. Of the ten children none of the boys joined the Amish, so the "Schwietert" name lasted only through one generation. Two daughters, however, are members of the Amish church.

■■

O teure Seelen, laßt euch wachend finden!
Ach eilet all, daß keine bleib dahinten,
Des liebſten Heilands Stimm erſchallet weit
An allen Orten, machet euch bereit.

Verlaſſet dann was euch noch lau tut machen,
Dann dieſe letzt' Minut heißt uns ſtets wachen,
Der Bräut'gam kommt, er iſt nah vor der Tür,
Drum ſchmücket euch, und ſich ein jeder zier.

Ergreift die Lieb und auch des Glaubens Waffen,
Seid als wegeilende doch ſtets beſchaffen.
Wahrheit und Wachſamkeit ſei euer Schild;
Wer hierin ſtreit, behält fürwahr das Feld.

Zwar haben wir uns oft dies vorgeſetzet,
Doch die Vernunft hat bald darein geſchwätzet,
Ach, Herr! gieb daß ich meide ihr Gedicht,
Und nur mein Herz auf deine Stimme richt.

Was ich mir nun aufs neue vorgenommen,
Das laß du, Herr, doch zum vollbringen kommen,
Beſtändiglich mein Herz zu dir ſelbſt richt,
Daß ich nur dich und anders liebe nicht.

O Herr! du wollſt uns alle unterweiſen,
Daß wir dir geben Lob, Dank, Ruhm und Preiſe;
Steh du doch, Herr, noch deinem Zion bei,
Und mach es bald von allen Banden frei.

Editoriel—

Das ſuchen, was droben iſt.

„Seid ihr nun mit Chriſto auferſtanden, ſo ſuchet was droben iſt, da Chriſto iſt, ſitzend zu der Rechten Gottes, trachtet nach das droben iſt und nicht nach dem das auf Erden iſt.“ Kol. 3, 1. 2. Ein andrer Ueberſetzer ſtellt das letzte Teil: „Richtet euren Sinn auf das Himmliſche, und nicht auf das Irdiſche.“

Laſſet uns einſtmal in uns ſelber einkehren und prüfen was wir am meiſten am ſuchen ſind, iſt es das, was droben iſt, oder das, was Erden iſt? Iſt es das Himmliſche, oder das Irdiſche?

Der Heiland ſprecht uns zu: „Ihr ſollt euch nicht Schätze ſammeln auf Erden, da ſie die Motten und der Roſt freſſen, und da die Diebe nachgraben und ſtehlen. Sammelt euch aber Schätze im Himmel, da ſie weder Motten, noch Roſt freſſen, und da die Diebe nicht nachgraben, noch ſtehlen.“ Matt. 6, 19.20.

Was ſind das für Schätze die wir nicht ſammeln, und die wir ſammeln ſollen. Nach meinem Dünken tun die zwei Schriftſtellen, das ſuchen was droben iſt, und Schätze ſammeln im Himmel ſo ziemlich gut zuſammen paſſen. Wenn wir von ganzem Herzen Chriſtus ſuchen, der droben iſt, dann ſind wir auch am Schätze ſammeln dort oben. Wenn wir aber mehr geneigt ſind unſere Luſt und Freude zu haben mit die irdiſche Sachen auf dieſer Erde, ſo ſind wir wohl noch am Schätze ſammeln auf Erden.

Umlängſt las ich ein Stück in einer Zeitſchrift wo ſolche die wir vielleicht halten für Weltmenſchen vorgaben bekümmert zu ſein, daß die Menſchen mehr an das Kreuz denken ſollten über die Oſterzeit alswie an die Eaſter-Goodies. Ja, es wäre vielleicht gut für alle mehr an das Kreuz zu denken. Wir vergeſſen oftmals wie viel unſer Herr und Meiſter gelitten hat ans Kreuz uns arme Menſchen zu befreien. Die Oſterzeit kommt nur einmal im Jahr, aber an die Gros-Gemein wird viel geredet von der Kreuzigung. Und in die allgemeine Lehr tut auch oft etwas geſagt werden von wie Chriſtus gelitten hat. Tun wir auch davon denken in der Woche wenn wir ſo an unſere Arbeit ſind, und tun wir nicht auch davon denken in der Nacht wenn wir vom Schlaf wachen.

Wir möchten die frage ſtellen, wie können ſolche Menſchen wie oben davon gemeldet gut ans Kreuz denken und nur mit der Welt gehen in faſt allem, inſonderheit mit Kleider anlegen wie die Weibsperſonen ſo abgöttiſch ausſehen. Doch können wir ſagen, einige von ſolche die wir hören reden, und bekümmert ſind wie es geht in der Welt, ſind nicht von die ſchlimmſte in dieſe Sache.

Wir haben hie nur ein Haus mit Händen gemacht, wo wir drin wohnen können, als eine Beſchirmung vom Wetter, ein Bett drin zu ſchlafen und ſo weiter. Wir ſehnen aber hinauf für eine andere Wohnung wo nicht mit Händen gemacht iſt. „Wir wiſſen aber, ſo unſer irdiſch Haus dieſer Hütte zerbrochen wird, daß wir ein Bau haben, von Gott erbauet, ein Haus, nicht mit Händen gemacht, das ewig iſt, im Himmel.“ 2 Kor. 5, 1. Dies irdiſche Haus wo aber hier davon geredet wird meint unſer Leib wo die Seel drin wohnt in dieſer Zeit. Und ſo wie wir verlangen und ſehnen darnach aus dieſem irdiſchen Haus, unſer Leib zu gehen und in die himmliſche Wohnung eingehen, ſo ſollten wir auch verlangen aus dieſem natürlichen Haus, wo nur mit Holz und Nägel zuſammen gemacht iſt, in jene himmliſche Wohnung einzugehen. Wir wollen acht geben das wir es nicht als eine ewige Wohnung halten, und vielleicht denken: Hier iſt gut ſein, was wollen wir beſſer haben. O nein, laſſet uns nicht ſo denken. Laſſet uns hinauf ſehen für das Himmliſche oder Ewige, nicht nur das Zeitliche und Irdiſche. Wir fürchten es möchte zu viel ſo ſein bei viele von uns arme Chriſten, daß wir vergnügt ſind in dieſe alte Wohnung, der alte Leib, und das ſchöne Haus.

Dieſe Erde und alles was drauf iſt wird einſtmal brennen mit Feuer und Schwefel und die Schrift lehrt uns, wir ſollen geſchickt ſein mit heiligem Wandel und gottſeligem Weſen. Und wenn wir uns nicht laſſen ſchicken in dieſer Gnadenzeit, ſo werden wir uns einſtmal finden in dieſem ewigen Feuer, wo der Rauch ihrer Qual wird aufſteigen von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit.

Laſſet uns ſuchen was droben iſt, da Chriſtus iſt, ſitzend zu der Rechten Gottes. Wir ſtellen noch hinzu der Spruch vom Ebräer Schreiber 12, 1. 2. „Darum auch wir, dieweil wir eine ſolche Wolke von Zeugen um uns haben, laſſet uns ablegen die Sünde, ſo uns immer anklebt und träge macht, und laſſet uns laufen durch Geduld in dem Kampf, der uns verordnet iſt, und aufſehen auf Jeſum, den Anfänger und Vollender des Glaubens; welcher, da er wohl hätte mögen Freude haben, erduldete er das Kreuz, und achtete der Schande nicht, und iſt geſeſſen zur Rechten auf dem Stuhl Gottes.“ Da heißt es weiter, wir ſollen an Ihm denken.

Noch ein Dichter Spruch:

An Jeſum denken oft und viel,
Bringt Freud und Wonn ohn Maß und Ziel;
Recht aber honigſüßer Art
Iſt ſeiner Gnaden Gegenwart.

Nichts liebers, meine Zunge ſingt,
Nichts reiner's meinen Ohren klingt,
Nichts ſüßer meinem Herzen iſt,
Als mein herzliebſter Jeſu Chriſt.

Fire in the Zurich Hills

Chapter 7

This is a condensed version of the story which gives a gripping account of the early days of the Anabaptist movement. It is the cold stark facts about the times of persecution in which our forefathers lived. Information for the story has been taken from the court records of Zurich, and every major incident actually happened.

The condensed version will appear in Family Life in eight installments. The complete book, when it is ready will give more details on some of the happenings. The book should be available in the fall of 1973.

By Joseph Stoll

REGULA WAS SURPRISED and overjoyed to see her husband. She lay in her bed, cradling the baby on her arm, and Marx thought she had never looked so beautiful.

He sat down by her bedside and looked his son over. The baby was quietly asleep.

"Would you like to hold him?" Regula asked, pushing the blanketed little form toward Marx.

"I want to, but not now," Marx excused himself. "I am dirty from prison. I must take a bath, and then I'll hold little Conrad."

Regula smiled at her husband.

Later that evening, after Marx had washed and changed to clean clothes, Regula said, "Tell me how you got out, Marx."

But he refused.

"Some other time," he promised. "But not tonight, please. I can't. Tell me instead how everything went here at home."

They talked until it was late, and then Marx went to bed. What a contrast to the rough prison cot! How nice to be at home, sleeping in his own bed again. But try as he might, Marx could not fall asleep. Too many exciting things had happened in the last few hours.

Besides, he had a headache, and it seemed as if some heavy burden was bearing down on his chest. The burden was a heavy and troubled feeling, and though his thoughts dwelt frequently on his happy wife and the baby, the burden did not go away. It clung to Marx, never forgotten.

Out over Lake Zurich a storm was gathering. Marx could hear the rumble of thunder. The flashes of lightning grew brighter and more frequent as the black clouds rolled toward Zollikon.

Marx tossed. There had been a few sleepless nights in prison, but somehow they were different. Tonight he was reminded of the torment he had experienced the time that Georg Blaurock had been a guest in this house, and how he had at last gained peace by deciding to be baptized. That time there had been a struggle between right and wrong, but tonight there was no struggle, only a heavy burdening load that threatened to smother him in his bed. Oh, to have that peace again.

The storm broke with fury upon the village. Marx could hear the wind lashing the trees outside, and the raindrops flooding the roof. Down on the lakeshore the waves were pounding the fishermen's wharf. A white streak of lightning cut the darkness for a moment, and a deafening thunderclap followed.

Marx moved uneasily on the bed. The torrent of rain might slice deep gullies across the vineyard on the hillside. The thunder passed away eastward, but the pattering rain continued. At last it put Marx to sleep.

THE NEXT MORNING MARX woke up half sick. The hard days in prison, the poor food, the nervous strain—all had taken their toll. Marx discovered he was weak and dizzy, and he wondered if he had a fever. He had planned to go up to the vineyard, but he decided he would rest first.

In the afternoon he did walk out to the vineyard. His steps were those of an old man rather than a young father whose first child had just been born. Marx knew he had lost weight.

He looked at the grapes. When he saw how much work needed to be done, he winced. He had to admit the grapes did not look too bad though, considering how little they had been cared for. The hired man, Valentin, had left before the summer was barely started. Then he himself had gone off to Grüningen for two weeks, and following that, to prison for more than a month. Regula had done very well for a woman in her condition. Marx could see where she had been working not too many days earlier.

"I must stay at home, and take care of my duties here," Marx told himself grimly. He could not help feeling a little ashamed that his wife had had to carry on

alone, and yet he didn't know how it could have been helped.

The storm of the night had washed away some soil, but nothing serious. As Marx walked along the rows, he suddenly saw the white stake above the vines, the stake that Regula and he had pushed into the ground to mark the torn branch. He pushed the leaves aside to examine the plant.

"Oh, that's too bad," he exclaimed aloud, though there was no one to hear him. He saw at once that the limb had broken down, and was dangling only by a strip of bark. The strong winds of the night had been too great. Marx tenderly reached in and examined the broken branch.

He could see that the leaves had been green. There were even clusters of small green grapes that had begun to form, but now the leaves were withering. The branch had broken from the vine. The sweet life-giving sap would no longer flow out to the tips of the leaves. The branch was dead.

But what was one branch among so many grape vines? Marx scolded himself. Still, he could not erase the sight of the withered branch. Somehow the branch was more than just a branch. It was a symbol.

Marx pushed the thought from his mind, but he could not keep it from returning. He, Marx Boshart, was a branch on the vine of Jesus Christ. He had been broken off— torn loose from the vine by the storms of persecution. The fruit that had begun to form was being blasted by the wind and the sun.

In agony, conscience-smitten, Marx fell to his knees between the grapevines. "Forgive me, Lord, if I have sinned against you," he cried.

Though he prayed earnestly for mercy and pardon, the peace he so much desired did not return when he at length got to his feet and slowly wended his way homeward. He longed to talk with someone, with Grandfather Hottinger, with Conrad Grebel, anybody who could help him regain the peace he had lost.

But the afternoon was far gone and he felt giddy. He must be getting sick. Perhaps tomorrow morning he could go up to Grandfather's house and they could have a long talk about being a Christian and building the church and being a fruitful branch on the vine.

THE NEXT MORNING Marx no longer questioned whether or not he was sick. He knew he was. As the fever burned his cheeks and forehead, the burden of his troubled conscience burned in his mind.

Regula was alarmed. She herself was not able to be up to care for her husband. So when her sister, Fridli's wife, came over, they talked about getting someone to help them with the work.

Mrs. Schumacher suggested Margaret Hottinger, Marx's aunt, the youngest of Grandfather Hottinger's daughters. Margaret had been baptized early in the summer and was a serious Christian girl in her middle twenties.

Margaret hustled about to make the sick man comfortable, and to care for the new mother and baby. She was efficient and hard-working.

Marx was sick for three days before the fever broke. During that time Grandfather Hottinger came down to see him, but Marx was too ill to speak of the burden on his heart.

Then, while Marx was still sick, the council of Zurich sent officers to Zollikon to arrest three of the leading brethren. Among them was Grandfather.

"I don't think he'll ever get out of prison alive," stated Margaret. "Father told Mother as he left that he is prepared this time to die for his faith."

The other two prisoners were Rutsch Hottinger and Jörg Schad.

MARX TRULY HOPED his three fellow-ministers would be true to their faith, and not bow before the wind as he had done.

But then he was reminded that the three men in prison were not the only ones faced with a decision to make. On the first day that he was again able to go to the vineyard, Marx met bailiff Wuest on the street. The constable was all business.

"So, you're a father now, Marx." He did not smile.

"Yes, God has blessed us with a healthy son."

"Have you had him to church to be baptized?"

"No, we haven't. Not yet."

"You know the law, Marx. And you have promised to obey it. When is the baby eight days old?"

"Monday."

"By Monday evening the child must be baptized."

Marx did not say anything. He just stood there, uneasy.

"Well?" said the constable. "Do you have anything to say?"

"No, I haven't," stammered Marx. He moved away a little, as if he were in a hurry to go.

Marx hurried toward the field, distressed. Here it was again, a major decision to make. He could have known it would come. To choose the right would mean prison and suffering, the loss of all he owned and possessed. To choose the wrong would bring outward peace but inward torture. Why did it have to be so? Always, it seemed, there was a struggle of the soul. Marx feared he would be torn apart by the conflict.

Should he take the baby to Pastor Billeter for baptism? Marx did not want to. His conscience cried out that it was wrong, and yet what else could he do? There was no backing out of it now. He had promised at the price of one hundred pounds that he would be an obedient citizen, and would cause the government no further trouble.

Didn't that promise mean anything at all? Certainly it did. A Christian was bound to hold his promises good, and not break them. His word had not been lightly given. How then could he possibly go back on his promise so soon after he had given it? He couldn't.

Marx was still weak and by noon he was exhausted. So he walked homeward, wondering what Regula would say about having baby Conrad baptized. No doubt she would be agreed to whatever he decided, for she had confidence he knew best. Three days till Monday, and then it had to be decided one way or the other.

Surprisingly, Regula did not think they should baptize the baby. "I've been doing some thinking while I rested," she said. "And your Aunt Margaret and I have talked it over. We both think baby Conrad should not be baptized."

"That's what I think, too," said Marx, heavily. "But do we have a choice in the matter? Wuest told me this morning the baby must be baptized by Monday, or else. With the promise I made, we're in a corner. I wish Grandfather would be here to talk to."

"Margaret is sure he wouldn't want us to take the baby in for baptism."

OF ALL THINGS, ON Saturday afternoon the three prisoners came home to Zollikon. When Marx heard about it, he didn't know whether he should be happy or sad. It was nice to have Grandfather and the other two ministers back, but on what terms had they been released? Marx was anxious to know.

A messenger came to tell Marx he was to attend a meeting at Heini Hottingers that evening. Grandfather had sent word that some matters were to be decided there.

Marx went, but Regula stayed home with the baby. As Marx climbed the hill toward Heini's home, he wondered what Grandfather would have to say, and what he had decided about the future of the church in Zollikon.

The room was almost full as Marx entered. He sat down, and mentally counted the number present. There were nearly thirty. Most of the leaders and members of the brethren were there. Tonight they might well decide what to do next. Marx waited for the meeting to begin.

At last Grandfather stood up and faced the group.

THE MINORITY

I like to think of the Prophets of old;
The stories often have been retold;
Their faith, when tested, came forth as gold
For they stood with the minority
and not the majority.

The New Testament tells us the same,
Christ helped the sick, and healed the lame;
Our Lord and Master took our shame;
He was left by the majority
and loved by the minority.

Let me now of His followers tell
How they boldly warned sinners of hell;
By water and fire and sword they fell.
These brave ones were the minority
and not the majority.

Two thousand years later, what do we see?
A picture quite different, it seems to me;
Christians who are ruled by popularity.
They stand with the majority
and not the minority.

We follow the crowd; our vision grows dim;
If everyone's doing it, it can't be sin
And so we lose our sight of Him.
We're following the majority
and not the minority.

So by this plague the Church now rules
With methods of which are Satan's tools;
He ensnares the people to become as fools
Who choose the majority
and not the minority.

Now let the people their sins forsake
Upon themselves the cross to take
Else they will have to suffer the fate
With those of the majority
and not the minority.

Come, let us seek His holy face
And trust in His redeeming grace
And enter into that heavenly place
To dwell with the minority
and not the majority.

-S.M., Missouri

Marx thought he looked older than he ever had before. The lines in his face showed clearly in the lamplight. His gray beard was now nearly white.

"This may be the last time we meet together like this as a brotherhood," began Grandfather, his voice unsteady. "In thinking back, hardly eight months have passed since the first ones of us were baptized and hoped to build a church here in Zollikon to please God. There were eight hard months, and yet there was much for which we could praise God. His Spirit was among us, and assured us that the course we were taking was right. And yet..." Grandfather's voice broke.

Then he went on. "As the summer wore on, it has become clearer to me that it is impossible at this time for us to have a church of our own. Perhaps some day we can. But now the forces against us are too strong. The price is more than we can pay. I am ready to give up." With these words, Grandfather Hottinger put his head down and shook with sobs.

Except for the weeping of the old man in front, the room became deathly quiet. Marx saw that tears were flowing down the cheeks of many of those who were present.

Old Jacob regained his composure, and motioned to Rutsch Hottinger to speak.

Rutsch got to his feet. "You are probably wondering what happened to us in prison this time," he said quietly. "They brought charges against me that aren't true at all. A rumor has started that we claim to live without sin. The tale grew until I was to have said that even murder isn't sin, nor adultery and stealing. To think that sins like these are what we have preached against, for they do not belong in the church! Yet the very things we teach against are what we get blamed for." Rutsch blew his nose.

"I agree with Jacob," he went on. "We must wait till later to have a church as the New Testament teaches. The forces against us are too strong now. We might as well knock our heads against a post as to oppose Zwingli. I think the best we can do is live good Christian lives, go to Pastor Billeter's services for now, and try to keep the peace. Maybe someday we can have a church of believers and be able to live our faith." Rutsch Hottinger sat down.

"Jörg Schad." Grandfather Hottinger turned to the other minister who had been in prison.

Schad spoke rapidly in his usual way, his voice rising and lowering, "The brethren are right. We gain nothing by letting ourselves be crushed. Last spring the day I baptized forty persons in the village church, that day it looked like our faith would sweep through Zollikon and nothing could stop it. But we have learned a few hard facts since that day. Ever since the second time we were imprisoned, it seems to me, we have been losing out. The ropes to bind us have been drawn tighter and tighter. We have been watched every move we made, and as brother Rutsch has said, we are now blamed for things that aren't true at all. So it was with me, too, I was charged with matters of which I am innocent."

Grandfather now spoke again. "This is one of the saddest nights of my life. Less than a week ago when I was arrested, I had every intention to be true in the faith even if it cost me my life. But in prison I reconsidered, and I believe now I was wrong to ever have such a thought."

Grandfather cleared his troat. "In fact, Zwingli showed me so clearly how he understands the Scriptures about baptism, that I am almost persuaded he may be right after all and perhaps we were wrong all the time. So I promised to use my influence to keep any further trouble about baptism from occurring in Zollikon."

Marx wondered if he was hearing right. Had Grandfather really recanted? Surely in time he would see again that baptism was only for those who believed, and not for little babies who could not think for themselves. Marx was shaken to the depths of his soul.

"Shall we attend Billeter's services from now on? someone asked.

Grandfather replied, "We will counsel about that. As you know, that was the main charge against me this time. I had not attended the state church and had kept others from attending. I told them I hoped they would not force me to attend, for until now I had no confidence that God's truth would be preached there. But they insisted we should attend, and if we take note that the pastor teaches anything that is not from the Scriptures, we are to speak to him about it after the services. I finally agreed to this. What do the rest of you think?"

Marx found it hard to gather his thoughts together and make sense of them. From the time he had been released from prison, his conscience had given him no rest. Many had been the nights that he could not sleep until past midnight, his mind too active for slumber. The burden on his conscience had been with him constantly, sometimes heavier, sometimes lighter, but always present.

Now he did not know what to think. When he and Regula had decided the baby would not be baptized, the confusion in his mind had cleared somewhat. But now! If all the rest of the Zollikon brethren were ready to quit, what could he do but also quit. Furthermore, there was his promise to the council. And the bond of a hundred pounds.

One by one, starting from the front, the gathered members were expressing their opinion of what should be done. One by one Marx heard them giving their consent to Grandfather's proposal-- to discontinue their meetings, attend the state church services, be obedient and quiet.

It was Marx's turn. "I...I...don't know...don't know..." The room started going around. Marx lowered his head. Must be he was not quite recovered from the sickness. "I don't know," he said.

Grandfather's voice was kind. "Can you give your consent, Marx, for us to stand still as a church?"

Stand still! Stand still! The words shouted themselves to Marx's tortured brain. But the rest were waiting on him. He must decide, must say something. "It is... it is all right," he said.

Fridli Schumacher, sitting beside Marx, was speaking now. But Marx hardly heard. The questioning went on, around the ring, until all had spoken. Then the meeting broke up and Marx was in the street headed toward home. He put his hand to his head. Was the fever coming back?

Regula might be sleeping already. If she wasn't he would tell her right away. If she was, he would wait till morning to tell.

Tomorrow baby Conrad Boshart would be baptized.

FOLLOWING THE BAPTISM of their baby, Marx and Regula found their lives falling back into a routine that was no different from that of a year earlier. At first it seemed strange to go to the village church again and listen to Pastor Billeter preach. But soon it was like old times.

The burden on Marx's conscience had become less insistent as the weeks passed, and Marx steered his thoughts more toward the coming grape harvest and less upon the things that had been, and that might have been.

Now and then an incident entered their daily lives to remind Marx of his preaching during the summer, the close Christian fellowship of the brethren, and the vision of a church. Then his conscience would smite him anew and Marx would be miserable. Had he sinned against God and against the Holy Spirit by deciding to stand still? Surely God would understand, and would overlook his weakness.

Nothing would stir up Marx's feelings more than the occasional news from Grüningen,-- news of the growing Anabaptist movement there, and of many people being baptized. The sun might have set for the Zollikon church, but in Grüningen the day was still new.

Marx longed to go to Grüningen-- to worship with the brethren there and to hear Conrad Grebel preach. Yet he hesitated. For one thing, he feared that if he went to Grüningen, he would be in trouble with Zurich. But there was a deeper reason that kept him from going. He was ashamed to face Conrad Grebel.

"Nevertheless, I intend to go as soon as a good opportunity comes," Marx told his wife.

THE OPPORTUNITY CAME in early October.

On the seventh day of that month, the unexpected happened. Felix Manz was released from prison! The news came to Zollikon without delay. Someone said Manz had been turned loose because a strong segment of the council favored milder punishment for Anabaptists. This group was led by none other than the honorable Jacob Grebel, Conrad Grebel's father.

Marx was surprised and overjoyed. His hopes soared.

"Did you hear the news?" he shouted to Regula as he came running into the house. "Felix Manz is freed, and it is reported he has gone to Grüningen to be with Grebel."

Regula caught some of her husband's excitement, but to a lesser degree. "What...what will that mean for us? Anything different?"

"It might. Perhaps the brethren in Grüningen can succeed where we failed. The council has been more lenient toward them than toward us."

Regula wasn't convinced. "But Grüningen is farther away from the city than we are. Don't you think it has taken the council longer to act because of that?"

"But Felix Manz has been freed! I can hardly believe it."

"Maybe they just wanted to give him another chance. If he keeps on preaching and baptizing, that will give them the excuse they need for executing him."

"Regula!" Marx rebuked her. "Don't always think the worst. I've known for long that some members of the council favor more patience toward the brethren. Jacob Grebel is not an Anabaptist and he is opposed to what his son is doing, but he doesn't think fire and the sword will get the council anywhere. And Jacob Grebel, I tell you, is a man of influence."

Regula went on with her work, washing carrots for dinner.

Marx went on, "Tomorrow's Sunday. I think I'll go to Grüningen and see what's going on. I'm curious to know what's happening. I could ride the horse and start early, and be there before too late. With both Grebel and Manz there, and possibly Blaurock too..."

"But wouldn't it be risky?" asked Regula.

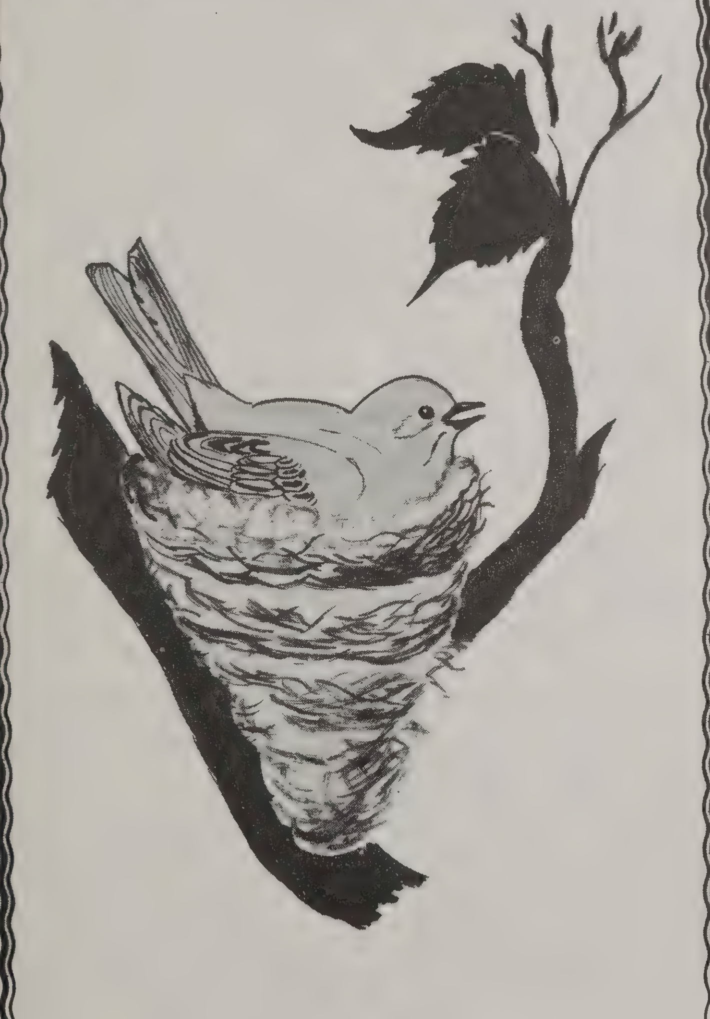
"Not really, dear. It would be worth some risk."

THERE WERE STREAKS of white frost on the lowland grass as Marx rode his horse steadily toward Hinwil the next morning. The oaks on the hillsides were in their autumn colors. Marx saw the squirrels scurrying up and down the trees, and running along the stone fences with acorns in their teeth.

The fresh cool air of the morning filled the horse with vigor. Along the leaf-strewn trail he trotted, up and down the hills, breaking into a swinging gallop now and then. Marx did not need to urge the horse to go faster.

The village could not be very far ahead. Swinging his horse around a curve in the road, Marx came upon another group. A tall man at once caught his attention. Somehow the way he walked was familiar. Georg Blaurock!

Urging his horse faster, Marx soon overtook the party. It was Blaurock all right. Marx jumped from his horse, leading him by the bridle, so he could walk with the rest.



YELLOW WARBLER

The yellow warbler is one of the few birds which defeat the cowbird's parasitic practice of laying its eggs in nests of other birds. When this warbler finds a cowbird's egg in its nest it builds a nest over the egg to keep it from hatching. Sometimes their nests are made in two or three layers.

Georg Blaurock recognized Marx at once.

As they proceeded, Blaurock spoke of the plans for the day. "This will be a Sunday to remember," he prophesied. "Conrad and Felix are sending word around this morning for an open-air meeting in a field somewhere beyond the village. While they're working toward that end, I plan to make a few announcements in the Hinwil church."

Marx Boshart remembered at once another Sunday, a bright spring day when he had gone with Georg Blaurock into the Zollikon church. His memories of that day were not pleasant ones.

Georg Blaurock tried to quiet the misgivings Marx mentioned to him. "This will be different from the time I preached from the pulpit in Zollikon," he predicted. "Here the people are solidly in favor of our preaching. And so far the magistrate has done very little to stop us. If we hurry we'll get there before the pastor does, and that will be an advantage too."

Marx Boshart did not feel so sure of the matter, but he decided to be silent and wait and see.

It was still early, but the church was packed and more were coming. Marx could find no seat, so he stood against the wall. He peered around, but the pastor, Hans Brennwald, was nowhere in sight.

Suddenly Georg Blaurock was standing behind the pulpit and speaking. His commanding figure and ringing voice brought the audience to attention. Silence fell upon the church of Hinwil.

"Whose is this house?" Blaurock cried out. "If it is the house of God where God's Word is to be preached, then I am here as sent from the Father to preach His Word."

With this introduction, Blaurock began his sermon. Marx listened attentively. The tall man was ever a good speaker, but today he was at his best. With fiery words and great zeal, he warned the citizens of Hinwil to repent from their sins and flee from the wrath of a just God.

Marx was standing at one side. He sensed rather than heard the small stir at the rear of the church. Turning his head, he saw that the pastor had arrived and was standing just inside the door. What would Brennwald do? For the moment he seemed caught up with the rest of the audience in listening to the eloquent preacher.

The words poured forth. The audience was silent, listening closely. Then Blaurock began to speak of baptism. Boldly, he attacked infant baptism as a clever invention of the devil. Nowhere, he stated, did the Bible even suggest baptizing infants in their innocence. Instead, baptism was always associated with believing.

Marx shifted his glance toward the rear of the room to see how Pastor Brennwald was reacting. The pastor was greatly agitated, Marx observed. As Blaurock paused to catch his breath, Brennwald raised his hand and called for attention.

Georg Blaurock was not finished with his sermon. He acknowledged the interruption, then shot a question at Pastor Brennwald. "Do you defend infant baptism and call it right?" he demanded.

"I do!" shot back Brennwald.

"Then you are the antichrist and deceive the people!" Blaurock charged.

For a brief moment the audience was shocked, and then the whispering and talking began. A fat-faced man was in conference with the pastor, and Marx saw him push his way determinedly through the crowd toward the front. Marx guessed the man was the village constable. His intention was clearly evident. He planned to arrest Blaurock.

The people gave way reluctantly. "I call upon my fellow citizens to come to my aid," shouted the constable.

His only answer was a murmur of disapproval.

"Have you the authority to arrest this man?" someone called out.

A second voice joined in, "Yes, tell us, have you a warrant for his arrest?"

The constable stopped. He wiped the sweat from his forehead. Among the two hundred countrymen that surrounded him, was there no one to help him? Clearly the sympathies of the people lay with Georg Blaurock.

The constable began to panic. Quickly he turned around. Beating with his fists, he opened a path back to the pastor. They exchanged a few sentences, then both left the church.

Blaurock waited a moment, then more quietly he began to preach again. The sermon went on where it had been broken by Pastor Brennwald's interruption.

Marx wondered where the pastor and the constable had gone. He knew without being told. Surely they had ridden off to the magistrate's castle at Grüningen, five miles away, for help. If so, they might be back with Magistrate Berger in an hour. Blaurock would dismiss the services before then, and would flee to safety, surely.

But Georg Blaurock was preaching the Word of God, and his audience was attentive. There were so many things that needed to be taught.

Marx grew more and more uneasy. Berger might appear at any moment, but still the services went on.

The the galloping of horses could be heard,nearing the church. Marx wanted to cry out, "Georg, flee for your life." But no words came from his lips. Blaurock preached on.

The magistrate was at the door. At his side was his assistant, and behind them the pastor and the constable. Magistrate Berger held his sword aloft, and the sermon halted.

The room was packed, and the magistrate saw that he could hardly push his way through the crowd to the front. There were easier ways. "You men up there," he commanded, "lay hold on this impostor."

No one moved. The suspense in the room mounted.

Berger's face grew red with anger. "I command you," he called again, "to capture the man."

A thin-faced but dignified old man at the front of the room replied, "It is not right for us as Christians to lay hands on any man, to use force. You have your men and that is your duty, not ours."

Magistrate Berger said no more. He settled back to wait at the door.

The services had already extended for nearly three hours, so Blaurock now closed the meeting. The people began to file out the door at the rear. Marx too passed outside. He soon saw that very few of the people were going home. They were waiting to see what would become of Blaurock.

As soon as the room had cleared, the magistrate and his assistant walked forward and arrested the preacher. Marx watched as they brought him outside, his hands chained. Businesslike, Berger motioned for the captive to mount his assistant's horse. The helper walked behind him, his long sword almost dragging on the ground.

Up through the streets of Hinwil the procession started. Marx realized that the prisoner would not ride to the castle unescorted. The mass of people fell in behind the magistrate's horses, and thus they passed through the town and into the country. Marx decided he might as well follow.

As the group neared the place called Betzholtz, Marx looked up. astonished to see an even larger group of people gathered in a field just ahead of them.

"'Tis Grebel and Manz," spread the word. This, then, was the afternoon preaching services that had been planned. By some chance the magistrate's party had stumbled upon it.

As they drew nearer, Marx noted that the meeting had not yet begun. Magistrate Berger took in the scene at a glance and knew what was going on. He spurred his horse toward the larger group. In a moment, the two parties had merged.

The magistrate demanded attention. Faces were turned toward him.

"In the name of the law of this canton," Berger announced, "I forbid that any preaching or baptizing be done here this afternoon. I want this meeting to disperse immediately, and each of you return to your own home."

Marx recognized Conrad Grebel. With him stood Felix Manz, pale from his long stay in prison. Grebel came nearer to the magistrate and as soon as he was within easy speaking distance, he called out, "We do not compel anyone to be baptized, but if someone comes to us and desires it, we cannot turn him away. And this we will continue to do until someone shows us from God's holy Word a better way."

Berger did not reply. He scanned the crowd to see if his orders were being obeyed. No one seemed to have heard him, for there was no move to leave. Instead, at Felix Manz's direction, the people were gathering in front of him and seating themselves on the grass.

Conrad Grebel turned his back on Magistrate Berger, and walked over to Manz. Conrad got ready to preach.

The magistrate, though surrounded by men and women, felt very much alone and left out. He was the ruler of the district and at his word men were cast into prison or released. But this afternoon no one paid any attention to him.

The farmers of Grüningen district were deliberately disobeying their magistrate. Conrad Grebel and Felix Manz were calmly preparing to teach and preach and baptize, directly in the face of his command not to do so.

The prisoner on the horse had been almost forgotten. Now Blaurock called out to his fellow brethren, and they shouted back encouragement to him.

Jörg Berger laid spurs to his horse. His face was drawn tight and there was purpose in his movements as he rode out through the crowd and down the road toward the next village. GeorgBlaurock, sitting astride the second horse, his hands bound, clung to the saddle.

Marx Boshart and the crowd that had come from Hinwil, settled down to hear the second Anabaptist sermon of the day.

MARX HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN Jörg Berger and his prisoner as he listened first to Conrad Grebel, and then to Felix Manz. The afternoon was half past, and rich spiritual blessings had been dealt out to the worshipers. As Marx listened to the preaching, he admitted in his heart that it was the truth. From his study of the

Bible, he knew this preaching had been drawn directly from the New Testament.

Grebel had spoken of loving one's enemies. "A Christian returns good for evil," he stated. As he talked of being joyful in persecution, he mentioned Georg Blaurock's name and suggested that the audience might join him in praying for the prisoner, that he could be steadfast in bonds and not falter.

Marx remembered his own imprisonment three months earlier, and how it had ended. Tears of remorse overflowed and coursed down his cheeks.

At that moment there was a cry of alarm. Marx looked. A half dozen men on horses, carrying guns and swords, had surrounded the crowd and were pushing their way toward the center where the preachers stood. With shouts the horsemen came on. Men scattered before them.

"That one. Get him!" shouted one of the soldiers, pointing toward Conrad Grebel.

In a moment Grebel was captured. His hands were securely tied behind his back. The horsemen searched the crowd for Felix Manz, but he was nowhere to be found.

Marx was glad for Felix, who had been released from prison only the day before. But his heart sank when he thought of all that had happened this day. Both Grebel and Blaurock were held prisoners. His hopes that Zurich might henceforth be more lenient toward the brethren had been dashed.

It was simple to see what the magistrate had done. At the next village, Ottikon, he had rounded up loyal men and had sent them back to capture the Anabaptist leaders.

Conrad Grebel was placed on a horse to be taken to Grüningen and the castle prison. For the second time in one day, Marx watched a leader of the brethren led away on horseback to prison.

THE GRAPES WERE RIPE for harvest. For several weeks, Marx did not miss a day, except Sundays, working in the vineyard. Regula came out to help too. She fixed a box for the baby, and bundled him up when the weather was cool.

Although his work was with grapes, Marx's thoughts were more often than not far away. The news drifted in from Grüningen that Felix Manz was still there, hidden in the farm homes back in the hills. Jörg Berger had assigned several men to hunt for him, for the Zurich council had made a special request that he be captured. But Berger's men met with no success. Whenever they asked where Manz was staying, the country people somehow managed to complicate the directions so that the police always got lost. When they finally did find the place, it was to learn that Manz had just left.

Then one day Marx learned that there was talk of another debate on baptism. The magistrate of Grüningen was in favor of it and had written the council to ask if a third disputation with the Anabaptists could be arranged. He hoped that such a debate might prove to the brethren that they were in error.

"The trouble is, in both the earlier debates, the brethren weren't allowed to explain their faith," Marx told his wife. "As soon as they opened their mouths, they were interrupted and someone from Zwingli's party contradicted them. I'm afraid it wouldn't be fair this time, either."

That evening Marx walked up to Grandfather Hottinger's house and they discussed the possibility of a debate.

"It might be worth a try," Grandfather said, "I think we should write a letter to the council of Zurich asking for such a debate."

It was decided to write a letter to the council and then a petition was circulated among the members of what had formerly been the Anabaptist church of Zollikon. This petition was sent to the council.

Before October had expired, the notice came that Zurich was indeed planning a debate. This time the discussion was to be a thorough one, so there would never arise a need for another. The Anabaptist brethren were welcomed to come and listen and learn what the Scriptures really taught, and who was right before God in this matter of baptism.

The date that had been set for the debate to begin was November 6. Announcements were sent throughout Switzerland, and everywhere men prepared to travel to Zurich. But the greatest suspense and the greatest activity was in the city itself, and in Grüningen and Zollikon.

BEFORE THE DEBATE BEGAN, Felix Manz was captured. He was brought in to the tower, and placed with Grebel and Blaurock. This was the first time that the three leaders of the brethren had been in prison together.

For the purpose of the debate, the three men would be led forth to the Council Hall to take their part in the discussion.

On Monday morning, November 6, 1525, Marx Boshart walked to Zurich. He traveled in company with a number of other men from Zollikon. By the time they arrived, the Council Hall was packed tight and there were people clustered outside.

Before long an announcement was made. The Council Hall could not contain the great crowd that was gathering, so the debate would be moved to the Grossmünster Church nearby.

The forenoon was nearly past before the meeting got down to hard business. Master Zwingli began a lengthy discourse on baptism. "It is true there is no direct command in the Bible to baptize babies," he admitted. "But in the New Testament we read of several households that were baptized— those of Stephanas, Lydia, and the jailer of Philippi. It would be ridiculous to suppose that these households contained only adults; surely there were children and infants among them.

"What is more," explained Zwingli, "Jesus himself said, 'Suffer the children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' As children of the kingdom, they have a right to baptism. Who are we to forbid it?"

Marx listened as Zwingli continued. He explained how under the new covenant of Jesus Christ, baptism replaced the rite of circumcision. Children became members of God's chosen people by being baptized, just as the male children under Israel were circumcised to show that they were part of God's nation.

By the time the famed pastor of Zurich had finished, it was time to dismiss for noon. In the afternoon session, the chairman promised, the Anabaptists would be allowed to present their views.

THE AFTERNOON SESSION gave the brethren their first opportunity to speak. Conrad Grebel was first. He pointed out example after example in the New Testament where men and women were baptized because they believed. Always there was faith before baptism.

"As to the entire households that were baptized, as Master Zwingli pointed out this morning, I do not know and no one else knows whether there were babies in those houses. If there were, I am convinced they were not counted among those who were baptized. Master Zwingli mentioned the jailer's house at Philippi. What do the Scriptures say?"

Conrad Grebel opened his New Testament. "This is what Paul and Silas said to the jailer, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house. And they spake unto him the word of the Lord, and to all that were in his house.'

"I ask you," Conrad challenged, "Were Paul and Silas speaking the Word of the Lord to babies? No! And yet the persons to whom they explained the Scriptures were the ones they baptized! In a later verse we read that the jailer 'believed with all his house'. It is unmistakable that those who were baptized here in the jailer's house, first believed. I have no reason to think the case was different in the other households mentioned."

Felix Manz spoke next, "Master Zwingli quoted our Lord as saying, 'Let the children come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Since the children are included in the kingdom, Master Zwingli wants to baptize them. Why? We maintain that children are innocent before God, and therefore baptism is a meaningless symbol to them. They must grow up, come to realize their sinful nature, then call upon God in faith and repentance. Then, and only then, is baptism a fitting ceremony to show they have been born again of the Spirit and are new creatures in Christ. The apostle Peter thus speaks of baptism as 'the answer of a good conscience toward God.'"

Leo Jud, Zwingli's right-hand assistant, cut in, "But children were circumcised under Israel at eight days of age and became members of God's covenant people. That, to me, has significance. If babies could be circumcised before they understood anything, they can be baptized also."

Conrad Grebel was on his feet. "There is a difference," he cried, "a vast difference. You mistake the purpose of circumcision. It was merely a sign of God's covenant with our forefather Abraham, in which He promised that a Saviour would come from his descendants. That covenant was fulfilled in Jesus Christ.

"Circumcision was not a figure of infant baptism," continued Grebel. "Instead, it was a figure of the spiritual circumcision made without hands, the new birth through Christ. Thus Paul writes, 'Ye are circumcised with the circumcision made without hands, in putting off the body of the sins of the flesh by the circumcision of Christ.'

"Tell me, who is it that is circumcised by the circumcision of Christ? Is it not the believer? Who is it that has put off the body of sin by the circumcision of Christ? Is it not the believer? Indeed, it is those who hear the Word of God and believe it, and not, eternally not, little immature children."

Conrad Grebel sat down, but Georg Blaurock was standing and speaking in his stead, "Christ is what saves us and no ceremony, least of all infant baptism," he stated. "No one can come to the Father but by the Son, for Jesus said, 'I am the door' and 'He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold is a thief and a robber.' Therefore..." Blaurock paused and looked deliberately at Zwingli's table. "Therefore, all who baptize babies are thieves and robbers."

SATAN TALKS

Friends, be careful, Satan's talking;
  He talks to me and you;
He comes to us with words of truth
  And words that are untrue.

It seems he talks to young folks much
  Their family life to mar;
He comes with such deceiving words
  As, "Look how big you are!

"You can smoke and drink and swear
  And do just as you please,
But don't start them all at once,
  But start in by degrees.

"You see, your parents won't like it
  And they'll do all they can
To make you see the things their way
  And make of you a man.

"But I am sure that if you'll do
  The things that I command,
Your parents will be so mixed up
  They won't know where they stand.

"Your brothers and sisters, you will see
  We'll get them one by one,
And sweet little baby on mother's knee
  We'll have, too, till we're done.

"And I think if we do things right
  And watch out what we say,
We might be able to get your folks
  To see the things my way.

"Another thing that we should do—
  And this with some is light—
Is make them join a worldly church
  And have them think it's right.

"And there are, oh, so many things,
  Little as they may seem,
Wrong things that do not look like sin—
  This is my biggest scheme.

"I know I'll have to burn in hell
  And I'm doing my very best
To keep all the people that I can
  From entering eternal rest."

-Delaware

Quickly Blaurock continued, "As an answer to those who say, 'The children are under the promise, who will keep the water from them?', we reply that we know they are under the promise. For Christ said, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven'. Then why baptize them? Infant baptism, I say, is not a plant that grew in the Word of God. Therefore it must be weeded out. But they are looking for another way or another door, hence they are thieves and murderers of Christ."

Mastor Zwingli was motioning that he wanted to speak, but Blaurock kept on, "Let every one notice that baptism belongs to those believers who devote themselves to the Son of God and separate themselves from evil. These believers bear the fruit of the Spirit— love, peace, kindness, good will, trust, meekness, humility, patience, righteousness and truth. Those who walk herein are the church of Christ and the body of Christ and the Christian church. We hope and are assured that we are in that true church, yet Master Zwingli and the council want to force us out of the true church into a foreign church. They call the baptism of Christ a rebaptism, without proof from the Holy Scripture. But now we hope that the baptism which we practice is the baptism of Christ, and therefore infant baptism is rebaptism."

Georg Blaurock was out of breath. He had been determined to say it all without being interrupted, and that meant fast talking. He sat down, satisfied.

Marx Boshart saw that the debate would become a lively one. And so it was. Throughout the afternoon the words flowed, each side hoping to convince the other. At times the discussion bordered on confusion, and the chairman hammered his gavel for attention.

For three days the debate continued. By Wednesday the crowd had thinned. People were beginning to tire of the speeches, for neither side was giving in to the other.

Marx knew, as did most of the audience, what the outcome of the debate would be. He personally felt the Anabaptists had stated their case well, and that anyone with an open mind could see that their faith was from the Bible. But that would not keep the victory from being handed to the Zwinglians.

That Zwingli would win was a foregone conclusion. He had to win. To even imagine the Anabaptists to be right and Zwingli to have been wrong all this time— the idea in itself was absurd. Only confusion and disorder could result from such a humiliating admission.

And so Zwingli won as everyone had known he would. The presiding judges and the council sternly warned the brethren to immediately leave off from their error, now openly proved, and to be obedient to the law of the land.

Marx Boshart walked home Wednesday evening, much discouraged. The three days had drawn the issues clearer than ever before. Yet nothing had been changed. He was more sure than ever that the brethren held to Bible truth, and yet for him, a Zollikon grape grower, to live that truth was becoming more difficult every day. Impossible.

The council was not going to soften its stand against the rebaptizers. Indeed, it was clear that they were rapidly losing patience. Anabaptism must be wiped out of the canton of Zurich, down to the last smear. Master Zwingli could not make any exceptions. Zurich could not be a land of divided people.

The memory of his prison experience was fresh and sharp in Marx's mind. Therefore, the only policy he could adopt for the present was to wait and see. He would wait and see what became of the three leaders in prison.

Following the debate, the three men had been led bac to the Witch Tower.

-to be concluded next month

The Gardener

If a gardener I should be,
I'd plant sweet, lovely things
And carefully water each small seed
To feel the joy it brings.

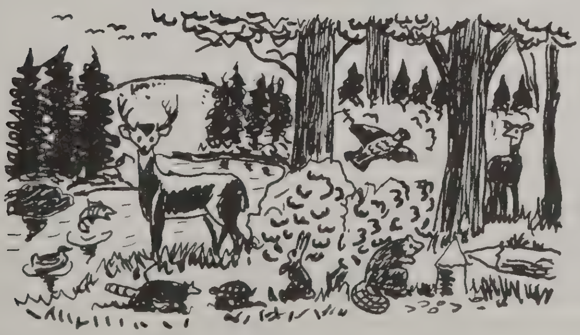
I would not plant golden grains
Or fruits of any kind,
Or vegetables or roses sweet
But seeds in heart and mind.

In the hearts of those I know
I would plant joy and peace
And truth and courage, faith and hope;
Love which would never cease.

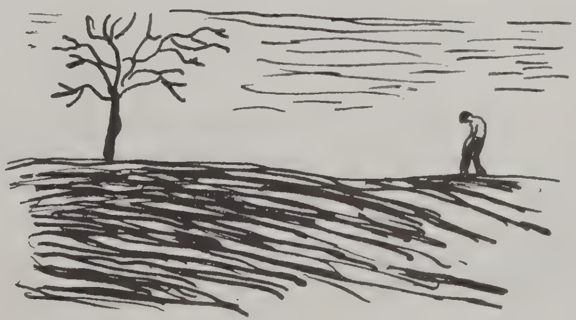
Understanding I would plant
In every human mind;
Humility and wisdom, too,
Would grow in all mankind.

The lovely plant which I would reap
Would be so sweet and fair
Because it would be happiness
For all the world to share.

-Selected



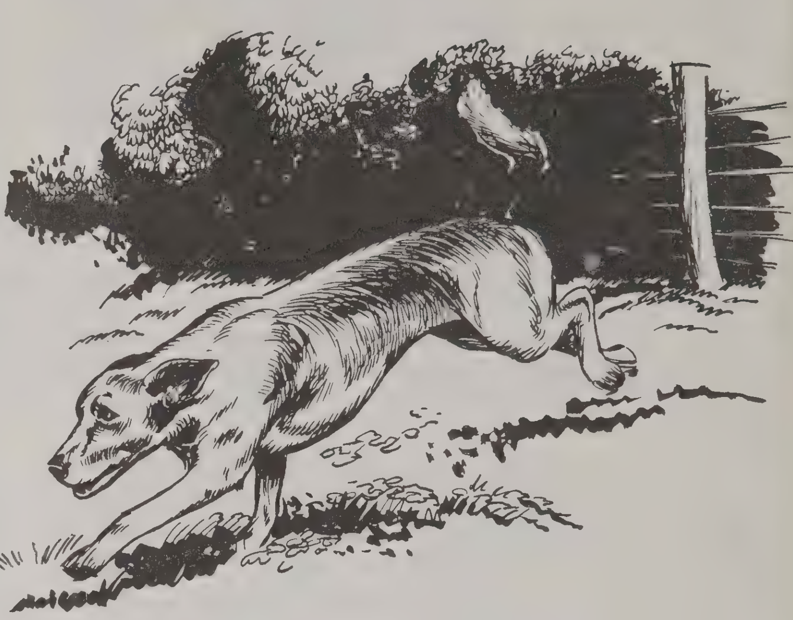
WILDLIFE- WITHOUT MAN



MAN- WITHOUT WILDLIFE

CHILDREN'S SECTION

Lester turned and walked toward the barn. He felt hot all over. He was too old to cry, but he felt the tears pushing at his eyes.



T-R-I-X-Y!

By David Luthy

There was a crunching of gravel as the wagon loaded with ground corn left the blacktop and entered the farm land. Fourteen-year-old Lester Miller guided the team to a halt beside the granary. A light brown dog appeared at the barn door and then came running happily to the wagon.

"Hi, Trixy," said Lester playfully petting her. "Did you come to help me unload this feed? Better get a shovel." He laughed as he took both hands and picked her up and put her on the wagon. She gave Lester a poke with her nose, and he stroked her head. "Trixy, you're a real pal," he told her. "You can't help me unload this wagon of feed, but you're lots of fun to have around."

Lester walked to the granary door and slid it open. Trixy jumped down from the wagon and joined her young master inside the granary. Lester backed up the wagon and began shoveling the ground corn into a bin. He heard the house door slam and glanced over his shoulder. He saw his dad walking toward him.

"Back already?" said Dad. "That didn't take long. Must not have been many people ahead of you at the mill."

"No, there was just one wagon ahead of me," said Lester. 'Hey, Dad, guess what I saw on the way home?"

"Hard telling," answered Dad. "Whereabouts did you see it?"

"In the Moore's front yard," grinned Lester.

"Oh," laughed Dad, "that's not fair. You could have seen almost anything around the Moore's messy place."

"I saw a SOLD sign," said Lester not being able to contain the news any longer.

"Really!" exclaimed Dad. "That place has been for sale for so long that I almost forgot it was for sale. Who bought it?"

Lester shook his head. "I don't know. All I know is the FOR SALE sign in the front yard has a large SOLD sticker pasted across it."

"Well, I wonder what for neighbors we'll be getting," said dad.

A few days later a red pickup truck drove into the Millers' lane. Lester and his father were just finishing up the morning chores.

"What's Trixy barking about?" Dad called to Lester who had walked to the barn door to look out.

"There's a pickup out there with a man and a boy in it. Uh, and here comes some black dog in the lane, running for all he's worth."

"Well, let's go out and see what they want," said Dad.

"Hello," greeted the man in the pickup when he saw Dad and Lester approaching. He opened the door and stepped down. "I'm Herb Smith. I bought the Moore place east of you."

"Oh, you're our new neighbor," smiled Dad, shaking hands, "Glad to meet you."

The black dog which had followed the pickup in the lane sat panting beside the truck. Trixy whined to have Lester let loose of her collar, but Lester held onto her. "You don't need to go and get in a fight with that strange dog," whispered Lester. "You are better off here by me."

"I was wondering if I could borrow a pipe wrench," said Mr. Smith. "We moved in yesterday and can't get any water in the house this morning. I thought maybe the pump lost its prime, and I don't have a pipe wrench."

"Sure, you can borrow one," said Dad. "Lester, can get you one from the shop?" He turned toward his son. "You know where the large one hangs in the shop, not?"

Lester nodded and trotted toward the shop. "Come on, Trixy," he said to his dog. "You'd better come with me." Trixy looked longingly toward the strange dog which by now was sniffing around the outside of the granary. She wanted to go and meet the dog rather than to obey Lester, but she was well-trained and obediently followed her master to the shop.

When Lester returned with the pipe wrench he heard his father saying, "Must be your boy is about the same age as Lester."

"Dale is fifteen," said Mr. Smith. "How old is Lester?"

"Fourteen," said Dad, "so they are almost the same age."

"Is that your dog?" asked Lester.

"Ya, that's Inky," said Dale from the truck window.

At the sound of his name the black dog lifted his head and wagged his tail. He walked over to the pickup and jumped up on the side, letting Dale reach out and pet him.

"I'd think he'd scratched the door all up," thought Lester to himself. "I'm surprised Mr. Smith let's the dog do that."

"Inky's quite a dog," laughed Dale. "He thinks he has to go everywhere we go. But when we go to town we can go fast enough on the highway that he gives up following us and turns back."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Mr. Smith."I always get a kick out of seeing Inky try and keep us with the truck. You'd think he'd learn after a while that he can't beat a truck."

Dad's eyes met Lester's for a brief second. Lester could tell that he was trying hard to keep from laughing, not at the dog but at the man who would let his dog run after him anywhere and everywhere.

"Well, thanks for the pipe wrench," said Mr. Smith. "We'd better get home and fix that pump before my wife comes over here after us." He climbed into the truck and then called out the window. "I'll see that you get it back all right."

"Hope you can get your pump working," said Dad.

"Come over sometime and see us," called Dale to Lester as the truck was turning around.

"Okay," said Lester.

Dad and Lester turned to go into the barn but couldn't resist watching Inky running beside the truck, picking up speed as the truck went faster.

"Some dog," said Dad, raising his eyebrows.

"Looks like it never had any training," said Lester. "I'm sure glad Trixy isn't like that."

Several days after the Smiths had borrowed the pipe wrench, Dad said to Lester, "Must be the Smiths are so busy around their new place that they forgot to bring the pipe wrench back. I could sure use it. Maybe you could ride Silver over and fetch it."

"Sure," said Lester, and he ran toward the pasture next to the barn where the pony and driving horses were grazing.

It didn't take Lester long to catch Silver and to be on his way. Since he rode the pony bareback, he did not need to spend time putting on a saddle, and it did not take him long to travel the three-fourths mile to the Smiths. When he galloped into the lane, he saw Dale sitting beneath a shade tree playing with Inky. The dog's keen ears heard the hoofbeats first and he sprang to attention barking.

"It's okay, Inky" said Dale. "It's Lester Miller."

The black dog acted as if he hadn't heard what Dale said and kept on barking.

"Knock it off," said Dale tossing a handful of gravel at the dog.

Inky went a short distance away and growled.

"Maybe he doesn't like the pony," said Lester.

"Aw, it's hard telling what he likes or doesn't like," answered Dale. "Just don't pay any attention to him. Once he sees somebody often enough he doesn't bark at them." Then changing the subject he asked, "Did you come over to go fishing with me this afternoon?"

"No, I'm going to be helping put up hay this afternoon," said Lester. "I came after the pipe wrench. Dad thought maybe you are finished with it, and he wants to fix a pipe in the barn."

"Oh, the pipe wrench," said Dale. "It's somewhere around here. Let's see, Dad was using it to fix the pump. He's not home right now, but I think I can find it." Dale walked to the pumphouse and a few minutes later returned with the wrench. "Thanks a lot," he said handing it to Lester.

"Did you get the pump to work again?" asked Lester.

"Yes, it works real good now."

"Well, I better head for home," said Lester.

"Say," said Dale, "if you can't go fishing with me this afternoon, what about tomorrow afternoon?"

"I don't know," answered Lester. "I'll have to ask Dad."

"Well, ask him and see if you can."

"Okay, maybe I'll see you tomorrow afternoon if Dad says I can. I know a place in the creek that is a good fishing spot."

"I'll be looking for you," smiled Dale.

Lester clicked to Silver. The pony trotted out the lane and then broke into a gallop on the blacktop. "Dale seems real friendly," thought Lester. "I hope Dad will let me go fishing."

Lester worked that afternoon helping to put up hay. At chore time he asked Dad about going fishing with Dale the next afternoon. Dad studied a little before he answered; then he said, "I think you deserve an afternoon off. You've been a lot of help in the fields this spring and early summer." But to himself, Dad thought, "I wonder what kind of influence Dale will have on Lester. I don't think he is the best companion. But I guess letting Lester go fishing with him once isn't anything out of the way."

Lester was pleased with the permission to go fishing with Dale. The following afternoon he rode Silver over to Dale's. His bamboo fishing pole bounced on his shoulder as he galloped along. Dale was ready and waiting for him when he rode in the lane. Lester tied Silver and the two boys walked toward the creek. Lester was surprised to see Inky trailing along with them.

"Won't Inky scare the fish away?" asked Lester.

"Aw, I don't think so," said Dale. "He doesn't like to go in water much. I'd have left him at home tied to the tree, but he barks so much when he's tied that it makes Mom nervous."

Inky ran ahead of the boys, chasing some birds.

"Inky likes to chase birds, rabbits, squirrels – anything, I guess," said Dale.

"Pickup trucks, too," added Lester.

"Ya, pickup trucks," chuckled Dale. "Why that ——— dog would chase an airplane if it flew low enough."

Lester was startled by the filthy word Dale used to describe Inky. He hadn't been around Dale much and did not know that he used bad language.

The boys reached the creek, baited their hooks, and tossed their lines into the slowly flowing water. The hours passed and the boys caught a dozen fish, Dale catching the most. Lester enjoyed the afternoon with Dale for it was easy to see that Dale knew how to fish. And he was talkative and friendly. "Dale doesn't use the best language sometimes," thought Lester as he rode Silver toward home. "But you can't expect him to since he's not raised the same as us. He's a friendly guy and sure can fish. I can learn to fish from him and just ignore the way he talks."

Several weeks passed. During that time Lester and Dale were together quite often. Lester was not often over at Dale's place because when he asked his dad for permission to go, there always seemed to be something at home that need to be done. But Dale had lots of idle time and often walked over to the Millers. And, of course, Inky tagged along. Dale would help Lester with whatever he was doing and Inky made friends with Trixy. Before long the dogs were as good friends as the boys. They would run through the fields together chasing birds. They never seemed to tire of running, leaping, and barking even though they never caught any birds.

One day in August, Lester asked his dad if he could go fishing again with Dale. Dad pushed his straw hat back and wiped his foreheard. "Lester, I wonder if maybe you aren't seeing too much of Dale."

Lester looked at his father with an expression of puzzlement mixed with hurt.

"The Smiths aren't church-going people," continued Dad. "They have T.V. and lots of other things we don't believe in."

"I'm not going over there to watch T.V.," said Lester defensively, the hurt in his voice showing through. "I just want to go fishing with him."

"I know," said Dad. "But sometimes things don't end up the way they start out. Bad has a way of rubbing off onto good."

"But why can't good rub off onto bad instead?" questioned Lester.

"It just usually doesn't," said Dad. "I'm sorry not to let you go, Lester, but I think it's for your own good."

Lester turned and walked toward the barn. He felt hot all over. He was too old to cry but he felt the tears pushing at his eyes. "Dad isn't being fair," he thought to himself. "He doesn't trust me. I wasn't figuring to get into any trouble with Dale or pick up any of his bad habits."

In September when school started, Lester and Dale saw very little of each other because they went to different schools. But such was not the case with their dogs - Inky and Trixy.

One morning Lester wanted to say good-by to Trixy as he always did before going to school each morning, but she was not curled up in her usual place beside the kitchen door. Lester whistled for her. He waited and then whistled again, but Trixy did not show up. "That's funny," thought Lester, she's usually right here. Maybe something happened to her." Just as he was thinking that, around the corner of the barn came Trixy at full speed. She looked rather sheepishly at her master. Lester petted her. "I'm glad to see you aren't hurt," he said. "Where were you anyway? Your legs and stomach are wet. Were you back at the drainage ditch?"

Trixy sat and looked at Lester. She avoided his direct gaze.

Two mornings later the same thing happened. Trixy did not come when Lester whistled for her. He walked over to the pasture gate and climbed on it and whistled. "There she is out there chasing birds," he said. "She could hear me whistling if she wanted to. She just wants to go on having fun."

Continuing to whistle, Lester finally got Trixy to respond and to come to him. "You're getting to be a bad dog," he scolded her.

"You always used to come right away when I called you and didn't wander all over the farm by yourself like you do the last while. If you don't start behaving, I'm going to have to start tying you while I'm in school. You don't want to loose your freedom like that do you?" He peered down seriously at her and

Things went well for a week. But then one evening Trixy was nowhere to be found when Lester was finished choring. "She was here when I fed the pigs," thought Lester. "She can't be far away." He whistled the tune he always used to call her with. There was no response. He stood on the pasture gate and whistled and called, but no Trixy came. "Maybe she was hit by a car," thought Lester as he hurried out the lane to the road. He walked along the blacktop, dreading to do so lest he really find her there. But there was no sign of Trixy. He was just starting back along the blacktop when he glanced into the neighbor's field across the road. "That looks like two dogs running way over there," he said to himself. Lester scrambled onto the fence, holding the fence post to keep his balance. He had a better view and could see the two dogs plainly now. "There she is," he exclaimed. "And that stupid Inky is with her." Putting one hand beside his mouth he called as loudly as he could, "Here Trixy, Yip, Yip, Yip. Here Trixy." Then he whistled the familiar tune.

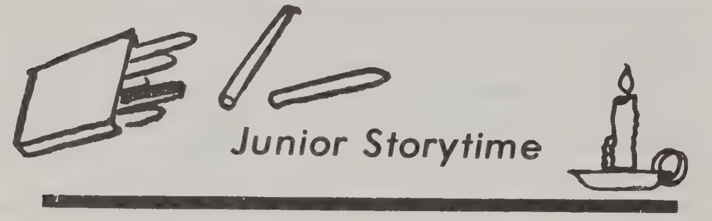
Lester saw Trixy stop and look in his direction. There was enough distance between them that she couldn't plainly see him as he blended into the fence post he was grasping. But she could hear him. Lester was sure of it. He whistled louder. And then an amazing thing happened. Trixy didn't run toward him but chased after Inky again.

Lester yelled at the top of his lungs "T-R-I-X-Y!" The dog stopped and then started walking in his direction and then ran toward him. Lester was nearly beside himself with frustration. Trixy was coming to him at last, but what was he to do with her now? Lester spied a broken branch lying in the ditch beside the fence. He felt like picking it up and beating her. But then his anger passed from Trixy to Inky. "You stupid dog," Lester yelled across the field at Inky. "Get home and leave Trixy alone. It's you who made her go bad. She didn't want to."

Thinking Lester was yelling at her, Trixy crouched down in the grass and slunk toward him. "Come, Trixy," called Lester with pity in his voice. She came and placed her head in his lap. He gently stroked her broad forehead. "You didn't want to be disobedient did you, girl? It was Inky that made you change your ways. You and he got to be pals and then some of his bad ways rubbed off onto..."

Lester stopped without finishing the sentence. His mind struggled with a sudden new thought. In an instant his mind flashed back to August when he had asked his dad about going fishing with Dale. "I told him maybe the good will rub off on the bad," thought Lester. "And he said it usually doesn't work that way."

Lester sat thinking a long while then taking the dog's head in both his hands, he stared at her and said, "Dad was right, Trixy. I just didn't know it. I failed you. I let you become so friendly with Inky that his bad habits rubbed off onto you. But I'm glad Dad didn't fail me."



FREEDA FINDS THE ANSWER

As Freeda Yoder approached the school grounds she saw her friend Alma coming from the opposite direction. Clinging tightly to the small package she was carrying, she started running. As soon as Freeda began running, Alma did the same. Laughing and panting they reached the schoolhouse at the same time.

"Hi, Freeda," gasped Alma, out of breath. "I just about beat you this time."

"Yes, I guess we got here at the same time," agreed Freeda.

Freeda and Alma were the only second graders and each tried to beat the other to school in the morning, but Freeda lived closest to the school and was usually there before Alma.

"What do you have in your bag?" Alma asked.

"Oh, I want to show you," exclaimed Freeda. "I have my birthday presents. One from Mom and Dad and one from Grandmother."

"Oh, that reminds me," exclaimed Alma as she reached into her coat pocket. "I have something for you too." She handed Freeda a rather thick envelope.

Freeda smiled knowingly as she pulled a pretty birthday card and hanky from the envelope. "Oh, isn't this pretty! And this hanky! Thank you, Alma."

Alma, assured that Freeda liked her small gift beamed with pleasure. "Now, what do you have in your bag?"

"Oh, yes," Freeda remembered," did you ever see such a big pencil?" she held up a huge pencil for Alma to see. "Of course, this isn't really a pencil," Freeda explained as she pulled off the giant eraser. "It's really a pencil holder with twelve new pencils inside it. And each one has my name on it. See." Freeda held a pencil for Alma to see.

"Oh, my. Those really are pretty. Does every pencil have your name on it?" asked Alma.

"Yes, every pencil has my name on it," answered Freeda.

"Who gave it to you?" asked Alma.

"Grandma did," Freeda answered happily. "She told me they're for next year. I almost wish school wouldn't be going out next week." Freeda sighed. "Anyway, I'll have some nice pencils for next year." Freeda picked up her bonnet that had fallen to the floor. She hung it up and then reached into the paper bag for the other gift. "This is what Mom and Dad gave me." She held up a box of twenty-four new crayons."

"Oh, isn't that nice?" exclaimed Alma. "I wish I'd have some new crayons too, but Mother said I don't need them this year."

"Well," Freeda hastened to explain," I'm supposed to save these for next year too. I can use them a little today and then I have to take them home tonight."

Just then Teacher Susie rang the bell and the little girls scurried to their seats. As soon as the usual morning devotions were over, Freeda took her gifts out of the bag to admire them again. She opened the box of crayons and counted them once more. Not just sixteen crayons, but twenty-four. Next she looked at the pencils. They were so pretty, and on each one was printed in gold, "Freeda Yoder." "Now if anyone sees one of my pencils they will know it is mine," she thought happily.

Freeda looked upand saw Danny, who was sitting across the aisle from her, lookingly longingly at her new pencils and crayons. She held them up for Danny to see. Sensing that he envied her, Freeda smugly put the pencils back in the case one by one, put the eraser back on, and tried to put it into her desk. She found a corner to put it into,but when she tried to push it in, it wouldn't go. She carelessly shoved some books and papers around until she could jam her pencil case into her desk. Just as she got out her tablet to a draw a picture to color, Teacher Susie assigned second-grade arithmetic. Freeda sighed and once more tried to find room in her messy desk for her box of crayons.

As soon as Teacher Susie had told the girls what to do, Freeda began to hurriedly work her problems. "That is one nice thing about school," thought Freeda, "the lessons are never very hard, and now that we have just review lessons, they're easier than ever."

During the course of the day, Freeda drew pictures and colored them with her new crayons whenever she could. Many times she saw Danny watching her. At recess when Freeda colored instead of going outside, Danny stood beside her and watched her.

In a way Freeda felt sorry for Danny. He had such a hard time getting his lessons and his pencils and crayons soon looked battered and broken.

That afternoon when Freeda wanted her red crayon to color a flower she had drawn, she couldn't find her crayon. She hunted and hunted but she couldn't find it anywhere. Finally she told Teacher Susie. "I think Danny took my red crayon," she whispered.

"What makes you think Danny took it?" Susie wanted to know.

"Well, I know he would like to have it," Freeda said with feeling.

"Why would Danny want your red crayon?" Susie asked.

"Well, he keeps watching me all the time when I'm coloring. And. and his own crayons aren't nice," Freeda explained.

"But that doesn't say that Danny took your crayon," Susie went on. "You'd better look carefully through your desk first before you blame someone else."

Slowly Freeda went back to her desk and rummaged carelessly through it, but she couldn't find the crayon. A few minutes later Danny was standing beside desk watching again.

"Danny, where did you put my red crayon?" asked Freeda with frustration.

"I didn't have your red crayon," Danny answered.

"Yes, you did," insisted Freeda. She looked up as Alma walked into the schoolhouse. "Alma, did you know that Danny took my red crayon?"

"I did not take your red crayon," insisted Danny as he walked away.

"Did you see him take it?" Alma wanted to know.

"Well - no, I didn't see him take it, but who else would have taken it? He keeps watching me every time I am using my crayons or have my pencils out," Freeda explained. "And I'm sure he took my crayon, too."

Freeda reached into her desk, got her box of crayons and opened it. Sure enough, the red crayon was missing. Then she got out her pencil case and looked at her pencils closely. She took the pencils from the case and counted them slowly. She gasped and counted them again. "There is also a pencil missing! That Danny! I'll teach him for taking my pencil and crayon!"

Just then Teacher Susie came on the scene again. "What's the problem now?"

"One of my pencils is gone too and I'm just sure Danny took it and my crayon," replied Freeda.

"Freeda," rebuked Susie, you must never blame someone for anything like that unless you are very sure they took it. We'll keep our eyes open and see if it isn't around here somewhere. Maybe someone else has seen them."

In spite of what Teacher Susie had told Freeda, she kept telling the other children that Danny had taken the missing items. "Why wouldn't he? His own were small and stubby and these were nice and new," she reasoned. "Besides, I can see that he would like to have them." Before long it had become accepted by most of the pupils that Danny had taken the pencil and crayon. Finally Teacher Susie had even asked Danny if he had taken them, but he insisted that he hadn't.

A few days later Freda was again talking about the missing crayon."Freeda,"rebuked Susie, "I think it's time that you quit blaming Danny for having taken those things. I'm not certain that he didn't take them, but neither are you sure that he did. I still think if we are careful and look around for them, they'll show up again and then we'll have the answer."

"But who else would have taken them?" Freeda wanted to know.

"I don't know," replied Susie. "Are you sure anyone took them? Did you go through everything in your desk to make sure it isn't there?"

"But I did look through my desk for it," insisted Freeda.

The next day the children had their final tests in school. During the last period, Teacher Susie asked all the children to clean out their desks and hand in the books. Soon the classroom was filled with the rustle and bustle of children cleaning out their desks and stacking their books.

As Freeda pulled a stack of books and papers from her desk, she heard something fall to the floor. She paused to see what it was then stared in disbelief. There on the floor lay one of her new pencils. She remembered what Teacher Susie had said the day before, "If we look around carefully, they'll show up and then we'll have the answer." She looked up and blushed when she saw Teacher Susie watching her closely. As soon as Freeda had stacked the books that had to stay in school, she bent over to see what else she had in her desk. In the back of her desk were jammed old papers with lessons,two hankies, and old eraser, and some kleenex. Last of all her fingers touched a crayon. She jerked it out and looked at it. Once more she felt her cheeks grow warm until she wondered if they were the color of the new crayon she held in her hand. Suddenly Teacher Susie was standing beside her desk.

"What did you find in your desk?" asked Susie.

"I -I," stammered Freeda.

"Did you find the answer?" asked Susie.

Slowly Freeda nodded her head.

Susie bent to talk quietly to Freeda. "Don't you think you'd better tell the rest of the school what you found in your desk?"

Freeda gasped, "I - I can't."

"You don't want all the children to go home thinking Danny took your things when they were in your desk all the time, do you?" Susie questioned.

Freeda shook her head.

"You must never blame anyone for something they didn't do," Susie went on. "That hurts people very much." Susie looked at Freeda with pity. "Will you come with me to the front of the room and tell the others?"

Freeda's lips quivered as she nodded her head and followed her teacher.

AS BROKEN BREAD, AND POURED OUT WINE

When Christ arose and Simon Peter did see,
Peter's faith was restored with "Loveth thou me?"
"Feed my lambs" was a commission sublime
To become broken bread and poured out wine.
Our love for Christ is manifested when
Others get nourishment in the knowledge of Him.
Thus nourishment to others we then become
A source of strength to old and young
To "feed my sheep" as Jesus has said
We become poured out wine, and broken bread.

Bread that is made from ground kernels of wheat
First has to go through the oven's heat
Before strength and nourishment to others can give,
Substantial life in order to live.
We, too, like bread, need the heat of the fire
To teach us submission — tho' tears be our hire.
Before real nourishment to others we can give
Of the Bread of Life to eternally live.
Thus to "feed my sheep" as Jesus has said
We become poured out wine, and broken bread.

We cannot drink grapes whole, you surely know;
They have to be crushed 'fore the wine can flow;
We, too, must be crushed to His purposes clear
Ere divine inspiration we impart while here;
But if crushed before ripe — while living in sin —
Remarkable bitter the wine would have been.
The Husbandman's joy is an abundant yield
To benefit His children however He will;
He knocks at the heart's door — may He welcomed be-
"I will sup with Him and He'll sup with me;"
Abide in His vineyard, thus serving your time
As broken bread, and poured out wine.

Anna J. Miller, Arthur, Illinois

THE PROBLEM NO.4

Benedict Bontrager believed in disciplining his six children, and his wife Barbara supported him very well. But there was one point on which they disagreed.

One morning at breakfast two-year-old Amos threw a fit of stubbornness because he did not want to eat his egg. Dad Bontrager used a strap several times till the little boy's will was broken. Amos ate the egg. Benedict sat down in the rocking chair to pull on his heavy socks. Soon young Amos climbed down from his highchair, and sidled up to his daddy rather bashfully. He tried to climb onto his father's lap, but Benedict sternly said, "No." The boy turned away, a hurt look on his face.

At noon when Benedict came in for dinner, he was a bit out of sorts. The pigs had broken into the feed room and torn open a half dozen bags. To top it off, when he entered the kitchen, the two oldest children were having a loud argument. Fifteen-year-old Bertha was bawling out her brother who was a year younger. She did not hear her father enter.

On an impulse Benedict brought up his hand and slapped Bertha across the mouth. The girl was surprised and stunned. Benedict washed up for dinner without saying a word. The meal was eaten in silence.

That evening after the children were all in bed and asleep, Mom Bontrager gathered up courage to rebuke her husband. "Don't you think you should have taken little Amos into your lap for a minute this morning?" she asked. "He was coaxing for love and forgiveness and you refused it."

"Oh, I don't know," objected Benedict. "If I had given in to him then right after I strapped him, he would have though I really didn't mean it in the first place."

"But he gave up so nicely, Benedict."

"Yes, he did. But I hadn't given up, and I didn't want him to think so either."

Mrs. Bontrager was silent for a while. Then she began again, timidly. "This noon, when you slapped Bertha...don't...don't you think she's plenty old to be slapped that way?"

Benedict Bontrager cleared his throat. "I guess I did it without thinking. I was kinda upset, and before I knew it I had slapped her. I was sorry for it right away..."

"Did you tell her so?"

"Who, Bertha?"

"Yes, did you apologize to her?"

"No, and I don't think I should. I can't see a father apologizing much to his children, it just doesn't seem right. How is he going to hold their respect if he starts apologizing."

"But Benedict, I wonder..."

Was Benedict Bontrager right or wrong in his attitude toward his children? Was he wise by being stern to little Amos, and refusing to apologize to his teen-age daughter? What do you think?

ANSWERS TO CHILD TRAINING NO.4

POOR BENEDICT BONTRAGER! His cheeks must be burning with shame. The readers who responded to the above problem nearly all scolded Benedict and sided with his wife. Their sympathy was clearly with two-year-old Amos and his older sister Bertha.

Benedict was in the wrong. In fact, according to our readers, he made at least three mistakes in child training that day. The first mistake was with little Amos. He should have taken the lad onto his lap and loved him up, thus reassuring and forgiving him. The second mistake was slapping his fifteen-year-old daughter upon impulse, largely because he himself was upset about what had happened in the feed shed. The third mistake followed the second one, when Benedict did not apologize to Bertha.

Some of our readers were pretty hard on Benedict. But at least two of them called attention to the fact that parents do have authority, and that we must be careful not to regard this lightly. Even though in this case the father was out of his place, this did not give the rest of the family any excuse or right to go out of theirs. One writer pointed out that it is all right for a parent to say, "I am sorry," but it is not in the children's place to expect or demand an apology. Likewise, parents should be careful about asking of their children, "Will you forgive me?" for this might imply that the children had the right to decide this matter, to forgive or not to forgive.

Here are some excerpts from the letters received:

1) A father from Pennsylvania: "When I read the question in child training, No. 4, it made me stop to think, how often did we make such a mistake? Benedict was right in disciplining his child in the first place. But when the child came in a forgiving spirit— he too should have shown a forgiving spirit. If we are too proud to forgive, how can we be a good example to our children?"

2) Husband and Wife, New Wilmington: "...Will try and write my comment on this month's child training problem. Not trying to teach someone, just writing what we have learned.

"As for Mrs. Bontrager, I feel she has the right attitude about her little son. I do not feel that it is wrong to take up a child on your lap if after a spanking his will has been completely broken and he has done what he was told. If a child wants to climb on your lap afterwards, why not show respect to him? But do not let pity overwhelm and take the child on your lap before his will has been completely broken. Or it will turn out to be giving up to the child instead of showing respect to him.

"Just like other months, I probably wouldn't have written to this question but for a little while tonight things didn't turn out so well for our 2 1/2 year old daughter. We taught her to gather her toys off the floor before she goes to bed every night, ever since she was about a year old. At first this took quite a few spankings, but she has done it willingly for a long time, till tonight for some reason when I was reading child training in February issue I told her to pick up her toys and she refused. I don't know why, because she didn't for a long time, but maybe it was to make me write this.

"So after telling her kindly didn't help any, a spanking followed. And after that one, three more, which is more than it usually takes. She then picked up her toys more quickly than usual, and as soon as she was done she came to me and wanted to sit on my lap, which I didn't refuse. In about half an hour she bid me goodnight and went happily to bed. A spanking is nothing strange to her, and I can already tell that she is much easier to handle. We are just a young married couple...and feel inexperienced to write what little we have already learned."

3) A Pennsylvanian Mother: "To get your children to respect you, teach them respect by showing respect to them (and to others). All children find out that their parents are not perfect, so to admit to them that you are wrong is only being honest."

4) From the East: "When the disobedience has been dealt with, a child needs to be assured the parent still loves him. This is not apologizing for the punishment, but simply saying, 'I still love you.'

"If punishment was unjustly or undeservedly given, certainly asking forgiveness is important...If I as a parent am too proud to ask a child's forgiveness when I've wronged him, how can I expect to teach my child to forgive or seek forgiveness? Respect and trust soar when a child finds that a parent is fair enough to ask forgiveness. Jesus taught about being careful not to offend a little one."

5) A Wisconsin Mother: "I feel the father was out of his place when he refused to hold his two-year-old son, who was probably saying in a two-year-old's way, 'I'm sorry, Daddy, but I still love you.'

"While the father may have acted hastily in slapping the fifteen-year-old's mouth, he would have gained much respect and confidence from his children by admitting he was out of his place also."

6) A Father, Butler, Ohio: "Benedict sure missed the boat with little Amos by turning him away when he was seeking love...If he thought he did wrong to his daughter Bertha, an apology would have been in order."

7) An Indiana Mother: "I believe Benedict was very wrong. When Amos came to him he surely should have taken him and loved him to show he had been forgiven... I've seen where lots of parents do this and I always feel sorry for the child. Will he not someday stop coming back to ask forgiveness?"

8) A Mother from Adams County: "A fifteen year old girl is getting old to be slapped like that. I think a Christian father could do more with only a few good words. I don't think Bertha will forget so easy..."

9) A Grandfather from Ohio: "I strictly think Benedict should have been glad to pick up little Amos and hold him in his lap for a while and make love to him, even if it took thirty minutes, because Amos had enough love in him that he wanted to make up with his father again.

"Also, when he slapped his daughter just because he was riled up about his pigs breaking into the feed room—I think he should have had enough love for his daughter to go back to Bertha and tell her, 'I'm sorry I slapped you the way I did, and I want to apologize to you, and I want you to forgive me.'

"I raised eight children and sometimes when something happened that I had to punish them, I had to shed tears as I knew they should be punished. But afterwards they came and made up again, and I was only too glad to pick them up and hold them and was ready to make up again."

10) Mrs. G. from Pennsylvania: "How could Benedict refuse little Amos? What is more touching than when a young child shows his love after a punishment?"

11) A Father, Wisconsin: "I feel sorry for Benedict, the chance he missed of tying the bond of father-son relationship. I believe we as fathers need to be firm and carry out our God-given responsibilities of disciplining our children. But we need to exercise love and forgiveness with pity in our hearts.

"We need to instruct and admonish our older children. But where we overstep and wrong our children, we need to set an example and be humble and apologize for our wrongs. A wrong is a wrong, and needs to be corrected, regardless of who to."

12) Mother of Two, Pennsylvania: "Children are going to learn sooner or later (likely sooner) that we parents are not perfect. They will respect us much more if we tell them when we have wronged them, and ask for forgiveness. This is what we expect of them when they wrong us, isn't it? We need to be good examples in every area of life.

13) Father of Pennsylvania: "As a father myself, I think I can say a lot of us can feel touched by this writing, as we are reminded of things we did wrong toward our children. How is the best way to correct it? I believe all our tempers are moved at some time or another.

"Yet Benedict does have a thought, too, that the children should not expect the parents to confess according to the children's whims, for then obedience to parents would just be turned around."

14) A Father, Ontario: "The last part of the problem is not so easy. Parents should be able to admit that they were wrong, or that they were too hasty, but at the same time, I don't think they would very often have to admit that they intended to do anything out of the way. Severe punishment is reserved for when children do wrong willingly. Very seldom are they punished for what was an oversight, or where the child acted to the best of his knowledge. But of course there are times when parents take the wrong method of working with their children, where they later see that some other way would have been better.

"However, there is also a very real danger of children getting to the place where they think their parents are using the wrong method, but children are really not qualified to judge in many cases. It would hardly be Scriptural that children would expect or demand an apology of their parents.

"Another thing I can hardly realize is that the parents should ask their children to forgive them...When we say to our children, 'I am sorry it went like it did,' it would seem to me that would be enough. There should be no question whether or not the child forgives us, as if it were still up to the child to decide whether he should or not. But maybe I am wrong on this, I don't claim to be an expert."

15) Born in Canada: "As a father I have experienced that a healthy child certainly needs restraining at times, some more than others, and that the strongest and most lasting love stems from love shown toward a child that has been punished for wrong doing, and this just as soon as he shows a longing for it..."

16) A Couple from Central Pennsylvania: "My husband and I agree that Benedict made a mistake both times. We do not read in the Bible where someone had to "wait a while' for forgiveness. Also, he should have told his daughter he is sorry. Parents are only human and do make mistakes. They should not be too proud to admit it. The children will know anyway."

17) A Mother of Indiana: "That was little Amos' way of asking for love, and forgiving Daddy for the punishment. Also telling Daddy he still loves him despite the punishment and to see if Daddy still loves him. I think this rebuke (by refusing to hold him) was very damaging to the little fellow."

18) A Father of Seven, Iowa: "I feel Benedict Bontrager was wrong both ways. As for little Amos, when he ate his egg, I think right then he gave up and was willing to obey, and then it was the parents' duty to show love and forgiveness by taking Amos on the lap.

"About the teenage daughter, it made me think of when I was in my teens. I was old enough to know right from wrong, and when my parents made a mistake (which I believe all parents do) and they did not confess it was wrong, it would turn my love against them. But when they made a mistake and then confessed it, it would always break my heart and this is the time when you would get more confidence in your parents. Now this is the way I look at it."

19) Indiana: "From our experience, we feel a child should never be allowed to leave you after a punishment (or spanking) and feel angry or downhearted about it. Always take the child on your lap and explain again for what reason he got the punishment, and that it was needful."

20) Born in the 1800's: "Let me give my experience. Two of my sons, aged about four and six, needed punishment (I do not now recall what for), so I took them to the feed room and applied the punishment to the place provided where the least physical harm results, then with my heart bleeding, I sat on a bag of feed, set one son on each knee and with their wet cheeks pressed close to mine, our tears mingled as I held them close.

"Those same boys later in their teens never once missed coming into our bedroom to say goodnight, even though they were coming home from seeing a girlfriend, or from some gathering and it was almost midnight. We are still a close-knit family. Those boys are now 56 and 58..."

21) A Lancaster County Mother: "Sometimes as a daughter when I happened to be punished unjustly, my mother would apologize to me. Respect grew out of this relationship, and I did not build up resentment for being wronged as I certainly would have otherwise.

"Today, with my own family, my patience often wears thin, especially when I'm busy and see that I won't get everything done I should or would like to. Then I have to be careful that I don't snap at the children for things that don't really matter. As our children grow I try and grow also, in wisdom and patience. As a young parent, I feel I have a lot to learn." ■■

PROBLEM IN CHILD TRAINING NO.8

Young Solly Schmidt came in from the barn, late for supper. He was tired to the bones, but with a satisfied feeling. The corn was all planted. But when he opened the kitchen door, he knew at once that something was wrong. His wife, Sarah, was rocking the baby, and crying. Not quiet tears but sobs that shook her body.

"What's wrong?" asked Solly with feeling. He looked around the room. "And where's little Andy?"

"He's..he's asleep. At...last," stammered Sarah. "But Solly, what...what are we going to do? I can't stand it any longer."

Solly pulled up a chair beside the rocker, and laid his arm across his wife's shoulders. "Oh, come now," he spoke soothingly. "It can't be that bad, can it?"

But Sarah said it was. Andrew was the older of the two children, and had just passed his third birthday. He was the liveliest, most active child either one of them had ever seen. From morning till night he was constantly on the go, into everything. The young mother, it seemed, had a full-time job following him. The front door had to be locked to keep him inside, and the house otherwise child-proofed to protect both the house and Andy's exploring fingers. It was not that the boy was particularly mischievous— he had twice the energy of an ordinary child, like a wind-up toy running wild. This activity kept up to the very moment he dropped off to sleep in the evening.

The young couple had had high ideals of how they would train their children to be obedient, quiet, and respectable. But nothing seemed to work with their firstborn. All their spankings, it appeared, made no difference in his conduct. If anything, Andy was becoming more highstrung, and had started biting his nails.

"He's an abnormal child," said Solly. "Surely, he'll grow out of it."

"But what can we do?" asked Sarah, pleading, her voice more level. "He has to learn to obey, or I'll... I'm afraid I'll have a nervous breakdown. Solly, you just don't know how I feel, so desperate...I've lost all confidence in myself as a mother."

WHAT DO YOU THINK? Would you have any advice for parents such as Solly and Sarah Schmidt who have over-active children? What causes children to be this way, and what is the best way to handle them? Have you had any experience with such children? Why not write today, and tell all about it in detail. Your name will be kept confidential.

Write to: Child Training Study
c/o Pathway R.4 Aylmer, Ontario, Canada ■■

WHY I LIKE VACATIONS

To me a vacation is a tonic to body, soul, and spirit. I need a change from regular routine and I believe that all people do occasionally. Jesus said to some of his followers, "Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile." In His busy life here on earth, He desired some rest, too.

The Christian vacation is different from the kind the world takes. There's no harm in going to the mountains or to the lakes provided we have the right motive for going. Moderation is important and the less money we spend on a vacation, the more chance we will have to enjoy the trip. Eating excessively is a temptation we must guard against. Buying souvenirs is money wasted. What do these little trinkets benefit us when we get home again? Why spend money for that which is not bread?

Yes, I enjoy vacations immensely. But for me, they come in all different shapes and forms. Sometimes a day off just being at home and finding something relaxing to do is better than going for a weekend. Visiting folks in another community is worthwhile if we want to get away. Attending a neighboring church can do our soul good. But by all means, we ought to have the right attitude and stay away from fault finding. We can learn good things from them and always be friendly.

An afternoon or a whole day visiting the lonely or sick can turn out to be not only an unforgetable vacation but one that we'll repeat. And let's not wait until our work is done because that person could die by that time.

If these hoped-for vacations never come to pass because of circumstances, don't despair. Be interested in those who do go other places and get them to relate about their journeys. I have never had the chance to travel to faraway places, but it is a real treat for me to hear their stories and how the people live there. At home, or away on vacations, we must live for others and not for self.

How about writing letters to cheer those people who need it. There are always shut-ins, accident victims, bereaved or lonely persons among us. We can show them we care. By practicing good deeds to those less fortunate, we will not miss that vacation we so much thought was due us. Our afflicted brethren can not get away either and go on vacations. So let's be cheerful and keep from being so gloomy. Sooner or later we can take a vacation, either of the short or the long kind. It has blessed my soul and it will yours, too.

-Born and Raised in Pennsylvania

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THOSE CHEAP FOODS, ARE THEY REALLY?

Some time ago some people who worked in food factories contacted some of the plain people in our area. They had some food rejects that would be all right to feed to farm animals.

As time went on, more and more of this was happening. But the people were no longer picking up the goods for the farm animals. They had tasted that the candy and many other things were good to eat. Certain individuals purchased truckloads and started selling to other people.

But it didn't stop there. Soon it was learned that damaged tin cans of food were available several hundred miles away, so they got a group together and bought many tin cans.

But, you ask, what is so bad about that? One place I worked, they got so many packs of crackers, candy and cookies that the children were eating them between the meals. Since it was all so cheap, this didn't matter but when it came to mealtime these children did not eat the things that the body must have to grow and stay healthy. Their appetites lagged and they weren't hungry. They were being raised on sweets.

A certain wife and mother quilts in her spare time for extra money. She started buying these tin cans and discovered how handy it is. Since it's so cheap, she now feeds her family from these tin cans.

When and where will the daughters learn to cook and bake things since it is cheaper to buy? Will the dentist and doctor bills, plus the daughters not learning proper housekeeping be worth the money saved?

My mother bought a small amount a few times but my father insisted that in the long run we don't save anything. I am very glad, as my mother taught us to cook and bake. The boughten foods also contain many preservatives which can not be healthy.

God has always taken care of us so far. We believe He will continue to bless our gardens and to provide for us. Let us be thankful and make use of those vegetables and remember the joy of seeing those rows of cans for the winter's supply.

-A Concerned Daughter

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POTATOES (continued from back cover)

vitamins B1, B2, and C. Many people are of the opinion that this food is fattening but the truth is it is not as fattening as apples.

Most of the protein and the vitamins lie just underneath the skin of the potato. If it is peeled before cooking you will lose most of this. It is much better to peel them after they are cooked and the flavor will also be improved. Many people prefer the baked or roasted potatoes and these are also the most nutritious. Fried potatoes are less digestible than baked or boiled, and they do contain more calories.

Potatoes are used in many different ways. Large quantities are used in making flour, starch and alcohol. Each year a larger percentage of the crop is being used to make potato chips. The Plain People of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania have for several generations been highly skilled in making their own potato chips.

The potato belongs to the nightshade family. Common plants which are closely related to it include the tomato, the red pepper, the egg plant, tobacco and the petunias. Also the deadly nightshade which is a poisonous plant. The potato may also be poisonous. Its white flowers produce a soft green berry which no wise person will eat. If the potatoes themselves are exposed to sunlight for a period of time, until they turn green, they can develop the same poison. These should never be eaten nor any potatoes which have developed large sprouts. The potato is not at all related to the sweet potato which is an altogether different plant and thrives in warm climates.

Of course the potato as we know it, has been vastly improved from the wild potato which was found in the mountains of South America. The wild ones were small and produced only a few potatoes per plant. In Idaho today, the plant may produce as many as 20 potatoes, some of them weighing several pounds. One of these potatoes is enough to make a wholesome and nutritious meal for an average sized family. Is there little wonder that it has spread over the entire world in so short a time?

Deadline for Answers June 30th

WHAT DO YOU THINK

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Question:

Some women seem to be able to keep an orderly home automaticly while others struggle but can never have it that way, much as they try and want to. Do these mothers have to go through life feeling ashamed and discouraged? I know many do. Also some men seem to have the knack of getting their work done on time and keeping everything in order while others do not. Discouragement and self-criticism can eat like cancer. What do others say about my question? I am of the untalented in this respect, and would appreciate any encouragement.

-Trying, but losing

???

THE ANSWERS TO THE QUESTION WHY IT IS ALMOST ALWAYS THE MAN WHO CAUSES THE TROUBLES IN THE CHURCH

I CANNOT FEEL THAT MEN who make trouble in church are doing their duty in going a Christian example for their wife and family. It has also been mentioned several times that a wife who has things or does things against her husband's wishes, is not being true to her marriage vows. But is a husband who makes trouble in the church against his wife's wishes, true to his vows— to love his wife as himself? I do not feel that men are tempted more than women. A woman is often tempted too, only in more subtle ways, such as fancy clothes, a fancy home, cooking big dinners so she will be praised for being a good cook, etc. And I believe some women are out of the ordnung too, just the same as the men, but they are afraid of making a scene. We must remember that God sees the thoughts and intentions of the heart, where other people only see what we do.

-Glad my husband has never made trouble

HERE IN OUR COMMUNITY it, too, seems it's mostly the men folks. The man is to be the head of the house but I know some places where the mother has to stand for what is right, and at the same time worry and pray for their children, while the husband would try to lead them away from church, or faith.

I still believe the home is happiest where Father is concerned that nothing evil will enter his household and Mother can stand by his side in thankfulness, and trust her husband. It puts a heavy load and responsibility on her.

How often we see nowadays where husband follows, and takes up another faith and his wife very sadly and unwillingly follows, because she hardly has no other way. A sad situation.

Who will have to answer for this? Don't we pray enough? Something seems to be wrong somewhere.

When my great-great grandfather was offered a large sum of money for his work, he refused it because he feared it would hurt the oncoming generation and lead them into the world. When he and his wife were invited to dinner— a special day— he told his wife that she may go but he won't, because he saw a danger, where it may lead to.

A father who stands for what is right is to be admired. I know fathers can be too stern. But a father who admonishes in meekness and exercises kindness with well chosen words, with real fatherly concern and without loud hasty spoken words, will not often fail to receive love, support and respect from his family.

-Lancaster County

THE BIBLE SAYS that women are to be submissive to their husbands and if they are then they will seldom cause any trouble in the church. It seems that if they have learned to be obedient to their husbands, then it is much easier to be obedient to the church.

Men, on the other hand are to be the head of the family which may be part of the reason why it is sometimes so hard for them to submit to the authority of the church.

It is not a good thing when men make trouble in church, especially if they make a scene and talk back to the ministers. But it is worse when women do for they should not talk in such a manner to their own husbands, much less to other men. I think you should be thankful that if there is trouble in the church, it is caused by the men and not by the women. Of course this does not excuse such conduct by the men. Perhaps the remedy would be to do as the Bible tells us: "Submitting yourselves, one to another, in the fear of God" (Eph. 5:21).

-Ontario

WHY IS IT MOSTLY THE MEN who make the trouble in the church? I'm reminded of a man that had a dream, or a vision. In it he saw the narrow way, and also the broad way. On the narrow way he saw many children and women, and very few men.

I heard a minister once speak about this man's vision and he said he often wondered about it. "But," he continued, "if one of the parents drinks, it is usually the man; if any smokes or swears, it is usually the father; if any of them stays away from home in the evening, it is usually the father; if any makes trouble in the church it is often the father; if any neglects teaching the children, it is often the father."

But the father is not always the one at fault. He is often grieved when the mother puts the hochmuth on the children. And at times when a man does wrong, the woman can be at the root of the trouble, or is partly to blame for not giving him the proper support, physically and spiritually.

Man are naturally more bold and aggresive which may be one reason why they make more trouble in the church than the women. But when a woman makes trouble she, too, is very apt to be bold and it is very probable that she has gone out of her "beruf" in the home first and tries too much to be master.

-A Reader

Some Thoughts For Father's Day

THE DUTIES OF A FATHER --

1. Though I am a very gifted talker and am not a father to my children, I am become as a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.
2. And though I have the gift of good management, and understand all financial matters, and leave my children a large inheritance, and though I am a plain church member and have a good reputation, if I fail my children, I am nothing.
3. And though I give much to help the poor and spend a lot of my time visiting the sick, and am not a father to my children, it profiteth me nothing.
4. A father suffereth long and is kind. he does not envy or think himself better than his children, nor does he think his children are better than others.
5. Doth not behave himself unseemly seeketh not his own, but his children's eternal welfare, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil against his children.
6. A father is deeply grieved and chastens his children for iniquity but rejoiceth when they walk in the truth.
7. Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things and has much patience for he remembers that once he, himself, was a little child.
8. A father's love never faileth, but if there be relatives, they shall fail; if there be friends, they shall cease, if there be close companions, they shall vanish away.
9. For a father is, after all, only a weak human, and all he does is done in weakness.
10. But if he looks to the perfect Father for wisdom and strength, it shall be granted him.
11. When I was a child I spake as a child, I thought as a child, but when I became a father, I put away childish things.
12. When our children are small, we can fail them and neglect them and think it does not s matter so much; but after they are grown, it will always show.
13. And now abideth relatives, mothers and fathers, but the one first of all responsible for the training of the children is the father.

(A paraphrase of 1 Corinthians 13.)

HAVE YOU?

Have you thought about a brother, toiling on life's weary road?
Have you looked on him in pity and helped bear his heavy load?
Does he want you for a listener to talk his troubles o'er?
Do you keep his confidences or carry them next door?
Do you ponder his misfortunes— things that only God can change?
Is your love light shining brightly for a brother now estranged?

Does your way seem dark and dreary and there's none you may call "friend?"
Do you feel you are forsaken and none does comprehend?
Do many fears surround you and woes dreadful fill your heart
When the tempter storms your castle with his fierce and fiery darts?
Is there none that understands you when your heart is filled with pain,
Or is it you that forgets others when their life is filled with rain?

Louella Stauffer

HOME REMEDIES and suggestions

For sharp pain, gas on the stomach and pain in the bowels, and neuralgia, etc., place 1 pint hot water and 1 teaspoon turpentine in a container. Soak wash cloth in this, wring out and lay on the painful spot. I tried it and it never failed. Keep turpentine away from the fire.

Drug stores have turpentine to take internally for cough and sore throat. I use it. On the bottle of this turpentine it says, for a dosage take from 5 to 20 drops in sweetened water or on a lump sugar.

-Mrs. Paul H. Fox, Stevens, Pennsylvania

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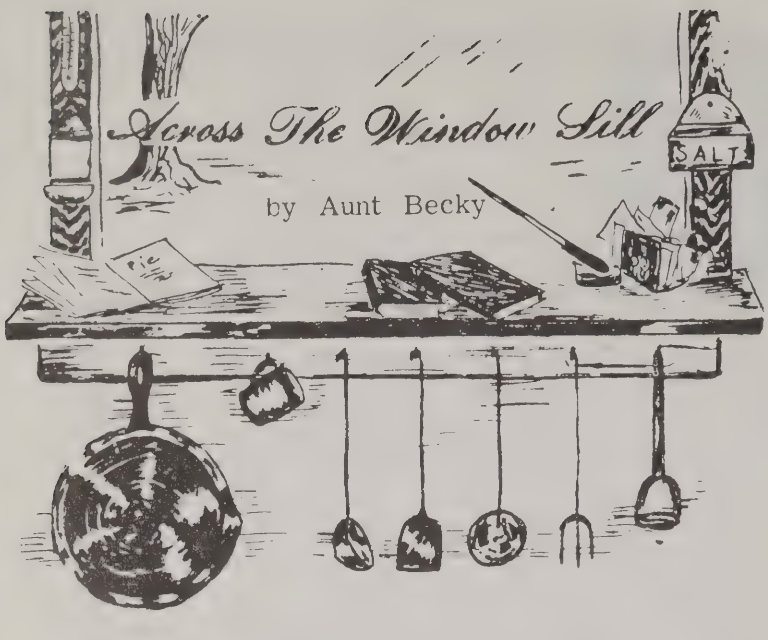
Purple loose strive tea is recommended for weak eyes.

****

When children are troubled with the seven-year-itch try oil of cedarwood.

* * *



Across The Window Sill

by Aunt Becky

What can a boy do and where can he stay
If he's always told to get out of the way?
He cannot sit here and he must not stand there;
The cushions that cover that fine rocking chair
Were put there, of course, to be seen and admired;
A boy has no business to ever be tired.
The beautiful rugs and floors that shine
In the darkened room are much too refined
And not made to walk on— at least, not for boys—
The house is no place anyway for their noise.
Yet boys must walk somewhere; and what if their feet,
Sent out of the houses, sent into the street,
Should step round the corner and pause at the door,
Where other boys' feet have paused often before;
Should pass through the gateway of glittering light,
Where jokes that are merry and songs that are bright
Ring out a warm welcome with flattering voice,
And temptingly say, "Here's a place for the boys."
Ah, what if they should? What if your boy or mine
Should cross o'er the threshhold which marks out the line
"Twixt virtue and vice, "twixt pureness and sin,
And leave all his innocent boyhood within?
Oh, what if they should, because you and I,
While the days and the months and the years hurry by,
Are too busy with cares and with life's fleeting joys
To make round our hearthstone a place for the boys?
There's a place for the boys— they will find it somewhere;
And if our own homes are too daintily fair
For the touch of their fingers, the tread of their feet,
They'll find it, and find it, alas, in the street.
'Mid the gildings of sin and the glitter of vice;
And the heartaches and longings we pay a dear price
For the getting of gain that our lifetime employs,
If we fail to provide a place for the boys.

A place for the boys, dear mother, I pray.
As cares settle down round our short earthly way,
Don't let us forget by our kind, loving deeds,
To show we remember their pleasures and needs;
Though our souls may be vexed with the problems of life,
And worn with besetments, and toiling and strife,
Our hearts will keep younger— your tired heart and mine-
If we give them a place in their innermost shrine;
And to our life's latest hour 'twill be one of our joys
That we kept a small corner— a place for the boys.

What is nicer than seeing a red-winged blackbird outside the window on an early morning, and hearing him sing, "Da-bree, da-bree." At such times I feel like joining in the chorus—

"— All nature sings and around me rings.
The music of the sphere."

One Mother— who was too busy to pay attention to blackbirds-once said that she wishes the fruit and vegetables would all come at one time so the canning would soon be over. I'm sure few mothers would wish for this. The way things are planned fills the summer months with the harvests of hope and "delectable" surprises.

A Holmes County mother took time to write while holding her teething baby on her lap. She says, "…. it is true, if we don't put our thoughts on paper they will stay in our head. I thought the article a busy mother wrote in January FL was what I needed. At times I get discouraged when I can't get my work done the way I feel I should…It comes to my mind, do we thank God enough that we have the privilege to care and pray for our children. What if today some people would come and take them from us. And worse yet, if they'd teach them what isn't true. I feel we can't thank God enough that He opened our eyes that we can see how necessary it is to pray earnestly and often for them."

Mrs. Ray Miller of Indiana writes:

Seeing all the mountains, valleys, and rugged places, we really do not "see" the earth as round. So it is with "the way" on which God tells us to travel. There are great rocks, barren deserts, stormy days and rugged places which are almost impossible to pass through. And yet after we've traveled this road, we are likely to say, "We had such a great Guide going ahead of us, it really wasn't so hard as we thought." These rugged places in life make us a stronger more faithful traveler.

Mrs. Miller has had a taste of these rugged places. Her husband is sick with leukemia.

The asparagus season is not quite at an end so many may be glad for this bit of advice and recipe from a Lancaster mother: We were told, when still a girl at home, to cut the asparagus stalk off beneath the ground. NEVER on top. When the stalk is cut, the stump bleeds. When it is cut beneath the ground, the lose dirt covers the stump it can't bleed. It is said that bleeding takes the strength out of the roots. Cut off all stalks, even when not used, to keep from forming seed heads. This also helps to keep a neat looking asparagus row. The longest day should be your last cutting day for the season.

Asparagus and Knepp

Mix together: 6 eggs, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, and pinch of salt.

Bring some water to a boil. Dip a spoon in your boiling water, then put the above mixture into the boiling water by the spoonsful. Cook for 15 to 20 minutes. Drain off some of the water and put the knepp in a dish. Top this with cooked, well-buttered asparagus. The knepp are also good topped with peas or brown-buttered hot dogs.

Strawberry Danish

Use one quart strawberries, add sugar and water to desired taste. Thicken with clear jell. Cook one package current-strawberry danish dessert according to directions. Mix together when hot. Cool. Serve with whipped cream. -Virginia Martin

From Mrs. Aaron Shirk of Pennsylvania comes: ...I also keep my eyes open for wholesome recipes which are delicious. These health foods shouldn't have to be forced past the taste buds! In experimenting with cake recipes, I have found that this one can be made with whole wheat flour just as successfully as with white flour, and very few people will ever taste the difference. This cake can not be kept too long as it gets moldy much quicker then cakes made with white flour. I always think this is a sure sign that it has much feeding value— if mold or bugs or worms can grow on it.

Whole Wheat Cocoa Chiffon Cake

1/2 cup cocoa 3/4 cup boiling water
Stir until smooth, set aside to cool.
7 or 8 eggs— separate eggs until you have 1 cup whites.
Set yolks aside. Add: 1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar to whites and whip until very stiff peaks form.
Measure and sift together into mixing bowl:
1 3/4 cups whole wheat flour
1 1/2 cups raw sugar
3 teaspoons baking powder 1 teaspoon salt
Make a well and add in order:
1/2 cup salad oil
the egg yolks
the cooled cocoa mixture
1 teaspoon vanilla
Beat until smooth and creamy. Pour egg yolk mixture gradually over whipped egg whites while gently folding with rubber scraper just until blended. Bake in a tube pan for 55 minutes at 325° . Increase to 350° for 10 to 15 minutes.

For a different tasting applesauce, try Tang. Keep some in salt shakers or baby food jars with holes punched in. Each can sprinkle their own apple sauce. It's delicious.

Bits of leftover ham can be ground and mixed with bread crumbs which had been soaked in a milk and egg mixture. Shape into patties and fry. Makes real hamburgers. -S. Z., Pennsylvania

You can add whole wheat flour to any bread recipe if you do not make the dough too stiff. Dough should be sticky and you have to use shortening on your hands to work the dough.

Some people do not like homemade bread for lunches because it will crumble easy. If you do not let it rise too much before baking, it will not crumble so easy. It also helps if you work it down twice. -M.B.

For extra flavor in your homemade bread, use cooking oil instead of lard.

When making a ready-mix cake add 1 tablespoon cooking oil. This brings out more of the flavor and the cake will be less dry.

Canning "Instant" Pudding

To can tapioca or clear jell put it in jars as soon as it has reached the boiling point (tapioca should not be clear). Then fill the jars and put them in the pressure cooker. Heat to 5 lb. pressure. Let steam out, and the jar will seal. A hot water bath can also be used, or a few minutes in a hot oven. Any kind of fruit may be added to the tapioca or clear jell, or a combination of fruits such as pear and pineapple, sour cherries and raspberries, apples and raisins, etc. To rhubarb I usually add some strawberry jello and use a little less of other thickening. Also use a little lemon jello in place of lemon juice for many of the fruits. In this way pudding is always ready when unexpected company arrives, or for hurried meals.

-Mabel Burkholder, Pennsylvania

Rhubarb Butter Crunch

Combine: 3 cups diced rhubarb, 1 cup sugar, 3 tablespoons flour. Place in greased baking dish.
Combine: 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup raw rolled oats, 1 1/2 cup flour, 1/4 cup butter or other shortening. Sprinkle over rhubarb mixture. Bake at 370° for 40 minutes. Serve warm with milk or cream.

-Leah B. Coblentz, 13, Geneva, Indiana

Spinach Omelet

Put butter in hot skillet. Add spinach and heat until wilted (about 2-3 minutes). Pour 3 or 4 beaten eggs over the spinach. Cut, but do not use lid. Add salt.

-Ashland, Ohio

Here is an old method for canning strawberries (whole), cherries, raspberries, or other berries. Pour hot syrup over the berries after they have been put in cans. Seal. Put in canner. Pour boiling water over all. Cover well with carpets, etc. to retain heat. Let stand until cold. Fruit canned with this method keep their fresh-tasting flavor.

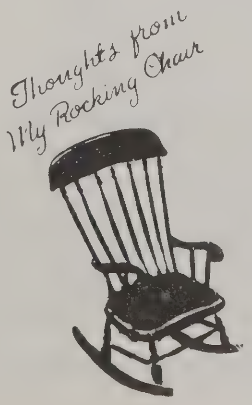
Dear Aunt Becky

Thanks for the biscuit mix recipe in last F. L. In our stores we have a product called Bisquick which I was buying and yet all the while feeling I was paying an unnecessary amount for a "convenient" food. So here is the answer. The biscuit mix can easily be made from ingredients on hand and stored. I don't often make it for biscuits but use it for crust for pizza pie, or for dumplings (knepp) for chicken and dumplings, or sauerkraut and dumplings. Another dish we like is cooked hamburger, cooked string beans, and tomato juice put together into a casserole, then topped with a rolled out dough crust of this mix. So thanks again and keep the good and practical recipes coming! (Thanks to the readers. - Aunt Becky)

-Mrs. Rebecca Stoltzfus, Pennsylvania

Some Mothers Write

One Sunday one of our teenage daughters went to church at her cousin's place. The next day she said to her 6-year-old sister, that her little cousin Anna sent a "Hello" along for her. She looked around in surprise and asked, "Where is it?" -Pennsylvania


Thoughts from My Rocking Chair

Good management
is worth more
than many
hands to get
the work
done.
Aunt Becky

A PAGE FOR
Shut-Ins

The Voice of a Least One

You may not be interested in my story but I will try to explain a few of my troubles and frustrations that I get trying to live with people that are so much smarter than I. My Christian name is not important. People ususally know me as the "retarded child."

My parents were very sad when they noticed that I wasn't learning as fast as other little children. I know I can't be as most, but I can't understand why not.

Other children think they have troubles. My sisters and brothers for instance. They often think I am a bother and don't want me trailing along. I can't run or climb as they can, then when I become frustrated and cry they call me "cry baby." I get pushed around, and sometimes they sneak off without me. They let me know in many ways that I'm not wanted and this makes me feel bad. So I get even. I spoil anything for them that I can. Of course they tell Mom or Daddy but they don't say what they did to me. If I tattle on them they say, "Oh, that's a fib. It wasn't that way at all."

Mom and Daddy don't know who to believe for I often fib to them. At least they think I do. Why is a fib bad? I must take care of myself somehow.

But my worries really start when other children are around. Being teased a little isn't bad sometimes— at least I'm getting attention. But take the time the bigger children were angry about something. So they got the smaller ones to start hitting and kicking me and they stood back and thought it was a lot of fun. I wonder how they'd like to be kicked around for no purpose. My Mother wasn't there at the time and the others were too busy visiting to bother about me. But my sister was along and was angry about it. She told Mother that I hadn't even done anything at all.

Sometimes my sisters try to help me but then they are liable to be pushed out of the fun, too. So often I must just put up with these things, or go away. Don't other mothers care about me at all? Being pushed away all the time, makes me feel bad but then I sometimes do some pushing of my own. There are usually smaller children around. It doesn't take the mothers long to notice me then.

When Mother and my sisters are working I want to help, but so often they say, "Oh, you can't do this, and you can't do that." I know I often don't do things right, but I'd like to feel needed too sometimes.

One day my family and I went visiting. We were having a good time with their playthings until another family came. Then their bigger girls came and took my doll and gave it to their little sister. I got angry and tried to get it back but the bigger ones then started hitting me with sticks. I never did get it back although one of my sisters tried to help me. I think their mother blamed us for the quarrel.

My sisters get very cross with me at times. They say they would have more friends if it weren't for me. Sometimes I think nobody likes me. Well, I suppose Mother does but I heard her say that I'm really a trial. I'm not sure what she means but she sounded a bit discouraged.

I wonder why God makes children like me anyhow if we aren't good for anything. It would be nice to feel that other people really like me instead of just tolerating me when I go to visit or they come here. Is there anything that I can do to make people like me? ■■

- Name withheld

O Lord, who has protected always, your faltering children....
You have given the sightless hands that feel the contours of life's beauty,
You have given the deaf vision to behold the colors, and shapes, and glory of the earth's rapture....
You have given the mute the language of common understanding,
You have given the lame free movement of spirit amidst the world of men,
What have you given the least of these, the retarded, who are sightless, and deaf, and mute, and lame in their lostness?
How shall You shield these broken little creatures who are also the children of God?
O Lord! Put love in the hearts of men as a shield for them;
Stay the hand that would strike them....
Strengthen the hand that would lovingly guide them....
And give wisdom and power and the heaven-upon-earth peace of mind and peaceful heart to those who would comfort them
For if a God in His high heaven can weep....
It is for these He weeps....His retarded children.
Sel. by Mrs. Ivan Zimmerman R.1 Denver, Pa.

Blessings Everywhere

Blessings come in many guises
That God alone in Love devises,
And sickness which we dread so much
Can bring a very "healing touch"
For often on the wings of pain
The peace we sought before in vain
Will come to us with "sweet surprise"
For God is merciful and wise.
And through long hours of tribulation
God gives us time for meditation;
No sickness can be counted loss.
That teaches us to bear our cross.
-Selected

THE ANNUAL HANDICAP REUNION will be held on Saturday June 23, 1973 at the new Junior High School in Kalona, Iowa.

A "Get-Acquainted" day for handicaps only will be on Friday the 22nd. Marriage partners are also invited to come and the handicap who needs assistance may bring a friend along for this day.

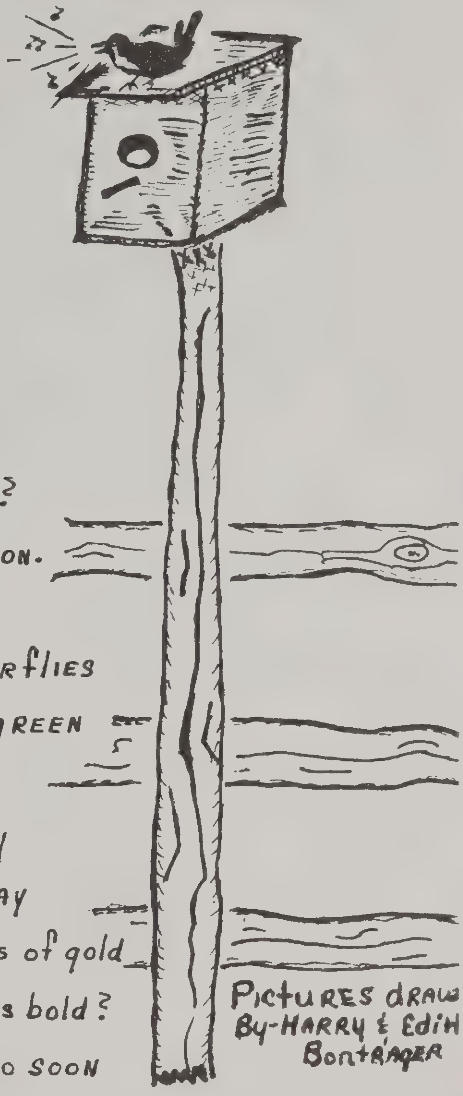
If you are planning to attend, then write and say how many are coming. Address: Mrs. Mark E. Hershberger Route 2 Box 231 Kalona, Iowa 52247

A Perfect June Day

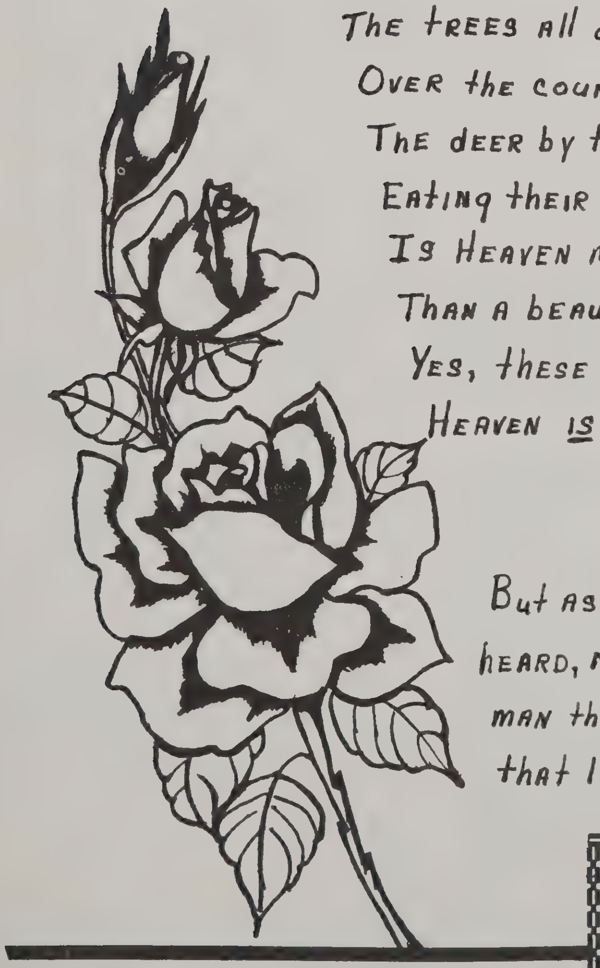
What is fairer than a day in June?
When crimson roses are in bloom.
Climbing the trellis at the gate
Showing beauty, — from early till late.
The little wren singing a song
Praising God all day long
When the fields of golden grain
Wait to be cut before the rain
When the gardens grow so fast
I drink in the beauty — it won't last
But birds fly south and flowers fade soon
Isn't Heaven fairer than a day in June?

What is more fairer than a day in June?
When the weather is right — even at noon.
Fleecy clouds floating in fair skies
The calm, gentle breeze, lifting butterflies
The trees all dressed in shrouds of green
Over the countryside beauty is seen
The deer by the river, so nimbly play
Eating their fill of the new mown hay
Is Heaven more fairer, with streets of gold
Than a beautiful rainbow, with colors bold?
Yes, these things pass, they fade so soon
Heaven is fairer than a day in June.

Mrs. E. H. Bontrager
Haven, Kans.



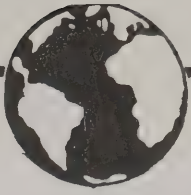
Pictures draw
By-Harry & Edith
Bontrager



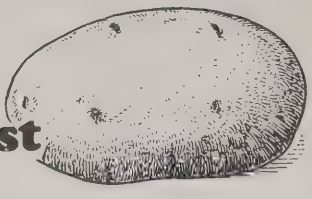
But as it is written eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the hearts of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him I Cor. 2-9

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT The art work for the cover of the May issue was sketched by Mrs. Mark Horning of Rutledge, Missouri; the inside cover by Erma Zimmerman of Ephrata, Pennsylvania. This month's cover was made by Mrs. Alta Hershberger of Salinesville, Ohio.

THE WORLD AROUND US



The World's Most Important Vegetable



Did you know that the lowly potato once saved Europe rom a very serious famine? For thirty years the rmies had moved back and forth over the continent plunering, killing, burning the buildings, cutting down the ruit trees, and taking away the cattle. At the end of the hirty Years War, the people were facing starvation. heir crops had been destroyed, their mills burned own.

Less than a hundred years before this, the potato had rst made its appearance in Europe and now it came to e rescue. It could be raised anywhere, in small or rge lots with no other implement than the hoe.

Five hundred years ago no one in Europe or Asia had ver seen or heard of a potato. When the Spaniards first ent to South America in search of gold, they found the atives raising a plant with small bulbs on the roots hich were good to eat. They had no way of knowing that omeday the potato crop would be more important to the orld than the gold which would be mined.

The first record we have is from a book written by a paniard in 1538. He related how the Indians high in the ndes Mountains of Peru and Bolivia, where it is too ld to raise wheat or corn, were raising the potato. fter the harvest, the potatoes were spread on the ground and the Indians walked on them to break them into small pieces, and then dried them in the sun. From these chips, they made a floury substance which would not spoil and was used in baking bread.

The Spanish explorers took some potatoes back to Europe and by 1550 a few people in Spain and Italy were raising them. From there they were carried north to Germany and England. In Ireland they grew so well that they were adopted as the main crop. This is why they came to be called the "Irish potato."

In 1845 and 1846 the potato blight appeared and practically wiped out the potato crop in Ireland. By this time the people had come to depend upon it as their main food crop. The resulting food shortage was so critical that a million and a half people died of starvation. In the years that followed, several million people migrated from Ireland to North America because of the potato famine. It was only through the discovery of the Bordeaux spray mixture that the potato industry was saved.

The potato was brought from the British Isles to the New England States. It is now grown in every state of the Union Not only in the U.S., but the potato is found in practically every country in the world. Each year enough potatoes are raised to provide more than two bushels for every man, woman, and child on the entire earth. In fact, the only two other foods which are as important for food as potatoes are wheat products (such as flour, etc.) and rice.

The potato is a cool weather plant and thrives best at a temperature between 60 and 70 degrees. The bulk of potatoes in the U.S. are grown in the northern states, (the two leading states are Maine and Idaho). But during the winter they are grown in the South and in early summer throughout the Central States. They will grow nearly anywhere but prefer a loose loamy type of soil with plenty of cultivation.

Potatoes are not ordinarily grown from the seed, but portions are cut up containing at least one "eye". These eyes are really leaf buds which form the stem of the new plant. The seed from the potato can be planted but the crop which results will not be similar to that which was planted. New varieties of potatoes are developed by planting the actual seed and then selecting the plants which look promising and propagating them by means of the eyes.

During the past few years, many new varieties have been developed which outyield the older kinds, but many people feel the quality has been sacrificed. The Burbank, Green Mountain, White Rose and Kennebec varieties are considered the best for baking. For cooking and other purposes, the Cobblers, the Katahdin and the Triumph are recommended .

The reason the potato has become so widely accepted in so short a time is because it is both delicious and nutritious. In recent years, the popular opinion that potatoes contain only starch has been disproved. It is nearly 80% water, but if figured on a dry basis, the potato contains about 10% protein, 70% carbohydrates and 1% fat. This compares favorably with such foods as ground yellow corn. They also contain iron, niacin and

(continued on page 33)

Return Addresses:
In Canada- Family Life
Aylmer, Ontario

In U.S.A. — Family Life
LaGrange, IN 46761

FAMILY LIFE

JULY 1973

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Letters

TO THE EDITOR-

WHY NOT TELL HIM?

● I have just finished rereading the article "To My Husband" in the May issue. Except for a few minor details, it could have been written by myself as far as the things she was grateful for are concerned. But there is one difference. She says she'll never tell him face to face. I'd like to ask her, why not? Wouldn't it encourage him in keeping on doing these things if he knew you appreciate it? It certainly encourages me when my husband tells me some of the things he appreciates about me. It's a great morale booster, so why wouldn't it also be for our husbands? I know I don't tell my husband as often as I should but I try to let him know that I appreciate it when he helps me out in the small everyday things. How mucy energy does it take to say "Thank You" and give him a smile? I believe it takes more humility than energy. -A GRATEFUL WIFE

●The letter "To My Husband" was very interesting to me. Such a thoughtful considerate husband— just like mine! Of course we have our problems, but who doesn't?

I'm afraid too many of us spend a lot of time thinking someone else has it better than we have. If we knew all the details it might be the opposite.

There was a certain woman—we shall call her Lucy—who spent the greater part of her life envying a neighbor woman whom we shall call Katie. She thought Katie had a perfect family life. It was only after Katie's death that Lucy found out, much to her astonishment, that Katie had put up with some things all her life which most women could not have borne. In shame, Lucy decided to be better satisfied with her own lot in life.

I once read in a book where a psychiatrist said that he seldom gets a husband or wife patient where the husband and wife read the Bible and pray together. We started doing this every morning and it seems to bind us together as nothing else could. It means getting up a little earlier, but it's worth it. I treasure this time of meditation together in the morning. -PENNSYLVANIA WIFE

A LITERAL REIGN

●The article "What Is The Millennium?" in the May issue brought to my mind an experience we had at the market. Quite a few people question us as to why we dress different, and ask us what we believe. One man came, time and again. At first he was curious and ther he felt he should change, and dress like we do but his family was against him. But he still kept coming and finally he decided to try to change us. One day he told us how he believes about the millennium. At that time the book of Revelation was a mystery to me as I hadn't spent my time studying about this subject. So we just listened to him and said nothing as he explained how he believed.

He also believed "once saved, always saved" so one day I gave him one of McGrath's booklets, "Bible Facts And Fundamentals For The Plain People."

A few days later, he came back and seemed very upset about something. "That McGrath is crazy," he declared.

When I asked him what is wrong, he answered, "He is trying to put the millennium in the twinkling of an eye." He returned the book and left.

That evening after work I read the book and no wonder it had upset him. It knocked the props right out from under his theory.

Even after reading this book, I still didn't grasp the full meaning of the thousand year reign. Some time later I got a copy of a booklet entitled "Does Revelation 20 Teach a Millennium?". After reading this, our eyes were opened and we could understand it. It's not an earthly kingdom, it's a spiritual kingdom. When we are born again, this is the first resurrection and when we are raised from the dead, this is the second resurrection. -E.W., MISSOURI

IN WHAT BUSINESS FOR THE MONEY?

● In the story "In The Business For The Money" (May issue) Jake Byler used his farm to raise race horses which went to the track to entertain worldly people. Here in this county we have a number of our people who have race tracks and they board and exercise horses fo the people who put them on the track. Their excuse is the same as Jake's, "What can I do about it if they go on the track to entertain worldly people. And besides, it isn't any worse than growing that green stuff which has no tomatoes above the ground or potatoes below."

One of our members left the church because he was forbidden to put a horse on the race track. He justified himself by saying it's not worse than certain cash crop which are grown in this county, or feeding chickens and milking cows on Sunday.

A few of our members have formed a manufacturing corporation with an outside man to manufacture forage wagons and they also make boat trailers. They can get dependable workers (Old Order) at lower wages. Twice their shop has been burned down and sabotage was suspected. Since that they have hired a night watchman, and there is also a large dog in the building. The question is, should the church help rebuild the shop? It looks like a lot of people are in questionable kinds of business for the money.

-WONDERING WHAT TO THINK, PENNSYLVANIA

●When I read the article "In The Business For The Money," I had to think of those farmers who are raising crops which are of no good to anyone. They say if you grow strawberries, sweet corn or any other crop, you are also doing it for the money. I feel there is a

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difference whether you are helping to feed people or if you are growing something to fulfil the desires of the flesh. In Isaiah 55:2 it asks, "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not?"

If it is wrong to spend money for that which is not bread, then I am afraid it is also wrong to raise it.

-MISSOURI

PASS THE JERSEY MILK, PLEASE

●For the past year or so, I have been too busy to write for the Pathway papers— that is, until they have started slandering my cows. Then I take time.

The newspapers, radio and T.V. are a source of exploited and distorted news. The sensational is what the public desires and that is what they receive. Often it is not actual lies, but misleading statements. That is one reason we have turned to the Pathway magazines, but the article "Pas The Carotene, Please" in the May issue, we feel has some misleading statements and faulty implications.

For one thing, you infer that Jersey and Guernsey milk does not contain more butterfat than Holstein milk does. In the official rules and regulations for R.O.P. published by the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, the standard test for Holsteins is calculated at between 3.6% and 3.7%. Guernseys are placed at 5% and Jerseys at 5.4%. These figures are based on the average of all cows on official test. That is surely a large enough difference to account for some of the color, isn't it?

There is a further reference to one isolated Jersey cow with a low test. One swallow doesn't make a summer, does it? We have had herd tests as high as 7%. Our Dutch milk hauler made the remark, "That must be yust about buther."

There is also definite evidence of the superior flavor of Guernsey milk. Might this not be due to the large amounts of carotene in unconverted form?

-Isaac R. Horst, Ontario

These Riches Are Mine

by

Loula Dickerson Arnold

I've never possessed a band of diamonds to bracelet my arm, but I've gazed into a child's starry eyes that sparkled like diamonds;
I've never owned a ruby, but yesterday, my neighbor gave me a vase of red roses—petals, deep ruby red;
I have no brooch of sapphire, nor do I wish topaz, for I've seen the golden sunset against a blue sky;
Neither do I have an emerald, but I've walked over green meadows sprinkled in evening dew;
I have no need for amethyst, I've watched the moon rise over a mountain crest and shine on blue ocean waters;
No necklace of pearls, have I in my keeping, but a baby smiled at me today and two pearly-white teeth showed through.
THESE RICHES ARE MINE.

●In the May issue you had an interesting article about carotene and Vitamin A, bringing out some facts I was little aware of. One point that was not brought out, however, was about the toxicity of Vitamin A if taken in too large doses. I doubt whether one could do this from natural sources such as from eating vegetables, etc.

But it has been proven that continued use of large amounts of Vitamin A in capsule form has serious effects, especially in the forming of bones in young children. Adults, too, may get headaches, vomiting and skin peeling. Large amounts of Vitamin A should be used only under a doctor's supervision. Some doctors use it to treat acne in teen-agers. Supplemental Vitamin A is not necessary in any ordinary diet which includes good amounts of garden vegetables.

-L. L. Miller, Ohio ■■

WORLD WIDE WINDOW

TEN DOLLARS FOR EATING OUT

There's all the more reason for eating at home or taking your lunch with you when you travel. The president of the International Food Service Executives recently stated in a convention held at Buffalo, New York that the price of restaurant meals is due for an increase soon.

"In the very near future, the price of a meal in better restaurants will be in the $10-plus range," he said. "Despite this cost increase, people will still eat out. It's an aspect of the increasing mobility of life."

He went on to say that in the U.S. today, one out of every four meals is eaten away from home. "Five years from now it will be one out of three."

The plain people as a rule spend very little for "eating out". With such inflated prices, the woman who can cook and keep house should be all the more appreciated.

FIRECRACKERS SOON TO BE SILENT

More and more countries are prohibiting the sale or use of firecrackers. Canada is the latest country to outlaw them. The Canadian Medical Association and the Canadian Association of Fire Marshalls have for many years been asking that they be banned but were unable to bring it about. It finally took a mother whose 11-year-old son had been badly burned by firecrackers to arouse the lawmakers into action. The boy had a package of firecrackers in his pocket which became ignited. He received second and third degree burns over his leg, abdomen, and hands. He spent five and a half weeks in the hospital and required a number of operations to pull him through.

While at the hospital, the mother saw numerous other children who had also been hurt by firecrackers over the same holiday. When people heard her story, they realized that there really was no excuse to allow children to play with something as useless and as dangerous as firecrackers.

Although we as plain people do not believe in telling the lawmakers what they should do, we ought to be concerned that we are not guilty of taking part in such activities. If we stop to think of it, there is really very little excuse for a peace-loving people to spend money on something which is as noisy and dangerous as firecrackers.

POOR LIVING HABITS CUTTING LIFE EXPECTANCY

The life expectancy of the middle-aged and young is decreasing because of poor eating and living habits according to a Canadian nutrition expert. Dr. Z. Sabry, speaking before a meeting of the Canadian Food and Science Institute stated that people born since 1920 are dying faster than expected in spite of recent medical advances. He said the reason is because they eat too much and exercise too little, which gives them a low resistance to common diseases. He added that doctor's offices and hospitals are crowded since people go to doctors for ailments that their own bodies should be able to take care of.

"Most of the problems, especially those caused by overweight come about by laziness," the doctor stated. "If you are getting 400 calories a day that you don't need, the thing to do is to cut back on your diet 200 calories and increase your activity by 200. But today people are used to going to their doctors for everything and they expect a pill to solve their problems."

As Christians we want to avoid the sin of overeating for the Bible warns us against it in many places. We should also take into consideration the fact that today in many parts of the world, people are starving in large numbers,and that within twenty years food shortages are expected to show up in North America on a scale undreamed of at this time. ■■

Views and Values

- By Elmo Stoll

A SPOILED GENERATION

Several years ago I noticed a small cartoon in a newspaper that caught my attention. It showed a picture of a living room in a typical modern home. A brightly-lighted, gaily decorated Christmas tree was in one corner. A boy, probably about ten, stood in the middle of a wide assortment of toys he had just unwrapped. There was an electric train piled to one side of him, a brand new bike leaning against the wall, a catcher's mitt at his feet, and in his hands he held a model airplane. The room all around him was simply strewn with expensive toys and gifts and wrapping paper.

It was a simple cartoon, but it told a complete story. In a glance the reader could see that it was Christmas morning and the boy had found his stack of gifts under the tree. He had pounced on them, opened the wrappings, and piled the gifts aside one after the other. Now he stood there, while his doting parents looked on. He held the last gift in his hand, and was looking around for more, a frown on his face. Under the cartoon was the caption: "YOU MEAN THIS IS ALL I GET?"

What a spoiled child! His parents had spent a couple hundred dollars on several dozen toys, gadgets, and playthings, but instead of being awed and grateful he complained because there weren't more.

It is hard for us to imagine a child as spoiled as thi having so much and demanding more. Instead of complaining, "You mean this is all I get?" his eyes shoul have been shining and his lips saying, "You mean I get all this!"

However hard it is to believe that a child could be s spoiled, the truth is that all of us have more in comm with this child than we like to think. In a way, all of u have become spoiled children, unbelievably blessed in material things, and yet standing in the midst of plent and waste and asking, "You mean this is all I get?"

We have life pretty easy compared with our forefathers. They were hunted and persecuted and torture and killed. The government passed special laws agains them. We have religious freedom, and the government passes special laws in our favor— instead of using us worse than other citizens, it now uses us better. Ther is no more torture, pain, or blood. Our immigrant forefathers toiled with their axes and hoes to wrest a living from thick forests and tree-stump covered clea ings. We have rich, dark soil, loose and fertile and productive and teams of horses to work it with. They had to make almost everything from their axe handles to their homespun clothing— we go to town and buy wh we want— no weary hours working into the night carving, weaving, spinning. Our forefathers had a diet tha had little variety, corn mush, potatoes, meat. Our tables are loaded with delicacies they had never heard o bananas, oranges, and pineapples. They wore clothin that was rough and stiff and uncomfortable— we have super fabrics that have nylon added to last longer, or dacron to keep out the wrinkles.

We have it easy; we have grown fat and soft and la and spoiled. Not only have we forgotten how to suffer, we refuse even to be inconvenienced— everything has be handy. Our forefathers would walk several hundre miles to visit relatives or ride horseback over rough and dangerous trails, taking several weeks or months make the trip. Today Greyhound buses speeding over superhighways aren't fast and convenient enough for u we want a taxi to pick us up at our doorstep and chauffeur us wherever we want to go— it's too much bother change buses, carry suitcases, and wait in depots. W our children in turn find it too much bother to hire a taxi and decide to buy a car themselves so they can g when and where they want to?

It does seem to work that way— the luxuries of one generation become the necessities of the next. Let's look at just one area of life for example— our water supply. When our forefathers came to this country, t very likely carried their water from a spring. There were many trips for water, mornings, evenings, and even through the day. It was tiresome, time-consumi labor, but it was accepted without question because i had to be done.

But gradually, as homes became more permanent, wells became common. What a luxury this must have seemed, a well within a hundred feet of the house. N more long trips down the dusty, winding path for wate Now it was close, convenient and handy. All they had do was lower the bucket into the well and bring up sparkling, clean, fresh water, hand over hand. But after a generation or two, pumps came on the scene. Ah, once again, how handy it seemed. No more straining backs and tired aching arms pulling up that rope hand over hand to bring up a bucket of water. Just grab the handle and up comes the water. It was much quicker and easier.

But what one generation thought was so easy the next found very tiring. Never having had to draw water from a well by rope, the new generation didn't know how much easier they had it. They felt pumping water by hand was a hardship, and besides, it took so long. So up went a windmill. Ah, the whole family was amazed at the utter convenience of it all— no more standing puffing and pumping. All you had to do was walk to the well and dip the water from a large wooden tank. It seemed so much easier that this generation never imagined the next might balk at the trip to the well. But that is exactly what happened.

What? Walk to the well and carry all that water! I guess not. So in goes a system of water pipes. Ah, what grand luxury. Water piped right to the house, water waiting and ready twenty-four hours of the day at the turn of a spigot. Turn it open and there's water to wash your face, water to cook a meal, water to fill the teakettle.

Fill the teakettle, did you say? What for? To heat water to wash the dishes? Ha, guess again. That's not for us. We're the next generation. Who has time to heat water when you want it? It would be terribly unhandy to have to do that. Why, with the water heater installed, all you need to do is turn the tap and there is all the hot water you like.

That brings us up to the present. What will the next generation want? We immediately think, "But hot water on the tap, that's so handy to wash dishes with, we can't imagine that our children won't be satisfied with that."

No, of course not. Our parents couldn't imagine that we wouldn't be satisfied with their luxuries, either. Some things hard to imagine easily come to pass. Let's not forget that the luxuries of one generation become the necessities of the next. What we appreciate, our children take for granted.

Satan likes to make us believe that if we only had this or that, we could be so much happier. If only the church would allow this, we'd be satisfied. We wouldn't ask for more. We'd be content.

WILL THE BIBLE STAND?

I stood one eve beside a blacksmith's door
And heard the anvil ring its usual chime;
Then looking in, I saw upon the floor
Old hammers worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvils have you had," said I,
"To wear and batter all these hammers so?"
"Just one," he answered and with twinkling eye,
"The anvil wears the hammers out you know."

And so, I thought, the Anvil of God's Word
For ages skeptic blows have beat upon,
Yet though the noise of falling blows was heard,
The Anvil is unharmed, the hammer's gone!
-John Clifford

Would it really work that way? Let's look around with our eyes open. If having an abundance of material things would bring contentment, then those who have the most should be the most contented. Who has more material things than the people of the world? Anything they like they can go and buy. New cars. Fancy clothes. Vacations to faraway places. Anything. You name it and the world has it. (And if they don't, they invent it.)

But are they contented? Are they satisfied with what they have? The answer is obvious. One look at the headlines of a newspaper should convince anyone. Riots. Strikes. Demands. Boycotts. Protests. Marches. Welfare. Unrest. Crime. Divorces. Suicides. Rebellions. Violence. Tension.

There never was a generation that had so much and appreciated it so little. The old saying is that the more you have, the more you want, and it is being proven true. The average American has riches on every side, but still he wants more. Young people grow up and never raise a finger to work, and still they are dissatisfied and run away by the thousands.

No, the people of the world aren't content with all the luxuries they have. Jesus said long ago, "A man's life consists not of the abundance of things he possesseth" (Luke 12:15). We dare not allow Satan to brainwash us into believing that if we only had more material things, we would be happier. It seems to work just the opposite way.

The time has come for each of us to stop and ask some questions, ask them seriously and take time to think the answers through. Where are we as Plain People? Where have we come from? Where are we going? What factors have brought us to where we are today? In what ways have we suffered from too much materialism? To what degree do we have that same spirit the world has, the spirit of always wanting more?

If we are honest, no matter who we are or where, we will have to admit that prolonged prosperity has had an effect on us, on our way of living, on our way of thinking, on our values. Most of us are more absorbed with ease, luxury, and pleasure than our fathers were. We are less willing to deny ourselves, to make sacrifices. We are busier. We have less time for God, the church, our families, our neighbors.

What are the solutions? It is a complex problem, and there are no simple answers. Perhaps the first step is to become aware of how good we really have it, and to realize what spoiled children we have become. To continue on in that direction can only lead to where the world already is— so that the churches will become filled with unrest, jealousies, ill feelings, selfishness, strife, and discontentment.

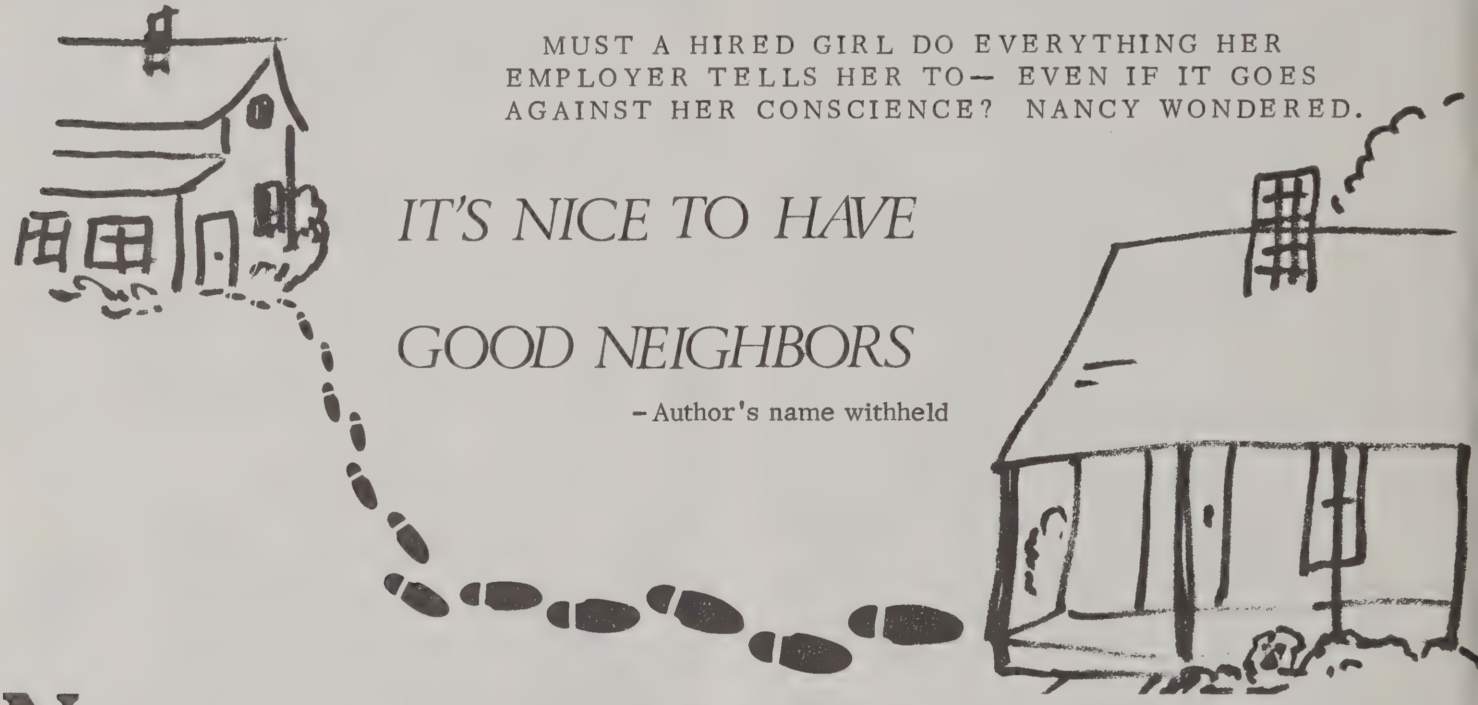
Another thing that would help would be to renew our convictions on the teachings of the Bible related to the importance of simple living. We need to rediscover that a simple way of life separated and apart from the world is indeed God's pattern for his people. (See I Cor. 7:29-31, I Tim. 6:6-10, James 4:4, I John 2:15-17, Matt. 13:22, and many others.)

But, however Scriptural simple living is, it is not an automatic passport to heaven. Thousands of people live simple lives, just a roof above their heads and a dirt floor beneath and so few earthly possessions they can load them all onto an oxcart. They still live ungodly lives, wallowing in sin and poverty. Hand in hand with our simple living must be a devout faith in God, honesty of conviction, and an earnest love for the brotherhood. Olden times were more simple, but that doesn't mean that everything that is old is good. Some people have come to hold old things so highly that every once in a while, parts of the "old man" slip into church. Our goal is not to pattern the early Americans, but the early Christians.

Will the same trends and influences that have wrecked families and communities in the world around us also destroy us in time? If we follow the same route, travel in the same train, we cannot expect to arrive at a different destination. Trailing fifty years behind the world isn't going to get us where we want to be. Those who ride in the caboose are in reality going to the same place as the engineer. There are many subtle influences threatening us from every side. The steps are so small that it is hard to draw a line between right and wrong. There is a constant pressure in the society in which we live to conform in such areas as travel and work. And yet there is plenty of evidence if we care to see it that such things as tractor farming and automobile travel are deadly in the long run— eroding the values of brotherhood, simple living, family sharing, and meaningful community relationship.

But if we allow ourselves to become like spoiled children, always wanting more and more, we cannot expect long to resist the temptation these and other modern inventions present to us and our children. If our love of ease becomes greater than our willingness to deny ourselves and to sacrifice we are well down the road of no return, the one-way street of modernism and materialism.

We don't need more conveniences as much as we need more convictions. In this world of emphasis on luxury and earthly possessions, it may be difficult to be content with little, but it is impossible to be content with much. ■■



MUST A HIRED GIRL DO EVERYTHING HER EMPLOYER TELLS HER TO— EVEN IF IT GOES AGAINST HER CONSCIENCE? NANCY WONDERED.

IT'S NICE TO HAVE GOOD NEIGHBORS

–Author's name withheld

NANCY BEACHY CAME into the bedroom where Sam Verna was resting. "Is it all right if I use some of that homemade soap to finish the washing?" she asked rather timidly. "The Tide box is empty but I can easily finish with the other."

"Oh, no, don't do that. I don't like the homemade soap at all," answered Verna. "Sam's mother gave it to me but I don't ever use it. I want my wash to be white, so I wouldn't use that. Run over to Enoses and borrow some Tide. They don't mind for they are very nice that way."

"I always use homemade soap at home and I think our clothes are white," Nancy protested. "I kinda hate to bother Enoses again unless- unless it's necessary."

"Oh, do you use homemade soap?" Verna exclaimed. "I'm so glad I know this for now I can give you mine. I was hoping I could find someone who will use it. I feel kind of guilty when my mother-in-law comes over and sees it's still not been used. She once even told me I ought to use it in order to save money. The nerve of some people! I guess she doesn't know how much money Sam makes at his job. Why should I skimp and save when it isn't really necessary? Who does she think I am, anyway? An old grandmother? No, not yet, and I'm not going to act like one either. I just became a mother a few days ago so I still have a long ways to go before that." Verna turned her nose up and gave a short laugh as she glanced at the crib in the corner.

Nancy gave a sigh as she went back to her washing. Why had she asked Verna about the soap? Why hadn't she just gone ahead and used the homemade soap? She would never have known the difference. But Verna was so particular and she had already scolded Nancy once for going ahead and doing as she thought instead of asking. And now she was supposed to go and borrow some Tide.

An idea came into Nancy's mind. Should she? Would she dare? What if Verna found out that she had gone ahead and used the homemade soap? But then the words of her father came to her mind again. The first time she had started working out, he had told her, "Remember, Nancy, it's not what you think, but what they think Different people have different ways to do things so wherever you work, do it the way they want it done, even if you know a better way to do it. This often cause hard feelings. And sometimes we think we would know better way but it doesn't work out as we expected. If they ask you what you think about it, then you may tell them but try not to be too forward. You will get along better that way."

Nancy had often thought of those words, but never as often as since she came to care for Sam Verna. Although she was her cousin, they had never associated much with the Gingerichs. It seemed the Gingerich children were always allowed to have things and do things which the Beachy children were not allowed to do, so Nancy's parents didn't want them to get too chummy. Consequently their visits were few and far between.

Now as Nancy thought back over the five days she had been here at Sams she recalled that she had been disappointed a number of times already. It was true, she didn't have as much work to do as most places, but she was beginning to see that there was more to a good place than just to have less work.

The first surprise Nancy had gotten was when Verna had told her to make a new Sunday cape and apron. After cutting the apron, Nancy saw there was not enough material to make a cape so she asked Verna, "Do you think Sam could get me another piece of that organdy so I could make the cape next week?"

"Oh, no, just run over the road to Enoses and borrow a piece from Mattie. She has plenty on hand," Verna told her.

"But-but you won't use it for a couple of weeks anyway will you?" Nancy had asked. "I can easily have it ready by the time you need it if Sam gets it for me next week."

"Oh, no, I never like to start something and not finish it the same day," Verna said with an air of finality. "If you go right away, you can have it all finished by this evening."

Now Nancy recalled how reluctant she had been to go and borrow some organdy from a stranger to make a cape which they both knew wouldn't be used for a number of weeks.

That was only the beginning of Nancy's trips across the road. Carefully Nancy wrote down everything she borrowed and she could hardly wait until Sam would go to town so she could return it. But Sam seemed to be in no hurry to get the things to return. He apparently was no more alarmed than his wife was about the constant borrowing.

Now as Nancy went to get enough Tide to finish washing, she was tempted to turn around and go back. But by this time Verna was sitting on the porch so of course that wouldn't work.

"Hello, you've got a nice day for drying wash, haven't you?" greeted plump Enos Mattie, as she came to the door.

"Yes, I do," answered Nancy, "if only I were done now."

"Why, what's wrong? Doesn't the machine work?" questioned Mattie with concern.

"Oh, yes, the machine works fine but I- I don't have enough Tide to finish," stammered Nancy as she looked at the floor. "I really hate to bother you, but Verna said I should come and see if I could borrow some from you."

Nancy thought she saw a look of disgust fly across Mattie's face but the next moment she was smiling and saying, "Certainly, take what you need. You'll find it on top of the cellar steps."

Mattie fixed the carpet on the floor and continued, "Don't worry about borrowing from me. Verna does all the time and so I'm used to it. I like to be a good neighbor and I think it's so nice when we can borrow back and forth in emergencies." Then she added in a lower tone, "But then I like to be careful and return everything I borrow, too."

"Well, I should hope so," Nancy said in surprise. "You don't mean, that- that you don't always get it back and in good measure?"

Mattie smiled a bit as she answered, "I suppose she forgets at times, for frequently I never see anything again of what was borrowed. But then I mustn't be talking like this. They're good neighbors in other ways, and they are still young and have lots to learn."

Nancy was too stunned to answer, so she started walking back across the road toward Sams. But her mind was in a turmoil. Was it really true what Mattie had told her? To be bothering the neighbors all the time was bad enough, but to not give it back was a lot worse. Why, that wasn't even honest, was it?

The day was nice and sunny and Nancy enjoyed hanging out the clothes. She had the diapers all in before it was time to get dinner. As she folded the snowy white clothes and put them in neat stacks, Nancy asked, "When do you expect your folks to be over?"

"I'm looking for them every day. I was hoping they would surely come before long," Verna answered. "That reminds me, why don't you make some cookies when you have time. Better bake a double batch so they'll last over the weekend."

"Maybe if I'm smart enough, I can get the ironing done and still have time for baking cookies," Nancy said as she hurriedly folded the diapers. "I love baking!" Her rosy cheeks, straight shoulders and swift step spelled a picture of good health and anyone could see that she was a worker.

"There's no hurry. Just take your time," Verna said as she went to pick up baby Nathan.

The clock showed three thirty when Nancy was ironing the last piece. "I see a buggy coming down the road," Nancy called to Verna. "Do you think it could be your folks?"

"Is it a sorrel horse?" Verna asked, and then coming out on the porch she said, "Yes, that's them. My I'll be glad to see Mom again. She hasn't seen the baby since the day we came home from the hospital. I wonder how she thinks the baby looks now. Most people say he looks like me," she added in a pleased tone.

"I'm done ironing now," Nancy said as she folded the ironing board. "What kind of cookies do you want me to make?"

"Why don't you make the chocolate chip cookies for those are the ones Sam likes the best. I think you know where most of the ingredients are. In case you can't find anything, just ask," Verna said as she went to the door to welcome her parents.

When they came into the house, Verna's mother said, "Well, hello, Nancy. I haven't seen you for a long time. It's nice of you that you came to help Verna. I suppose you feel you don't have much work here with only one baby to take care of. I know you enjoy working for Verna. She was always so easy to get along with."

"Oh, Mom, how do you know? Maybe I'm different than I was," Verna cooed in a sweet voice. Anyone could hear that she was pleased with her mother's compliment. A sober look came across Nancy's face as she returned to her work.

"Easy to get along with," Nancy thought to herself.

"I guess she is if she can always have her own way, and the neighbors have everything on hand that she wants to borrow."

Soon Nancy came out to the porch where Verna and her mother were visiting. "I don't seem to be able to find the chocolate chips. I looked all through the cupboard but I suppose you have a special place for them. I have everything else I need."

"Oh, now I remember!" Verna exclaimed. "The last batch I made, about three weeks ago, there was just half a cup left so Sam and I ate them. He is so fond of chocolate chips." She smiled sweetly and then went on, "I was going to ask Sam to get some more but I guess I forgot. I'm sure Enos Mattie has some on hand for she always does. Just run over and borrow some from her. Tell her Sam will be going to town yet this week."

Nancy's face fell. Go back to borrow more things from Mattie? How could she? Surely she must think of something. "I- I, why, couldn't I just bake them- them without the chips?"

THE HARVEST IS NOW

In the cool of my life's Spring morning
The Master came to me.
"My seeds of Truth must be planted,
Will you help me work?" said He.

I answered, "Lord, wait a little,
I've a job that promises fair;
When my future is firmly established,
In Thy work I'll do my share."

Then He came on my summer morning,
And I heard the Master say,
"My crop must be weeded and tended--
Will you work in my fields today?"

My career had opened so nicely
And the summer had only begun
But I promised to give Him my labor
When the June of my business was done.

So, once again, in the Autumn,
The Messenger quietly came;
"The harvest is white," He whispered,
"There is wealth in the golden grain."

"But I'm making some money," I pleaded,
"To finance Thy work later on;
Just give me some weeks more of sunshine
And expect me ere Autumn is gone."

When I reached my Winter morning,
And the Master came to me,
The streams were ice-bound and silent,
And some snowflakes lay 'round my tree.

I said I was glad to see Him--
I was ready for service, I said,
But He gave me a look of compassion,
And solemnly shook His head.

"The harvest is over," He told me,
"And the winter comes on apace,
Precious grain is still out, ungarnered
Because of your vacant place.

"Your year has been spent with your plannings,
And My calls have been in vain.
You'll be missed at the harvest in-gathering—
But what of the wasted grain?"

Verna's head flew back as she squealed, "What? Bake chocolate chip cookies without chocolate chips?" Verna was laughing as if it were the biggest joke she had heard in a long time. "Who ever heard of something like that? That'd be about like baking a cherry pie without cherries." Sitting up and wiping her eyes, she went on, "No, I don't think Sam would eat them that way. Chip cookies without chips!" she repeated as she burst into laughter again.

But Nancy was not so easily put off. She must devise some plan so she wouldn't have to bother Enos Mattie again. "I-I have a chocolate bar upstairs. Maybe I could cut it up into chips. That would be almost as..."

But Nancy was not able to finish her sentence. She was interrupted by Verna's mother, "Now they always told me, that when we're working for someone else, we should do it the way they want it done."

Hurt beyond words, Nancy turned and once more started across the road toward Enos Matties. The tears were welling up in her eyes by the time Mattie met her at the door. "I-I hate like everything to bother you again but Verna sent me over for some chocolate chips. I wanted to bake the cookies without them, but Verna won't have it. I- I'm sorry."

Mattie's heart went out to this girl. She knew it wasn't her fault. "Yes- yes, I guess you can have what we have left. Enos said I should not give her any more at least until she has returned the other two bags she borrowed but I guess she can have these. But tell her this is all I have and we're not getting any more for a long- long time. We hardly ever use any ourselves since they're so expensive but we do like to keep a few on hand for special purposes."

"But I can't take your last ones," Nancy cried, trying to blink back the tears. "We'll make out some way. Oh, I wish I had never come!"

"That's all right," Mattie said kindly. "You're in a hard place. A hired girl is supposed to do as she is told. But maybe you can learn from the experience. Someday you will have a home of your own." She smiled down at Nancy. "Please don't feel bad about it. Now I must go and gather the eggs."

Nancy had no choice but to take the chips. Slowly she started back across the road. "Good-hearted Mattie," she thought, "how many people would have the patience you have."

That evening she sat down and made a list of everything she had borrowed plus two bags of chocolate chips. Sam would be getting groceries the next evening on his way home from work. Then she would take back the things she had borrowed.

But Sam forgot to stop at the grocery store. It was not until Saturday afternoon that he finally went to town. Nancy looked over the list carefully. When Sam got home from town, she put the borrowed items in a bag and took them over to Enoses. Nancy had surmised there was no one at home so she wrote a note and put it inside the package, thanking Mattie for her kindness in loaning the different items.

This would be her last week at Sams for on Monday she would be starting her next job.

On Saturday morning Verna handed her a letter saying, "This came in the mail this morning."

"Who could be writing a letter to me?" Nancy wondered, as she tore open the envelope and began to read.

Dear Nancy,

We want to tell you how much we appreciated the bag which was left in our kitchen on Saturday evening. You might wonder why it was so extra special to us since of course it was things which had belonged to us to begin with. But after weeks of loaning things out without as much as a "Thank you" and often without returning what was borrowed, we noticed it much more. So we want to express our appreciation. When you have a home of your own, I don't think your neighbors will ever have to worry about it that you will borrow too much, or not return what you have borrowed. In fact I must say we would consider it a privilege if we ever had the chance to be those neighbors.

Sincerely Yours,
Enos and Mattie Esh

When Nancy had finished reading the letter she looked up and was aware that Verna was watching her. "Is the letter something special?" Verna asked in a teasing way.

"Yes, it's from a friend of mine," Nancy said as she folded the letter into the envelope and placed it in her pocket. Then she went about her work so Verna would not have the chance to ask her more about the letter.

That evening Nancy was deep in thought as she got her clothes ready to go home. This was her last day working at Sams. She was eager to get home and see her folks again but there was something pressing on her mind. Would there be any way in which she could tell Verna in a kind way what her borrowing habit was doing for her reputation? But would she accept it from her? Would it only make matters worse between her and the neighbors. She would not want this to happen, but what could she do.

All at once she thought of something. On top of the buffet was the letter she had received that morning. What if she would forget to take it home? There was also a letter which she had gotten from her sister the first week she was working at Sams. Suppose she would forget to take these along?

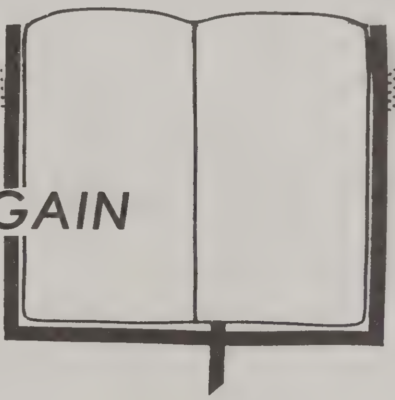
"Nancy, your brother is here to take you home," Verna called up the stairway.

"Oh, I'm not done packing my things yet, but tell him I'll be right down as soon as I have my clothes gathered up."

As Nancy hurried to finish packing her clothes she thought, "Maybe I ought to leave those two letters here for Verna. I wish I could help her and this is the least I can do for her."

Downstairs she called "Bye" to Sam and Verna who were sitting on the porch. As they drove out the lane, she waved at them heartily but inside she was thinking, "I hope I didn't do the wrong thing."

BENNIE ASKS ABOUT BEING BORN AGAIN



BENNIE TRIED TO GRASP WHAT JOHN WAS SAYING AND THEN A LIGHT DAWNED ON HIM.

author's name withheld

Bennie Smucker tilted his hat down to keep the rain out of his face as he took his bag of groceries and put them under the seat of the buggy. "Burrr, it's getting cold," he thought as he shivered. "I would better go on home instead of stopping in at the sale barn yet."

As he was taking the blanket off the horse, a voice behind him said, "Real spring weather, isn't it?"

Bennie whirled around with the blanket in his hands. "John Yoder, — I didn't know there was anyone around."

John laughed as he pointed to the other end of the shed. "That's our team down at the end but I have to wait on my wife. How's the little girls coming along? We heard they had the whooping cough this winter."

"Yes, they have the measles, now," Bennie answered. "We sure haven't been away much this winter."

"Well, I still remember what it was like when our children had the measles," John said with a faraway look. "Then we wished some of them would have had them when they were the age of yours."

"Why so?" Bennie asked.

"Because our seven oldest had them at the same time. My wife and I were both worn out by the time they were over the worst. I thought I want to talk with you sometime about Eli Yoder."

"Yes, I wanted to talk to you, too," Bennie answered, "but since the girls were sick, we haven't gotten to go away much."

John stepped back as a gust of wind blew some rain in his face. "Tell you what," he said, "I think we can come past on Sunday afternoon. I don't think we have anything promised, but here comes Mom now. I'll go and ask her."

"Hey, wait a minute," Bennie shouted after him. "Why don't you come for dinner?"

John nodded to show that he had heard and hurried toward his team. He returned just as Bennie was starting to back out of the shed. "O.K.", he shouted above the rain.

As Bennie started down the highway a truck came along and splashed his horse and he started for home in a hurry. After the horse had slowed down, Bennie wondered, "What did John mean when he said he wants to ask me about Eli Yoder? Had John heard that Eli and Jess Millers were back and forth a lot? Was Eli getting mixed-up, like Barbara's dad seemed to think? I hope they can come on Sunday. The other time I talked with John, it all seemed so clear, but then after talking with Eli again, I was almost as badly mixed-up as before." Bennie sighed as he glanced out. There was ice starting to form on some of the evergreen trees. He shivered and tucked in the blankets tighter.

Bennie, could you come help me open this table?" Barbara called from the kitchen. "I think I better put in another board."

Bennie came out of the bedroom where he had gone to change clothes. He tucked his shirt in and then he helped open the table. "You know what?" he said to Barbara, "I feel kind of 'lobbich' now that I think it over. I want to ask John some things but its almost the same things I asked him the other time."

Barbara opened up the blue bordered tablecloth before she answered, "Don't you think maybe it would be better to wait till after they have gone home to see if you still feel the same?"

"Maybe you are right," he answered as he grabbed little Mary just as she reached for a plate. "I wish Elis could be here, too, but of course, they don't want the measles."

"Yes," sighed Barbara, "I agree with Eli, there are some things in the church that shouldn't be there, but the ministers are working against it. It just seems as if Eli thinks there's an easy answer to every problem."

THE STORY OF RAY AND ROSA

Ray and Rosa were no strangers when they married. They knew each other well, and also the relatives. They loved each other but Ray had a feeling that he came from a better family than Rosa. Rosa was meek; she did not feel that she came from a better family than Ray. Neither did she think that Ray's family was any better than hers.

After they were married for a time, misunderstandings crept in. Ray began to talk about Rosa's parents and relatives, where they had made mistakes. Rose knew the faults of Ray and his relatives, and she pointed them out to him.

"The reason my folks have more money than yours is because they can manage better," Ray said.

"But your folks are always in trouble in the church," Rosa shot back at him. "Remember that time when they said something about my folks and it was proven later it was not true."

"But why do you bring that up now?" Ray asked.

"Because you were saying a lot of things about my folks that happened a long time ago," Rosa answered. "That just goes to show that your folks are no better than mine."

This went on for some time until they began to stop and consider what they were doing. They saw that they were making life very hard for each other. They saw they were a hindrance to each other instead of a help. So both of them said they are sorry and they forgave each other.

Now they do not find fault with each other or talk of the shortcomings of the other's relatives. Everything goes so much better and now they are happily married.

This is a true story but names have been changed. I wonder if other married couples have gone through experiences like this, too. -M., Pennsylvania

John Yoder leaned back and picked up his toothpick. "That was a good dinner, Barbara," he said.

Barbara blushed, "But- I didn't make anything special."

"But that's not what I meant. Bennie, do you remember that story in Family Life about Katie and her well-stocked cupboard?"

"I think I do," he nodded.

"In that story, Aunt Molly said 'I can see you got your wife in town.' But I can see you got a wife who knows how to make good things from the farm."

Lizzie smiled at Barbara, "I often tell John that most men don't notice all the things he does. If you would ask them afterwards what they had for dinner, they wouldn't even know."

"I guess Barbara did work in town one day a week doing cleaning," Bennie said, "so I can't say that she never worked in town."

John leaned back in his rocking chair and clasped his hands behind his head as he stared at the ceiling. "So Eli thinks when we have problems in the church, it shows that we have people in the church who aren't born again?"

"Well, no, he didn't say those exact words," Bennie answered, "But don't you think the church should be pure and free from sin?"

John nodded and Bennie continued, "Then don't you think that if everyone who joined the church were born again, we could have such a church?"

John rocked back and forth as he stared at the ceiling. "I know I don't have all the answers for there are so many things which have to be taken into consideration." He paused for a long moment and then he asked, "Bennie, how long have you been married?"

Bennie was taken by surprise by what seemed to be a sudden change of subjects. "About 3 1/2 years," he answered.

"Have you ever read a fairy tale or a story in a book where they fell in love, got married and 'lived happy ever after?'"

"Yes, I've read stories like that," Bennie answered, turning down the corners of his mouth.

"Do you think that's a pretty good example of what married life is like?"

"Hummpf," chuckled Bennie.

John grinned a little and then he asked, "What do you think about people who say God is dead?"

"Not very much," Bennie answered, "but what does al this have to do with being born again?"

John didn't answer Bennie's question but he leaned for ward in his rocking chair and asked in a soft voice, "Su pose we would only have the four Gospels and a part of Acts in the New Testament? Don't you think we would have missed a lot?"

Bennie sat back abruptly and stared at John with his mouth open. "Why, er — that would leave out about 14 o 15 books of the New Testament."

"Do you think these are important?" John asked.

"Of course they are," Bennie answered. "Not in the way the life of Christ is, of course, but I still think every chapter has something important in it."

A slight smile crossed John's face. "Now let's go bac again to that first question I asked you, if you think tha living happily ever after isn't a good example of marrie life, tell me this-haven't you been happy since you are married?"

Bennie looked at John sharply and didn't know what to think. Then, seeing Barbara smile at him across the room, he said, "Yes, we have been happy, but it takes a constant effort, and we've had our ups and downs and said things and did things we were sorry for later. But we can always forgive and forget and try to do better, can't we? Or isn't that what married life has been like for you?"

John and Lizzie both nodded and smiled. "Now I will ask you another question," John said. "If you don't think anything of the people who deny God, how about the ones who deny the power of Satan?"

"That would be unscriptural," Bennie answered.

John nodded and went on, "That's how I see it for those who think being born again ought to solve all our problems. They are denying the power of the devil. They are saying that once we are born again, then Satan will no longer be a threat to us. But Paul writes in the sixth chapter of Ephesians that we wrestle not against flesh and blood but against principalities and powers and the rulers of darkness, against spiritual wickedness in high places. We can also read that Satan comes as an angel of light. If it were all as simple as some people would have us believe then the account in Acts might read that they were filled with the Holy Spirit and went out and preached the Gospel to all people and made sure they baptized only those who were born again and these grew in love and waited on Christ's second coming. Most of the rest of the New Testament would never have needed to be written."

Bennie tried to grasp what John was saying and then a light dawned on him. "You mean, it would be sorta like some people say about married life, 'they lived happily ever after?'"

John shifted his chair and nodded. "Maybe that is why the church is often likened to the bride and Christ the groom. When we marry, we should aim to have an ideal marriage and strive hard to reach that goal. But if we make mistakes and don't always act as we should toward our marriage partner that is no reason to become discouraged and feel that our marriage is not in the Lord. It's the same way with the church. We should aim to have a church without spot or wrinkle like Paul writes to the Ephesians and we should strive hard to have it that way. But if things go wrong in the church we should not feel that is proof that it is not a church of God. But we should work hard to correct it and get the evil out of the church."

" I think I see what you mean," Bennie replied, "but we've found that sometimes it takes a lot of patience with each other to keep things going smoothly in marriage."

"It sounds to me you've learned a lot already in your 3 1/2 years of married life, "John exclaimed. "I also believe you will find the church is much like married life in that our differences can be worked out a lot easier if we have love and charity toward each other. If we study Paul's different letters to the churches we must believe there were many problems then already or Paul would not have written the way he did."

"You mean that is why Paul wrote his letters to the churches to tell them what to do about the different problems?" Bennie asked.

"That's how I understand it," John answered. "If you will read his letters to the different churches, you will find that his letter to the Phillipians is the only one that doesn't contain one censure or reproof. Yet, Paul never told them, ' You are the church that is pure and free from sin. You are the church for me.' Of course he never told the other churches to quit working against the evil that was among them and he kept on warning the Phillipians about the things they should beware of and admonished them in the things they should do."

John smiled as little Mary came and sat on Bennie's shoe and begged him to play horsey. He cleared his throa and said, "I would like to ask you a question. You said Eli Yoder gave you this theory you were talking about. D you think Eli thought it up himself or did someone else put it in his head?"

"I don't know, but I do know he was back and forth a lo with Jess Millers this last while."

"What kind of a man is Jess Miller?" John asked.

"I don't know him as well as Eli does," John answered "but the way Eli says, he must be a very spiritual-minded man and very zealous. He even invited us to go along to church with them but of course we said no."

"Do you think he did not know you go to church or did you give him some reason to think you were not living a Christian life?" John asked.

"If I gave him any reason to think I am not living a Christian life since he knows me, then I know nothing about it," Bennie answered. "And of course he knows we go to church."

"I don't know Jess but sometimes I have to wonder abo people like that," John said. "Are they really concerned about the spiritual welfare of others or are they only concerned about getting them into their church."

"I've never thought of it that way,— but now that you mention it, I wonder too," Bennie replied. "Do you think we should stay completely away from Jess as some peopl seem to think?"

"That's pretty hard to answer, but let me tell you abou Henry. He's a neighbor of mine and for all I know, he might even go to the same church as Jess does. Henry an I have been good neighbors for years and we talk over the fence row many a time. They are spiritually concerned people and all through the neighborhood they are well-liked for their kindness, honesty and friendliness. If Henry would meet someone who is not a Christian, I believe he would invite him to go to their church but he wouldn't be 'pesty' about it. But as long as I have ever known him, he has never asked me 'Are you born again ' or "Are you saved' or anything like that. We have always talked together as Christian friends and have even discussed some problems in our churches together. I don't agree with him in lots of things and the problems they have in their church often are not the same ones we have in ours, but I think they all come from the same source - Satan, and are the result of man's sinful nature. Henry's seen a lot of things come into their church in the last few years that he doesn't like to see. But they try to keep their own children in place. He's told me already that some people are out working so hard to get converts but he believes they would be better off working harder to keep the church from drifting with the world."

Bennie nodded. John cleared his throat and went on. "You asked if I feel you should stay away from Jess? If he has the attitude that you have to believe and do exactly like he does or you are not a Christian, then I think you are better off to stay away from him. A lot of times such people will find fault and condemn your church about things which may not be as they should be, but at the same time there are things in their church which are unscriptural. But he won't say anything about that. We should work against the evil, no matter what it is, or where it is."

"You say it might be better to stay away from them," Bennie said. "Just how far would you take that?"

"You will have to decide that for yourself," John answered. "If you can't talk to your neighbor without him telling you how wrong you are just because you don't see things exactly like he does, then I think you would better not talk of such things. If they need help, you should help them, and when you meet, perhaps it would be best to limit your talk about things like the weather or such things."

Barbara set a kettle of chicken noodle soup on the table that she had prepared from the leftover chicken from dinner. "Bring the girls, Bennie, supper is ready."

After they had returned thanks, Barbara asked, "Do you still think it might not have been the right thing to do to talk things over with John?"

"I told John while we were hitching up his horse that I felt kind of out-of-place to be bothering him with my questions all the time," Bennie said. "He said that some people make the mistake of not talking over their problems with older people until they are so mixed-up they can hardly reason any more."

"Do you think Eli is there already?"

Bennie took another spoonful of soup, "No-o, not yet."

Barbara filled Mary's plate with jello, "I wish you could have seen what kind of face you made when John asked if you weren't happily married."

Bennie smiled a crooked smile, "Well, he kept askin so many dumb questions, or maybe I'd better say, I thought they were dumb at the time."

Mary tugged at Bennie's sleeve and asked, "May I go along to feed the cows this evening? Daddy, may I?" s asked a bit impatiently.

Bennie looked at Barbara and answered, "I guess so i you behave."

As Barbara helped Mary into her coat, she said, "Th girls seem so much better now, I almost wish we had i vited Elis too."

"Maybe we can some evening this week." Bennie reached for his hat and then added with a wink at Barba "I'd like to see if he makes a funny face, too, when I as him if he thinks 'They lived happily ever after' is a goo description of married life."

Barbara didn't answer a word. But she gave him a big smile.

■■

Fire in the Zurich Hills

Joseph Stoll

This is a condensed version of the story which gives a gripping account of the early days of the Anabaptist movement. It is the cold stark facts about the times of persecution in which our forefathers lived. Information for the story has been taken from the court records of Zurich, and every major incident actually happened.

The condensed version will appear in Family Life in eight installments. The complete book, when it is ready will give more details on some of the happenings. The book should be available in the fall of 1973.

Chapter 8

A MONTH AFTER THE GREAT DEBATE in Zurich, winter had settled down to stay. Marx was surprised one blustery afternoon to see his old friend, Urich Ryhener, appear at the door.

Marx welcomed him inside away from the chill wind. "You will surely have supper with us, won't you?" he invited.

Ryhener did not protest at all, but prepared to stay. "I have come from Grüningen," he explained, "and I admit I'm tired and cold. A hot meal would do wonders to me."

But Marx knew the real reason he had come was to talk.

"All kinds of unrest over in Grüningen yet," began Urich. "Magistrate Berger, the poor man, is worried sick. He hardly sleeps nights anymore."

"The debate didn't make matters better, then?" asked Marx. Regula came in and sat down, holding the baby on her lap.

"No, it didn't. The Anabaptists naturally aren't satisfied. They say they weren't given justice."

"But...do you think the brethren...the Anabaptists are growing in numbers still?"

"Definitely! Baptizing is still going on, but it's kept hidden pretty good. There are meetings, but usually at night and back in the hills where they're not discovered."

"What is Berger doing about it?" Marx wondered.

"For one thing, he has the castle nearly full of prisoners. Last week one day he gave them a new trial, bringing them out one by one. Only thirteen recanted. The other ninety are as disobedient as ever."

"How did you learn all this?" asked Regula.

Ryhener smiled mischievously. "I have connections. I slept in the castle last night."

"You did!" exclaimed both Marx and Regula.

"Yes, Berger counts me a pretty good fellow. And I guess he is right." Ryhener pushed out his chest.

"But surely you have no part in capturing prisoners," said Marx, looking closely at his friend.

"Not exactly. I'm what you call an inbetween man, with friends in both camps." He laughed.

Marx didn't consider it funny. "Don't you think that's a rather shameful place to be?" he asked dryly.

"Now don't look at me," retorted Ryhener. "Where d you stand, Marx Boshart? Tell me that."

Marx winced. He did not know how to answer, and besides there might be wiser things than to express his feelings to Urich.

"Last night when I talked to Magistrate Berger, he ha about all he was going to stand for," went on the visitor "I can't hold court every day,' he said to me, 'and yet I've got to if I'm to keep up. These Anabaptists are giving me gray hair with their stubbornness.' That's what Berger said to me. I guess he even had to question his brother-in-law for having gone to a forbidden meeting."

THE WINTER WORE ON. The old year, 1525, which had brought so many dramatic events to the canton of Zurich, gave way to the new year, 1526. As the end of January neared, Marx and Regula could not help thinking back to the happenings of the previous year. They relived the exciting week in February when the first baptisms had been performed and the foundation of the church had been laid. Marx remembered the nine days in prison, and the revival that broke out after the Zollikon farmers returned home.

Much had happened in a year's time.

Now the three leaders were in prison, with small hope that they would ever be released. In Zollikon it had been mostly a quiet winter.

Days passed and no news came from Zurich. In Zollikon there was peace and quiet as there had not been for months. The winds coming across Lake Zurich swept the hills, and the snowflakes drifted down from the sky. On clear days the sun glistened on the white brightness.

Marx chopped wood for the fireplace, and guided the loaded sled down off the forested hills each evening. The nippy air put a spring in his step, and yet he never felt it in his heart.

"This is the best we can do under the circumstances," he told himself again and again, trying to quiet his conscience. "God knows how we believe in our hearts, and perhaps someday we can bring it into the open again."

Though all was as usual in Zollikon, in Grüningen the problems were multiplying. Nor were there any idle moments in the council chambers of Zurich. A letter from Magistrate Berger arrived, saying, "The more we coax and plead with these people, it seems, and the more we allow them, the worse it gets. Now it is time to be in earnest and to grasp the matter with a firm hand. We have tried tolerance and it doesn't work."

At Master Zwingli's suggestion, the council prepared a new and stiffer mandate against the Anabaptists. This time it would be no halfway measure. Henceforth anyone guilty of baptizing would be drowned without mercy, and without further trial. Let all take heed.

In line with the strict new policy, Conrad Grebel, Felix Manz, and Georg Blaurock were brought forth from prison to be resentenced. Pale and gaunt from six months behind bars, they answered questions and waited for the pronouncement.

"Because they stubbornly cling to their error," the new sentence stated, "they are herewith returned to the New Tower, there to be given nothing but water and bread to eat, and to lie upon straw. And the servant who attends them must upon a sworn oath let no one pass in to them. There they shall remain to die and to rot. In case of sickness no one shall have the right to change their prison."

As a proper warning to others, the sentence was carried to the villages of the canton, and read there to the people. The new mandate was announced. Marx shivered when he heard of the cruel measures being taken against the brethren.

What frightened Marx most was that the new harshness had been directed not only at the Anabaptist leaders, but lesser members as well. Officers from Zurich came to Zollikon and marched to the Hottinger home. Because Grandfather was not at home, they seized Margaret and her brothers, Rudolph and Heini, and Rudolph's son, Uli.

The Hottingers were cast into the Tower, too, under the same judgement as the leaders.

ON MARCH 21, AFTER TWO WEEKS in the cold tower cell on bread and water, the Hottingers came home to Zollikon. Marx hurried up to speak to them.

Rudolph was holding one of his six children on his knee when Marx arrived. But he was not interested in talking about his prison experience.

Marx kept on asking questions. "Tell me...how did it happen you were released," he coaxed.

At last Rudolph replied, almost angrily, "I couldn't stand it any longer, that's why. It was miserable and I was lonesome for my wife and the children." Tears filled his eyes.

"But the three leaders..." Marx went on, thinking of Blaurock, Manz, and Grebel. "You don't think they... they will give up the faith?"

"I'm sure they won't," Rudolph said. "They are completely resigned to staying in that terrible prison till they die. That may not be very long, for that matter. It's enough to make a strong man sick, and they've been there all winter."

FOR SOME REASON HE COULD not explain, Marx Boshart could not close his eyes and fall asleep. Both Regula and the baby were slumbering quietly beside him. Perhaps it was the excitement of the evening that kept him awake. Marx reviewed in his mind what Rudolph Hottinger had told him about life in prison.

Somehow it bothered Marx that no one from Zollikon could stand it in prison. Always the villagers were recanting. Anabaptists from other places were firm. They would not budge from their faith. But so far every prisoner from Zollikon had let himself be talked into something he really didn't want,and had been freed on a halfhearted promise.

Tonight as the sleet rattled against the house, Marx felt pity for the prisoners still locked in the cold Witch Tower. The Hottingers of Zollikon were at home with their families, by their own firesides. But the prisoners who would not deny their faith in Jesus Christ— they were still in the Tower, probably shivering as they huddled together in the straw.

Marx tried to close the doors of his mind, to bar the thoughts that were keeping him awake.

It was no use. The thoughts kept churning. He saw the tall square tower built of rocks, and its narrow slits of windows. Against those windows the sleet would be beating a chilly rhythm. He saw for an instant the anquish on Rudolph Hottinger's face as he told of prison life. Dry bread and water. Straw on the floor. The wind shrieking around the eaves. Marx pulled the woolen cover closer under his chin.

Then came the rattle on the door. It was light at first, then more persistent. Some quirk of the wind, decided Marx, rolling over in bed. But then he knew it was not.

Someone was at the door, wanting in. Who could it be at this hour and in such weather? Marx leaped out of bed. He hurried along the length of the hall, the floor biting cold to his bare feet.

Quickly he swung the heavy door open, way back. The wind and sleet struck him full in the face. For a moent he could see no one in the darkness, and he felt foolish. This must be a dream.

Then two figures slipped furtively out of the black night and ducked past him into the hallway. Marx was startled. Could it be possible? Not Felix Manz and Georg Blaurock! Yet there was no doubt about it. He closed the door.

In the dim light of the hall Marx could see the two men shivering violently, and he heard their teeth chattering. Without hesitation, he herded them to the front room by the fireplace. He threw wood on the sleeping fire. The flames licked hungrily, and soon the room was brightened by the blaze.

Then for the first time Marx noticed how soaked Manz and Blaurock were from the icy rain. Neither wore a coat. Blaurock's shirt was torn at the shoulder, and a red stain showed.

Marx stumbled into the bedroom to wake Regula. "Get something hot ready for them to eat," he said, as he explained who the visitors were. Then he returned to the two men.

The fire grew and the heat drove the shivering men back. Marx dug two shirts from the closet and offered them to Manz and Blaurock. They changed at once, and Marx could see they felt better.

"Ho...how did you get out of prison?" asked Marx.

Georg Blaurock's eyes brightened, and his face broke into a smile. "It seems we have some mysterious friends," he said. "Really, we are as astonished as you are."

Then he hastened to explain. "There was an unlocked window which we discovered some time ago, high up in the tower. We paid no attention to it, first of all because we were resigned to staying in prison, but also because there was no way to get down from the window if we did want to escape. Or to get over the drawbridge, if we were down.

"Tonight, with the help of secret friends, a rope turned up in our midst. What was even more surprising, the drawbridge was down and the gate unlocked. So one by one we scrambled out onto the window ledge, let ourselves down by the rope, and walked over the bridge to freedom."

"It wasn't quite as simple as that," corrected Manz. "Some of us got scratched a little and bumped coming down the wall. Also, some torn shirts." He looked at Blaurock. "To add to our problems, none of us could decide where to go on such short notice."

"A half hour earlier nothing was farther from our minds than escaping into the dark stormy world outside," said Blaurock.

"Georg even suggested we all go off across the sea to the red Indians, and live with them. Perhaps they would give us a welcome," put in Felix Manz. "But I don't think he was serious about it."

"Not really," admitted Georg.

"Where do you plan to go, if I may ask?" wondered Marx.

"That is a good question," said Felix. "We haven't decided fully, but it would be time to get started. The reason we stopped here is obvious, I suppose. We are almost frozen, and we need more clothes."

"I'll get you some coats, and some warmer clothes," offered Marx at once. "You're welcome to use them, and I'm only too glad to be of service."

Regula came to help him choose what the two men could best make use of. The visitors were soon bundled up, ready to venture into the night again, to flee to some safer place.

As they bade farewell, Felix paused. There was something on his mind. "I am sorry the church here in Zollikon has faltered," he said to Marx. "Nothing could grieve me more. But perhaps it is not yet too late. I believe the Spirit is still pleading..."

Georg Blaurock broke in, "Marx," he said, his voice full of emotion, "the cost of being a disciple today is great, but the crown in heaven is worth it. He who remains steadfast unto the end shall be saved."

Felix Manz resumed his parting advice,"The Spirit is pleading, but the Spirit will not always strive with man. Don't quench the Spirit, Marx. Don't quench it any longer."

The two men stepped into the night. Then Georg Blaurock turned back. "One thing more," he said. "Did the Hottingers come home?"

"Yes."

"They should have waited a few more hours, and they could have been free with a clear conscience."

As the two men were swallowed by the darkness, the words of Blaurock seemed to hang in the air. Free! What did the word mean, Marx wondered. Were Felix Manz and Georg Blaurock free men tonight, hurrying through the storm in search of a hiding place?

And Rudolph Hottinger and his son Uli. Were they free men? Marx remembered the tortured look on their faces, and he knew from experience how they felt.

The Hottingers could wake up in the morning and not fear arrest. But did they really have freedom? The two men who had just disappeared into the night were free in their spirits and free of a burdened conscience. That, too, was freedom. Perhaps it was the greater freedom.

MARX AND REGULA WERE careful not to say anything to anyone about their midnight callers. For one thing, to have helped them was in itself a serious crime, and would certainly land Marx in jail if he were discovered. In the second place, for the authorities to learn that the two men had been in Zollikon would put them on the trail of the fugitives and add to their danger.

Marx expected the two men had left the canton as fast as they could. He was wondering where Conrad Grebel had gone. Felix had told him Conrad's health was poor, and that he was weak from the long imprisonment. Where could he have fled?

Marx could not help feeling sorry for Conrad, separated from his wife and little ones, not only by distance but in faith. Besides, Conrad was disowned by his parents. But Conrad Grebel possessed something more valuable than earthly home and happiness. And that was an inner peace, plus the conviction that he was doing God's will by preaching the Gospel.

FOR SEVERAL MONTHS THE Bosharts heard no more of the Anabaptist leaders. All the evidence indicated that they had left the canton and were laboring elsewhere.

"CONRAD GREBEL IS DEAD!"

The shocking news reached Zollikon in August. If the report was true, Conrad had gone to his sister's home at Maienfeld, in the canton of the Grisons. While there he had fallen ill with the Plague. Weakened, his health broken by prison life, he was no match for the disease.

Marx mourned deeply for his friend. What would become now of the struggling Anabaptist churches throughout Switzerland? Their foremost leader was dead.

"At least Manz and Blaurock are still active," Marx told Regula. "They can provide leadership. And perhaps God will raise up other men to take brother Conrad's place."

"Perhaps," agreed Regula. "But you know what will happen to Felix Manz if he ever comes back to Zurich and gets caught. Or Georg Blaurock, for that matter."

"I know," said Marx, worriedly. "The council has promised them a watery death. But there is one consolation. There are powerful men on the council who are not in favor of such harshness."

"Who do you have in mind? Jacob Grebel?"

"Who else? It is said that Zwingli is not very happy with the situation. He blames Jacob Grebel and his friends for the escape from prison last March, the night Manz and Blaurock stopped here, you know."

"So Master Zwingli can't always have his way, either?" mused Regula.

"Not fully, not while Jacob Grebel is on the council. Not as long as Grebel is so well liked and respected by everyone. He has tremendous influence, Jacob Grebel has."

MARX BOSHART WAS RIGHT when he declared that Jacob Grebel was a man of influence in Zurich. But he was wrong when he thought that Master Ulrich Zwingli could not do anything about it.

Jacob Grebel was by no means an Anabaptist, but he was a firm believer in liberty of conscience. He did not think a man should be told by the government what to believe. He was opposed to persecuting someone for his faith. Jacob Grebel was a man of courage, also. One time he said to Ulrich Zwingli, "Why don't you preach the Gospel, and quit meddling in politics?"

Master Zwingli was not to be outdone. He saw clearly how matters stood. If his program of church reform was to prosper, the Anabaptists had to be brought under control. In order to deal with the Anabaptists, the council would have to be united. Somehow Jacob Grebel and his friends must be overcome.

In a high-handed way, Jacob Grebel was arrested and charged with political crimes. A special commission of eleven men was appointed to sit in judgement. Horrified, the city watched. For several days the gates of Zurich were closed, so great was the tension.

Upon Zwingli's insistence, Jacob Grebel was condemned to death.

Unable to believe what was happening to him, the old man, with snowy hair and a large snowy beard, was led forth and immediately beheaded.

Ulrich Zwingli had proved that he was a man to be reckoned with. The opposition cowered in fear. Now he could proceed with his church program, and there would be no questions from the council. The way was clear to deal with the Anabaptists.

The stage was set. All Zurich waited expectantly for some Anabaptist leader to be captured.

CONRAD GREBEL WAS DEAD. Felix Manz and Georg Blaurock had fled the canton and were laboring far away. The church in Zollikon had reached a new low. Some of the former members, even those who had been leaders, spoke of their error in having been disobedient to Master Zwingli and the lords of Zurich. They joined in the activities of Pastor Billeter's church, and became loyal supporters of Zwingli's reform.

But in the hearts of a few of Zollikon's citizens the dream and vision of a free church still smoldered. Among these were Grandfather Hottinger and Marx Boshart. The fire in their hearts was not extinguished, but for a long time there had been no open flame.

Marx still suffered an occasional hard time with his conscience. But the battles were less frequent and less severe. "Do not quench the Spirit any longer," Felix Manz had warned. Yet Marx could not bring himself to surrender to the call of the Spirit. He would have liked to, but the price was too high.

In Grüningen the Anabaptist church was still growing, though there had been setbacks. The threat of drowning had caused some members to fall away.

Magistrate Berger was as alert as ever, and as determined. Gradually he had built up a network among those who were loyal to him. They reported to him immediately when they learned of any unusual happenings in the district.

Thus it came about that Felix Manz and Georg Blaurock, sneaking into Grüningen the first week of December, were surprised by the authorities just as they were beginning a preaching service in a forest. Both men were captured. With great rejoicing, Jörg Berger led them handcuffed to the castle.

Rapidly the news spread through the hill country and on to the city of Zurich. From there it leaked to Zollikon. When Marx heard, his heart sank. This time the prisoners would not escape.

With Jacob Grebel out of the way, there would be no human obstacle to keep them from being drowned. The mandate had been clearly stated whoever baptized, or permitted himself to be baptized, was to be drowned without mercy, and thus brought from life to death.

Manz and Blaurock had known about the mandate. And yet they had continued preaching as before. Within two weeks after their flight from prison, Felix Manz had instructed a woman at Embrach in the faith, and had baptized her.

Marx Boshart was discouraged. "Why didn't they stay out of the canton of Zurich?" he said to his wife. "They could have known Berger had traps set for them."

"Perhaps it wasn't safe for them in the other cantons either," suggested Regula softly. "They must have felt they were needed in Grüningen, or they wouldn't have taken the risk."

TEN DAYS PASSED before the two prisoners were moved from the castle at Grüningen to a Zurich prison. This time they were placed in the Wellenburg, the state prison set in the middle of the Linmat River. With water on four sides, the imprisoned Anabaptists might find it more difficult to escape than from the Witch Tower.

Christmas slipped by quietly. Just after New Year's of 1527, the word came to Zollikon that Manz and Blaurock were shortly to be dealt with. Grandfather Hottinger came to the Boshart home on the evening of January 4.

"Tomorrow the council will decide," he announced. "Will you go with me to the city?"

To see the two men die! Marx shrank from the thought of it, and yet he could not resist the yearning to go— to be present when the council passed sentence on Manz and Blaurock.

"I will go with you," he said.

GRANDFATHER AND MARX arrived in the city early in the forenoon. About two o'clock in the afternoon the council doors at last swung open, and two officers came out. Then the door was closed again. The two men hurried around behind the council hall, climbed into a boat, and paddled away toward the Wellenburg, partly hidden by the fog in the distance.

"They have gone after the prisoners now," observed

Grandfather.

To be sure, the boat was soon returning. "But they have only one passenger," said Marx. "Do you think they will take only one at a time?"

"I don't know."

The boat drew nearer, and Grandfather and Marx recognized the prisoner to be Felix Manz. He sat between the two oarsmen, his hands chained together. The officers docked the boat and helped the prisoner get to his feet. A crowd was rapidly gathering, as men came running from all directions.

The word had spread that the moment of judgement was come. Those who had been waiting, dropped their work and came to watch.

The doors swung open again and the council members filed gravely outside. The prisoner was led around to the bridge by the fish market. The council and the crowd followed.

Marx and Grandfather pushed through the fish stalls to get a good view. The prisoner had been placed on a wooden platform, and two guards stood at his side. The chairman, clutching papers in his hand, clambered up on the platform, and called for silence.

The crowd was swelling, completely blocking the entrance to the bridge, and the street that ran along the river. The chairman spoke again, but his voice was lost in the wind and the babbling of the people.

Someone pounded on a bell, and the crowd fell silent.

The chairman began to read the paper in his hand. Marx strained to catch every word.

"Because Felix Manz, standing here before us, has given himself, against Christian order and custom, to the error of Anabaptism, and has taught others the same, and because he is a true leader and instigator of such things..."

The reader cleared his throat, and then went on. "So have our lords, the burgomaster, the council, and the great council known as the two hundred of the city of Zurich, taught and warned this same Felix Manz and others with the right and true Word of God, both from the Old and New Testaments, that rebaptism is not permitted."

The chairman read slowly and solemnly. The paper reviewed all that had been done to root out Anabaptism, yet without success. It mentioned the mandate of March of the previous year in which drowning had been threatened to anyone who continued in baptism.

All these things Felix Manz had known, yet he had kept stubbornly on in his belief, and had caused great unrest and disunity throughout the canton. He had divided the people, and sought to form a church set apart in which only those who knew themselves to be without sin could belong. He had openly taught that no Christian could take the sword, nor be a ruler or a magistrate, and that no Christian could condemn another to death.

Fourteen days after his escape from prison he had instructed a certain womon of Embrach, had taught her his faith, and then had baptized her. Furthermore, he freely said that if anyone were to come to him today and ask to be taught and baptized, he would not refuse such a person, but would teach and baptize him.

The crowd grew restless, anxious to hear the outcome. The council's judgment was written with many words, but Marx knew the climax was near.

"Because of all this, his seditious ways, separating himself from the Christian church and raising up a sect of his own," continued the reader, "Manz shall be delivered to the executioner, who shall tie his hands, put him into a boat, take him to the lower hut, there strip his bound hands over his knees, place a stick between his knees and arms, and thus push him into the water and let him die and perish. Thereby he shall have atoned to the law and justice...His property shall also be confiscated by my lords."

The weight of the words fell upon the assembled citizens. There were angry voices, but most were hushed and frightened.

"Drowning!" mumbled someone near Marx. "That is a woman's death."

"Well, he always liked water," rasped another voice, "so now the council will give this baptizer all the water he cares for."

Tears rolled down Marx Boshart's cheeks. Strong man that he was, he could not help it. It seemed such a shame for Felix Manz's noble life to end in such a way. Still very much a young man, the prisoner stood there, his head bowed in prayer. The strain and suffering of the past two years made him look older than his twenty-eight years.

Now that the sentence had been pronounced, there was no loitering. The condemned prisoner was brought down from the platform, and the two guards led him along the quayside to where a boat was tied, made ready for the occasion.

The people surged close on the heels and all around the prisoner. Suddenly Felix Manz began to speak to the crowd. "Praise God that I am counted worthy to suffer

TREASURES IN HEAVEN

Treasures are to be laid up in Heaven, not upon the earth. We could save ourselves many painful hours and a great deal of trouble just by obeying this portion of the Scriptures. It is just as much a command that we lay up our treasures in Heaven and not upon the earth as it is that we shall not steal.

God tells us plainly, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth where moth and rust doth corrupt and where thieves break through and steal, but lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven where moth and rust doth not corrupt and where thieves do not break through nor steal" (Matt. 6:19).

The reason we have so many earthly minded people and so few heavenly minded people is because the many have their heart set upon earthly pleasure and objects, and the few have their treasures laid up in heaven. If our treasures are here on this earth then we will often be disappointed and in trouble. When we talk with a man a few minutes we can soon find out where his heart is. Talk about money and if he loves money and is making money and longing for more, how his eyes will light up! The reason for this is because you have touched his heart and the subject dearest to him.

But the child of God, who has his treasures yonder, when you talk about heaven you will see his heart is there and if a man's heart is in heaven, it is no effort for him to talk about it. If our affections are set on things above, and not on this earth it will be easy for us to live for God. How poor a man is, no matter how much treasure he has laid up in this world, if he does not have treasures laid up in heaven. Let's stop and ask ourselves, "Where is my affection and what is dearest to my heart?" -H. B. M., Pennsylvania for him," he cried out. "Christ himself said that his followers must suffer persecution for righteousness' sake. The servant is not greater than his master. And so I want to be willing to suffer for Him, if that is His will for me."

Two of Zwingli's pastors hurried to the prisoner's side to quiet him. But Manz would not be silent. "I testify with my death today that the baptism which we have taught and practiced is the baptism of Jesus Christ and the Bible."

Marx had lost all track of Grandfather in the crowd. He pressed closer to Manz so he could hear every word. The pastors were hushing him, and Marx heard one of them say, "Recant from your foolishness. Who knows, it may even yet not be too late to save your life."

But Manz had submitted himself fully to die for his faith.

A woman's voice, low but distinct, carried to the prisoner, "Felix, look up, stand firm, be true. Don't falter now. The crown is near."

Marx searched the sea of faces, and then he saw who was speaking. It was Felix Manz's mother.

The prisoner was helped into the boat. The people pushed toward the dockside, as the boat with its cargo slid out from shore, the prow cutting the dark water like a sword. The helmsman steered for the fishing hut in the middle of the river.

The crowd fanned out along the shore to get a better view. Marx caught a glimpse of Grandfather Hottinger, but then his broad back was lost from view again. Felix's mother was calling bravely to her son across the water, imploring him to be true unto death.

The boat neared the fishing hut that had been built on poles in the river. Quietly the people watched as the prisoner's hands were tied beneath his knees. A gull came swooping down over the boat, screaming for a fish. A cloud drifted in front of the sun, casting a shadow upon the black waters. Marx shivered.

The prisoner was ready now, and the executioner prepared to follow his orders and push him into the water. Bent over in his uncomfortable position, Felix Manz nevertheless raised his head and faced the crowd on the shore. In a loud voice of triumph, he cried, "Into thy hands, Father, I commit my spirit."

And then the deed was done. The body of Felix Manz disappeared beneath the icy waters. The officers stood, watching the spot where he had gone under. Marx wrenched his eyes from the sight, and sobbing, stumbled back toward the city. Grandfather was right behind him.

Silently they walked together, back toward the fish market and the council hall, each occupied with his own troubled thoughts. It was three o'clock in the afternoon.

"Come," said Marx, reaching for Grandfather's hand. "Blaurock's sentence is being read now. I had almost forgotten about him."

Would the fiery preacher from Chur be drowned too, as his companion had been? To Marx's stunned mind, nothing appeared more likely. And yet, why hadn't the two men been executed together, rather than one at a time?

Marx listened, near enough now to hear the sentence of the new prisoner read off. "The executioner shall tie his hands together and strip him of his clothing down to his waist..." Marx could understand every word, but he elbowed his way nearer.

"...and he shall be led out of the city, striking him with rods until the blood flows as he passes along the street from the fish market to the Niederdorf

Marx felt faint as if he would vomit. He could endure no more in one day. Motioning to Grandfather to follow, he whispered, "Let's go down to the Niederdorf Gate. Maybe we can help Georg when he gets there. I can't stand to see him beaten."

They started out. The words of the councilman followed them, "...and he must never come back. For if he returns, whether soon or later, he will be captured and drowned without mercy, as was done to Felix Manz. And thus he will know how to conduct himself..."

The words faded away as Marx and Grandfather put distance between themselves and the speaker. But other words were thundering in Marx's head, "Do not quench the Spirit, Marx. Do not quench the Spirit!" Why should these words enter his mind now? They had been spoken eight months earlier.

Marx stumbled on, hardly knowing where he went. But how could one follow the Spirit? How could he be true to his conscience? To do so would be to pay with his life. Felix Manz had proved that fact. He had not quenched the Spirit, and because of it he had perished. Dark cold water, and deep. Marx could go no farther. He had to sit down.

Just then the noise of shouting reached their ears. Marx peered up the street from where the cries came. Georg Blaurock was running toward them!

The big man was bare to his waist, and he staggered as he came, his bound hands in front of him. Right behind him came the officers with their rods, and they were beating with all their might. Blaurock ducked this way and that, to avoid the blows. But they were too many for him, and too quick.

"Oh, they'll kill him yet!" cried out Marx, jumping to his feet.

As the procession bore down upon them and went rushing past, Marx called upon the executioners to have mercy, but they only glanced at him as if he were mad. This was their duty and they had been ordered to do a proper job of it.

A group of spectators came running in pursuit, all panting. Marx and Grandfather attempted to keep ahead of them as they too headed for the Niederdorf Gate.

Georg Blaurock was safely through the gate. Beyond that the beaters could not pass. Marx hurried toward the injured man, who had sunk to the ground just outside the wall. Angry welts crisscrossed his muscular back, and the blood flowed readily where some of the blows had cut the skin.

As Marx and Grandfather passed through the gate, they saw Blaurock raise himself on one knee and then get up. He turned to them, and smiled. Marx could hardly believe his eyes. And yet the smile was no different from the ringing words of Felix Manz just before he was drowned. The smile, too, somehow signified an inner victory.

"I am all right," Blaurock assured them.

And then as Grandfather and Marx watched, and the crowd that had gathered, stared, Georg Blaurock did a strange thing. Deliberately he removed his shoes and shook the dust off them over the city of Zurich. Marx knew in his heart that Georg Blaurock would never come back to this city.

MARX BOSHART WALKED SLOWLY homeward. Ahead of him lay Zollikon, the quiet little village by the lakeside. Zollikon with its memories. Zollikon, where he had been born, had grown up, had lived a gay life, and had married.

Zollikon, where he had been convicted of his sins and had studied the Bible and been baptized upon his faith. Where he had been chosen to the ministry, to preach for the brethren. Zollikon, where the fire of Anabaptism had flared up brightly, promisingly, only to die out under persecution.

Regula was there, at Zollikon, and baby Conrad, anxiously waiting his homecoming this minute.

Behind him lay Zurich. Zurich of the great council of two hundred, the city of Zwingli. The city that Conrad Grebel had called his earthly home, and Felix Manz. But Conrad Grebel was dead. Felix Manz was dead.

Zurich had killed them.

But they had not died in vain. Marx was positive they had made a good choice. The stripes on the back of the big man who hobbled along the road away from Zurich— those stripes had not been for nothing. The faith in the Saviour Jesus Christ, and in the words of the Holy Bible— that is what had brought suffering. And such a faith was worth more than all the world, more than all the honor and acclaim of men, more even than a peaceful home and a wife and children and a vineyard to tend.

And yet... yet... yet...

"Do not quench the Spirit any longer, Marx. You have quenched it too long already." The words had come so often. They came again.

Marx Boshart faced the future.

There was Zollikon with its grape harvests and home life, the friends and dear ones.

There was Zurich with its prisons and drownings and beatings.

Which would he choose? Marx Boshart did not know.

WHAT HAPPENED AFTERWARD

In the years following the drowning of Felix Manz, the faith he died for spread not only throughout Switzerland, but into neighboring countries as well. At last it reached northward into the lowland nations of Holland and Belgium. Almost everywhere the Anabaptists faced persecution, and the list of martyrs grew long.

In the city of Zurich itself, the birthplace of the movement, and in nearby Zollikon, the church never recovered. To be sure, old Jacob Hottinger found himself in prison a few more times for speaking out against the state church of Zwingli.

And amazingly, six months after the death of Manz, in June of 1527, five former Zollikon Anabaptists traveled to Grüningen together to talk to two prisoners there. The imprisoned men, Jacob Falk and Heini Reimann, expected to be sentenced to death for rebaptizing. The five from Zollikon— Jacob, Heini, and Uli Hottinger, Felix Kienast, and Jacob Unholtz— encouraged the two leaders to be faithful unto death, even though they themselves had recanted.

In Grüningen, even though persecution was heavy, the movement continued strong for many years. On September 5, 1528, Jacob Falk and Heini Reimann were drowned in Zurich. In the next few years, three additional leaders from Grüningen were executed.

But there never was an Anabaptist martyr from Zollikon.

Georg Blaurock labored in the canton of Bern after being beaten and banished from Zurich. There he took part in several debates. Ulrich Zwingli came from Zurich to take part in the debate of January, 1528, but Blaurock and the Bernese Anabaptists would not be persuaded. Thereupon, Blaurock was promptly banished from the canton of Bern.

In this canton the Anabaptist faith was to find its greatest and most lasting success, especially in the farming valley called the Emmental. From the Emmental many refugees fled to other parts of Europe, and eventually to America, so that today a great part of the Amish and Mennonites can trace their heritage back to this valley.

From Bern, Blaurock headed to new fields. He was officially banished from four different cantons in as many months, and was hounded wherever he went. At last he left Switzerland, and began the most fruitful ministry of his life in the Tyrol region of Austria.

There, in September, 1529, after cruel torture and weeks of prison, Georg Blaurock was burned at the stake, along with a brother named Hans Langegger. Blaurock was steadfast and confident to the end, and referred the people to the Scriptures with his last words.

Thus, in little more than four years from the beginning of the Anabaptist movement, the three most influential leaders were dead.

Johann Brotli, one of the outstanding early leaders in Zollikon, left Zurich during the first months of 1525 and labored faithfully at Hallau, in the canton of Schaffhausen. Here he met with notable success, and many of the country people were baptized. The Martyrs' Mirror has an account of his death in 1528, at which time he was burned at the stake. There his name is spelled Hans Pretle.

Wilhelm Reublin likewise spread the Gospel message. He it was who baptized Dr. Hubmaier at Waldshut, and later ordained the noble Michael Sattler to lead the church at Horb.

Reublin wrote a statement of his faith while in prison. He wrote, "We know from experience that your preachers are like poor carpenters, who have, to be sure, torn down the church of the pope, but have not yet built a church of Christian order. Thus their call is not of God, not divine, but earthly."

But Wilhelm Reublin did not seal his faith with a martyr death. Instead, in later years he left the Anabaptist faith, in fact was banned as "a lying, unfaithful, treacherous Ananias." The love of money seems to have been his downfall. He is believed to have returned to the Catholic church, and died at the age of nearly eighty years, broken in health and spirit.

Conrad Grebel's widow, Barbara, remarried several years after her husband's death. Of Conrad's three children, only one, Joshua, survived to marry. He had been reared by his father's relatives in the Reformed faith of Zwingli. Conrad Grebel's grandson, Conrad, became treasurer of the city in 1624, and the latter's grandson, also named Conrad, became burgomaster in 1669. In 1954 a descendant, Hans von Grebel was the pastor of the Grossmünster church in Zurich.

Ulrich Zwingli, the famous Reformer of Switzerland, continued to gain in political influence following the death of Felix Manz. The Great Council of Two Hundred, elected by the people of Zurich, was more and more dominated by a Secret Council, of which Zwingli was the chief member.

Zwingli's plans were ambitious. He wanted to destroy the old Swiss Confederacy and form a new and powerful alliance stretching from Austria to Denmark and including France. In 1529 Zwingli decided the time had come to reshape the Swiss nation. Zurich was ready for war. Zwingli's forces boldly seized most of northeastern Switzerland; the enemy surrendered without a battle.

But Zwingli and Zurich were not to fare so well in 1531. Five Catholic cantons united to fight Zurich on the battleground at Kappel. Outnumbered four to one, Master Zwingli himself led the forces against the Catholics.

Zurich was thoroughly defeated. Over five hundred men of the city lay dead on the grass when the battle had ended. Among them was Ulrich Zwingli, who, lying wounded under a pear tree, was killed by the enemy before they recognized him.

Among those who died with Zwingli that day were twenty-six members of the Zurich council, and no fewer than twenty-five pastors. The pastor of Zollikon, Nicholas Billeter, was one of them.

Out on the battlefield lay the bodies of three other men, whose names are of interest to us. The names are Felix Kienast, Heini Hottinger, and Hans Murer. These three former Anabaptists of Zollikon died fighting side by side with Ulrich Zwingli and Pastor Billeter.

About the young preacher, Marx Boshart, and what became of him in later years, history is silent.

Thus sadly ends the story of the first Anabaptist church, the congregation at Zollikon.

The End

YESTERDAYS AND YEARS

The Towns Named "Yoder"

by David Luthy

Many Amish people know that there is a town in Kansas which is named "Yoder." But few, if any, are aware that there are other locations in the United States which either bear or have borne the Yoder name.

It was quite by accident that I got onto the trail of the other "Yoders." One day I was looking at a Colorado road map, searching for a particular town. Suddenly my gaze rested on a town name other than the one I was looking for. It was the name "Yoder." I was quite surprised to see it. I had often heard of Yoder, Kansas but never Yoder, Colorado.

Several days passed and I was working on some historical material. I came across the name "Yoder, Indiana." My curiosity was aroused and I wondered just how many towns named "Yoder" there were. So I got out the Zip Code Directory and looked at the end of each state's list of towns. I really didn't expect to find any more "Yoders" and was just about to close the book, when I came to the last state, Wyoming, and saw that the last town name in the list was "Yoder."

Having found four towns named "Yoder"— in Kansas, Colorado, Indiana, and Wyoming— I figured that was all of them. But it wasn't. A few days later I received a 1918 Rand McNally Road Atlas in the mail. I had bought it at a book auction. It was hardbound and huge, weighing 18 pounds and measuring 15" x 21". The thought came to me: why not hunt through it to see if there were any more "Yoders." Imagine my surprise when I finished looking through the index and had found 8 more.

Since the "Yoder" name is the second most common Amish family name, I felt it would be interesting to many people if I could obtain the history of the 12 places in the United States named "Yoder." So I set about contacting postmasters, historical societies, and individuals. Their response was excellent.

Part 1: The Yoder Immigrants

To tell the history of the 12 places named "Yoder" without first mentioning the Yoder immigrants to America would leave the history incomplete. After all, if they had not come to America, the places would never have borne the Yoder name.

It is believed that the very first Amish immigrant to America was a Yoder— the widow Barbara Yoder. She left Europe with her husband and nine children, but he died during the ocean voyage. It is thought that she and the children arrived in America sometime around 1714.

Barbara was the first, but not the last, Yoder to come to America. Altogether there were 15 known Yoder immigrants who settled in America and from whom the Amish "Yoders" descend. A list of them follows:

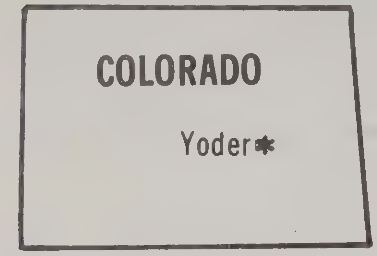
1. Widow Barbara Yoder c. 1714
2. Jacob (Strong) Yoder 1742
3. Christian Yoder, Sr. 1744
4. Christian Yoder, Jr. 1744
5. Yost Yoder 1744
6. Johannes Yoder 1747
7. Hannes Peter Yoder 1749
8. Johannes Yoder 1749
9. Jacob Yoder 1751
10. Johannes Yoder 1753
11. Christian Yoder after 1761
12. Daniel Yoder 1764
13. Michael Yoder after 1788
14. Isaac Yoder 1852
15. Jacob Yoder 1858

(It is, of course, likely that there were other "Yoder" immigrants to America not of the Amish faith.)

This was a large number of Amish immigrants bearing the same last name. It is no wonder that the Yoder name today is the second most common name found among the Amish in America. There is no good-sized Amish settlement which does not have at least one Yoder family. And the name is very commonly found among men serving in the Amish ministry. Raber's ALMANAC for 1973 lists a total of 176 Yoders of which 38 are bishops 107 ministers, and 31 deacons.

It is also interesting to note that in early public records the spelling of "Yoder" was not always the same. It appeared as Ioder, Joder, Jodter, Jotter, Yoeder, Yother, Yotter, and Yoder. There were several reasons for the different spellings. Some officials wrote the name down as it sounded to them, spelling the name as they imagined it to be. Others copied off the immigrants' German spelling of the name using an English "J" as if it were the same as a German "J." What the officials did not realize is that the German "J" and the English "J" do not have the same sound. The German "J" actually has the English "Y" sound. It is also possible that the immigrants themselves spelled their last name with slight differences. It is amazing today that all the Amish "Yoders" spell their last name the same way. Such is not even the case with Beiler-Byler, Stoltzfoos-Stoltzfus, Borntrager-Bontrager descendants, all of whom trace back to only one immigrant ancestor—not 15 as in the case of the Yoders.

Part 2: The "Yoder" Towns



In the east-central part of Colorado is a tiny town named "Yoder." Located in El Paso County it is on Highway #94, sixteen miles straight east from the county seat of Colorado Springs. It is named after an early settler, Abner F. Yoder.

Abner Yoder was born February 10, 1858 near Middlebury, Indiana. He was the son of Joseph J. Yoder who was Old Order Amish. Abner, however, did not join the Old Order. He was likely a member of the progressive Amish-Mennonites, for in 1881 he was married to Susan Eash by Bishop Jonas D. Troyer of the Clinton Frame Amish-Mennonite church. He and his bride settled in Lagrange County and had a family of six children. In 1901 Abner decided to move to El Paso County, Colorado. His two oldest children stayed behind in Indiana. The oldest to go with him was Ira, aged sixteen.

The Yoders settled 14 miles south of Calhan, Colorado. Here they wandered away from the Amish-Mennonite faith and lived like their neighbors. They never joined any church after leaving Indiana, even though they lived to be over 60 years old. Abner is said to have been more of a dreamer than a farmer and did not make a go of farming. He enjoyed spelling bees, debates, and reading. Once a week he would make the round trip of 28 miles to Calhan to get the mail for himself and the neighbors. He enjoyed this trip as he could read the whole way, letting the horse go its own speed.

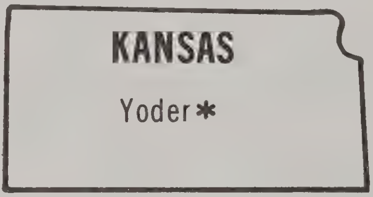
Postal records show that in 1904 (others say 1907) a post office was established in the Yoder home. The post office was named "Yoder" after Abner Yoder. He wrote several letters from there during 1908 to 1910 to the Sugarcreek Budget in Ohio, keeping in touch with some of his Amish Mennonite friends. In the January 23, 1908 issue he wrote:

> "To the oft repeated question, What church privileges have you? will say that within seven miles of where we live there are four places where there is preaching and Sunday school, the same literature and Bible being used that the Amish Mennonites use. There are no idols worshipped and preachers help with their hands to bring about that for which they pray.
>
> "There is absolutely not an Amish or Mennonite church within fifty miles of us; but am satisfied that had two or three families made the start two or three years ago, then there would be at least fifty families of our faith living here now."

In 1910 Abner Yoder decided to move to Oregon where his wife had relatives. His son, Ira, stayed in Colorado as he had taken out a homestead. When Abner left, the post office went to another house, but the name "Yoder was retained. Later two rural routes were added to the post office, covering over 100 miles of the sparsely settled county.

The peak in population for Yoder, Colorado came in 1937 when there were 700 people receiving mail from the post office. Most of these people lived on the two, long rural routes. Actually the town never had more than 3 or 4 houses, one of which was a combination dwelling, grocery store, and post office. There also was a small school.

The land around Yoder, Colorado is 7,000 feet high and quite dry. By 1930 the pastures had been eaten off and dust storms arose. People began leaving the area. By 1956 the population was only 40. Today the town is not listed in the index to the Rand McNally Road Atlas, but it does yet appear on the Colorado road map. And it still has a US post office, using Zip Code 80864. A former resident who visited it recently reports that it is the same as ever— three or four houses, a small school, and the combination post office, dwelling, grocery store. There are no traces which would indicate that it is a part of Amish history, except the familiar name, "Yoder," which it bears.



Located in Reno County, Kansas eight miles southeast of the county seat o Hutchinson is the smal town of "Yoder." It is i the center of an Amish farming area. Its name comes from an early settler, El M. Yoder.

Eli Yoder was the son of an Amish bishop, Solomon Yoder of the now extinct Amish church in Long Green, Maryland. In 1874 the young, unmarried Eli went out West to seek his fortune. He settled in Reno County, Kansas and married a non-Amish girl, Mary Young. Four months after arriving in Kansas, Eli was joined b E.F.Peachy, an Amish youth from Pennsylvania. Then in the fall of the same year another Amish boy went to Reno County. His name was John Nafzinger, and he was a nephew to Eli Yoder even though they were close to the same age. John married Eli's wife's sister.

None of these three young men chose to remain in the Amish faith in which they had been raised. Perhaps they even thought that they could escape from their past by traveling far away from their home communities. If thi was the case, it must have come as quite a surprise to them 10 years later when Amish families began settling in Reno County, right in the neighborhood where they were homesteading. It was quite by accident that the Amish settled in Reno County. They had planned to go t Nebraska; but when they couldn't travel on because of high water, the real estate agent in Hutchinson wanted to show them land in Reno County. They liked what they saw and purchased land in Kansas instead of Nebraska.

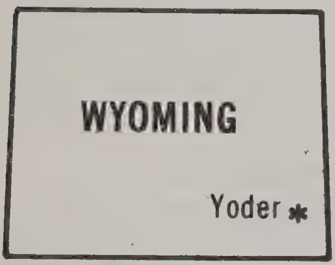
Eli Yoder now found himself with Amish neighbors. He showed no interest in their church, and it is said that he tried to hide the fact from them that he had been raised Amish. It would seemthat with a last name of "Yoder" it would be an impossible task, but Eli never talked about his past and the Amish were not certain if he was of Amish descent or not. The matter was finall settled one day when the farmers gathered at the Yoder home to thresh. While Eli was outside, Mrs. Yoder showed the men Eli's former Amish suit with the "barn-door" trousers. Eli came in and saw what she was doing. He rebuked her severely in front of the entire threshing crew.

Eli Yoder's farm consisted of 320 acres. When the Missouri Pacific Railroad came through Reno County, it crossed his land. He persuaded the railroad to construct a 20-rod spur and to name the stop, "Yoder." A small station was erected, and Eli built a store. He also provided a room in his house where the government established a post office.

In 1899 Eli Yoder sold his farm to an Amishman, Rudy M. Bontrager, and moved to Hutchinson where he became Justice of the Peace. He died there in 1906.

Yoder, Kansas never grew to be a city, but it does still exist today as a small country town with a population of around 100. It has a five-room consolidated school, grocery, bank, lumber company, food locker, grain elevator, gas station, and several shops. A mile west from the town is a naval air base which was established in 1943 and covers four sections of land.

Yoder is not listed in the index of the Rand McNally Road Atlas (1972) but does appear on the Kansas road map. It is situated on Highway #96. It has a post office using Zip Code 67585.



In the southeast corner of Wyoming in Goshen County is the small town of "Yoder." It is about a mile west of US Highway #85 and twelve miles west of the Nebraska state line. Its beginning is closely connected with the Philip J. Yoder family.

Philip Yoder was born in 1836 at Shanesville, Ohio. His parents, Jacob D. and Barbara (Miller) Yoder, were Amish, but Philip joined the Mennonites. In 1861 he married Cinderella Hattery at Shanesville. Sometime later they moved to Henry County, Iowa, settling in the vicinity of Mt. Pleasant. Then in the fall of 1881 Philip and his oldest son, Benjamin F. or "Frank" as he was called, went to Wyoming. Frank spent the winter in Wyoming, while Philip returned to Iowa. The following spring Philip brought his family to Wyoming. There were three sons, Frank, Jesse, and Oscar, and four daughters. A fifth daughter was born in Wyoming.

The Philip Yoder family settled in Goshen County on a ranch along Bear Creek. Philip prospered in raising cattle and horses. His Amish and Mennonite background was discarded. He lived on the same ranch until his death in 1910. His obituary appeared in the August 5th issue of the Sugarcreek Budget, the Amish weekly newspaper.

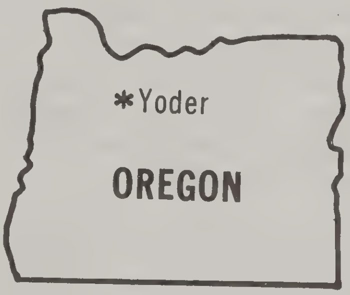
In 1921 the Union Pacific Railroad laid a track across the southeastern portion of Goshen County. The track ran from Gering, Nebraska to South Torrington, Wyoming, the county seat of Goshen County. The track did not pass near to the Yoders' ranch; it passed several miles east. It also did not pass through several crossroads settlements in the area. It was decided to tear down the buildings at these crossroads and rebuild them near the railroad, forming a new town. Philip Yoder's son Jesse was the organizer of this townsite development. The name "Yoder" was given to the townsite in honor of him and of the Yoder family which had been active in the affairs of the region since 1881.

Real estate offices, measuring 4' by 6', sprang up almost overnight at Yoder. Grocery, hardware, and dry-goods stores were soon constructed; also a bakery and a cream station. In 1922 a brick schoolhouse was built and a weekly newspaper was started. That same year electricity came to town, and there were even electric street lamps. A rodeo was held that summer to celebrate the founding of the town.

In four years' time Yoder, Wyoming grew from nothing to a town of between 500 and 600 people. There were three drugstores, three cafes, four grocery stores, two barber shops, three hardware stores, two cream stations, a hotel, a bank, several churches, a bakery, a doctor's office, a community hall, three lumber yards, three garages, one plumbing shop, one service station, a telephone office, a rooming house, and a livery stable— not to mention the many residences.

Yoder, Wyoming thrived for about 10 years. Then came the Great Depression of the 1930's. One after another the business places closed. Some were also destroyed by fire. The population fell so that by the 1970 census there was a population of 101. Today it is just a sleepy country town with a grade school and a modern post office using Zip Code 82244.

The Yoder ranch some 30 miles southwest of Yoder is still owned by a "Yoder." Philip Yoder's grandson, Oscar T. Yoder, purchased it in 1931. He is a well known resident, having served 10 years in the Wyoming legislature, six in the house and four in the senate (1955-1965).



About 3 miles west of Molalla in Clackamas County, Oregon is a crossroads village called "Yoder." It is located in Oregon's greatest center for trade and industry, the Willamette Valley. It is a fertile valley famous for its dairy products, flower bulbs, and vegetables. And in the background rises majestic, snow-capped Mt. Hood.

In 1880 Gideon and Katie (Yoder) Lantz left their home in Missouri and settled in the Willamette Valley of Oregon. Seven years later they were joined by Joseph Schwartz and Dave Yoder, also from Missouri. In March of 1888 Will and Jennie Yoder, newlyweds, left Missouri for the Willamette Valley. Then in June a man by the name of Jonathan S. Yoder traveled from his home in Missouri to visit his sister, Mrs. Joseph Schwartz, in Oregon. He liked the fine country, purchasing land and arranging for a house to be built while he returned to Missouri for his family. The following spring he loaded an immigrant train car in Missouri, filling it with household furnishings, livestock, three chain pumps, machinery for a sawmill, and even a keg of home-made sauerkraut. The Asa J. Yoder family came in the same immigrant train. Other "Yoders" to settle in the Willamette Valley were L. D. Yoder and John P. Yoder.

It is obvious from the last names of "Lantz, Schwartz, and Yoder" that these settlers were of Amish background. It is known for certain that the "Lantz" and "Yoder" families had roots among the Amish-Mennonites in McLean County, Illinois. Jonathan S. Yoder's grandfather (Jonathon Yoder) was a well-known bishop there and was a great grandson of the Widow Barbara Yoder, the first known Amish person to have immigrated to America.

It is not known for certain from what part of Missouri the Lantz, Schwartz, and Yoder families came to Oregon. It is thought to have been the large progressive Amish-Mennonite group in Cass County where Lantz and Yoder families had settled from Illinois. Nor is it known what the families planned to do about church membership in Oregon. Perhaps they had hopes that an Amish-Mennonite minister would move there and a church would develop. But no such church ever developed and the families joined the local Protestant church.

When the immigrant train arrived in the Willamette Valley in March of 1889, Jonathon Yoder and his six sons unloaded their belongings. Soon they unpacked the sawmill which they had brought with them and began setting it up. They purchased a 10-horse steam engine with which to power it. One of their first jobs was to cut timbers for a fairly long bridge. The community was growing fast and they did a steady business of custom sawing. In August of 1901 the sawmill burned down, but parts from the original mill were salvaged and a new sawmill was constructed. A shingle saw was added in the second mill. Then in April of 1915 during the shingle-sawing season the sawmill was again destroyed by fire. Once more it was rebuilt. Then a third fire destroyed it in 1934. A third time it was rebuilt, using the original castings. The sawmill is still in operation today, under the ownership of two of Jonathan's grandsons.

Joanthan Yoder was an enterprising man. In 1914 when the tracks were being laid through the community for an electric railroad, he thought of erecting a market center. A building was built and Jonathan found a man and wife to manage it. It was named the "Yoder Store," and was one-fourth mile down the road from the "Yoder Sawmill."

In January of 1915 the first electric train traveled the newly laid track. About every crossroad had a station, and the stations were often named for whoever happened to own the land. It was natural that "Yoder" was chosen for the community clustered around the Yoder Store and Yoder Sawmill. That same year the Yoder Warehouse Co. was formed and a warehouse built to store produce in before shipping it to Portland.

The Willamette Valley Southern electric train ran from Oregon City to Mt. Angel. It had a short life span of but 10 years, being discontinued in 1925. During the 10 years it brought in gravel for the first gravel roads in the community and took out a lot of lumber from the nearby forests. It also hauled 50 or 60 carloads of potatoes a year and 4 or 5 cars of cider apples. Other produce was also shipped, and there was passenger service.

When the train was discontinued in 1925 the Yoder station became a thing of the past, but the village of Yoder continued. Today there are 26 residences within 1/2 mile in every direction of the crossroads. The Yoder Store is still doing business and so is the Yoder Sawmill. There is a warehouse, garage, and parsonage. The local church, built in 1891 from lumber from the Yoder Sawmill, is still being used. Originally organized as a Presbyterian church, it later was changed to a Congregational church, and today is a United Church of Christ. The old Yoder School which is one-fourth mile south of the Yoder Store was sold to the Seventh Day Adventists for a private school when the county schools consolidated some years ago.

Yoder, Oregon never had its own post office nor does it appear on modern road maps of Oregon. But local people call the village "Yoder," and Yoders are yet found among its residents.

Four miles south and a little east of Lima in Allen County, Ohio is the former site of Yoder, Ohio. Today it is merely a crossroads with no visible signs of its past history.

Yoder, Ohio dates back to shortly after the Civil War in the 1860's. A settlement sprang up at a crossroads near the center of Perry Township. The residents called it West Bradford. But in the 1890's when the government decided to run a postal route through the settlement, the name had to be changed. There already was a Bradford, Ohio post office in another part of the state, and the Post Office Department was afraid there might be confusion in mail service. So it was decided to rename the settlement "Yoder" in honor of a famous citizen of Allen County, the Honorable Samuel S. Yoder.

Samuel S. Yoder was born in 1841 in Holmes County, Ohio the son of Amish parents. His father was Yost Yoder, a descendant of the Amish immigrant Christian Yoder, Jr. Samuel, however, did not choose to join the church of his forefathers. He became, instead, a Methodist and moved to Allen County in the western part of the state.

During the Civil War, Samuel Yoder served as a second lieutenant from Allen County. During 1867-8 he studied at the University of Michigan. In 1869 he took up residence at Bluffton in Allen County. The following year he married Minerva Maxwell of Holmes County. They made their home at Bluffton where Samuel practiced medicine and became the town's mayor. He studied law and was elected in 1881 Probate Judge of Allen County, serving from 1882 to 1886 when he was elected to the United States Congress in Washington, D.C. After leaving politics in 1891, Samuel dealt in real estate and was vice-president of an electric railway. His picture appears opposite page 700 of the well-known Amish genealogy, DESCENDANTS OF JACOB HOCHSTETLER.

The post office at Yoder, Ohio was short-lived, being discontinued after the turn of the century. In 1906 a writer reported that "the oil industry is quite promising about Yoder, a little town near the center of the township." The writer called Yoder a "town," but it never really merited the title. Other than the few residences clustered at the crossroads, there was only a single business structure— the Yoder General Store. It was never owned by a "Yoder" but took its name from the short-lived post office. The original store was a two-story building. The bottom floor was used as the general store, and the upper floor was a grange hall where the neighboring farmers assembled for meetings. The building was torn down in 1926 and replaced by a one-story general store. This store went out of business in 1954, bringing to an end Yoder, Ohio.

NEXT MONTH: The towns named "Yoder" in Indiana, Arkansas, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Iowa, and Kentucky.

Editorielles —

O daß doch bei der reichen Ernte,
Womit du Höchſter uns erfreuſt,
Ein jeder froh empfinden lernte,
Wie reich du uns zu ſegnen ſeiſt
Wie gern du unſern Mangel ſtillſt,
Und uns mit Speis und Freud erfüllſt.

Du ſiehſt es gern, wenn deiner Güte,
O Vater! Unſer Herz ſich freut;
Und ein erkenntliches Gemüte
Auch das, was du für dieſe Zeit
Uns zur Erquickung haſt beſtimmt,
Mit Dank aus deinen Händen nimmt.

So kommt denn, Gottes Huld zu feiern,
Kommt Chriſten, laßt uns ſeiner freu'n
Und bei den angefüllten Scheuern
Dem Herrn der Ernte dankbar ſein.
Ihm, der uns ſtets Verſorger war,
Bringt neuen Dank zum Opfer dar!

Du nähreſt uns bloß aus Erbarmen,
Dies treib' auch uns zum Wohltun an,
Nun ſei auch gern ein Troſt der Armen,
Wer ihren Mangel ſtillen kann.
Herr! der du aller Vater biſt,
Gib jedem, was ihm nützlich iſt.

Tu deine milden Segenshände,
Uns zu erquicken, ferner auf;
Verſorg uns bis an unſer Ende,
Und mach in unſerem Lebenslauf
Uns dir im Kleinſten auch getreu,
Daß einſt uns größ'res Glück erfreu.

Bewahr uns den geſchenkten Segen;
Gib, daß uns ſein Genuß gedeih',
Und unſer Herz auch ſeinetwegen
Dir dankbar und ergeben ſei.
Du, der uns täglich nährt und ſpeiſt,
Erquick auch ewig unſern Geiſt.

„Irret euch nicht, Gott läßt ſich nicht ſpotten. Denn was der Menſch ſäet, das wird er ernten. Wer auf ſein Fleiſch ſäet, der wird von dem Fleiſch das Verderben ernten. Wer aber auf den Geiſt ſäet, der wird von dem Geiſt das ewige Leben ernten.“ Gal. 6, 7.8.

Bis dieſes vor die Leſer kommt, ſind wohl in dieſem Sommer ſchon viele Früchte im Natürlichen eingeſammelt. In dieſer Gegend ſind die Leute ſchon am Heu einſammeln da ich dieſes ſchreibe, und die Weizen-Ernte iſt auch nicht gar ſo weit ab.

Wir ſind froh und gutes Muths wenn wir wieder viel gute Früchte einſammeln können. In obigem Gedicht heißt es von die angefüllte Scheuern, und dann von die Dankbarkeit wo ſollte damit gehen. Tun wir arme Menſchen an dieſem denken? Oder tun wir vielleicht oftmals ein Feld Heu weg, bewundern uns darüber: „O, ſo ſchwer und ſchön Heu!“ „O, ſo guten Weizen!So und ſo viel hat er gemacht zum Acker!“ Und denken vielleicht niemals dran Gott zu danken dafür. Wo doch alles umſonſt geweſen wäre wenn Gott nicht ſein Segen und Gedeihen dazu gegeben hätte.

Wenn ich ſo ſitze und zurück denke, kann ich wohl mich erinnern von manche Zeiten da ich es verfehlt habe, nicht genug dankbar geweſen gegen meinen Gott und Schöpfer. Aber dieweil es noch Heute heißt, haben wir gelegenheit uns zu beſſern, und Gott bitten um Vergebung.

Nun wollen wir uns auch ein wenig erinnern an die geiſtliche Früchte die wir einſammeln von Zeit zu Zeit. Sind chriſtliche Eltern nicht immer froh wenn ihre Kinder ſich gut benehmen, und wenn ſie alt genug werden ſich zu der Gemeinde Gottes anſchließen. Das ſind geiſtliche Früchte am einſammeln, ſind wir dankbar dafür? Wenn junge Leute ſich ſo zu der Gemeinde anſchließen, und dem Anſehen nach getreu Glieder ſein wollen, wie ſind wir Diener doch ſo froh und dankbar. Wir freuen uns über die reiche Ernten die wir bekommen haben. Wenn Glieder ungehorſam und halsſtarrig ſind, ſo ſind wir betrübt und traurig, wenn ſie ſich aber beſſern ſo ſind wir froh und freuen uns wieder, darüber ſollen wir auch dankbar ſein.

Jetzt haben wir uns aber noch nicht erklärt über dem Schrift-Text wo wir im Anfang angeführt haben. Wiederum im Natürlichen, wenn wir ſchlechten Samen ſäen dann brauchen wir nicht denken daß wir gute Früchte einſammeln können. O wie iſt das doch nicht ſo wahr im Geiſtlichen? Und wieviel ſchlechter Samen wird doch geſäet in die Gemeinden heutigen Tags, in ſonderheit unter die Jugend. Vergeſſet doch nicht, die angeführte Worte ſind wahrhaftig: „Irret euch nicht, Gott läßt ſich nicht ſpotten.“ Nein, Gott iſt zu gerecht für ſolches. Menſchen können tun wie ſie wollen in dieſem Leben, aber die Zeit kommt wo Gott ſie richten wird nach ſeiner ſtrenge Gerechtigkeit.

Wir leſen von eine fröhliche Ernte in Offenb. dann aber auch von ein ſchrecklicher Herbſt. „Und ich hörte eine Stimme vom Himmel zu mir ſagen: Schreibe: Selig ſind die Toten, die in dem Herrn ſterben, von nun an. Ja, der Geiſt ſpricht, daß ſie ruhen von ihrer Arbeit; denn ihre Werke folgen ihnen nach.“ Offb. 14, 13. In dieſem Kap. heißt es auch: „Und ein andrer Engel ging aus dem Tempel, und ſchrie mit großer Stimme zu dem, der auf der Wolke ſaß: Schlag an mit deiner Sichel und ernte; denn die Zeit zu ernten iſt kommen, denn die Ernte der Erde iſt dürre worden.“

Ja, wir glauben wohl, dies wird ein ſchrecklicher Herbſt ſein, hier wird kein aufweichens mehr ſein, die Worte des Herrn ſind wahrhaftig und was Er zuſagt, das hält Er gewiß. Umlängſt waren wir einer Hochzeit beigewohnt in unſere Heimgegend von Canada, da war ein hoher man beigewohnt, der machte die Bemerkung: Er meint er ſieht mehr von ein Dienſteifer unter ihre Gemeins-Leute in die letzte Jahre. Wir gaben die Antwort, es iſt zeit daß die Leute am aufwachen ſind. So viele Eheſtand werden aufgerichtet und bleiben doch nicht beieinander, wo die Schrift doch ſagt: „Was nun Gott zuſammengefüget hat, das ſoll der Menſch nicht ſcheiden.“ Haben wir nicht bang daß manche Leute werden zuſammen gegeben als Eheleute wo Gott es nicht zuſammengefügt hat.

Es wird als geſagt, wenn der natürliche Eheſtand nach rechter Art aufgerichtet wird tut der erſte Eheſtand mit dem Bräutigam Jeſum Chriſtum keinen Schaden leiden. Möcht es aber der fall ſein daß nie ein rechter Ehebund mit Jeſu aufgerichtet war, wenn ſo, dann iſt die ganze Sache nur menſchlich, Gott hat kein Teil daran.

Wir möchten ein manchesmal zu Leute kommen die nicht etwas Gutes am tun ſind. Wir könnten ſie fragen, was iſt das für Samen wo ihr am ſäen ſind, was für Früchte denket ihr wird dieſes bringen? „O wel, wir ſäen es mal, dann gucken wir weiter was es geben wird.“ O bedenklich! einmal wird es zu ſpät ſein.

Wir wollen nicht vergeſſen dankbar ſein wenn wir gute Früchte einſammeln können. Seid dankbar in allen Dingen, denn das iſt der Wille Gottes in Chriſto Jeſu an euch. Denn Geiſt dämpfet nicht, die Weiſſagung verachtet nicht, prüfet alles, und das Gute behaltet, meidet allen böſen Schein.

Knowledge is Power

"What an excellent thing is knowledge," said a sharp-looking, bustling little man to one who was much older than himself. "Knowledge is an excellent thing," repeated he. "My boys know more at six and seven years old than I did at twelve. They can read all sorts of books, and talk on all sorts of subjects. The world is a great deal wiser than it used to be. Everybody knows something of everything now. Do you not think, sir, that knowledge is an excellent thing?"

"Why, sir," replied the old man, looking grave, "that depends entirely upon the use to which it is applied. It may be a blessing or a curse. Knowledge is only an increase of power, and power may be a bad, as well as a good thing."

"How can power be a bad thing?" asked the bustling little man. "I don't understand what you mean."

"I will tell you," replied the old man meekly, and then he explained, "When the power of a horse is under restraint, the animal is useful in bearing burdens, drawing loads, and carrying his master, but when that power is unrestrained, the horse breaks his bridle, dashes to pieces the carriage that he draws, or throws his rider."

"I see," said the little man.

"When the water of a large pond is properly conducted by trenches, it renders the fields around fertile; but when it bursts through its banks, it sweeps everything before it and destroys the produce of the fields."

"I see," said the little man, "I see."

"When the ship is steered rightly, the sail that she hoists enables her sooner to get into port; but if steered wrong, the more sail she carries the further will she go out of her course."

"I see," said the little man. "I see clearly."

"Well then," continued the old man, "if you see these things so clearly, I hope you can see, too, that knowledge, to be a good thing, must be rightly applied. God's grace in the heart will render the knowledge of the head a blessing; but without this, it may prove no better than a curse."

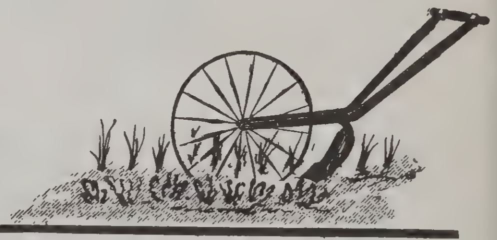
"I see! I see!" said the little man. "I see!"

selected by Floyd J. Yoder

CHILDREN'S SECTION

MARY WAS HUNGRY FOR A CANDY BAR, TOO BUT SHE WAS DETERMINED NOT TO ASK FOR ONE. "I'M NOT GOING TO BE COAXED INTO WORKING LIKE A BABY," SHE TOLD HERSELF FIRMLY.

COAXED INTO WORKING



-Elizabeth Miller

MARY KEIM PUSHED THE hand cultivator slowly back and forth through the garden. Even though it was still early in the forenoon, the sun was shining warmly on her back. "My, it's really going to get warm today," she said, stopping a minute to rest.

"Yes, it is," agreed Mom, who was working nearby. "But if we keep at it we can have the garden finished by dinnertime. Then we'll work inside this afternoon."

Mary started cultivating again. The warm, damp soil felt good to her bare feet. "If only it weren't so warm," she thought. She felt even more discouraged when she looked across the garden and saw how much she had to do yet.

"Those boys sure don't look very busy to me," Mary said, motioning across the yard where her younger brothers were supposed to be busy picking buds from the new strawberry plants.

Mom glanced up from her work. "Boys, hurry and get those buds picked before it gets so warm," she called. "The longer you poke around with your work, the warmer it's going to be."

Bennie and David both went back to work. Before long David came across the yard towards Mom. "May we have some candy bars?" he asked. "We're both hungry."

Mom thought for a minute. "You have to finish your work first," she said. "As soon as you're done you may each have a candy bar."

"Oh, goody," exclaimed David, running back to tell Bennie.

Mary stood and watched, then smiled to herself as she saw the two boys speed up and pick buds as if it were their favorite job. "That's silly, having to be coaxed into working like that," she thought. "But Mom used to do that to Lydia and me, too, when we were little."

For a while Mom and Mary worked in silence. Mary was feeling warmer and more uncomfortable with each passing minute. She stopped to rest more often than she had at first and every once in a while she went over to the pump to get a drink.

"Mary, did you see how big the radishes are?" asked Mom.

"Are they ready?" asked Mary, leaving the cultivator to run over to where Mom was hoeing.

"I wouldn't be surprised we could get some for dinner," Mom answered, examining them more closely.

"They're still a little small, but they need to be thinned out so we might as well take some in to eat."

"May I thin them out right now?" Mary asked. Then before Mom could answer, she had another idea. "Let's not tell Lydia and the rest," she said excitedly. "They'll really be surprised."

"All right," agreed Mom. "Leave them until Lydia goes in to make dinner, then you can take them into the wash house and clean them."

"All right," answered Mary, going back to her cultivator. She was glad Lydia wasn't in the garden when Mom discovered that the radishes were ready.

Cultivating no longer seemed like such a monotonous job. Mary pushed it back and forth between the rows. A short time later Lydia came out and offered to take Mary's job for a while. Mary agreed and traded the cultivator for a hoe.

"All right, Mom, we're done," called Bennie and Eli, running across the yard.

"Did you do a good job of it?" asked Mother, smiling.

"Yep, we picked all the flowers we could find," answered Eli. "Can we have our candy bars now?"

"Yes, you can go in and get yourselves each one," answered Mom. "But remember, just one."

Bennie and David were off towards the house in a hurry. Mary watched them go, wishing Mom had told the boys to bring candy bars out for her and Lydia, too, but she was determined not to ask for one. "I'm not going to be coaxed into working like a baby," she told herself firmly.

All forenoon Mary was busy either hoeing or cultivating. As she worked she was thinking about what a treat those first radishes were going to be for all of them. "But how am I going to clean them without a knife and brush?" she wondered. "Lydia's going to get the hint if I go in for those things." She solved her problem by making an excuse to go to the house. Before she came out she took a knife, the vegetable brush, and a bowl into the wash house and hid them.

The minute Lydia had gone in to start making dinner, Mary dropped her hoe and walked over toward the radish row. This was the minute she had been waiting for all forenoon.

"Now be careful and pull only the biggest ones," said Mom. "You can tell by the tops which ones are ready."

Mary did as she was told, but even then once in a while she pulled up a radish that was still very small. Soon she had her hands full so she laid them aside and started over. "I'd better take them into the wash house to cut the tops off or Lydia will come out for lettuce and see them," she decided.

Mary thought she had never seen anything so pretty as the red radishes in the clear glass bowl. "Now, where can I put them?" she wondered, glancing around for a good hiding place. Then she had an idea. She set them on the floor and turned a bucket upside-down over them.

"What can I do to help you?" Mary asked cheerfully a few minutes later as she came into the kitchen.

Lydia looked up with a look of surprise on her face. "What makes you so willing to help?" she asked good-naturedly.

"Well, Mom said I was supposed to come in and help you, so I did. Is there anything wrong with that?" asked Mary.

"Of course there's nothing wrong with it, but it is a little unusual for you to come and offer to help so cheerfully," answered Lydia. "What's the secret?"

Mary shrugged. "Oh, just something," she laughed.

"Are you going someplace this afternoon?" asked Lydia.

"Nope, that's not it," answered Mary. She teased her sister a while longer, then ran out to the wash house and brought in the radishes.

Lydia was just as pleased with the first radishes as her sister was. As the girls finished getting dinner on the table they chatted pleasantly with each other.

By the time the noon meal was finished every one of the pretty red radishes had disappeared, along with almost everything else on the table. "What are you planning on doing this evening?" asked Dad after dinner.

"I suppose do some more hoeing," answered Mom. "Why, were you planning something?"

"Well, for one of these evenings," answered Dad. "It doesn't have to be tonight. That thistle patch out behind the barn needs attention."

"Yes, they've been bothering me too," answered Mom. "Why don't we make a thistle hoeing frolic for tonight? We don't want them to go to seed."

Mary groaned. "We hoed them a couple of times last year and they're still here again this year," she complained in a discouraged tone of voice.

"That's because we let them go to seed before we had girls who were old enough to help us hoe them," replied Dad. "Maybe if we keep after them we'll get rid of them eventually."

"If we help each other they can't last long," said Mom. Mary thought her voice sounded as if she thought hoeing thistles was as much fun as a picnic.

"Well, girls, it's time to get these dishes done," reminded Mom after a few minutes. "Since Lydia made most of the dinner it's Mary's turn to wash the dishes. Lydia can start ironing."

Mary groaned even louder this time. If there was any work she hated more than hoeing thistles it was washing dishes.

"Now stop your groaning and get to work," Mom reprimanded. "Use the same speed you did this forenoon in the garden and you'll soon be done."

Mary had to smile in spite of herself. Having Mom praise her about how fast she had worked made her feel good inside. She got up and started clearing the table.

Mother went out to gather the eggs and when she came back she found Mary dutifully washing plate after plate. She watched thoughtfully for a while, then turned to her own work. Slowly a plan started to form in her

GOD'S LOVE

God's great love to me seems greater
As each new day passes by.
He can clear away my troubles
When I can't see how, or why.

When I'm tired and discouraged;
When I've drunk life's bitter cup,
Then I hear Him gently saying,
"I am here, my child, look up!"

Then the devil comes to tempt me;
Tries to say Christ doesn't care,
But I know that He will hear me
When I kneel to Him in prayer.

—Mildred Schrock (13), S. Car.

mind.

"Mary," said Mom later that afternoon when the two were alone in the kitchen. "How would you like to plan another surprise?"

Mary was immediately interested. "What?" she asked.

"Well, I was thinking about the thistle hoeing we've planned for tonight. I just thought we're probably going to be hungry by the time we're through," Mom answered.

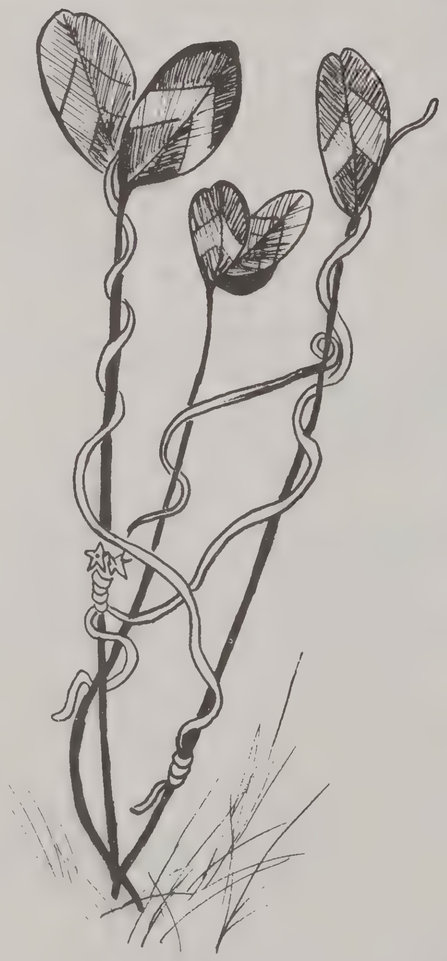
That was all the suggestion Mary needed. "Let's have something to eat when we're done," she said excitedly. "Maybe popcorn and lemonade. I'll make some."

"When are you going to do it?" asked Mom.

Mary thought about it for a minute. "I know," she said suddenly. "I'll stay in from milking and wash the dishes. I think I can do that and make popcorn and lemonade by the time you're ready to start hoeing thistles."

Mom smiled at Mary's enthusiasm. "It's going to keep you pretty busy," she said. "You'll have to wash dishes faster than you did at noon."

Mary looked embarrassed. "I will," she promised. "Let's be sure and not tell the others."



DODDER ON CLOVER

Dodder is a destructive weed, not having leaves or roots but tangled masses of yellow or orange tendrils twining around other plants. It attaches to other plants by little suckers, this way getting it's food and water, thus making it a parasite.

The rest of the afternoon passed swiftly and soon it was time for supper. When they were finished eating Mom suggested, "Suppose we ask one of the girls to stay in and wash the dishes tonight while the rest of us milk. That way we'll all be ready to tackle those thistles at the same time."

"Suits me," answered Dad. "I want to sharpen the hoes before we start but that won't take long."

Mary's heart beat rapidly. She didn't want to act too eager about washing the dishes or Lydia would catch on that something unusual was going on. She glanced at Mom without saying anything.

"Do you want to wash dishes or do you want to milk?" Mom asked Mary.

"I guess I'll wash dishes," answered Mary, trying to make her voice sound as if she weren't enthused about either one. She got up and started clearing the table. As soon as the others had left the house she sped up and worked as fast as she could. The dishes rattled and the water splashed. "I'm going to see if I can be done with the dishes in ten minutes " she thought. "That'll give me almost half an hour to make popcorn and lemonade."

Mary was done with the dishes a little sooner than she had even hoped to be. Before long the cast iron kettle was on the stove and Mary was measuring out lard with a tablespoon. "Now hurry up," she coaxed, stirring vigorously. Then she slowed down and laughed to herself. "Guess stirring fast won't make it pop sooner," she thought. "But I've been working so fast that I forgot to slow down."

When Mary finished popping the corn and making lemonade she went to the door and looked toward the barn. The cows were not yet in the barnyard, which meant the others weren't done milking. "Good, I'll have time to clean up," she thought.

Mary didn't stop until everything was in place. Then she noticed some crumbs under the kitchen table. She grabbed the broom and swept them up. Then with a satisfied feeling she stood and admired the neat kitchen. "Sure looks nice," she thought. "And it didn't take very long either."

Whack! Whack! Whack! Down went one thistle and then another. While Dad and Mom and Lydia and Mary hoed thistles, Bennie entertained the younger boys by playing a game with them in the nearby field. After a while they grew tired of playing and came over to watch. "Dad, do you like to hoe thistles? asked Eli.

"Oh, I can't say that I exactly like it," answered Dad. "But they need to be hoed so the best thing to do is get to work and see how soon it can be done. It doesn't hurt people to do things they don't like to do."

"I don't like to pick flowers from the strawberries, but I still did it," said Eli, sounding pleased with himself.

"But you had to have a candy bar for doing it," Mary spoke up.

"We did not. We had most of them picked before Mom said we'd get a candy bar when we're done," said Eli, sounding irked.

Mary started to say something but Dad stopped her. "That will do," he said mildly. "Mom and I had to coax you into working, too, when you were younger."

"Yes, she still has to be coaxed at times," added Mom good-naturedly.

Now it was Mary's turn to be irked. She wanted to remind Mom that she hadn't had a candy bar for working for a long, long time. But something kept her from saying it. Instead of saying anything she just took a firmer hold on her hoe and worked faster.

With the four of them working together and visiting as they worked, the time passed swiftly. Before long the whole patch of healthy young thistles lay flat. "We might as well get those over by the corn crib, too," Mom said. "These didn't last very long."

"Long enough to give me a blister," answered Mary, rubbing the palm of her hand.

"Not really!" said Dad, stopping to examine Mary's hand. "Sure enough." Then the tone of his voice changed. "Well, that shows you weren't sliding on the job. That blister proves that you've really been at it."

Mary blew her hand, but she didn't answer. How could she complain when Dad talked like that? Without a word she shouldered her hoe and walked with the rest toward the second thistle patch.

Mary's sore hand didn't keep her from hoeing her share of the thistles by the corn crib. This patch wasn't as big as the other one had been and in a short time not a single thistle remained standing to nod its head proudly in the breeze.

"You're defeated," Mary had said, giving the last one a fatal blow.

"It wasn't as bad as you girls thought it was going to be, was it?" asked Dad.

Lydia shook her head. Mary didn't know what to say so she just smiled a little without saying anything.

"Any more candy bars left, Mom?" asked Dad as they walked toward the house. "I think we each earned one."

"We've got something better than candy," answered Mom, giving Mary a knowing look. "I figured we'd be hungry by the time we're done."

"What did you make?" asked David. "Ice cream?"

"No, no, it's not ice cream," answered Mom. "And I didn't make it. Mary did."

"I think it's popcorn," said Bennie. "I bet Mary made popcorn while we were milking tonight."

"You're a pretty good guesser," said Mother, "only you haven't guessed all of it."

A short time later the Keim family was gathered around the table enjoying their popcorn and lemonade. As they were eating they visited with each other. But for once Mary didn't have anything to say. She was too busy thinking back over the day. Just that morning she had felt that Bennie and David were babies because they didn't do their work until Mom promised them a candy bar when they were through. She had felt that being coaxed into working was for little children, but now she realized that Mom had coaxed her into working twice that day— not with candy, but by letting her plan surprises for the rest of the family.

Mary compared how she had washed the supper dishes with how she had done the dinner dishes. It had taken her more than twice as long to do the dinner dishes. "But there were more at noon," she tried to argue with herself. But deep down she knew the real reason why the supper dishes hadn't taken long to wash. It was because Mom had coaxed her into doing them rapidly. And she had also coaxed her into cultivating garden and hoeing thistles without complaining.

"Well, maybe she coaxed me today," Mary thought finally. "But she's not going to tomorrow. I'm going to prove that I'm old enough to work without being coaxed, either with candy or otherwise."

■■

Along Nature's Paths

-by Titus

King Of The Mountain

Spring had come to America's Far West. Ranchers in Colorado had turned their sheep out to graze on the fresh green slopes at the base of the Rocky Mountains. Winter snows had melted and the moisture had soaked into the earth. The moisture, mingled with the early spring sunshine, made the grass grow. It was tender, and the sheep greedily ate their fill.

Higher up the mountains in hidden valleys other herds of sheep were grazing in the spring air. These sheep, unlike the tame ones on the pastures below, were wild bighorns. Their coats were not made of wool but of short hair similar to a deer's. Also unlike the ranchers' sheep which had been brought in from other states, the bighorns were native to the Rocky Mountains. These sharp-peaked, snow-capped mountains had been the home of their forefathers for many generations.

The high mountain pastures were spotty— grass grew only in patches between islands of solid rock. These high pastures were past the timberline where no trees could grow— only grass, bushes, and wild flowers. The grass was not as lush as the pasture below on the slopes of the mountain, but the bighorns preferred it. Their only means of escaping enemies was by climbing to rocky ledges far up the mountain. From the pastures on the slopes it would be impossible to do that. So the valleys above the timberline were perfect places for them to graze.

After a few weeks of grazing on the spring pastures, the female bighorns climbed higher up the mountains. Each went her separate route, jumping from boulder to jagged cliff to some rocky ledge where she would have privacy and complete safety. Here in these mountain hideaways the females gave birth to their lambs. Billy was one such lamb born that spring.

The mother bighorn licked Billy's mouse-colored coat until it was clean and dry. After several hours she nudged him gently with her head encouraging him to try and stand. She bleated softly to him. Courage came to Billy and he made a wobbly effort to stand. His unsteady legs held him up for but a second. He slumped into a heap beside his mother. Again she coaxed him. Her bleating plus the hunger pains in his stomach persuaded him to stand again. This time he kept his balance. Instinct told him where he could find his mother's warm milk. He drank his fill.

On the craggy ledge where Billy was born, he was safe from the attacks of enemies which lurked below— wolves, coyotes, mountain lions, and man. There was, though, one enemy which could capture him no matter how high up the mountain his mother had gone. It was the mighty golden eagle which made its nest on the heights of the mountain. The mother bighorn needed to keep a watchful eye open lest an eagle swoop down and carry helpless Billy away.

On the day after Billy was born, the mother bighorn was lying on the rocky ledge with Billy nestled close to her. She watched the sky for any sign of an eagle. Her head nodded as sleep threatened to overcome her. But her head jerked to attention and she carefully scanned the sky. Then she spied something— a shadow blocking out a tiny portion of the sun. At first it was a speck in the sky but became larger as it descended. She watched it warily. She remained very still hoping that her dark grayish-brown coat would blend with the rocks beside her and leave her un-noticed.

The mother bighorn watched the shadow in the sky take on the form of a large bird as it came lower. She recognized what it was and fear left her. It wasn't a golden eagle but a hawk. She knew the hawk could not possibly carry off Billy for it was not strong enough. The hawk was scouting the rocky cliffs for pikas, the rock-rabbits which lived there.

Two days passed. Billy drank repeatedly from his mother's rich milk, gaining strength which would take him in a few days down the steep mountain. Much of the time he dozed beside his mother who faithfully watched for any signs of danger. That afternoon the mother bighorn jumped to her feet in rigid attention when the bleating of another female bighorn reached her ears. On a cliff opposite her and higher up, another female had given birth to a lamb. In a moment of inattention the mother had lost her lamb to a golden eagle. Her pitiful bleating made Billy's mother shiver. She shook her curved, spiked horns at the departing eagle. She watched it soar higher with the lamb clasped helplessly in its sharp claws. The lamb would be a tasty meal for the eagle's young in their nest on a lonely rocky ledge.

When a week had passed, Billy's mother sensed that he was strong enough to travel with her down the mountain to rejoin the herd. She rose and urged him to jump from rock to rock. Like all bighorn lambs Billy was amazingly sure-footed even at such a young age. His small hoofs had the same soft elastic pads as his mother's. These absorbed the shock as he bounced from rock to rock and also gave him grip to keep him from losing his balance. His mother would leap down the side of a cliff, and Billy would leap right after her never losing his footing. In a matter of minutes they had traveled down the rugged mountain. For any other animal it would have taken much longer and have been more dangerous. But the bighorns were skillful climbers and reached the valley without a tumble.

The herd was found grazing in a valley which was banked on both sides with steep cliffs. Billy saw several dozen sheep whose horns were just like his mother's, and there were younger sheep of various ages— some just as small as he. There were no adult male bighorns in the herd. The rams had left the herd in early spring to roam the mountain valleys on their own and would not rejoin it until winter set in.

The days passed and Billy enjoyed being with the herd. He spent many hours scampering and playing with the other lambs his age. Their favorite pastime was to stand on a low rock and see which one could stay there the longest without being butted off by the others. Their play resembled the game children play— King of the Mountain. At times Billy would be the winner and stand on the rock all alone, but sometimes another lamb would knock him off and proudly stand as "king of the mountain."

The valley where the bighorns were grazing was rugged but not nearly as steep and rough as where the lambs had been born. Here they were faced with the possibility of attacks by wolves, coyotes, and mountain lions. They did not, though, have to fear man. When hunters came to the mountain, they came to shoot the rams because of their handsome handlebar-shaped horns. The hunters admired them and wated to hang them on their living room walls. They were not interested in the curved, spiked horns of the females.

As the weeks passed, Billy began rubbing his head on rocks to ease the itching sensation. His future horns were beginning to push through and were hard bumps on his head. But it would be several years before he would have beautiful ones like his father's.

The summer wore on. Each day was practically the same for the herd of bighorns. The mothers grazed a while and then lay down to chew their cuds. They kept a careful eye open for danger and sniffed the breezes to determine if any enemies were hiding nearby. The lambs bounced about in play, nursed several times a day on their mothers' milk, and slept. Occasionally it rained, but usually the warm Colorado sun was shining overhead.

Most days followed the same pattern of activity, but one summer day the herd did something out of the ordinary. Walking single file they left the valley and traveled to another. There they did not stop to eat but kept on walking until they came to a narrow mountain stream which would from the rocks into the forest below the timberline. They followed the stream into the forest quite a distance. When they came to a small clearing they stopped and began licking rocks beside a cliff. Billy watched the older sheep licking and stepped up beside them. He stretched out his small tongue and licked. He liked the taste and licked for quite some time. It was a salt lick the sheep had come to. Their bodies needed salt the same as most other animals. Around the salt lick were the tracks of many different animals.

The bighorns did not stay very long at the salt lick. It was located a good deal lower than their usual grazing area. They did not feel safe among the trees of the forest. Perhaps a mountain lion had already spied them and was about to spring onto the back of a sheep and kill it. With their noses sniffing every breeze for the scent of enemies, the bighorns returned to the safety of their rugged valley.

The sheep had not left the salt lick more than a few hours when a pack of coyotes arrived there. They did not come to lick the salt but to sniff for the scent of animals they might catch. In their wisdom of mountain life they knew that animals often came to the licking spot. Sometimes they even caught their meals right at the salt lick. The bighorns' scent was still fresh, and the coyotes hungerily raced through the forest in pursuit.

The mountain was steep, and it took much energy from the coyotes to chase after the bighorns who were used to climbing such heights. The sheep did not know they were being chased, but out of natural caution they wasted no time in returning to their valley. They reached it without encountering any enemies and began grazing.

A gentle mountain breeze first told the bighorns that they had unwelcome visitors in their peaceful valley. The sheep which first caught the scent of the coyotes snorted a warning which sent the bighorns running wildly for the cliffs. Billy had been bumping heads with another lamb when the warning came. He wasted no time in looking around for signs of danger but obediently began running at top speed.

The coyotes had lain in hiding behind some boulders until they rested a moment and could surprise the bighorns. Now they darted from their hiding places. They hoped that their superior speed would help them to catch the sheep which had been grazing furthest from the cliffs. But the sheep were swift and reached the cliffs in seconds and climbed to quite a height in a hurry. Awkwardly the coyotes scrambled up the lower portion of the cliffs. The bighorns by now were safely out of reach on rocky ledges high above the coyotes. Even the lambs had escaped, their sure-footed legs having carried them upwards without stumbling.

The bighorns stared down at the coyotes to see if they would yet need to climb higher to escape. The coyotes, not being expert mountain climbers, gave up the chase. Their only chance had been to crouch behind a rock in the valley and capture a lamb by surprise. But a breeze had told on them. Maybe next time they would make a meal of bighorn sheep, but this time Billy and the others had escaped to the rocky heights and peered defiantly down at their enemies.

Summer passed and then autumn. Snowflakes began to flutter around the bighorns as they grazed. Winter was not far off. Then one day the rams returned to the herd. Billy stared at them wonderingly. He had never seen them before since they had left the herd before he was born. He marveled at how large they were, weighing as much as 300 pounds. And their horns were awe-inspiring. Instead of curving back in narrow spikes like the females', they curled backward from the forehead, down, and then foreward again. And they were much thicker. Billy was impressed by their powerful appearance.

With winter came deep Colorado snows. The bighorns had to paw through many inches of snow to find something to eat. They also ate willow buds and the tips of tree branches. They longed to go to the pastures below the timberline just as their forefathers had done in times of great hunger. But the older ones knew from experience that the ranchers did not want them intruding on their ranges and would shoot at them.

The Colorado winter was long, and food was hard to find. The lucky bighorns found enough but others died of starvation. Billy was among the lucky ones. Spring came and Billy began his second year. The rams left the herd to roam all summer on their own and the younger females climbed the mountain heights as they had the year before. Billy grazed in the valley with the lambs his age and the older females.

The year passed and then another. When he was three and a half years old, Billy grew horns like the older rams, only not as large. He was now an adult and left the herd that spring with the rams. Billy grew during the next years until he was a heavy ram with full-sized horns. He battled other rams and became the leader of the herd. Swift, sure-footed, and bearing his curled horns proudly, Billy was now what he had pretended to be as a lamb— King of the Mountain.

Christ Makes The Difference

Sung to the tune: I Thank the Lord My Maker #578

God's standard for His people has always been the same;
A call to separation down through the ages came;
He wants us to be holy, His challenge still is hurled,
That His peculiar people, be different from the world.

Yes, different in our conduct from others round about;
Our lives are speaking louder, than sermon, song or shout,
So let us then be faithful that all men in us find
A life that speaks for Jesus— forgiving, courteous, kind.

And different in our clothing; we do not need to guess
For God has plainly told us how Christians ought to dress:
Godly women shall not wear a mannish garb, says He,
For all that do so then shall ~~abominable be~~.

He furthermore declares that all godly women dress
In modest, plain apparel, and thus His name confess.
No gold nor pearls for Christians, bobbed hair nor painted face,
No knee-length skirts; we're different, redeemed by saving grace!

In conversation also, by this may all men know,
For from the heart's abundance, the mouth will overflow.
The worldling's mouth is filthy, his talk is foolish, light.
The Christians talk is different because his heart is right.

Companions are quite different; no fellowship have we
With those who walk in darkness, what concord can there be?
Business, marriage, social life— unequal yokes, beware!
Come out and be ye separate, the Word of God declares.

The reason we are different— to God we give the praise—
He changed our hearts completely and orders all our ways.
Lord, keep us always different, in conduct, dress, and talk,
Not walking, God's Word warns us, "As other Gentiles walk."

-Selected

ANSWERS TO

CHILD TRAINING

NO. 5

DO YOU RECALL THE HIRED GIRL (March issue) who was so disappointed after having worked in four different homes, because in each of those homes the parents were having problems getting their children to work? She wrote her comments in her diary.

In the first household, the children had too much free time and roamed idly about the neighborhood. In the second home, the children poked at their work, and the mother nagged them constantly. The children of the third family expected pay for every little chore they did. The fourth home was one where work was thought of as a punishment for mischief.

At the end of the summer, the hired girl wrote in her diary, "I'm getting discouraged. In none of the homes are the children happily at work, helping their parents and learning responsibility. Is it really that hard to teach them to work, to get them interested in their chores, and to make good use of their time? I have to wonder."

Some of the readers of FAMILY LIFE were willing to answer the questions the hired girl asked, and tell about their own experiences in teaching children to work. Following are portions of their replies:

1) MOTHER OF NINE, PENNSYLVANIA: The four examples made us wonder how our home would look to a hired girl. I'm sure we often make mistakes, but there are joys to share with each other even when we are busiest...We like to think of our work as a family affair. When there are many children, there is much work. But our children all know we wouldn't want to give any child away to make less work. So we might as well all join in. After all, sharing is one of the secrets of a happy family life.

I once read of a father who had a rare gift of dealing with his boys. He discussed the day's or week's work with them just as he might with some other grown person. In the end they nearly always ended up doing as the father originally planned, but because of the discussion, the boys felt included in the planning.

Our oldest are still girls in their pre-teens, and I find this method works well with them, and even some with the pre-school-age children. It gives them an interest in the work when they can feel they've helped plan it, rather than to be always told so and so you must do. It is also educational, as the parent discusses with the children the advantages and disadvantages of various ways. This need not be time-consuming, for future planning can be done while at work, or a little rest is sometimes needed anyway.

We are not in favor of paying children for working, although we should let them know we appreciate it when they do their work well. A compliment, thank you, or a look of love are often reward enough. We must pity the child who is trained to expect pay for everything he does.

2) AN EX-HIRED GIRL, PENNSYLVANIA: Surely that was just an imaginary diary! I've worked in quite a few places as hired girl already, and in all of them the children had some good points, though some families seem to have fewer than others. It seems to me, paying children for work would spoil them, make them unwilling workers selfish and extravagant.

I've also worked where it's such a problem to get the children to do anything, because they seem to detest working. I don't know what makes the big difference, but in another place the children enjoy working. Instead of shoving the work on the others, they want to do it themselves. In some things they have to take turns, but it's like a game to them; they are glad when it's their turn instead of sulking about it....They want to obey and work gladly. The girl with the diary didn't work at all the places yet.

3) THANKFUL FOR THE HELP OF OTHERS: Our boys at the age of three and four can help along with small errands, which mean so much if they do it quickly and willingly. But it seems they aren't just automatically willing to do things quickly, expecially when I'm in a hurry myself. I have tried different ways and I believe the best way I've found so far is to have them pretend they're my maud (hired girl). Then one says, "I'll be Aunt L_____," and the other says, "I'll be Aunt B____." Then they want a kopfduch (head covering) to represent their being hired girls. Just a blue handkerchief will do. Or sometimes they play that I'm the maud, and they're the mother, and it's surprising what they can do. Of course, this isn't done every time there's a small errand to do, but mostly when we do the Saturday cleaning.

4) A PENNSYLVANIA GRANDMA: My husband said at times, if children would always be willing to work right when asked and never poke around, many parents would be guilty of working them too hard. He said God knew why He gave that nature to children.

I believe paying children for working at home can be very harmful, but we did give our children some money at times for jobs like pulling dock out of fields or catching mice and rats. Some harm may also be done by never trusting children with money until they are twenty-one.

5) A MOTHER OF TWELVE CHILDREN: I believe a parent should work side by side with a child until he learns a certain job well. My little five-year-old follows me all over the place. She knows how I wash. She loves to set the table and fold wash. We each have a mop to wipe up the floor every morning. She takes the older and lighter one, I the new and heavier one. And away we go singing and jabbering away. But she does not care to tidy up, so I help her with her toys, for instance. Note I said, help her, for does she not also help me? I think that's the secret for happy work—sharing. I don't think one can start too young.

My eighteen-month-old loves to help pick up the toys. He has been performing tiny errands such as bringing big brother a certain object, taking Daddy the newspaper, etc. As children grow older they gradually take on more responsibility by themselves, until like being weaned from the bottle, they are weaned from their tutoring, and before you know it, they start helping you get your work done.

Another thing of importance is, once you have told a child to do something, see that he does it, unless for some good reason he is rendered incapable. Like for instance, if a child was told to peel potatoes and cuts his finger, or the cows were to be in by five o'clock but they had a wild spree and ran into the cornfield, making it impossible for the child to get them in alone.

In short, use firm discipline, but in a loving and gentle way. Work with them. Be happy about everything you do, for if you dislike something and grumble, chances are your children will also. Don't nag. Don't be overly lavish with praise, but do give enough. Don't be too critical. Never allow them to leave a job half done or not done at all. Do help them if necessary.

6) A FARMER'S WIFE: No, young girl, marrying a farmer isn't the whole answer. Wouldn't it be well to discuss child training before marriage? To be successful as parents, a husband and wife must be in unity.

7) A HUSBAND AND WIFE FROM ILLINOIS: We think the hired girl just happend to work at four poor homes, for some children do work good and enjoy it. We all know that children are not all the same by nature. But we think the best way to get children to learn at school or to work at home is to get them interested in the work they are to do. Parents should be interested in the things they want their children to be interested in. We don't think factory work is good for us plain people and fathers should have their interests at home with their growing children.

Point out the benefits and the necessity of working and what can be accomplished when the family works together for the good of all. I feel the main thing is getting the children to want to learn and want to work. If they work only because they have to, it is so much harder for the children and also for the parents.

8) A LANCASTER COUNTY MOTHER: I would say household no. 1 is wrong in letting the children run all over the neighborhood. I can't see how a family can ever have that close feeling when the children are left to themselves all day. Are the neighbors supposed to punish them when they get into mischief?

9) A GRANDMOTHER, PENNSYLVANIA: On a morning getting ready for school, how many homes does everything always go smooth (especially if we overslept), so that the mother doesn't have to say, "Mary, you pack those lunches quick! Sammy, you hurry and put your shoes on and help Dad at the barn. (Maybe she does raise her voice more than usual, because Sammy is usually slow). Oh, there the baby is awake. Sally, you go fetch him out. Sammy, don't you have your shoes on yet? Now you hurry or you'll all be late to school. Mary, don't you have those lunches packed?"

Mary can't find one lunch box. Mother flies around getting baby's bottle and breakfast ready. Oh, there the little ones are coming down the stairs, and one is crying, half sick. What mother isn't guilty of maybe nagging and yelling in times like these. I know I was sometimes when under stress. But then there were other mornings when things went more smoothly. Getting up early helps a lot!

Some people do not think we should "bribe" children, but I think it's a help to children if father or mother say, "Now, if you do your work quickly, this evening we'll go visit Uncle Johns." Or other things we know children enjoy, which are not harmful to them. How quickly work gets done at such times.

Seems to me as if the hired girl didn't have too much patience or love for the children. But then some children are more trying than others. I wonder, if she ever has children, if she won't face some of those very same problems!

10) MRS. YODER, OHIO: I find it takes much— what shall I say— self control on a mother's part to not be nagging and yelling at the children after they are told to do something. For daily chores that the child knows are his to do, I don't think it should even be necessary to remind them. Like, "Now change your clothes. Do your chores. Carry ashes. Bring in wood. Feed the pigs." They should do such chores without being told each day.

I always stress the importance of work first, play next. With Saturday cleaning, our girls (ages 14, 13, 12) like a list of all that I want done that day. Sometimes the little boys have a list too. Then they don't like to be told again. They take their list and in a hurry have everything done. We try to have it so they have several hours left for them to use as they see fit. (Children should be kept busy, yet they need time for their own things, too.)

I was always taught if an unpleasant task is mine to do, do it first and do it quickly. So I tell the children that too. Looking over their list, they pick out what they least like and do it right quickly. I find a list works real nicely for all concerned.

I don't think work should be used for a punishment. It teaches them to dislike the jobs that are given as punishments. One of our girls especially dislikes to do dishes. As for myself, I love to do dishes— don't care if there's a roomful of them to do— I like it. She said since I like them so well, why don't I just do them all the time! "But," I said, "that wouldn't teach you to do them and enjoy it. Look at it this way— there on this side of the sink are all the dirty dishes, some crusty, some greasy, some not so dirty. Now, when they're washed, rinsed and dried, and piled on that side— see how sparkling clean they look. See what wonders you can work!" Now of late she doesn't complain so much.

11) A MOTHER OF SEVEN, ONTARIO: I don't think there is any job children dislike as much as washing dishes, especially boys. So why not help them with the dishes and then they can help you with other jobs, like working in the garden or cleaning, and so on.

My oldest girl and I do the breakfast and dinner dishes together and then we do other jobs together. The three boys take turns helping me in the evening. One would rather help alone one evening, and look forward to two free evenings. Dish washing can be made quite pleasant and is over with before they realize it, if you sing a few songs with them or play some guessing games. Another thing I consider really important is never to punish your child by making him wash the dishes, as this will only add to the dislike.

12) A YOUNG MOTHER FROM INDIANA: When I read

problem no. 5, I rejoiced and thought that's just the question I need answered as I have four children, second grade on down. But when I thought it over, I thought I have some ideas I might share which have helped me.

1. Teach children that when they are told to do something, they must do it.

2. I would sometimes tell pre-school children their tasks in English. This created interest and taught them English at the same time.

3. Set timer for a certain task. They think less of their work and concentrate more on getting done.

4. Jot down tasks on paper and let each child draw a slip. They do these jobs cheerfully and hurry to get their next one.

5. When I wash dishes, I sometimes say, "Each of you wipe 25 pieces, then you're done." (Any number can be used.) This makes them hurry, but beware, the dishes might not be so dry!

6. Singing or story-telling while doing dishes (or other tasks) will help them forget the drudgery.

13) A FATHER OF FIVE, HONDURAS: Once that hired girl has her own half dozen little helpers, she may have more understanding of "children's duties". In our home, our greatest rewards have been when all possible work was made a family project; where each one shared the responsibility, and thus the interest; where the parents can work right with the children.

For instance, when all are involved, pushing full force to get a crop of beautiful green, sweet-smelling alfalfa hay into the barn before the thunderstorm. Then when the last load is pulled into shelter and the raindrops start to patter on the roof-- Oh, the rewarding joy, not just for one, but it is shared by all, for all are involved. Or like working in the garden, in the chicken house, or the cowstable— to keep an interesting check on production makes a difference so that work need not be drudgery, to get rid of as fast as possible, but a satisfaction of doing one's best and that with a lively healthy interest.

I'd like to tell the hired girl that marrying a farmer isn't the whole answer, but it sure can provide a great big advantage over a shop worker, or many other jobs.

14) A MARYLAND MOTHER: A child should learn at an early age that a job well done brings satisfaction to those around him as well as to himself. Help the child compare the before and after effects. We don't feel it's wrong to moderately pay a child for hard work such as pulling weeds from long rows of vegetables in the scorching sun. Or mowing a large lawn every week, as they must sooner or later learn the value of money. But paying a child for all small chores makes him lazy and selfish. We tell ours, "If a man does not work, then he shall not eat." (II Thess. 3:10) Work should be given according to age, size, and ability, and turns may be taken to break the monotony. I thank my parents from the heart for teaching me to work and to work hard.

PROBLEMS IN CHILD TRAINING

NO.9

AARON KEIM AND LENA BEACHY had been dating a year and a half, so it was only natural that their thoughts had turned seriously to marriage. In fact, Aaron had asked Lena the previous Sunday evening if she would be his wife. Lena did not have her answer ready, and begged for more time to think about it. That had been a week ago, and now it was Sunday evening again, and Lena knew that Aaron expected an answer.

She twisted her handkerchief in her hands, and her lips trembled. How could she explain to Aaron why she was so hesitant to get married? She did not wish to hurt him, for it was not his fault. She feared he would not understand; he had grown up in a happy home, so much different from her own.

"It...it's the way my parents..." began Lena, her voice low, "..the problems they had. Oh, Aaron, you can't know what it's like to live in a home where the father and mother don't get along, ..don't work together. I've tried to tell you, but I don't think you can understand— the tenseness we children lived in. Dad and Mom wouldn't talk to each other for days at a time, and then when they did, it wasn't in a nice way."

"But Lena," said Aaron a bit impatiently. "I can't see what that has to do with our marriage. We're both old enough to know what we're doing, and we can learn from their mistakes even." He chewed his lip.

"But..but just the idea of getting married scares me. I feel so..so unsure, so worried that it'll go the same with us, even if we don't want it to. You know my sister married last year, and it already looks like it won't be a happy marriage. Aaron, I...I don't know what to say." Lena put her face into her hands and sobbed.

WHAT DO YOU THINK? Everybody knows that divorces and broken homes cause their greatest tragedy among the children. But what about married couples who continue to live together, but cannot get along in harmony? What effect does this have on child training in their home, and also in the homes of their children a generation later?

What emotional problems result in children of unhappy marriages? How can such children be helped? What advice would you have for young Aaron Keim and his girlfriend, Lena? How can they avoid the tragic conditions that existed in the home of Lena's parents?

This month we extend a special invitation to those of our readers who grew up in homes with family troubles. We would like them to tell us their feelings, their struggles, their experiences in overcoming problems that resulted from disharmony between parents. (If thereby even one unhappy marriage could be helped to become a happy one, it would be worth it.)

Names shall be kept confidential, but it would be helpful if you could give some personal information.

Address your letter to

CHILD TRAINING
c/o Pathway Publishers
Aylmer, Ontario, Canada

Watch for next month's child training problem.

Deadline for Answers August 31st

WHAT DO YOU THINK

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Question:

In our community it is a common practice to leave the children at home or send them to the relatives when we have council meeting and communion services. Some people think the services are too long? Is this sufficient reason for them to miss such sacred services and thus not hear the history of the Patriarchs and the suffering and death of our Lord? How old do children have to be before they will understand parts of the sermon and perhaps get something worthwhile? Or could it be partly because parents don't want to be bothered with the children for that length of time?

-Puzzled Parents

??

HOW SHOULD A CHRISTIAN FEEL TOWARD DYING? SHOULD HE FEEL THAT HE IS READY TO GO AT ANYTIME? IT SEEMS I HAVEN"T ACCOMPLISHED ANYTHING GOOD HERE ON EARTH YET. WE ALL WANT TO GO TO HEAVEN BUT WHEN IT COMES DOWN TO THE FACT OF DYING, MAYBE TODAY YET, IT MAKES ME SHIVER. DOES A PERSON FEEL MORE READY AS HE GROWS OLDER?

-A GIRL WHO WANTS TO KNOW

I FEEL A CHRISTIAN should not be afraid to die at any time. It is human nature to want to live. We can't depend on our good works to take us to Heaven. We must only depend on Jesus Christ.

I would advise you to go into your closet and when the door is shut, pary to your Father in secret (Matt. 6:6). If you know of any sins in your life, confess them. And when you pray, forgive and you shall be forgiven. (Luke 6:37).

-A MOTHER

I HARDLY FEEL QUALIFIED to write because I still have trouble with that feeling sometimes. I believe if one has a good strong daily relationship with the Lord, he need not be worried about the future. In I Cor. 15:56 it says, "The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." If we allow ourselves to worry over death, we are allowing Satan to control that part of our life. But thanks be to God, there is victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. We may have some uncertainty about the unknown before us, but we know that God holds the future.

God does not ask that we do something great, but if we fill our part as humble Christians, doing out best in the small things of life, I believe there is a blessing.

-OHIO

PAUL STATES IN HIS WRITINGS, "For me to live is Christ and to die is gain" (Philippians 1:21). Or as Luther translates it, "Christus ist mein Leben und sterben ist mein Gewinn." (Read also Romans 3:24: 10:10-11; Gal. 2:20.)

You may be right in feeling you have accomplished nothing great in your life. We cannot earn our salvation by good deeds or through our own righteousness. Even though we feel unworthy of God's "unspeakable Gift" to mankind, let us not doubt His Word or His promises. "Wer zu Gott kommen will, der musz glauben dasz er sei und denen die ihn suchen, ein Vergelter sein werde."

I think you should share and discuss your thoughts with a true Christian friend. This should help you to overcome your fears. Fellowshipping with the Lord and our fellow Christians helps us all in our Christian life.

-VIRGINIA

I THINK YOU ARE ONE who feels exactly like I did. Especially in the evening or at night, these troubling thoughts would come to me. I felt as if I hadn't really done anything worthwhile for Christ in my life (I still feel that way).

There was one verse which plainly told me I should not fear. In I John 4:18 we read: "There is no fear in love casteth out fear; because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love." So I wanted to love God more but didn't know how to obtain such a love. I prayed to God to help me and as I studied in the first epistle of John, I came to realize it had the answer for me. "For this is the love of God that we keep His commandments" (I John 5:3). Although I am an unprofitable servant, if I do what I can for Him, I know He will not cast me out. His grace is sufficient for me, by grace ye are saved through faith in Christ Jesus. These are precious verses to me and now I feel more ready to go. It takes Bible reading and prayer to keep this faith and make it grow.

-PENNSYLVANIA

I BELIEVE DOUBT IS A TOOL which Satan often uses. I would recommend reading the first epistle of John especially the following verses: 1:6-10; 2:29; 3:1-7; 4:7; and 5:15. Also Romans 8:16, "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God." There are also many Scriptures which warn against the sin of unbelief.

-A FATHER FROM OHIO

STUDY GOD'S WORD EVERY DAY and then trust and obey. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee because he trusteth in thee" (Isa. 26:3). "Come unto me all yet that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11:28). "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have eternal life" (John 3:16). May God richly bless you in your search for peace.

-OREGON

YOUR QUESTION HAS PROBABLY PLAGUED the minds of more people than any other question. God has given us many promises to comfort us against that day when we must put off the flesh and face judgment and eternity, and we know that He will not fail to fulfil his promises.

Why should we be troubled when we think of death? There are a number of reasons. It is the nature of life to fight against death. It is so even in the animal kingdom, and any unconverted person has great reason to fear death and tremble at the thought of judgment.

I assume that you are a believer on Christ, but even so, our upbringing has a bearing on how we are minded after we are grown up. Some are brought up under the teaching that we must earn our salvation through goood works but no one can find peace with God under such a teaching. Remember that our only hope of salvation is by Christ's supreme sacrifice for our sins. By the shed blood of Christ and His unmerited Grace, we have salvation. Indeed, the Christian has good works, but they are the result of his salvation and not the means by which he is saved.

Another thing that may cause us trouble is going too much by our feelings. Sometimes people who are living a good Christian life are disturbed by their feelings because they are overwhelmed by their shortcomings. It also works the other way, some people are jubilant, and jump up and down and shout praises to God. They think they have peace with God in spite of the fact that they are living in disobedience to plain teachings of His Word. We can not go by our feelings unless our feelings are grounded on the Word of God.

You ask if a person feels more ready to die when he gets older. I don't feel that age alone makes the difference. I suppose you would call me old and it seems the days of my usefulness here on earth are about over so naturally I keep thinking more and more of what lies across the river. For one thing, I am more tired of the corruption which is in the world, in the church, and in my own flesh so this makes me long to be away from it all and have something better.

The closer we get to God, the more we can see our own filthiness and unworthiness and this makes us love the Lord more and more. In John 14 we read, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." Also, "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me."

If we love Jesus, we will look forward to meeting Him. It seems to me it must grieve Jesus if we claim to be His children and say we love Him and yet don't look forward with anticipation to meeting Him.

When Paul neared the end of his life he could say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the Righteous Judge shall give me at that day and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing." Yes, the Christian life is a warfare. Keep up the good fight and Jesus will help you. -OHIO

IT WOULD SEEM TO ME we should accept it as part of God's degrees in His birth— life— death cycle, but in no wise disregarding the thought, "Am I prepared?" One person I knew, who realized his time would probably not be long said, "If this is my end, I want to be satisfied." But who is able to say "Welcome" to death and gladly go with him? In our times it seems with all the entertainment which is available, the thoughts of death are put out of the mind.

One thing that bothers me is to hear people say, when they have viewed a corpse, "How nice he looks" or make some remark about the expression on his face, or about how the clothes fit the corpse. These things are so insignificant compared with the thought, "Was he ready to go", or "Has he now entered into the blissful habitations?"

Christ said unless a grain of wheat dies, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. I believe it is a most important thought as to how we follow God's will and God's plan for living on this earth and for our leaving this life. -PENNSYLVANIA

THE AMOUNT OF WHAT WE HAVE ACCOMPLISHED does not make us ready to leave this life, but that we are in His service each day and hour. It is the nature of our flesh to want to live and enjoy itself. The natural man does not like to consider death and does not look forward to it. But for the Christian, where the old man is put off and the new man in Christ is the leading power, we have something better to look forward to.

We will not get more ready by growing older, but by giving our bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is our reasonable service.

"For to me to live is Christ and to die is gain. For I am in a strait, betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better" (Philippians 1:21-23). -TENNESEE

WE DO NOT KNOW WHICH DAY will be our last day, so we need to be ready at all times. "Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth" (Col. 3:2).

We need to study the Word of God to grow in our Christian life. God has loved us so much that He was willing to send His only Son to this world that we through Him may have forgiveness of our sins. Jesus was willing to die for us and His blood was shed for us. It is a gift of God, not of works, lest any man boast. -PENNSYLVANIA

TO FACE DEATH WITHOUT A SAVIOUR will bring much fear. In the Martyrs'Mirror we read of many people who went to their death singing and rejoicing because they knew it was a door from this world into eternal life. In Hebrews 2:14 we read that Christ partook of flesh and blood so that through death, He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is the devil.

We need to take the Bible and read it and study it. "Except a man be born again, he can not see the Kingdom of God" (John 3:3). -PENNSYLVANIA

I'VE BEEN AT THE DEATHBED of a number of people and there is such a contrast between those who have peace with God and those who don't. I've seen where there was crying and terrible fear of the unknown and also where there was a longing to leave this world with a deep and firm faith in Jesus, that He has prepared the way. In the Ausbund, page 796, in the song "Zu Singen Hab Ich Im Sinn," it says the ungodly fear death. Many would give all their wealth if they could prevent death. But the 9th verse says, "Not I, for I am a Christian and know for me, death is a door to life."

But we have no right to claim these promises unless we are children of God, and also heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ. (Romans 8:15). In Martyrs' Mirror, page 26, 28, in the confession of faith it says this faith does not doubt the things promised by God, but has a firm assurance that He who has promised them, is also able to perform them.

Our natural body will gasp and struggle and fight to stay alive unto the last breath, but I believe a Christian who walks in newness of life can by faith look forward with an inner joy to Christ's appearing. To keep this faith takes a close walk with God.

Growing old will not get us ready to die. Many people don't live to grow old. There is only one way and that is the Gospel way. Jesus said, "I am the way." The natural man can not grasp this but the person who is born of the Spirit can. (I Cor. 2:12). -PENNSYLVANIA

HOW SHOULD A CHRISTIAN FEEL toward death? I think it is something to look forward to. I can well sympathize with you, for as a young Christian I, too, trembled at the thought of dying. Later in life, when I was a young wife and a mother I became seriously ill and was at the very brink of death. At the lowest point, although I was very sorry for the many times I had failed, yet, I had the assurance that if I should die, all would be well with my soul. Ever since that, death holds no fear for me as long as I remain true to God's Word. I still stand in awe at the thought of meeting God in His majestic mightiness and holiness and I being nothing.

I used to think of death as an awful experience to endure, but now I firmly believe that it can be a wonderful experience for the Christian. My concern now is that I remain faithful, sincerely endeavoring to live as though each day may be my last. Sometime it will be my last day here on this earth. I must constantly ask myself, am I fulfilling the purpose for which God spared me? I know He will never forsake me. -L.S., OHIO

I BELIEVE AS A PERSON GROWS OLDER, the fact of death is more calmly accepted and even something to look forward to, since it is really a gain to the Christian. I, too, was afraid of death as a child and even as a young girl. After being at the funeral of a relative, I would dream of dying and it made me so afraid.

After accepting Christ as my Saviour, the fear grew less and now it doesn't worry me anymore. I was with my mother during her last illness and seeing how she desired to go helped me to overcome the fear of death. I believe a Christian is ready when his time comes and is without fear for he is going home.

- PENNSYLVANIA GRANDMOTHER

IN THE STORY, PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, the pilgrims were looking forward to entering the Celestial City but they dreaded the thought of passing through the river (of death). The words of the German hymn comes to my mind, "Herzlich Thut Mich Verlangen." In the third verse, the author says that even though life is sweet and the thought of death is bitter, yet he is willing to die when the Lord calls. He goes on to say that he rejoices greatly for he knows of a better land where his soul is going and that for him to die is gain.

In Cor. 15:26, Paul says that death is the last enemy which will be destroyed. We know that through sin, death came into the world and that it is appointed unto all men to die. I believe there have been many cases where people have gone through severe suffering, that they have gladly looked forward to death as an escape from the trials of this life and an entrance into eternal life. But for the most of us, who are active and healthy, it is like the story of Christian in Pilgrim's Progress, although we are looking forward to entering the City, we do not like the idea of crossing the river.

In that story, it says that when Christian saw there was no bridge over the river he began to inquire if there is no other way to enter the City than to go through the river. The answer he received was: "Yes, but only two have been permitted to tread that path since the foundation of the world, namely Enoch and Elijah."

When Christian inquired if the water was the same depth everywhere the answer which was given him was, "No, you shall find it deeper or shallower, as you believe on the King."

The story then goes on to say that when Christian entered the water, he was afraid and began to sink, at times the water went over his head. But a helper was with him named Hopeful who helped him through. At times Christian was troubled by the thoughts of things which he had done in this life and also saw hobgobblins and evil spirits. But Hopeful urged him on saying, "Brother, I see the gate and men standing by to receive us."

Even at this point Christian was still doubtful and said that because of his past sins, God had left him and allowed him to be caught in this snare.

But Hopeful reassured him saying, "These troubles and distresses that you go through in these waters are no sign that God has forsaken you, but are sent to try you, whether you will remember His goodness and trust in Him in your distress."

After this Christian called out in a loud voice, "Oh, I see Him again and He tells me, 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."

Soon his feet touched solid ground and the rest of the way over the river was but shallow and he was welcomed to the Celestial City. From this story, I would understand that at times, doubts may even assail the righteous at their death.

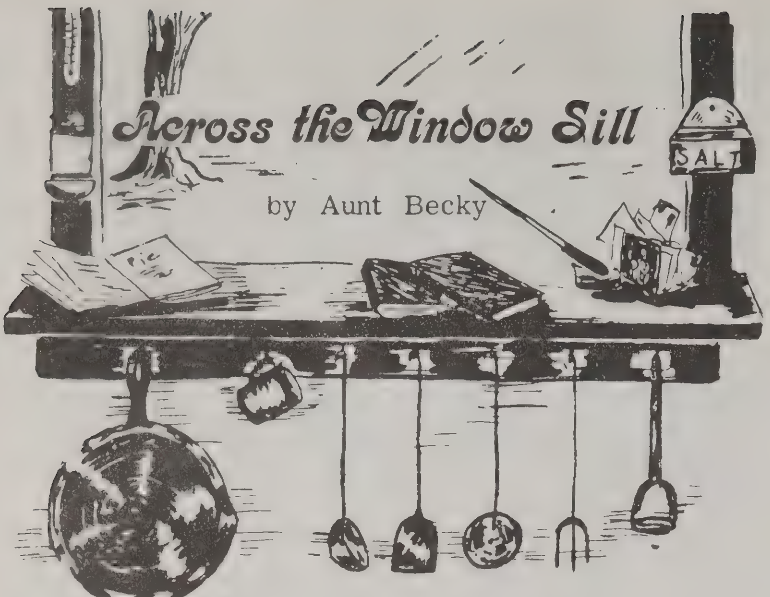
The story is told of an aged man who had two sons who were not Christians. The elderly man hoped that when he died, he might have a glorious death so that his sons could see that it was worth living a Christian life to die in such peace. But when his time came to cross over, this wish was not granted and he found it very hard to give himself up to die. But after the death of their father, both sons had a change of heart and were converted for they said, "If it was so hard for our father to die, and he was a righteous man, how will it be with us who are living in sin?"

In the first chapter of Corinthians, Paul says that God has chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and the things which are not, to bring to nought things that are. God's ways are past finding out and He does not always do things the way we think they should be done.

You asked if a person is more ready to die as he becomes older. This may or may not be the case, it does not depend upon the age. Even old people allow themselves to be caught up in doubts and sometimes they long for the simple faith they had when first they were converted. I have seen innocent children die and I believe it was not harder for them than to fall into a natural sleep. But the memory I cherish the most and one I will not forget as long as I live is when I sat alone at the bedside of an aged grandfather as he struggled for his last breath. As he drew himself up for the last time he sat up and his eyes stared into space. The last three words he uttered in this life was a plea, "Oh, Herr Jesu." I believe that is the beginning and the end, the whole secret of living and dying, to look unto Jesus as the author and finisher of our faith and trust in Him to carry us through.

-A FELLOW PILGRIM ON LIFE'S JOURNEY ■■

When you can't see in any other direction, look up.



WHEN I HAVE TIME

When I have time, so many things I'll do
To make life happier and much more fair
For those whose lives are crowded now with care.
I'll help to lift them from their low despair,
When I have time.

When I have time, the friend I love so well
Shall know no more these weary toiling days;
I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always,
And cheer her heart with words of sweetest praise,
When I have time.

When you have time! The friend you hold so dear
May be beyond the reach of your intent;
May never know that you so kindly meant
To fill her life with love and sweet content,
When you had time.

Now is the time! Ah, friend, no longer wait
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer
To those around whose lives are now so drear,
They may not meet you in the coming year—
Now is the time!

Author Unknown
Sent in by Rachel L. Zook, Indiana

We often hear the expression "What goes up must come down." What it really refers to, I don't know... but the housewife will be quick to say that it certainly doesn't mean the prices of food. About twenty-five years ago friends of mine started housekeeping. They went to the store with ten dollars to buy the necessities for the kitchen cupboard. They were astounded when they came home and saw what a small pile of groceries the ten dollars had bought.

Newlyweds would hardly think of going to town today with ten dollars to buy groceries to start in housekeeping. But ten dollars will go farther if we know the difference between the "high cost of living" and the "cost of high living."

THANKFUL FOR LITTLE THINGS, TOO

Ever get a surprise? My surprise this morning brought with it a lesson I needed.

It was Monday morning. We crawled out of bed, ready for another week. I went about with my usual morning chores of making my husband's lunch and caring for our baby. Snow and drifting winds had come over the weekend, so when my husband went outside with the shovel, I didn't think it very odd. He probably wanted to do some shoveling before leaving for work. Since it was still dark outside, I paid no more attention to what he was doing.

Before long, he was in. We had morning devotions and he hurried off to work (even without breakfast because there was no time).

Now, my next project was the washing. I went about getting things ready. Remembering the big drift under the clothesline, I looked out the window to see how bad it was. Diapers get so much nicer in the fresh air, and I wanted to dry them outside even if it meant wading snow.

But with...I went to another window for a better look. Yes, I did see right! Under the clothesline was shoveled out a nice path leading towards the house. My heart filled with gratitude to him. I decided in return I'd fix his favorite supper.

With each load of clothes, I felt thankful to him over and over for his thoughtfulness. It would have been hard, cold work at 2 below zero.

I had hung out several more loads when I thought of something else. Isn't this just the way God is! He does special little things for us all the time. But we take it all for granted and expect Him to do it for us. It is only the big things we think to thank Him for. Really, He would not have to give us a thing if He did not want to.

I looked at the clear blue sky and saw the sun shining. The diapers were moving in the breeze. It was a beautiful day for drying clothes. What more could I ask! So I thanked Him right there for these things, too. And I want to remember to be more thankful for all His little everyday blessings. -Mrs. H. Gerber, Michigan

Instead of buying hot caps for your early plants, use light weight plastic milk jugs (gallon size). Cut off the bottom and place the top over your early plants. Leave the cap off. Push the jugs well into the ground to keep the wind from blowing them away. These are also excellent for starting early seeds outside. Put 3 or 4 seeds of melons in the ground, then cover with the jug. This will protect them from the early frost and the cold winds. -Sarah Hershberger, Virginia

When dressing a quantity of chickens you may find this helpful. After scalding, picking and singeing, place 6 fowl, 3 towels, and soap in the wash machine. Run the machine for 10 minutes. The chickens come out nice and clean. -D. E. H., Va.

To keep Swiss cheese or brick cheese, put in crock then set a cup of vinegar in beside the cheese. Cover the crock with lid. In this way the people preserved their cheese in past years. It can be kept for months without spoiling. -M. S. M., Ohio

A HEALTH-CONSCIOUS HOUSEWIFE

I feel sorry for the families that gulp down white doughy stuff they call bread, three times a day. There are still lots of people that scorn brown bread. But one of the reasons bread recipes fail is because it is taken out of the oven before it is really baked through. A good sized loaf of bread isn't thoroughly baked in less than 1 hour at 350°. I'm a busy housewife but when I put that bread in the oven I make sure I look at the kitchen clock and set the timer for exactly 1 hour. I quit serving white bread to my family about 3 years ago. I've heard husbands say when they ate at our table, I wish my wife could bake brown bread as soft as this. It really takes practice to come up with brown bread that the family will agree is better than the white. There is no special secret though. It is always best to use fresh buttermilk, or I even sometime use the whey that is left when making cottage cheese. Here is my bread recipe:

1 quart buttermilk, whey, or sweet milk
2 tbsp. brown sugar   1 tbsp. dark molasses
1/2 tsp salt   2 rounded tbsp. dry yeast
2 cups stone ground Robin Hood whole wheat flour
2 cups rye flour   3/4 cup melted lard
2 cups unbleached or white Robin Hood flour

Mix all 3 flours in large bowl and have ready to use. Heat liquid to very lukewarm, not hot. Pour into a large bowl. Then add sugar, molasses, and salt. Stir well until dissolved. Melt yeast in 1 cup warm water. Add 1 teaspoon brown or white sugar to yeast. It rises faster. When yeast has dissolved and starts to rise, add to liquid mixture. Stir in enough flour mixture with large spoon to make a stiff batter. Then add the 3/4 cup melted lard and beat dough smooth. Let dough rest for 12 minutes. This is very important to make a soft brown bread. After 12 minutes, add more flour to form a bread dough same as for white bread. If this is not enough flour, add more unbleached or white flour to finish. If there is flour left over, you can always store away till the next batch. Bread made by this method never gets stiff and hard with age. Never bake bread in a too hot oven. 350° is about right, and bake for 1 hour. Of course oven thermometers vary.

-Marion Center, Penna.

GRAHAM CRACKERS

1 cup butter   5 1/2 cups whole wheat flour
3 tsp. baking powder   2 1/2 cups brown sugar
1 cup ground sunflower seeds
1/2 tsp. salt   1 tsp. vanilla
1 cup sweet or sour milk or yogurt

Cream butter and sugar. Add vanilla. Sift flour, measure; add salt and baking powder. Sift again. Add the dry ingredients alternately with the milk. Chill in refrigerator overnight. Turn out on floured board and roll as thin as possible. Cut in squares. Bake at 350° until crisp and golden brown. Very good if sprinkled with cinnamon before baking.

We like these crackers better than the store-bought ones. -A. M. Martin, Pennsylvania

GRAHAM CRACKERS

4 cups graham flour (sifted)   2 cups flour
2 cups brown sugar   1 cup shortening
1 tsp. soda   1 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt   1 cup milk
1 tsp. vanilla

Roll thin; cut and prick with fork. Bake in oven (350°) until nice and brown. -Clark, Missouri

TOMATO RELISH

12 ears corn   2 qts. ripe tomatoes
2 bunches celery (cut fine)   6 onions, cut fine
2 cups vinegar   3 cups white sugar
1 tablespoon salt   pinch of red pepper

Cut corn off cobs; peel tomatoes and cut in small pieces. Add the rest and boil for 50 minutes.

-Mrs. Noah Gascho, Ontario

1,2,3,4 RASPBERRY SPREAD

1 cup water   2 cups red raspberries
3 cups chipped apples (Northern Spy's are good)
4 cups white sugar

Cook for 10 minutes. Put in jars. Parafin.

-Mrs. Jonas Hostetler, Ohio

CRUNCHY CHICKEN

1 3 lb. frying chicken cut into serving pieces
2/3 cup flour   2 eggs, beaten
1 tbsp. water   1 stack soda crackers, crushed
salt
pepper   1/3 cup melted butter or oleo

Wash chicken pieces and pat dry. Season with salt and pepper. Dredge with flour. Dip each piece into egg beaten with the water. Roll in cracker crumbs. Completely coat each piece with crumbs. Place in shallow buttered baking dish or pan. Drizzle melted butter over each piece and bake until tender. -Wroxeter, Ontario

CREAMED CAULIFLOWER

Cook cauliflower in salted water until soft. Make a white sauce. Add cheese (velveeta is best). Pour over top. Serve hot. -Virginia Martin, Pennsylvania

Some Mothers Write

When teaching a child to tie his shoe, make the first tie, then make a loop, saying, "This is a tree." Then take the other string around the loop, saying, "This is a rabbit running around the tree." And while pushing the string through to make the next loop, say, "This is the hole where the rabbit runs in. When the tie is made, hold up the two loops and say, "Here are his two ears." Our 5-year-old had trouble learning to tie her shoes, but when I showed her in this way she learned it in a short time. -A Mother

One evening later than usual, our 4-year-old boy and I went to the chicken house to get the eggs. He wanted to chase the hens off the roost. Then I said, "Don't do that, they are in bed already." Then he said, "Mam, dankst sie han nunner gekneed, und glase-ah?" (Mom, do you think they prayed, and read?) -An Ohio Mother

One day a few little brothers were discussing how much they'd grow in one year. The 7-year-old, being the youngest, was rather shocked when one of them guessed probably about an inch. "My, oh! Then I'd be only seven inches tall!" he exclaimed.

-M.T., Pennsylvania

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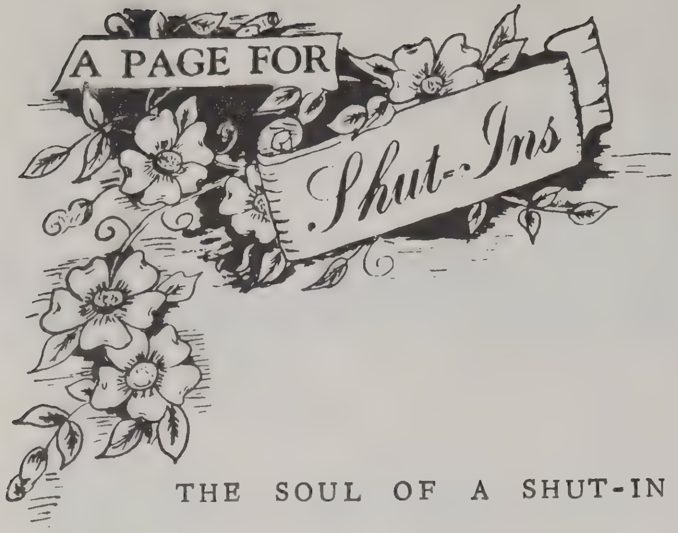
Thoughts from My Rocking Chair

Don't go to the grocery store when you are hungry — if you want to save on food bills.

Aunt Becky



A PAGE FOR Shut-Ins

THE SOUL OF A SHUT-IN

Some call her a shut-in, but I do not-
To me she's a rest-awhile;
A very cheery, optimistic soul
With a sweet and sunny smile.
Shut-in, ah no, she never will be that
For all of nature she knows-
The gloss on the grapes the sparkle of the snow,
The velvet of the rose.
Her body is chained to the house, oh yes,
But her soul is big and free
And there are folks who are well and strong
More shut-in, I think, than she;
Folks who walk in God's great out-of-doors,
Yet never, never see
The beauties that lie on every hand
In sky, on land, and sea.

-Cora May Preble

Looking Ahead

Amanda Coblentz sat at the window a long time and gazed out into the drifts of snow. Below her window little juncos were kicking away the snow in their quest for food.

But Amanda didn't really notice the snow or the juncos. Her thoughts were on the future. In her heart was a heaviness. She wished she could cry and pour out her sorrow to her daughter Lydia who with her family were living in the large house on the home farm. But Amanda decided Lydia had enough troubles of her own. And even if she would tell her troubles, Lydia probably wouldn't understand. That would be worse than never to have told.

How she wished she could have gone before John did! John who had seemed the stronger of the two— and then he left so suddenly following a heart attack.

The nice home and the several thousand dollars in the bank didn't mean much to Amanda. There was too much to make Amanda unhappy. She was sure she detected a bored tone in her daughter Lydia's voice that morning.

"She's probably tired of taking care of me," thought Amanda. "Oh, how I wish my knee wouldn't hurt and I wouldn't be so lame so that I could do my own work!"

When one of the children mentioned that her mother (Lydia) gave it up to go to the quilting so as to stay with Grandma, Amanda was more depressed. She knew Lydia liked to go to quiltings and any social gatherings. "Mother said she never gets to go anywhere anymore," the child had said.

This upset Amanda. She thought she knew that Lydia would probably complain to her husband and others that she doesn't have it nice since her mother had become crippled with arthritis. Amanda had forgotten the smile that was often on Lydia's face and how lovingly she had so often helped her along.

Amanda studied long and hard as she stared into the snow drift. She could find no solution to her problem. Regardless where she was, someone had to take care of her. A dark future stared her in the face. Here she was only sixty-eight, and maybe would have to need much more care later.

These depressing thoughts made Amanda very unhappy. They clung in her mind from morning to evening. She tried to sing so as to get rid of them, but she ended up in crying. No, she couldn't sing. How could she with such a heavy heart.

Amanda soon became a cheerless person and this only added to the burden of the others. They soon complained that Grandma was hard to please. When Amanda found this out— through the children— she became even sadder.

But Amanda had nothing to fear for when warmer weather came, her knee became less sore. Gradually she found herself able to do her own work again. She could help the others more, and could sing again.

There are many people, like Amanda, who are trying to hold the curtain of tomorrow aside and pierce into the vale of the future. They are unhappy today because of the fears of what tomorrow may bring. Deep inside is a feeling of insecurity. They question...they wonder... they worry. There's no one who has to struggle with this feeling of insecurity like the older person, and the invalid.

The older person thinks of his health. He thinks of how he had been, how he is now and what he may become. He realizes that someday his children may have to care for him. He wonders if they will do it gladly... or because they feel they have to.

It is simple for the young carefree and healthy person to consider such thinking as silly. It is easy for them to tell the one that is troubled, to have faith and to just take one day at a time. But they've never traveled this road and they do not know how such disparaging thoughts can press in on a person's everyday thinking— when the mind has grown more inactive and the body is weakening.

How well I recall the sorrow of a young sickly friend of mine. Outwardly she appeared happy, but deep inside was the great question about her future. She was unable to earn a living.

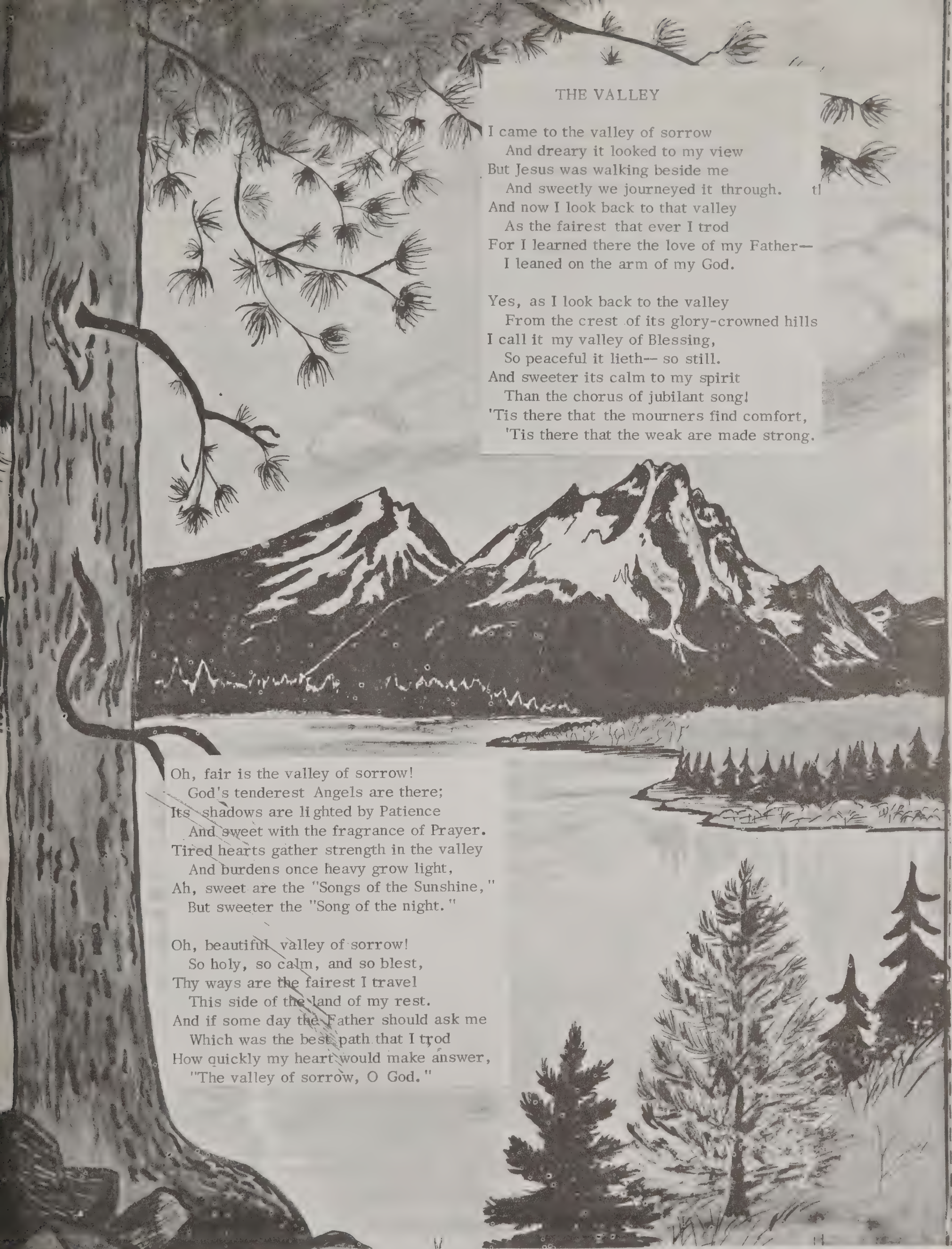
"I often wonder what will happen to me when Mother and Dad are not here anymore," she confided in me one day. But God called her home soon afterwards. Her fears were unnecessary.

Then there was the old grandmother who kept talking about her friend, old Dan Schrock. "He had been so strong, and look how long he has had to lay in bed," she reminded her friends.

Of course everyone guessed why she spoke so often of Dan. She also wondered about tomorrow— if she would have to lie in bed for such a length of time.

The older person, as well as the invalid, wishes to remain independent— to do things for themselves, and not to be a bother. But regardless what they wish, they are often helplessly thrust into that position. They must rely on others for their existence.

If our thoughts dwell too much on the future and on our own physical weaknesses, it will surely bring us



THE VALLEY

I came to the valley of sorrow
   And dreary it looked to my view
But Jesus was walking beside me
   And sweetly we journeyed it through.
And now I look back to that valley
   As the fairest that ever I trod
For I learned there the love of my Father—
   I leaned on the arm of my God.

Yes, as I look back to the valley
   From the crest of its glory-crowned hills
I call it my valley of Blessing,
   So peaceful it lieth-- so still.
And sweeter its calm to my spirit
   Than the chorus of jubilant song!
'Tis there that the mourners find comfort,
   'Tis there that the weak are made strong.

Oh, fair is the valley of sorrow!
   God's tenderest Angels are there;
Its shadows are lighted by Patience
   And sweet with the fragrance of Prayer.
Tired hearts gather strength in the valley
   And burdens once heavy grow light,
Ah, sweet are the "Songs of the Sunshine,"
   But sweeter the "Song of the night."

Oh, beautiful valley of sorrow!
   So holy, so calm, and so blest,
Thy ways are the fairest I travel
   This side of the land of my rest.
And if some day the Father should ask me
   Which was the best path that I trod
How quickly my heart would make answer,
   "The valley of sorrow, O God."

o despair. There seems to be only one solution, and at is to rest our future in the Hands of God. He gives what is best for us. (Romans 8:28).

e of good cheer...rejoice in the Lord...Seid fröhlich lezeit. All these are commands. They are not written r just those who have the most reason to be happy, but r all of those who believe in Christ. If He wants us to cheerful and to have joy, which is the fruit of the spirit, then there's surely a way to reach this goal in life.

Let us seek the life that is more abundant (John 10:10).

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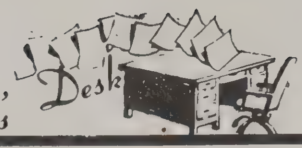
ACKNOWLEDGEMENT: Our cover picture was sketched by Harold Zimmerman, Bowers, Pa. The full-page feature by Laura Auker, Ephrata, Pa.

Across The Editor's Desk



This month's historical section contains a lesson in reverse. But this is true of history in general, we can profit not only from the good examples , but also from the mistakes of those who have lived before us.

The Amish people and their forefathers, the Anabaptists, were noticeable because of their avoidance of the things of this world. They were often referred to as "die stille im Lande" and they did not have a reputation for conquering lands or founding cities. Why then, should we devote two issues to twelve different towns which were named after Yoders? Do we think it was a good thing to found these towns, or that it is good to have a town called after one's own name? Hardly. This seems to be a long way from the life our forefathers lived and believed in.

There are two reasons we are printing the articles on the Yoder towns. One reason is that it is interesting. As the article points out, there is no large Amish community in the U.S. which does not have at least one Yoder family in it, and many of them have more Yoders than anything else. No other family name of Amish origin has so many towns named after it.

The other reason is to learn how these towns came to be and to get a glimpse of the lives of the men who founded them.

In glancing over the first five whose histories are in this issue, we find they held high offices in their counties. One of them served ten years in the state legislature, another one was a lieutenant in the army during the Civil War. Another was a justice of the peace and one was the owner of a store, sawmill and a produce company.

But do we find that any of them remained members of the Amish church and helped to propagate the faith and pass it on to their descendants? No, we do not have any such records. Although nearly all of them originally came from the Amish church, it is doubtful that any of the persons, after whom the twelve towns are named, stayed in that church. Indications are that scarcely any of them or their descendants remained as members of a non-resistant church.

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In U.S.A. — Family Life
LaGrange, IN 46761

In the next issue we hope to include a short history of an additional "Yoder" (although it is not spelled that way in Europe from which the first Yoder family originated. There is a possibility that the first family named Yoder were Amish, and that all the Yoders in America stem from this one family. What would the head of that family have thought, had he known that someday his descendants would be as numerous as they are today? Would he have rejoiced, had he known that someday twelve towns would be named Yoder? It is very doubtful. My guess is that he would have shook his head sadly from side to side and found it hard to envision how the faith that he lived could be passed on through the towns that would someday be named after him.

This month finishes the Zurich story. It seems to be a sad story inasmuch as some of the main characters did not stand the test. The strong point of the story is the way it brings out the temptations to compromise in order to avoid persecution, the daily drudgery of prison life. All they needed to do was to say a few words and they could return to their families. They didn't need to deny the faith, just compromise a little.

The last chapter tells a remarkable story. Here we find that many of those who yielded, along with Zwingli himself, had to give their lives for their faith, but not willingly. It then becomes plain that it would have been so much better to remain true to the faith even if it would have cost their lives.

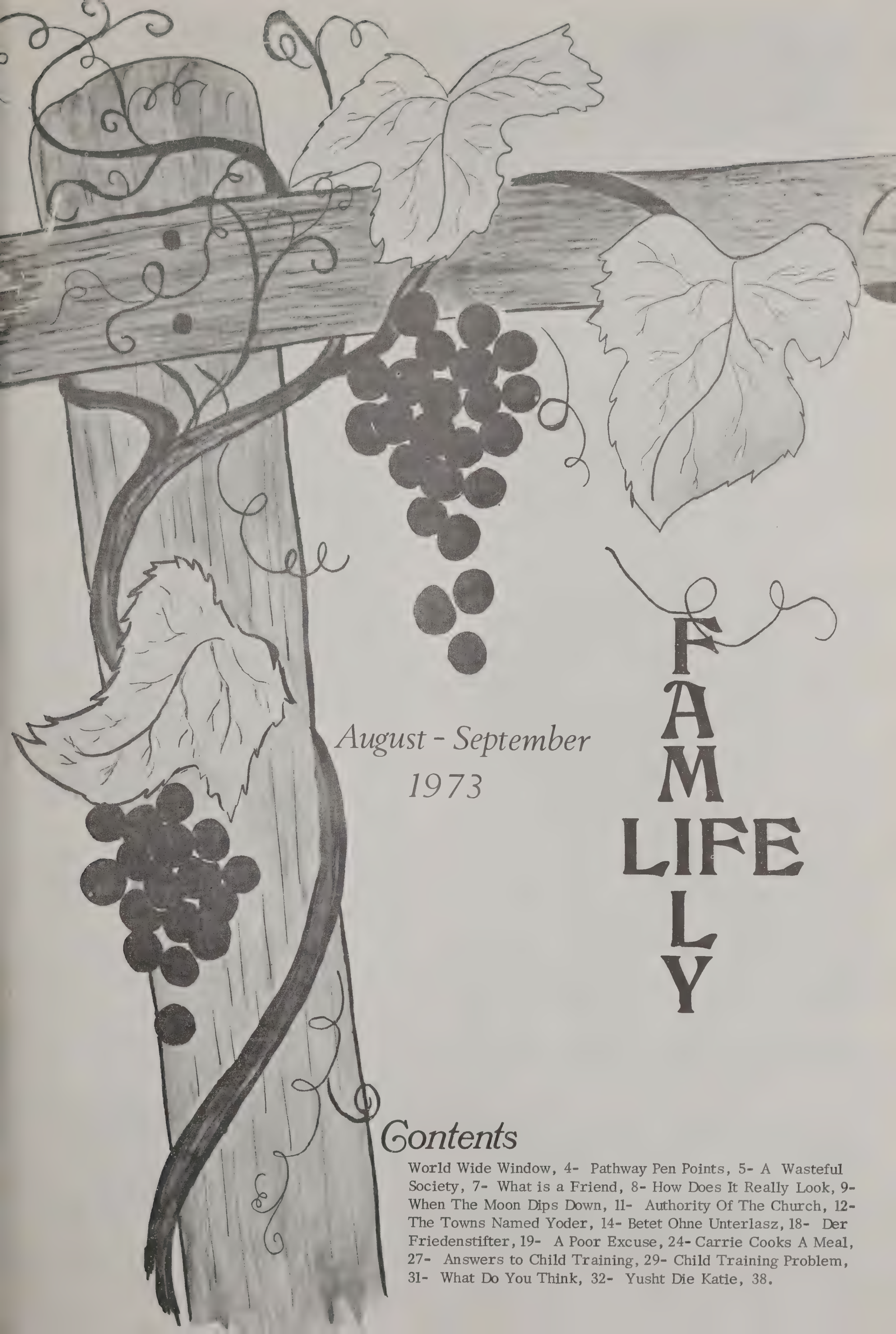
Although the first Anabaptist church, the church at Zollikon, did not turn out as we would like to have seen it, the movement spread and grew and has survived to this day. The question we ought to ask ourselves is wha would we have done had we lived in Zollikon? Or to get it closer to home, what would we do today if we were faced with the decision that Marx Boshart had to make? It is a sobering thought.

The story which appeared in Family Life was a condensed version. The book contains about 50% more, because some of the interesting episodes had to be left ou of the condensed version for lack of space. If any book deserves a second reading, this one does. Now that you have read the condensed version, you will better be abl to comprehend the full story and to keep the additional events and characters straight. Watch the August issue of Family Life for full details of price and publication date.

Have you ever wondered how it happens that we alwa have exactly enough material to fill up the pages of Far ily Life each month? The truth is we don't. Sometimes we have to scratch to get enough while other times we have more ready than goes in.

We like to have a certain place for each department, but sometimes we are not able to do it this way. This i the first time the Across the Desk got pushed into the back page. It was that close that it didn't get in at all.

Another thing we hope you may have noticed is that there are not as many articles continued to some othe place. If we watch our business, we can pretty well get away from that and the last issue we had only one artic like this. But we would like to do still better and we ho that in this issue we have no article that needs to be co



FAMILY LIFE

August - September
1973

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Letters
TO THE EDITOR

ANABAPTISTS A LONG TIME BEFORE?

I have just finished reading the condensed version of "Fire in the Zurich Hills." I think it is plainly written so we can understand what our forefathers went through for their faith.

But the last paragraph includes the following sentence: "Thus sadly ends the story of the first Anabaptist church, the congregation at Zollinkon." I hope that people do not assume that there were no nonresistant Anabaptists before this time. I understand there were defenseless Christians in all the centuries since the time of Christ, which was what the author of the Martyr's Mirror spent so much time to prove.

During the 1400's quite a number of Waldenses were put to death in several European countries and it appears there were nonresistant groups down through the centuries which were not Waldenses.

—Andrew Herrfort, Milverton, Ontario

Editor's Note: The main doctrine which is stressed in the Martyr's Mirror is baptism on faith as opposed to infant baptism. The author of that book shows that there have been churches which have baptized only on confession of faith, down through the ages ever since the time of Christ. The term "Anabaptist" properly denotes that group of persons which came out of the reform movement in the sixteenth century, who practiced only adult baptism and did not recognize infant baptism. The church at Zollikon was the first organized church to come out of that movement.

HUSBANDS AND EMOTIONS

The article "If I Could Control My Emotions" (June issue) sounds just like me, with the exception that my husband is not as insensitive as hers. Most of the time he is very thoughtful, kind and loving and I wish I wouldn't be so easily hurt by little things.

I know it is my fault and I think most of my trouble goes back to my childhood. My parents loved me but they never showed it much. As far back as I can remember, I've been hungering for love and I think that's the reason I need more reassuring now. I hope that as our children grow up, we won't push them aside, and yet not smother them with love. With God's help, I hope we can find a happy medium.

—Ligonier, Indiana

AFTER READING HOW ELAM BARELY glanced up when his wife came home from a trip and how the happiness of their home was marred for several days, I could just have cried remembering my own struggles to overcome my heartaches in many ways. For years, I have been married to a very kind but preoccupied husband. It seems to me, too, that he would sooner do things for others, but I know he cares most for me.

Please let me share with the young wives how I learned to control my emotions and with God's grace have salvaged the happiness of our home and marriage.

I have learned that I must do as I like to have done and say something kind and loving and not wait until he thinks of it. Now when I'm sad and blue, I tell him I need his reassurance of caring for me. Then he smiles and is warm and kind. He just hadn't thought of it as he has a one-track mind and since he has the responsibility of providing for the family he is at times hard to reach.

—NAME AND ADDRESS WITHHELD

I CAN SYMAPTHIZE WITH THE ONE who wrote "If I Could Control My Emotions." I think women are more sensitive and highstrung than men. If the man could realize how his wife feels at times, I think he would act differently. Where is a wife who would not do almost anything within her power to keep her husband happy, especially if she could do it with a few kind words. On the other hand, how it wilts her spirit if a few harsh words are spoken. It hurts me to hear any man make unkind remarks about his wife, even if it is in fun. It's just as bad if a woman talks about her husband.

—PENNSYLVANIA HOUSEWIFE

ONE THING IS DIFFERENT FOR ME. My husband does not mumble "Hello" when I come home. If I do not say anything he does not seem to care at all. If I go to extra pains to cook a special dish, he shows no appreciation. Others go to church with their husband and family, but I have to go alone. Sometimes I get so depressed I wonder if anyone cares whether I live or die, but my husband offers me not one word of encouragement.

Perhaps you have guessed it by now. I have no husband. But Jesus has promised to fill all our needs and I believe he will do this for me and for you, too, if you truly seek Him.

Remember, pure unselfish love is giving, not getting. If you can be kind and patient, what the other person does can not hurt you. You can do it for Jesus' sake. Afflictions purge our souls and bring us closer to the Lord. Never feel bitter and resentful toward your husband.

Why are you afraid of talking over your feelings with your husband? Are you afraid you will be hurt? Loving is trusting. Some men just don't realize how much love

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means to a woman.

I hope it goes better, and I will be praying for you.

—ONTARIO

WHEN A HOUSE IS A HOME

There is a much needed lesson in the article, "Why We Like Our Old Home." But a house does not need to be old to be comfortable in, just so it is plain and reasonably clean. Children can play in it and still not be allowed to romp around unhindered. Jesus said, "Let the children come to me," so if our house is too fancy for them how can we expect that Jesus will be there.

Recently we visited a newly ordained minster and his family. They live in a new home, but it is plain like it should be, but it is also nice and easy to take care of. There are no loud colors or ornamants. Just seeing this house was an encouragement to me. It is still possible to have a nice home and have it plain and with a Christian atmosphere.

On the other hand, one can take an old house, paint it in loud colors, and have everything in each room to match, hang drapes, and have fancy furniture and end up with a house in which no sincere Christian would be comfortable in. Such things only show pride and the love of worldly things. They also show a selfishness and self will. Whether to talk to such people or just keep on praying for them is a question I can't answer.

—NAPPANEE, INDIANA

WE AGREE THAT WE SHOULD NOT own a home and live as though we were here to stay. But on the other hand, Satan is a jack-of-all-trades and he can come in other ways, too. Recently on a Sunday evening we were visiting and heard a tremendous amount of gossiping and mocking. I so much wished that I could have said the right words in the right way instead of just listened. What hurt me the most was that this was in a very plain home and the women dressed plainly.

—PENNSYLVANIA

I HAD TO THINK OF MY sister-in-law when reading "Why We Like Our Old Home." They live on a rented farm, have small children and very little hired help. When she is needed, the wife helps with the field work. There is always a lot of housework awaiting her return. She laughs and says, "I love to help with the outside work and am thankful when it's done."

I sometimes feel sorry for the undone work. After visiting her several times, I had a dream, but it was different from Ezra's dream. I dreamed about my sister-in-law's house and it was ever so near and homey. I had to think of the verse, "Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven" (Matt. 5:3).

—PENNSYLVANIA

MORE LIP BITERS NEEDED

The Mary Beiler in the June "Views and Values" ought to be thankful over thankful that she had a husband like she does. When her patience wore thin and she threw her childish fit of temper to tell him the things he did that annoyed her (like dropping matches on the floor and forgetting to fill the tea kettle) it says he silently bit his lip, picked up the partly burnt match stick and carefully stepped out the door.

I think what we need is a lot more husbands and wives who will bite their lips if necessary to keep their mouths shut when their partners say things they shouldn't. When one of the marriage partners loses his temper and says things he shouldn't, that is bad. But when both of them do at the same time, that is a hundred times worse.

Everyone knows that Mary had habits and did things that sometimes annoyed David, too, but she can be thankful he didn't choose this particular time to tell her. It's human nature that is someone starts telling us our shortcomings, that's a signal we ought to start telling them theirs and lay it on heavy. It ought to be a signal, and engraved in large letters on our hearts, not to fling back retorts but to bite our lips and stoop to pick up the match sticks from the floor and wait until some other time to say it in a nice way what we think the other person ought to know.

—ONTARIO

THE PEOPLE WHO REACT TO CRITICISM like Mary Beiler's husband did are rare, even if it is a Scriptural principle. The blessed virtue of not-thinking-about-another's-faults while he is telling us ours could be the cure for many marriages on the rocks. It has been said that "Rechtfertigung ist teuflish" (self-justification is devilish). It is really a serious matter.

—PORT TREVORTON, PENNSYLVANIA

BE GOOD TO LITTLE ONES

I think it's a shame to read how the retarted child gets used. (Shut-in Page, June issue). What are they making themselves look like in the eyes of the Lord? I believe God lets these children live on this earth for a very good reason and I try to teach our children to always be nice to these little ones. Parents who don't have children like that should stop and think, "If that were my child, how would I want it to be treated?" I believe that someday these children will hold fast to God's hand and enter into eternity.

—GOSHEN, INDIANA

IT'S ONE-HALF HOUR SINCE I got the June Family Life and I always read the Shut-in page first. The story about the little retarted child is about as heartbreaking as I have read one. I could cry aloud for I've gone through something like this only in a different way. We have no retarted children, but have one little girl that doesn't look quite like other children. She gets watched and picked on and is old enough to know it. In church she often comes and sits beside me when children make fun of her. I don't like to take her to strange places but she likes to go as well as anyone else.

Children have looked at her and asked why she looks like she does and she tells them, "God made me this way." There are children in our home church that play with her as long as no other children which are classed as bigger are around. As soon as there is anyone else to play with, they go and play with them.

I think those girls that took the doll away from the retarted child in that story should have the spanking of their lives. She is a God-sent child same as anyone else.

FARMS FOR THOSE WHO WANT THEM?

I was surprised to read the letter, "Not Enough Farms for All." How can anyone feel a farmer makes as much money was a factory worker does? I notice that letter is from Pennsylvania. Maybe the farmers there do, but here in Indiana, I'd like for anyone to show me one Amish farmer who makes as much as the average factory worker.

I don't think the plain people have to greedily buy all the farms in one place. They can spread out. We don't all have to live on one heap. It may not be everyone's choice to work in a factory who does, but it surely must be for some of them or why would they work in one when they rent out their own good-sized farms and have sons who could help them. I know of one teen-aged son of a factory worker who didn't even know how to hitch up a horse!

Also milking the cows and feeding the steers is part of a day's work for a farmer. If he'd take a day off and not milk the cows, how would he get any milk, and if the steers weren't fed, how could they get fat?

I agree the farm is the best place for a family. There is a lot of work but at least we can work together. There's not as much profit but maybe we appreciate more what we do have. —INDIANA FARMER'S WIFE

90% OF SICKNESS UNNECESSARY

Did you know that 90% of the people who are ill are so because of their own thoughts? They hold grudges for many years when they are insulted by someone, or hand insults back, or just let them build up inside. These poor people are only punishing themselves instead of forgiving as God tells us to. They make themselves ill with bad thoughts. Why can't we try to see the good in everyone for everyone has a good side if we are willing to look for it. Why can't we just be a good example to others and not worry about what the other people do to us? Our plain clothes can be a disgrace to us if our minds are not pure and loving and forgiving.

Instead of trying to tell others what they should to, we ought to try to be such an example that others will think, "Here is someone I would like to follow, for he is on the right track." —L. N., PENNSYLVANIA

WORLD WIDE WINDOW

PYRAMID COMPANIES HIT BY LAW

The U. S. Government is cracking down on companies which sell their merchandise by the pyramid system. Two large companies in California have recently been fined large sums of money and ordered to make restitution to the people they have defrauded.

Pyramiding is a method of selling goods through different layers of distributorship. Each distributor gets a cut from all the sales made by the salesmen which he sets up. Rosy letters and "opportunity meetings" are used to get people interested in selling the merchandise. Slick-talking salesmen whip up enthusiasm by talking of incomes up to $108,000 per year.

Those who go overboard for this kind of talk often end up losing a lot of money instead of making it. The products which are sold by this method are usually cosmetics, soaps or vitamins, and most of them are overpriced to begin with. To advance from a mere salesman to a distributor, either a sum of money must be paid to the company or thousands of dollars worth of goods must be purchased.

When a person becomes a distributor, he receives either a cash bonus or a percentage of sales of the new dealers. When these salesmen set up other salesmen, a part of the money reverts down the line to the person who set them up. Authorities say this is equivalent to the illegal chain letters which have been banned from the mails.

In California the Best-Line Company was fined nearly two million dollars and was ordered to make restitution to its victims. Also in the same state the Holiday Magic Company was found guilty of defrauding its investors out of more than 250 million dollars, and was ordered to return it.

"The pyramid operations seem to have a special attraction for low income people with high expectations," one authority said. "It is usually the people who want to get rich quick that get hurt."

AIR CONDITION IS POOR CONDITIONING

Does the hot weather make you wish for air conditioning in your home? People who have air conditioning may not be as well off as the others in the long run, according to a Canadian doctor.

Dr. Earl Bunn of Sunnybrook Medical Center in Toronto stated in an interview recently that the body becomes acclimatized to heat within a few days. This means that the worst of the suffering is over.

"But those who are holed up in air-conditioned homes do not become acclimatized," he said. "They tend not to stand the heat so well."

The doctor said people should take it easy during the hot weather and recommended a midday siesta as is customary in subtropical climates. He also said people should wear loose comfortable clothing and drink enough fluid to replace what is lost by perspiration. Additional salt may be needed during hot weather.

PET POPUTATION EXPLOSION

According to a recent article written by a scientist, a veterinarian, and a medical student, the U.S. is rapidly being over populated by pets. Right now they claim there are over 110 million cats and dogs in America. That's enough to give every two people a dog and a cat, and still have some left over. And things are getting worse fast. Every minute around 50 puppies and kittens are born, compared with seven human babies a minute. (Of course, this comparison of birth rate gives an unfair picture because the life expectancy between the humans and the pets differ markedly.)

Finding enough food for so many pets is exhausting the supply of horse meat, which has been the main ingredient of pet food up until now. For some pet owners, it is straining the bank account, too. In the U. S. over a billion dollars was spent on pet food last year, not to mention the 50 million for health care.

COMPETING WITH THE GOVERNMENT

It is now two years since the U. S. Postal Service took over the Post Office Department. But instead of improving service, the mail has become even slower and more uncertain.

It's not unusual to hear someone complain about the mail service, but what is new is that some people have decided that they could do better than that themselves.

And they're proving that they can— plus making some profit at the same time. A number of private delivery companies have started up in recent years and are growing rapidly in size.

The largest competitor to the government is of course the well-known United Parcel Service, which last year delivered 700 million packages in 43 states. Other companies giving private mail service include International Postal System of America (based at Oklahoma City) and National Postal Service (based at California). These and other private mail companies are gaining in popularity because they give better service at similar or lower costs.

Since it's against the law for private companies to use the government's mail boxes, other means of delivery must be found. At present, some companies are hiring private carriers to stuff mail in plastic bags and hang them on door knobs.

Although it seems unlikely at this point that private companies will ever entirely take over the mail, it is to be hoped that their competition will serve to wake up the sleepy Postal Service and hurry it up a bit. If they don't do anything else, at least the private companies are proving a point which there never was much doubt— better service is possible.

A COSTLY CHURCH

If we Amish think it's expensive to build and pay for our own schools, we should just be thankful we don't have the church expenses some people do. According to a recent survey made of a large church in Winnipeg, it costs $30,000 a year to provide a one-hour service each Sunday for the worshippers of that church. That figures out at more than $500 an hour. At that rate, an Amish church service of three hours would cost $1500.00!

But of course, it's not hard to understand why we get by a good deal cheaper. We don't pay our ministers thousands of dollars per year to prepare and deliver the sermons, as this church does. We don't pay our choir $6,812 a year to sing. Nor do we need a $727,550 church building in which to meet. We also get along without a $77,851 organ, or $25,000 worth of stained glass windows, not to mention skimping on the $3,000 worth of carpets. And our communion vessels don't come anywhere close to costing us $3,727.05, nor do our pews and pulpit cost us $27,875.00.

With a budget like we have, we even save the $240 this Winnipeg church spent on 12 brass collection plates!

A LONG WAIT IN SWITZERLAND

Practically all the Amish in North America trace back to Switzerland. It is therefore interesting to see that Switzerland has at last passed exemption from military service for conscientious objectors. Our forefathers left Switzerland several hundred years ago for religious freedom, including exemption from military service. If they had decided to wait until the government changed its mind, what a long wait it would have been!

The question about exempting C.O.'s has been debated by the Swiss government for 56 years before they finally decided to do so. Up until now, anyone refusing to do military service had to serve a jail sentence. ■■

PATHWAY PEN POINTS

WHAT IS BROTHERLY LOVE?

It was a beautiful Sunday morning in June. We were driving to church in the surrey and enjoying every step of the way. I sat by the side of my husband who was holding in the horses. Apparently they were enjoying the trip, too, for they were raring to go. We were going at a pretty fast clip on a main road when just ahead we noticed a carriage approaching from a side road. Although we had the right of way, I involuntarily stiffened myself and gasped, "Look out; he'll do it again!"

His intentions were all too apparent. Seeing no cars coming, he slapped his slow-moving plug and drove right in front of us. But this time we were prepared. We swerved and passed him without a mishap.

Hot anger threatened to overwhelm me. But I caught hold of myself, swallowed hard, and even managed to breathe a silent prayer for the man. Immediately I felt relieved. It was much better to forgive him than to vent my anger at him. I would be punishing myself more than anyone else by giving way to indignation. But I had learned it the hard way several months before, also on a Sunday morning.

The memory of that morning was still etched sharply in my mind. That time we were traveling fast on a main road when a carriage approached from a sideroad, just like this morning. That man (it might have been the same one) also drove out in front of us but we were taken completely unawares. I still shudder to think how close we had an accident. My husband pulled in hard and hit the brakes at the same time. The horse dug his iron shoes into the blacktop, leaving long, ugly marks. The carriage slid as we barely missed ramming the other carriage. Then the horse reared and almost came down on top of a car which was parked alongside the road.

Shocked and trembling, I breathed a prayer of thanksgiving for our safety. It was almost a miracle that no one had been hurt. Then I gave vent to furious indignation. "That's what I call a hypocrite," I seethed. "He's on his way to church and he'll sit up front and look so meek and humble and good, but to act like that is as bad as the worst horse jockey!"

"Who is?" one of the children piped up. "Is that man in the carriage that bad?"

"He's pretty old," another put in. "Maybe he can't see very good."

"Hummpf," I muttered. I was already ashamed of my outburst, but not ready to admit it. After all, it just isn't right to act like that, I told myself. It didn't matter who the man was.

So I walked into church that morning with a chip on my shoulder. I felt nothing but contempt for the man and his wife and I wished I wouldn't have to shake hands with her. I eyed the men up front disdainfully and bitterly. The venom was spreading.

When the services started I helped to sing, but merely from habit. There was a barrier in my mind and heart which shut out any good that might have entered. The minister got up to preach but I didn't hear what he was saying. Other thoughts had filled my mind.

Then suddenly I was jerked to attention by words which seemed to be directed straight at me. "If you are misused," the preacher was saying, "do you pray for that person, or do you let Satan poison your soul?"

Those words struck me so forcefully for I knew I was guilty. He was talking about me. I had let evil thoughts run rampant.

To add to my chagrin, going home from church one of the children innocently remarked that they hoped we wouldn't meet up with any bad men on the way home.

By this time I was trying to breathe a silent prayer for that man, and also for myself that I would be able to get rid of those evil thoughts. But a cloud seemed to be hanging over me. My spirits were dampened and the sunshine seemed dimmer than usual. Why was it that some of our own people, yes, even leaders in the church, showed such complete lack of courtesy and brotherly love? Where was the Christian spirit which they professed to practice?

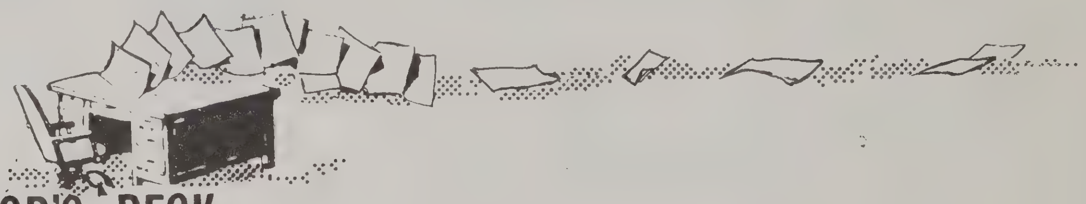
But my thoughts did not let me rest. Jesus was rejected, even by his own people, but He returned only love for their terrible hatred. Couldn't I suffer even a little for His sake?

By this time we were approaching a crossroad where we had the stop sign. On the main road we saw a carriage coming. It was in our place to stop, even if it would have been easy to pull out in front of them. Their horse was slow and ours were raring to go. My husband pulled in hard and just as we came to a stop we noticed the other man was waving. What we had taken for a wave of greeting was actually a friendly "go ahead."

Quickly we sped down the road, leaving the other carriage behind. But the picture of the man's smiling face stayed with us (even until today). Strangely, for some reason I had nothing to say. I couldn't, for there was a lump in my throat.

A wonderful warm feeling surged through me. Again I whispered a silent prayer— of thanksgiving (and this time I could pray) for Christian brothers and plead for forgiveness for my weak and erring faith.

—Pennsylvania



ACROSS THE EDITOR'S DESK

WE ARE GLAD TO SAY that the new book, "Fire in the Zurich Hills" will soon be ready. For those of you who have been waiting for the whole book before you start on the story, here it is. Those who have read the condensed version should also be interested in the full length story for it does contain quite a bit of additional material.

As we mentioned before, it is essentially a true story. Much of the conversation was taken right out of the court records of the city of Zurich. There is just enough narrative furnished to bridge the gaps in the court records. It is the kind of book that lets you read about and feel the struggles these people went through in the times of persecution and how easy it was to compromise.

It lets us see how they were tempted in many ways like we are tempted, only more so, and makes us wonder what would happen if we were confronted with what they had to face day after day. Would we be willing to give our life for the faith if we find it so hard today to suffer in small ways for what we believe is right?

The book is scheduled to come off the press this month. (See notice elsewhere as to price and delivery date.) Although the printer has promised us it would be done by that date, there is a possibility it may be a week or so late. Bookprinting, like farming, is subject to delays. This year we finished putting up hay two weeks later than we expected to.

QUITE OFTEN WHEN WE TALK or write to others, we tell more about ourselves than we realize. Sometime ago we received a letter from a wife who felt her husband did not show his affection toward her like he ought to. She went on to say that she tries to be kind and thoughtful and loving toward him, but he seldom notices it, no matter what she does or says. At the end of her letter she said he is really very kind at heart but is so taken up with his work that he has little time to notice anything else. She said that he does some very nice things, like in the morning he goes ahead and makes breakfast and fries eggs for himself and the boys when she is not up yet.

Like the old saying goes, there are two sides to every story. I suppose a lot of hisbands would like to offer the suggestion to her that if she is so anxious to show her love for her husband, she might do it by (health permitting) getting breakfast for the family.

PLEASE NOTICE THAT THIS is the August-September issue of Family Life which means there will be no magazine in September. The reason for this is to give the editors a break from the usual routine for a month. August is a busy time here in Canada, and since we are all farmers this will give us a chance to help with the harvesting. It may also let us get caught up with other jobs which get pushed off from time to time. Who knows, maybe we'll even get time to fix the kitchen sink.

At any rate, please note on the masthead that Family Life is published eleven times a year. No, we do not plan to take off an additional month every year, but we do want to take off this one month. But please stay with us; we hope to be back again with new and different articles, stories, and features.

You won't see Family Life again until October, but meanwhile we're still on duty. So let us hear from you!

■■

Views and Values

- By Elmo Stoll

A WASTEFUL SOCIETY

Two Amish women were in a small town to do their weekly shopping. They decided to stop briefly in the basement of a church where a rummage sale of used clothing was being held that afternoon. There were counters and tables piled high with clothing. Long racks of hangers held coats and dresses. Most of the clothing was unsuitable for Amish, but the two ladies did find a few items they felt they could use in sewing children's clothing.

They stopped to pay the clerk behind the desk for what they had picked up. Then as they turned to leave, the clerk stopped them. "Tell me," she said, "do you have any poor people that could use some clothing?"

The two women were a bit startled by the blunt question, and didn't know what to say right away. There was a family that was pretty hard pressed financially, but most of this clothing wouldn't do them any good.

"The reason I asked," the clerk explained, "I just hate to see so much good clothing wasted. Everytime we have a sale like this, so much of it is left, and it seems like a shame to throw it into the garbage. Please come back after four, and you can pick out what you can use, and it won't cost you anything. I'll only be too glad if someone gets some good out of it."

So after four, their shopping finished, the two women returned to the church basement. They found that just as the clerk had predicted, much of the clothing was still there. The women picked out what they felt could be put to profitable use within the rules of the church.

The clerk was a kind-faced, motherly sort of person, and now she started talking again about how she felt. "It's terrible the way people waste things today," she said. "I was brought up to feel it's wrong to waste, and I just can't get used to it. I rebel at the wasteful society I'm a part of."

The Amish women looked at all the clothing, much of it almost new, and all of it in good condition. "Yes, it does seem like a shame."

"It is," the clerk said emphatically. "Why, just look at this clothing; Look how good it is— it's not torn or worn out. But no one wants it. You know why? It's out of style. That's all, just a little out of style, so it's not good enough for most people."

She held up a dress for them to see. It was practically new. She held up some white shirts that were still in the boxes— they had never been worn. "People have just accepted waste as a part of life," she said. "Why, young people today don't know what it is to save. Take, my son, for instance. When we were young, we had one pair of shoes. We wore the same pair during the week as we wore to church on Sundays. If we didn't take care of it, we just didn't have a good pair for Sundays. But my son, he has four or five pairs— and the prices he pays! A while ago he paid twenty dollars for a pair. Imagine, twenty dollars. I couldn't talk him out of it. And that isn't all, in six months time they were out of style, and he bought himself another pair. They're not worn out at all."

The Amish women were ready to go. It would soon be chore time, and they still had a long drive ahead of them. But it seemed the clerk was so filled up, she could hardly stop talking. "You just wouldn't believe how wasteful some people are," she went on. "Why, people come to these rummage sales for all their clothing, wear them until they're dirty, then put them out for the garbage truck and buy more clothing. We have them priced so low that they can buy more clothing almost as cheap as taking their dirty laundry to be washed. So instead of washing them, they throw them away."

The clerk at the rummage sale was right. We do indeed live in a wasteful society. More and more the average American has come to accept a throw-away mentality— use it once, then throw it away. Children grow up, and from babyhood that's all they know. They wear throw-away diapers, drink prepared formula from throw-away bottles, are powdered with throw-away containers, and cleaned with throw-away napkins. More and more things are becoming disposable every year. It's too much bother to wash something, disinfect it, or return it, so throw it away. Industry is constantly looking for products that can be sold as disposables; even though it costs more, as long as it's easier, more convenient, that's what people go for. For one example, they're now coming out with disposable fever thermometers that cost around a dime each. Hospitals are ordering thousands. Sure, it will cost more per person to check his temperature, but it's handier. So, use it once, then throw it away.

The rummage sale clerk said we live in a wasteful society. Wastefulness occurs in many ways. Part of it is caused by changing styles and fashions, so that clothing is selected, not according to how good it is, but how well it is in style. Convenience is another great waster. Many things could be saved, but it's simply too much bother. Advertising is a waster. Millions of dollars are spent selling things to people they don't need. The dollars spent on the ads are therefore wasted, and the money spent on the product is wasted. Fancy packaging is a waster. People used to go to the store in grandfather's day and buy so many pounds of something out of a barrel. They brought a container with them, and used the same one over and over. But now everything is done up under layer after layer of plastic, cardboard, foil-wrap, or paper. And color. Thousands of dollars are spent on color printing making the wrapper so eye-catchingly gorgeous you couldn't miss it in the dark. Our appetite is a waster. We eat foods that are too rich, and we eat too much of them. In the process not only is the food wasted, but our health and strength is wasted, too.

And yet, the common way of thinking is simply, "We have plenty, we might as well enjoy it. So what, if we waste something; there's plenty more where that came from." That was the impression when settlers first came to this land. Vast acres stretched before them, a great land, rich soil, unmeasured, endless resources. There were miles, hundreds of miles, of huge trees. They chopped them down, threw them on piles and burned millions of logs. They could not imagine that in such a land of timber there could ever be a shortage of lumber. And yet, today there is. Vast herds of buffalo roamed the west and hunters shot them for sport, cut out their tongue for a delicacy and left the rest, (half a

THE HARVESTER

The time for toil is past, and night has come.
The last and saddest of the harvest eves;
Worn out with labor long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home—
Each laden with his sheaves.

Few, light and worthless, yet their trifling weight
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves
For long I struggled with my hopeless fate,
And staid and toiled till it was dark and late,
Yet these are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat,
Brambles and flow'rs, dry stalks and withered leaves;
Wherefore I blush and weep as at thy feet I kneel
Down reverently, and repeat,
"Master, behold my sheaves!"

So do I gather hope and strength anew;
For well I know Thy patient loves perceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do—
And though the full ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

-Elizabeth Akers

ton of meat) to rot on the warm prairies. They could not imagine the day would ever come when wildlife would be rare, some species extinct, and many others threatened. Yet, that, too, has come to pass.

No supply of anything is unlimited. History has proven that in the past, and the future will prove it again. People are suddenly becoming aware that there is a limit to our natural resources. With the gasoline shortage in the headlines, what seemed so far away suddenly is uncomfortably close.

The American people are using more than their share of the world's resources. It has been estimated that the United States' 6 percent of the world's population uses 60 percent of the world's raw materials and 80 percent of the world's total output of energy.

Our grandparents used to teach that however much food a person wasted, that amount he would someday need to go hungry for. We tend to smile at the saying. Go hungry? Almost anything else seems more likely to us; we have food, and lots of it, on every hand. We think that things would certainly have to change a lot before there would be a famine in this land.

But we should stop to think a second time. When we look at the world as a whole, there isn't such an overabundance of food. In fact, there is an acute shortage. In some countries people are starving. It's hard to imagine, but it's true. Right now the government in China is urging its people to "eat one mouthful less" each day. In an article in their national newspaper, they said, "In a country with a large population like ours, when a person saves a mouthful of grain a day, he will save a peck in a year, and the whole nation will save up to a hundred million catties (50,000 metric tons) of grain." India is so short of food that they may have to import as many as 6,000,000 tons of wheat this year. In some parts of Africa the situation is even more distressing. Time magazine reported in the July issue, "Weakened by starvation, many black and Arab tribesmen face death from epidemics of cholera and measles."

In the past it has never worked in the long run if there has been too great a difference in the living standards of people living in the same country. Again and again the poor have revolted against the rich when their misery has become great enough. With the advance of modern travel and communication, the world is shrinking in size. We can no longer dismiss people on the other side of the world as far removed from our responsibility. If and when they grow hungry enough, they may well decide they have a right to some of our plenty, and if necessary, take it by force.

The clerk at the rummage sale told the two Amish women that she rebels at the wasteful society of which she is a part. What about us as plain people? Are we rebelling and protesting at the waste, or are we gradually getting used to it, and accepting it? In many ways we have still retained the virtues of frugal living and honest thrift. In other ways there can be no doubt but that the reasoning of the selfish, wasting world around us is slowly rubbing off. The reasoning of the world sounds logical, "We have enough to spare, what does it matter if we waste?"

It matters plenty, for it is the reasoning of the world, not of the Bible or of the Christian. The Bible points us to a better attitude. It teaches us to work with our hands to support ourselves, but it doesn't stop there. It doesn't say, "If you don't need it yourself, go ahead and waste it." Instead it says, "...Let him labour, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth" (Ephesians 4:28). In other words, if we have more than we need, we should make it a rule to share, not to waste.

Is it really true that he who wastes will someday have to go hungry for what he wasted? If we were convinced it were true, how careful we would be not to waste. But is it true? Does that rule really hold out?

I do not know, but I do know that for every bit that I waste, even if I will not need to hunger for it in the future, right now some other person is hungering for it. And that, it seems to me, is reason enough not to waste.

WHAT IS A FRIEND?

What is the meaning of the word "friend"? Most of us would say it is one who is open-hearted, pleasant, kind, generous, loving. Others may think it means someone who will not tell when we do something wrong. But is this really a friend? The act of covering a wrongdoing tends to callous the conscience, and dulls the sense of doing what is right. This would not be for our own good so he could hardly be called our friend if he helps us into deeper trouble.

Others may picture a friend as someone who is so generous that he will provide for us the things we can do for ourselves. Again we would be losing a blessing for the Bible says it is more blessed to give than to receive.

What then is a friend? Is it not the one who will encourage us to do what is right, who will life our spirits on a higher plane, one who would be willing to help us to overcome an unbecoming habit? Is he not a friend who can share in our sorrows and griefs as well as in our joys? These are the signs of a true friend.

One verse of a song reads as follows:

You may value the friendship of youth and of age
And select for your comrades the noble and the sage;
But the friends that most cheer me on life's rugged road
Are the friends of my Master, the children of God.

-M. Rhodes

HOW DOES IT REALLY Look?

THIS IS A TRUE STORY AS TOLD TO THE AUTHOR A NUMBER OF YEARS AGO. THE "WILLIAM YODER" OF THE STORY IS NO LONGER LIVING. NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED.

Author's name withheld

WILLIAM YODER LOOKED UP from eating his last bite of cereal. The clock showed 6:30. Turning to his wife, Elizabeth, he asked. "Do you have all your clothes ready?"

"Yes, I have," she answered. "I don't think it will take very many."

William was unusually quiet this morning for the day had arrived for them to start for Philadelphia. The doctor had advised a major operation for Elizabeth and had suggested Philadelphia.

"You can clean out the barn today and look after the chores," William told his oldest son, Al, who was now out of school. "It will probably be late until I get home. You better not use Prince as that horse is a little like some people, not much patience and always trying to mess things up."

Elizabeth told Fannie, the hired girl, "You can see that the children get off to school and then clean up the house and maybe do some ironing. With four school-aged children, you'll have enough to do just cooking and keeping house. We usually bake bread but will buy it while I am gone."

After a few more suggestions, they were on their way to Philadelphia. Many thoughts went through William's mind. What about the operation, suppose it failed? Would the doctor know his business? What about the children at home. Finally he said to Elizabeth, "Do you think this operation is as serious as Dr. Smith made it?"

After thinking a little, Elizabeth said in her quiet way, "If we are fully surrendered to God and trust Him all things will be taken care of."

William appreciated his wife more every day. Her quiet resigned attitude meant so much to him.

As they drove along, it was interesting to watch the farmers with the harvest. A few were putting up second cutting hay and they passed one farm where a pickup baler was being used. This was something new to see, for at that time (1936) nearly everyone made their hay the old fashioned way.

Arriving in Philadelphia, they found the hospital and were in plenty of time for the appointment. The doctor told William he did not think the operation would be anything to be alarmed about. "We will do the best we can for her," the doctor said.

"Yes, and we want to do our part," William said.

William and Elizabeth talked things over and it was decided he would go home again and come back on the day of the operation. William had been working carpenter work with a construction gang since the boys were old enough to help with the farming. So that evening he returned home again to the family.

Early Wednesday morning William was on his way to the depot to catch the train for Philadelphia. The train was on time and William liked to hear the clickety-clack of the wheels as the train pulled out of the station.

William found himself a seat and sat down. Soon the train stopped at the next station and more people got on. A lady with a small girl sat in the seat beside William. With nothing to do but sit there and think about Elizabeth in the hospital, William felt he needed something to relax so he reached in his pocket and pulled out one of his favorites and lit up.

Right away the lady sitting beside William seemed to be annoyed. She turned up her nose and tilted her head the other way. As William got more in earnest she coughed a little and started looking around for another seat. "Well, if you don't like it here, you can move," William thought to himself. "I paid to ride here and this is where I am going to stay."

Soon she got up and walked to the other end of the car to another seat. But William didn't feel very good about it. "She's got as much right in here as anyone else," he thought to himself. Then he remembered that his bishop had called smoking an "Untugend" and said it should not be done if it is an offence to others. To offend others needlessly was a sin. And besides, this wasn't very much of a light to the world. It also came to his mind that Elizabeth said it caused her headaches lately, and the boys were growing up. They needed to have someone for an example as they grew up.

As William sat on the train thinking about these things he told himself he wanted to let his light shine wherever possible. But he really didn't see any harm in smoking as long as it was not carried too far. But deep down inside his heart, he felt guilty. He wished he had never started the habit. Elizabeth had once made the remark that when she buys something to enjoy, she likes for everyone to have the benefit from it. Now with his wife in the hospital, William remembered the promise he had made to her before they were married. Suppose she would not come home again? He had always intended to do what he had told Elizabeth he would— sometime— but what if something happened?

Arriving at the hospital he inquired and was told that Elizabeth had stood the operation well but was not out of ether yet. Going to room 324 he met the doctor who told him she was resting well.

"You may go to the waiting room and we will tell you when you can see her," the doctor said.

Finally the nurse informed him that he could go in but he must not talk very much. He went into the room and visited a little and told her he would go out and get a little something to eat and look for a place to sleep that night.

In the evening he came back and visited with Elizabeth for a while but she was very sleepy and he knew she needed rest, so he left for his hotel room.

The next morning he was up early and went for a walk in a nearby park. He would have time to enjoy his favorite pastime a little. Then he went back to the hotel and got something to eat. The time seemed long and he was anxious to see his wife again.

When he inquired about Elizabeth the nurse told him she had a restless night but seemed to be feeling better this morning. When he walked back through the hall to room 324 he found the door was closed and a "NO SMOKING" sign hanging on the door. He wished again he had never started that habit. Elizabeth was asleep so he waited until the nurse came to check her pulse and this awakened her. He told her he was going home but would be back again on Saturday evening and stay over Sunday. She said that was good and inquired about the children.

When the visiting hours were over, he left for the train depot. At the ticket window he was told his train was due in about half an hour, that he should wait at gate No. 5. Having nothing to do but think, and not many people around, William thought "Nobody knows me here" and reached into his pocket for his old favorites to calm down his nerves a little. As he sat there waiting, a clean looking gentleman walked past and eyed him a bit sharply, went on, and then turned and looked at him again. Then he headed for the ticket window and William thought to himself, "What's so funny? You mind your own business and I'll do the same."

The stranger came back, sat down beside William and started a conversation. Finally the stranger said, "Pardon me, but are you a Quaker?"

"No," William answered, "I am Amish."

Then the man asked where William lived and why he dresses the way he does.

William remembered that the bishop had always told him we ought to be ready to give an answer when anyone asks about our customs. William felt this was the time to let his light shine so he said, "We believe in nonconformity. The Bible teaches us to not be conformed to this world, but to be transformed by the renewing of our minds, so that we can prove what is the perfect will of God."

William thought he saw the man looking at that thing he had in his hand. He remembered he once heard someone say that a person's conscience can make coward out of him. William felt like running away and he kept wishing the train would come.

The man asked William about his beard and William gave his reasons for wearing it and also said he believes Jesus wore a beard. About this time he decided the man could also answer some questions so he asked him, "Are you a Christian?"

"No, not really," the man replied. "I used to go to Sunday School with my mother and she taught me to pray but that is about as far as I ever came."

So William quoted a few verses of Scripture that he had learned. The stranger hesitated a little and then he said, "I do not know too much about Christianity but if I ever became a Christian, I don't think I would ever put that thing in my mouth which you are holding in your hand. I can't imagine that Jesus would."

This remark almost floored William. How he wished he could just vanish out of sight. He felt he ought to say something, but what was there to say? What should he do? Finally the stranger moved on. What a relief for William!

Now he began to do some serious thinking. Is this what the world thinks of me? Am I really a light to the world?

William knew the answer. Jumping up from his seat he almost thought out loud, "William Yoder, it is now or never."

He walked outside the building to get some fresh air but not only for that. Looking around to see there was no one close, he reached into his pocket, got his pack of favorites out, as well as the matches and with a hefty swing, they were gone. William never waited to see where they landed. When he got back inside the depot the people were crowding around gate No. 5. Soon the train came. William got on and found a seat and was headed for home.

William was alone with his thoughts again. He remembered what the doctor said before the operation, "We'll do all we can for her."

William had said he wanted to do what he could, too. "Are you doing all you can?" a voice seemed to say to him. He thought of the "NO SMOKING" sign on the door, and of the way the stranger had talked to him. He thought of his children growing up.

As he sat there thinking, William made up his mind never to touch the stuff again. Right away he felt better. He was a happy man. He wished he were on his way to the hospital so he could tell Elizabeth but that could wait.

The children were glad to see him home again, and also to hear about their mother. On Saturday afternoon he was on the train again on his way to Philadelphia. His wife greeted him with a smile. She was feeling a lot better. Soon he was telling her about his experience and said, "I've decided to make a clean sweep. I threw everything away."

Elizabeth was glad to hear this and answered, "It's an answer to prayer."

In two weeks Elizabeth was at home completely healed, and there was much excitement and gladness in the Yoder home.

William found out that it takes a lot of determination and will power to keep from yielding at times. He kept on working with the construction crew throughout the winter. One evening he came home from work very much discouraged with himself and ashamed. Now William was not a man to keep anything from his wife so he told her the temptation had been too great and that he had broken his resolution.

Elizabeth listened in her quiet understanding way and then she answered, "You know our bishop always says, 'Show me your company and I will tell you what you are.' He said if you cannot live your convictions with the company you are in, then it is time to change your company. Aren't there men there who tempt you while you are working with them? They always say birds of a feather flock together. If you can't find anyone you can work with there, maybe you should start looking for a job elsewhere. Sometimes it takes real courage to live our convictions but we must ask God to help us."

William succeeded in his undertaking. But first of all he had to really want to quit. He is thankful to God and especially for giving him such a helpful considerate wife.

-Pennsylvania

THIS PIONEER FAMILY OF THE 1700's WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SURPRISED TO MEET INDIANS BUT WERE TOTALLY UNPREPARED FOR SOMEONE LIKE MIRANDA HAGENS

WHEN THE MOON DIPS DOWN

-Sarah M. Weaver

LEWIS COFFMAN TUGGED at the leash of the sheep he was leading. This was a strange procession. In front of him was Joe Zug's covered wagon containing all the belongings of the Zug family. Two cows, tied with a rope, were ambling along behind the wagon. Following this came Lewis, the hired man, tugging at the lead sheep. The small flock of sheep were following peacefully along.

This was Saturday, the fourth day of the journey and he was looking forward to reaching their destination.

Shortly after dinner they spied the farm which Joe Zug had purchased and which would be their new home. Smoke was coming out of the chimney of the large sandstone house. Several families already lived in this community and evidently they were expecting them. As they neared the house, Jacob Miller came out to meet them and soon other neighbors came walking across the fields. They had reached their new home and they were tired from the journey.

Hot water was steaming from a kettle on the hearth as they entered the house. The aroma of freshly scrubbed pine floors filled the rooms. Jacob Miller had seen to it that the house had been cleaned and was ready for the group when they arrived.

The remainder of the afternoon they worked unloading the wagon and trying to get everything in its place. Joe's wife, Susie, was kept busy helping to unpack and deciding how she wanted the furnishings in the rooms. When evening came she prepared an early supper, and then everyone went home, all except Jacob Miller's wife, Mary. There would still be several hours of daylight.

Lewis carried the churn into the house. It was after supper; Susie was too busily engaged in unpacking some dishes to notice Lewis' entrance. The churn felt heavier than usual and he guessed Susie had packed some food or dishes in it. He set it one the floor and for a moment watched the proceedings.

Mary, Jake's wife, was tying her bonnet and getting ready to leave. "Look!" she said in a loud whisper, as she glanced out the window. "Miranda Hagens has come!"

Lewis didn't have much time to wonder who Miranda was until he heard a high-pitched woman's voice outside the door. She was talking as she entered the house. "Ach," she remarked as she saw Susie, "here isht doch die new neighbor."

She walked toward Susie and clasped her hand in a tight grip. With the other hand she held a tattered shawl together under her pointed chin. A too-large sunbonnet was drawn forward which helped to hide her prominent nose.

"You're Miranda Hagens, aren't you? Susie asked. "You don't live too far from here?"

Miranda gave out a squealing laugh. "Den mine name already you know."

Susie could see that the old lady was pleased. "Won't you take a seat?" she invited.

"Nein, nein, I musz jetz go. Sister Flora isht allein. I must not too long stay."

→ →

By this time Joe Zug had come into the house and was standing in the doorway looking in on the scene.

"Well, I think it's nice of you to come," Susie said. "We're glad to meet our new neighbors."

"And we be not neighbors unless we help one anotter," she motioned with her long, slender, knarled fingers. "Dat isyust how's come I come."

"We are glad for help but we already have our things quite well in place," Susie replied.

Miranda frowned a solemn frown and then she said slowly, "Dasz isht nicht what I mean. I help youns in otter ways." There was a pause as she drew back the saliva in her mouth. "I yust came to warn you..." she shook her finger and her head at the same time and her voice rose to a shrill pitch, "to warn you, I say."

Lewis's hand shot out impulsively for he thought Susie would let the dish drop which she was holding in her hands. "To warn us," she demanded, "warn us about what?"

The only thing Lewis could think about was the Indians. Were there Indians prowling around these woods waiting until it was dark. Even Joe's jaws drooped as he stood in the doorway. All eyes were on this little old woman with her shawl draped around her.

After a moment she went on in a low voice, "Vy did you not look at die moon before you moved?" she rasped.

Silence reigned in the room. What was she talking about. "I yust thought it couldn't be when I seed youns moving in untergender...you know, ven die moon is dipping down. Dat means you're going under, you'll lose everything...everything...all your money...alles... alles."

Susie's face grew pale. Who was this and what did she mean? Was she a prophetess? Lewis watched Joe's face. It was sober and grim.

The little woman's voice rose high and mournful as her eyes turned from Joe to Susie— from Susie to Joe. "But it is not yet too late. I can tell you vat to do. You must take out your horses and turn them around three times to break the spell."

"Turn the horses around?" echoed Joe.

"Yes, in a circle dis way- from left to right, like die moon," she motioned.

"But the horses are out in the pasture already," explained Joe with a hopeless gesture. "What makes you think we'll lose everything just because— because the moon dips down."

"Dat is a bad sign to move in. Why, I knowed a man who moved in untergender and he lost everything— everything— I mean, yes, even his wife."

Susie let herself plop down in a chair. Despair was written on her face as she stared at her husband. What if this woman knew what she was talking about. They couldn't afford to lose anything now, let alone everything. Moving to a new settlement was hard enough without having a lot of bad luck.

"Much rather I'd get die horses in again dan lose all," the little old woman warned in a woeful tone. "We got to break die spell yet while we can."

She edged toward the door. "Now I's got to go. Anytime I's can help you anything else, you yust let me know. Miranda Hages isht always glad to help." She drew the shawl tighter across her shoulders and hurried out the door.

Joe brought his hand across his forehead as he watched the solitary figure hustle down the road.

"Well, I better be going, too," Mary Miller said. "I'll try and be back again soon, and do come over. Goodbye."

"Goodbye," answered Susie as Mary went out the door. When Mary had left, Susie turned to Joe and said, "Don't you think we should get the horses in?"

Joe stared at the floor. "Bad luck. Break the spell. No, I don't believe that woman knows what she's talking

THE AUTHORITY OF THE CHURCH

There are people who feel the church has no authority to make regulations on matters except that which is plainly written in the Scriptures. In the Old Testament most of the regulations were written in detail, but in the New Testament, we have principals to go by, rather than details.

Even under the old law it was not possible to covall matters in detail. In Deuteronomy 17:8-13 are found instructions as to what to do in cases which are not dealt with in detail. In such a case it says,"..thou shalt come unto the priests ....and unto the judge... and inquire; and they shalt show thee the sentence of judgement....and thou shalt observe to do according to all that they inform thee....And the man that will do presumptously and will not hearken unto the priest that standeth to minister before the Lord thy God, or unto the judge, even that man shall die; and thou shalt put away the evil from Israel."

To violate the decision of the priest or the judge was to be considered an offense equal to violating the law. The transgressor was to receive the death penalty.

In the eighteenth chapter of Matthew we have instructions how to deal with violators in the church. Unless he repents, he is to be cast out of the church, which under the New Covenant is considered comparable to the death penalty under the old. Then follow the words, "Verily, verily, I say unto you. Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth,shall be loosed in heaven."

Once a person is baptized and promises to obey the regulations of the church, he is under a great obligation to live up to that promise. We are commanded to let our yes be yes and our no be no. (Matt. 5:37)

In Hebrews 13:17 it reads, "Obey them that have the rule over you and submit yourselves for they watch for your souls as they that must give account, that they may do it with joy and not with grief, for that is unprofitable unto you." Notice it does not say unprofitable for them, but for you.

From this we can see that it is a serious offense to rebel against the authority of the church. Of course it is inferred that decisions shall be made in harmony with the Word of God. In the reference to Deuteronomy, the priests were to make the decision according to the principles laid down in the old law. In Matthew 18 where it says what we bind on earth shall also be bound in heaven, it must also mean that it must be done in accordance with the principles of the Word. There is no greater condemnation found anywhere in the Bible than against the religious leaders who misused their authority and required others to do that which they themselves were not willing to do. (See Matthew 23)

-Samuel Hertzler

about."

"I don't think so either," Susie said as she looked pleadingly at Crist, "—but — but suppose she's right, Joe?"

"Well, I'm too tired to go and get the horses in now and I think Lewis is too," he answered.

"I'm tired, but I'll get the horses in if you want me to," Lewis answered.

"No, I guess not," Joe answered slowly. "We'll wash up and get ready for bed." He walked slowly to the basin and poured some water.

Lewis was troubled when he went to bed that night. What kind of a woman was Miranda? Were her predictions always right? Were they sometimes right? Suppose she were right this time? What if they lost everything? Crist didn't seem to be worried too much about Miranda's warning.

In the days that followed, Miranda was almost forgotten. Spring was at hand and the Joe Zug family was busy getting settled in their new community. Lewis liked the rolling hills but with so few families moved in yet, it was a bit lonely at times. They soon became acquainted with the other families around them.

About a week after the Miranda incident, Lewis decided to take a walk through the woods and fields one morning. Someday he hoped to have a farm of his own. He was thrilled when he found a small ravine being fed by fresh water running down over a rock. Wildlife was abundant, quail, grouse and even the sound of wild turkey in the distance. He heard a sound of rustling behind him but before he could turn, he was greeted with "Guten morgen."

At once Lewis recognized the voice of Miranda Hagens. He returned the greeting.

The woman brushed past a bramble bush which caught at her shawl as she came closer. The hem of her dress was folded up and pinned around her waist. As she stepped closer to him, he surmised she had eaten garlic for breakfast. "You're out early," he said with a smile.

"I musz go out early." A startled look came into her eyes. "Did youns not hear die dogs last night?"

"What dogs?"

"Somebody's dogs came close by and dey brillt und brillt..."

"There's lots of coon hounds around," Lewis remarked unconcernedly. "Did they tree a coon somewheres?"

"Ach, nein, nein. Dey were crying somesing evil." Her voice quivered and moaned. "Sister Flora and I got out of die bett. We sat by die fire and we yust shook und shook. We yust knew it means somesing evil."

"But dogs often bark like that," explained Lewis. "It's their nature."

"But I don't ne'ers forget how die dogs brillt die night fatter died. Dat day a bird had come to die window und sang." The eerie sound of her voice rose and fell.

"But birds always sit and sing when they're happy," Lewis tried to convince her.

"Nein, nein, net like dat bird. And do youse know..." Her gnarled finger shook towards Lewis. "...yust ven die dogs brillt, two eyes came to die window and looked in....right at sister Flora. I know it meant her." The whining mournful voice brought goose pimples on Lewis' skin.

"Two eyes!" he gasped.

"Ya, and dey looked right at sister," she repeated. "I knew right den I must do somesing this morning to break die spell. So I cooks die left hind leg of a rabbit and now I puts it out for wild beasts to eat."

Lewis didn't know what to say or what to think.

"Yetz I come gather sassafras root and elm bark to stew so sister not get sick. I musz heim go and see if she is noch well." The woman turned and disappeared among the trees.

By the time she was gone, Lewis had lost interest in walking around in the woods. He decided to go home. When he got back, he found Joe in the house oiling his boots. Susie was at the loom, pushing the shuttle back and forth.

"Back already," Joe exclaimed as Lewis entered the house. "I thought you'd want to see the whole place."

"How'd you know I didn't," Lewis answered bleakly as he sat down on a bench.

"You came back too quick. Is anything wrong?"

"I never met a woman like Miranda Hagens!" Lewis blurted out.

Susie laid down her shuttle and looked at Lewis. "Why— what's wrong? Did you see her again?"

Lewis did not answer. He only stared at the flames in the open fireplace.

"Oh, Joe," Susie said, "I wish you would've just brought the horses in that evening and turned them round. It makes me feel creepy every time I think of it."

"She gives me the creeps, too," Joe answered. "That evening when she said that about the horses, I was too tired to think over the matter, but the more I think over it, the less sense it makes. Bad luck," he snorted, "I'm afraid we'd have plenty of bad luck if we did everything she wanted us to do!"

"But Joe, what would it have hurt to turn the horses around anyway? Suppose she would have been right?" Susie asked.

"It's pretty apt we will have some bad luck as we call it. But we can't expect to always have everything go like we want it, can we?" Joe looked at Susie.

Susie studied a moment before answering. "No— I guess not, but she— she said one time when some people moved like that, it....."

"Susie," Joe said in a serious but tender tone, "Why should we believe in such things if we trust in God? Don't we pray every morning and evening that He shall keep His hand over us? Shouldn't we believe that He will, instead of believing in such superstitions?"

"But doesn't Miranda believe in God, too?" questioned Susie.

"I don't know. Maybe she does but superstition weakens faith. God is strong enough to protect us from evil if we trust in Him." Turning to Lewis, he said, "If you want to, you can go help Jacob Miller with his springhouse. He needs some help and it's too wet to work in the ground this morning anyway."

As Lewis worked with Jacob Miller, he related to him his experience with Miranda. "When she talks like that, she gives me the chills," he said.

"I know just how you feel," Jacob sympathized with him. "I don't like to be around superstitious people but Miranda and her sister live so close that we see them quite often, too. Mary told me how she talked that evening when you moved. I have tried to tell Miranda she should put her trust in God instead of believing such things."

"The curtains in the house were drawn when I passed the house on the way over, but I saw someone moving inside." Lewis hammered a nail into the crosspiece and then turned to Jacob, "Why do they believe in such things? Does it happen like they think it will?"

"I guess sometimes things do happen the way they think but they usually have something to break the spell, as they say. If it doesn't happen, they think that what they did, kept it from happening. What did Joe think about what she said that evening?"

"Oh, he didn't say too much about it, but Susie seemed to be worried. I didn't even tell her what Miranda said this morning."

"Does Susie believe those things?" Jacob asked.

"Oh, I don't know that she does, but it seems to upset her. This morning Joe explained that we should trust in God instead of in such charms and superstitions," Lewis answered.

"I guess we'll always meet up with some people who believe in hex signs and superstitions. But the Bible says that all things work together for good to those who love God. We don't read anything about bad luck in the Bible," Jacob said.

Lewis tried to forget Miranda and her sister Flora. But during the day, his thoughts turned again and again to the two queer sisters.

That evening they worked late and he stayed for supper. It was late by the time he started home and he was tired. The moon was slightly hidden behind clouds but the little-used road through the woods was still visible. As he neared the cabin of Miranda and her sister, he wondered if they were in bed already or were they listening for the dogs to bark again tonight? He felt like tiptoeing past so as not to cause any disturbance.

The cabin was partly hidden by brush and looked lonely and forlorn. A dim light was shining from one window. As Lewis neared the house he heard a rustling sound. Something was moving outside the house. Were the dogs ready to start baying again? Was their cabin really haunted? What were the eyes they claimed to have seen looking in the window. She said two eyes...

Very stealthily, Lewis moved up closer. Then he saw it. Partly hidden by the undergrowth, he saw the dim outline of a cow. She was looking in at the window.

YESTERDAYS AND YEARS

The Towns Named "Yoder"

(Continued from last month)

*Yoder
KENTUCKY

On the 1918 Rand McNally Atlas map of Kentucky the name "Yoder" appeared in Spencer County, two miles north of the county seat of Taylorsville. It refers back to an early Kentucky resident, Jacob Yoder.

Jacob Yoder was born in 1757 or 1758 in the first Amish settlement established in America— the Oley Valley district of Berks County, Pennsylvania. His father, Christian Yoder, was a member of the first Amish family to immigrate to America, the family of the widow Barbara Yoder. Christian was Amish, but not all his children remained with that faith. His son Jacob left his Amish home when he was a teenager and joined General George Washington's army to help fight in the Revolutionary War. Jacob spent the dreadful winter of 1777-78 at Valley Forge with Washington and his troops. In 1780 Jacob went to Kentucky (then part of Virginia) where he had been given some land by the government for having served in the Revolutionary army.

Jacob was an adventurous type of person and had a sharp eye for making money. In 1782 he and two friends bought a flatboat and boarded it at Fort Redstone on the Monongahela River in western Pennsylvania. They traveled down the Ohio River gathering produce and trading as they went. Floating past the southern tip of Illinois they left the Ohio River and entered the mighty Mississippi River. After hundreds of miles they reached the city of New Orleans at the mouth of the river. They were the first men to take a flatboat down the Mississippi River to New Orleans. Before that, men had descended the river in canoes, but Jacob Yoder and his friends now opened the way for flatboat travel.

In New Orleans Jacob and the others sold the cargo which they had brought with them on their flatboat. They were paid in Spanish money as New Orleans was owned by Spain at that time. The men decided to board a ship bound for Havana, Cuba. Spain owned Cuba and was at war with England. When Jacob and his friends arrived in Cuba they discovered a large quantity of furs was stored there. Because of the war the furs were not able to be shipped to Europe, their destination. The men purchased the furs with their newly earned money and took them by ship to Baltimore, Maryland where they sold them at quite a profit.

By 1785 Jacob Yoder was tired of roaming and trading throughout the West, which in those days was the area between Pennsylvania and the Mississippi River. He settled down on the land he had received for his service in the army. His property was located near Bardstown, Kentucky. That same year he became a slave owner. The sale bill, dated Oct. 31, 1785, that he purchased a family of Negroes: "Judah and her son Harry and an infant daughter unnamed." This Negro family had been brought to Kentucky from North Carolina by Daniel Boone and sold to Edward Tyler who in turn sold them to Jacob Yoder.

For nineteen years Jacob Yoder lived near Bardstown. Then in 1804 at courthouse auction he purchased 4,000 acres in Spencer County, the county beside the one he was living in. Jacob moved to his new property and in

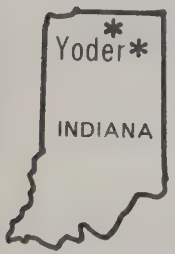
1806 built a 13 room mansion which he elegantly furnished. He lived on this plantation until his death in 1832. A friend erected an iron tablet over his grave with the following inscription:

JACOB YODER
Was born at Reading, Pennsylvania, August 11, 1758; and was
a soldier of the Revolutionary army in 1777 and 1778.
He emigrated to the West in 1780; and in May, 1782, from Fort Redstone,
on the Monongahela river, in the
FIRST FLAT BOAT
That ever descended the Mississippi river, he landed in
New Orleans, with a cargo of produce.
He died April 7th, 1832, at his farm in Spencer county, Kentucky, and lies
here interred beneath this tablet."

During his lifetime Jacob Yoder drifted far distant from his Amish upbringing. He became a wealthy man of the world. There was, however, one part of his past which he retained throughout his entire life— the ability to speak "Pennsylvania Dutch." This is attested to by Harry, one of Yoder's slaves, who said that John Fitch, a pioneer in steamboat navigation, was a friend of Jacob Yoder and they always conversed in German or "Dutch."

Jacob Yoder had no sons, only two daughters. The oldest daughter married David Poignand and lived on the Yoder plantation. They had no children; so, at their death the plantation passed to the children of Jacob's other daughter who had married Judge Mason Brown. The property is still owned by the Brown family. The 13 room house, now 167 years old, still stands and is in a good state of preservation. The house was featured on cover of Courier Journal in 1952 with seven color pictures of the interior. It also appears in Coleman's book, Colonial Homes of Kentucky.

Yoder, Kentucky never had a post office nor any stores. It never existed as a town. The name "Yoder" appeared on the map of Kentucky because it was a stop on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. The passenger trains stopped at the Yoder plantation for passengers but especially for cans of milk which the plantation and surrounding farms shipped by train to the city. The stop was known as a "milk stop" and was called "Yoder" because it stopped at that particular plantation. At one time there were six trains a day using the track. But when trucks replaced the hauling once done by trains, the railroad was discontinued. The last train passed "Yoder" in 1952.



Indiana is the only state known to have had more than one location which bore the Yoder name. At one time there was a "Yoder" in LaGrange County, and there still is a "Yoder" in Allen County. The histories of both places are treated separately below.

LaGrange County: "Yoder" was a short-lived stop on a country railroad, The Valley Line. It was founded in 1905 by the St. Joseph Valley Railroad Company which constructed a track from Elkhart across LaGrange County and on to Columbia, Ohio. The railroad's owner, millionaire H. E. Bucklin, hoped to eventually connect Chicago and Toleda with inter-city railroad passenger service.

The Valley Line was an electric train. There was no locomotive and the train was more a trolley than a real train. A 1910 time schedule shows that the Valley Line connected the towns of LaGrange and Shipshewana, a distance of 9.6 miles. The train made 15 stops in that short distance, taking thirty-five minutes to travel the 9.6 miles. Each stop was named for the farm owner at whose property the train stopped. One such stop was "Yoder" which was three miles west and two miles north of LaGrange. The stop was named after the owner of the farm, Samuel R. Yoder a deacon in the Dunkard church. Samuel had been raised Amish and his immigrant "Yoder" ancestor was his great, grandfather Christian Yoder Jr. who came to America in 1744 and settled in Berks County, Pennsylvania.

SIX COMMON NAMES

No one knows how many Amish "Yoders" there are in America today. But there are quite a few. In fact, the "Yoder" name is the second most common Amish last name. A check of Pathway's files revealed the following number of subscribers for six common Amish last names:

1. Miller 1,598
2. Yoder 1,078
3. Beiler-Byler 503
4. Stoltzfus 414
5. Hochstetler-Hostetler 350
6. Troyer 345

Today there is no trace of the "Yoder" stop or of the Valley Line for that matter. Few residents of the area remember that such a railroad ever ran across the county. The tracks were there from 1905 to 1918 when the owner died. The Valley Line had never made money and fell into the hands of a receiver who sold the tracks west of the town of LaGrange to junk firms in Chicago. That was the end of "Yoder" in LaGrange County. Its exact location today would be on the farm owned by Carl Dintaman on the north side of County Road 200N in Bishop Amzie Troyer's west church district.

Allen County: The small town of Yoder is located ten miles straight south of Fort Wayne, the county seat. Highway No. 1 passes through the town. Originally the town was known by the name of "Sheldon." It came into being around 1869 at the time of the construction of the Lake Erie and Western Railroad which ran between Fort Wayne and Muncie. A buggy manufacturer, Andrew Taylor, laid out a village on his land and named it "Sheldon" in honor of the superintendent of the railroad.

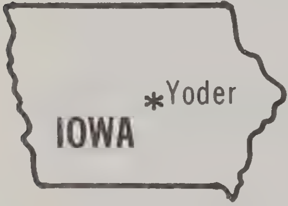
Andrew Taylor's buggy manufacturing business thrived. His workers located in the village of Sheldon. His was the only industry there, but it was a large one. He sold his buggies largely by auction. As many as a thousand buyers are said to have attended his auctions. He must have produced a quantity of buggies and also quality ones.

Unfortunately for Sheldon the rougher element of the county began congregating there. Drinking saloons sprang up in an unusual amount— ten in all. Sheldon became a place of drunken brawls and murders, neither safe at night nor during the day. The editor of the Fort Wayne newspaper thought his correspondent from Sheldon was exaggerating the roughness of the town in the pieces he wrote for the Fort Wayne newspaper. So one day the editor decided to visit Sheldon and to see for himself. He likely later regretted his decision to visit there as he was assaulted 11 times on his way to the train station— thrown to the ground and beaten. He escaped with his life and no more doubts about the wickedness of Sheldon.

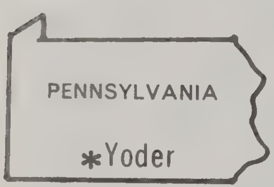
Around 1907 Sheldon's citizens managed to drive out the saloon keepers and declared the town "dry." Industry began to locate there and it grew, but not to any great size. Two grain elevators were built, a drain tile company founded, and a bank organized.

For some reason, unknown to anyone today, the railroad company decided to change the town's name. Perhaps they thought since the town was cleaned up it needed a new name. At any rate the railroad changed the town's name to "Yoder." (It is not known what particular "Yoder" the railroad was honoring.) The citizens of Sheldon did not like the new name as evidenced by what a historian wrote about the situation in 1917: "Yoder" is a name which has been thrust upon the town of Sheldon by the railroads, though without other authority than themselves, but it applies only to the stations. Sheldon is the legal name, and Sheldon it will remain."

But "Sheldon" it did not remain. Postal records show that the town's post office began using the new name of "Yoder" in August of 1920. It has used it ever since. Yoder, Indiana today uses Zip Code 46798. Its population in 1970 was around 250. The town consists of about 40 residences, a church, an elevator, a fertilizer plant, and a blacksmith shop which has been in operation for over 100 years.

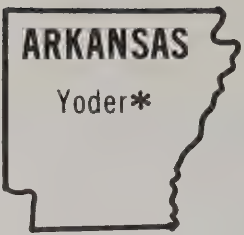


Located in Delaware Township in Polk County was Yoder, Iowa. The 1918 Rand McNally Commercial Atlas shows it as being situated on the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railroad. But an area plat map of Polk County shows it as being on the St. Paul and Kansas City Short Line. Unfortunately a search to obtain the town's history was in vain. Its location was pinpointed as being on land owned by "L. W. Yoders." His land was joined on the north by that of "W. N. Yoders." Who these "Yoders" were and whether they trace back to Amish immigrants is unknown. The Iowa State Department of History and various individuals could not supply us with any details. If a town or village ever existed at Yoder, Iowa, it has disappeared completely, and any memory of it has too.



The location in Pennsylvania known as "Yoder Station" was in Somerset County one mile east of Garrett. The area was rich in bituminous coal. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad constructed a track through the area at an early date to use for hauling coal. A tipple for refueling coal burning locomotives was erected about 1900. The refueling stop became known as "Yoder Station" because it was situated on land which had been owned by a Yoder family since 1785. Jacob Yoder was the first "Yoder" owner of the land. His wife was Frany Hochstetler, a granddaughter of Jacob Hochstetler whose family was massacred by the Indians. Jacob later sold the property to his two sons Daniel and Solomon. The Yoders were Amish, but it is not known for certain to what immigrant ancestor they trace back.

"Yoder Station" is referred to several times in the Descendants of Jacob Hochstetler as the birthplace or place of residence at death for different members of the Yoder family. 'Yoder Station" never existed as a town nor even as a station. It never was more than a locomotive refueling spot. The tipple was abandoned and torn down about 20 years ago.



About three miles southeast of Stuttgart, the county seat of Arkansas County, Arkansas was the village of Yoder Station. It was named for Jacob Yoder who was born on Dec. 4, 1838 at Huningue, France just across the border from Basel, Switzerland. Jacob's parents were Amish. In 1858 at 20 years of age Jacob immigrated to America, settling at the Amish settlement (now extinct) in Fulton, County, Ohio. He married there on Dec. 16, 1860 to Susan Nofziger and lived there until 1869 when he and his wife moved to Hickory County, Missouri.

It was in 1882 that a number of Amish-Mennonites from the church in Hickory County, Missouri investigated land in Arkansas County, Arkansas. One family moved there that year and several other in 1883, including Jacob Yoder.

Soon after the Amish-Mennonites settled in Arkansas County, a railroad was built from Stuttgart to Gillett in the south part of the county. The tracks ran across the Jacob Yoder farm. A station was built and named "Yoder Station." Soon the community around the station began to grow. There was a train depot, a post office, and four general stores. Two blocks from the station the Amish-Mennonites built a frame church house. And the country one-room schoolhouse not far away was named the "Yoder Station School."

YODER SCHOOL — This picture was taken in 1904 by the teacher. This same building (with improvements) is still standing today and is used as a community center.

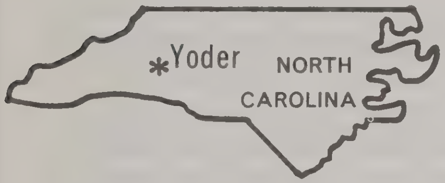
The Amish-Mennonites of Arkansas were a progressive group and later joined the (Old) Mennonite Church. Jacob Yoder was their leader, being a bishop. In 1912 he moved to Pryor, Oklahoma. Two years later he died and his body was returned to Arkansas for burial beside his wife who had preceded him in death.

By 1920 the Amish-Mennonite congregation at Yoder, Station, Arkansas became extinct when the families moved to Albany, Oregon and Pryor, Oklahoma. The church house was torn down board by board, loaded on a railroad car at Yoder Station, and shipped to Pryor, Oklahoma where it is still being used today by the Mennonites there as an educational building.

The reasons why the Amish-Mennonites left Arkansas are not easily discovered today. It is believed that when rice was started to be grown in the area and required

Sunday work, the Amish-Mennonites decided to move away. The rice required water pumped from wells 24 hours a day, seven days a week. With the irrigating for rice came the unwelcome mosquitoes. Some say that drove the Amish-Mennonites away. Records also show that there was inter-marriage with the German Lutheran neighbors. This was likely one reason why the Amish-Mennonites sought a new location.

When the Amish-Mennonites left Arkansas they sold their beautiful prairie land for probably $50 an acre. Today it is worth close to $1,000 an acre— if it can be purchased at all. Today a train passes through the Yoder Station community once a day, but it no longer stops. All the store buildings have been torn down except one which is used as a furniture upholstery shop. The Yoder Station School still stands as it was built around 1885 and is used as a community center.



From 1900 to 1910 there was a post office named "Yoder" in Catawba County, North Carolina. It was located in the rear of the Yoder General Store owned by Francis A. Yoder. The general store and post office were on his 250 acre farm a mile and a half from the Jackob Fork River. He also owned a flour mill across the road from the store. The mail came to this little country post office three times a week by horseback rider from Hickory, a town some nine miles away.

Francis Yoder had been born in Catawba County, the son of Colonel George M. Yoder, who was the son of Michael Yoder. The immigrant ancestor of this Yoder family was Conrad Yoder who came to America from Switzerland. There is reason to believe he was either Amish or Mennonite for a son of Francis writes: "Early Yoders were Amish and Mennonites but later became Lutheran and Reformed." Francis Yoder was a member of the Lutheran Church. He was the father of 13 children.

Today Yoder, North Carolina does not exist at all. The Yoder General Store and the Yoder Flour Mill are no longer in business for many years. A village never sprang up around them. The "Yoders" left the immediate area of where the Yoder post office had been and live elsewhere in the county and state.

*St. Joder
Switzerland

A mountain peak in Switzerland near the border of Italy bears the name "St. Joderhorn." It was named in honor of an early Christian missionary, Theodore, who came from Italy to Switzerland. It is thought that he lived during the fourth century. Because of his pious life, he was named "St. Theodore" by his followers after his death. During the next centuries his name underwent various changes in spelling. It eventually ended up as "St. Joder," for no explainable reason. Some Swiss people adopted St. Joder as their patron saint. They also adopted "Joder" as their last name, which in English would be "Yoder."

At the time of the Reformation in the 1500's many Joders left the Catholic Church and joined the Protestant movement. Some joined the Anabaptists for in 1531 a Heini Joder was imprisoned for spreading the Anabaptist doctrines. But most Joders joined the Reformed Church, the State Church of Switzerland. The Reformed Church declared August 16th as St. Joder's Day, and it is still listed today in the Swiss almanac. The Amish and Mennonite "Yoders" descend from the Anabaptist "Joders."

In 1966 Edith Joder of Basel, Switzerland decided to spend her summer vacation seeking information about her family name. Quite by accident she made an interesting discovery. Looking at a map of a remote region of Canton Bern, she saw the name "St. Joder." She traveled east of the city of Sarnen to a beautiful valley halfway between the towns of Stans and Engelberg. She found no village but saw a white dot at one end of the valley. It turned out to be a little, white church house named "St. Joder." There were no other buildings nearby. She discovered that it was built in the year Columbus discovered America, 1492. And upon entering it she saw nine paintings on the left wall. They had been painted in 1620 and showed St. Joder in various scenes from his life.

It seemed strange to Miss Joder to find a church house seemingly in the middle of nowhere. Had a village once existed there? If so, had it been called "St. Joder" since it was common for a village to be named after its patron saint. No one in the area could answer Miss Joder's questions. There is no definite proof that a village name "St. Joder" ever existed there, but it is quite possible. Europeans do not tend to build a church house in the middle of nowhere as rural Americans have often done. The church house was generally the core of the village and its steeple the highest visible point for miles around.

It is known that the Amish and Mennonite "Yoders" descend from "Joder" families living in Canton Bern. Perhaps. this St. Joder church house was the center of their community.

Bet oft zu Gott

Dein Heil, O Chriſt, nicht zu verſcherzen,
Sei wach und nichtern zum Gebet!
Ein Flehn aus demutsvollem Herzen
Hat Gott, dein Vater, nie verſchmäht.
Erſchein vor ſeinem Angeſichte
Mit Dank, mit Demut, oft und gern,
Und prüfe dich in Seinem Lichte,
Und klage deine Not dem Herrn!

Bet oft in Einfalt deiner Seelen;
Gott ſieht auf's Herz, Gott iſt ein Geiſt:
Wie können dir die Worte fehlen,
Wofern dein Herz dich beten heißt?
Nicht Töne ſind's, die Gott gefallen,
Nicht Worte, die durch Künſtlichkeit;
Gott iſt kein Menſch. Ein gläubig Lallen,
Das iſt vor Ihm Beredſamkeit.

Bet oft zu Gott, und ſchmeck in Freuden,
Wie freundlich Er, dein Vater iſt!
Bet oft zu Gott, und fühl im Leiden,
Wie göttlich Er das Leid verſüßt!
Bet oft, wenn dich Verſuchung quälet!
Gott hört's; Gott iſt's der Hilfe ſchafft.
Bet oft, wenn inn'rer Troſt dir fehlet!
Er gibt den Müden Stärk' und Kraft.

Bet oft, durchſchau mit heiligem Mute
Die herzliche Barmherzigkeit
Des, der mit Seinem teuren Blute
Die Welt, die Sündenwelt, befreit!
Nie wirſt du dieſes Werk ergründen,
Nein, es iſt eines Gottes Tat;
Erfreu dich ihrer; laß die Sünden,
Und ehr im Glauben Gottes Rat!

Bet oft; entdeck am ſtillen Orte
Gott ohne Zagen deinen Schmerz!
Er ſchließt vom Herzen auf die Worte,
Nicht von den Worten auf das Herz.
Nicht dein' gebogne Knie, nicht Tränen,
Nicht Worte, Seufzen, Pſalm und Ton,
Nicht dein Gelübd' rührt Gott — nur Sehnen.
Dein Glaub' an Ihn und Seinen Sohn.

Biſt du ein Herr, dem andere dienen,
So ſei ihr Beiſpiel, ſei es ſtets,
Und feire täglich gern mit ihnen
Die ſel'gen Stunden des Gebets.
Nie ſchäme dich des Heils der Seelen,
Die Gottes Hand dir anvertraut!
Das Gottes Wort darf keinem fehlen;
Auch der Geringſte werd' erbaut!

Bet oft zu Gott für deine Brüder;
Bet oft zu Gott für deine Feind!
Bet für der wahren Kirche Glieder,
Für alle Menſchen als ihr Freund!
Bet oft, ſo wirſt du Glauben halten,
Dich prüfen und das Böſe ſcheu'n,
An Lieb und Eifer nicht erkalten
Und ſtets zum Gutem weiſe ſein.

Betet ohne unterlaß

„Bittet, ſo wird euch gegeben; ſuchet, ſo werdet ihr finden; klopfet an, ſo wird euch aufgetan. Denn wer da bittet, der empfähet; und wer da ſuchet, der findet; und wer da anklopft, dem wird aufgetan.“ Matt. 7,7,8.

Obiges Gedicht tut uns viel erinnern an die Pflicht zum beten. Das iſt wahrlich eine Ermunterung zum Gebet, es gibt uns viel zu bedenken für was, und für wen wir beten ſollen. Es ſagt auch wie wir oft beten ſollen, vielleicht tun wir arme Menſchen oftmals kurz fallen, daß wir nicht genug beten.

In unſerm Text-Vers tut der Heiland uns auch hinweiſen zum Bitten, Suchen und Anklopfen. Sind wir von ſolche die täglich bitten, ſuchen und anklopfen? Wenn nicht, dann fallen wir kurz zu dem was der Liebe Heiland uns hier lehrt.

Oftmals tun wir etwas Zeitliches verlieren, wir ſuchen und ſuchen, vielleicht zu zeiten Stundenweis, wir meinen es muß ſein daß wir es finden. Jeſus ſagt von ein Weib die ihren Groſchen verloren hat, ſie kehrt das Haus und ſucht mit Fleiß bis ſie ihn finde. Ja, hier aber haben wir etwas zu finden wo mehr wert iſt als wie all unſer zeitlich Gut, es iſt mehr wert als wie alles Gold und Silber in der Welt. Doch iſt zu fürchten daß der mehrere Teil von die Menſchen mehr ſuchen, mehr Müh anwenden für das Zeitliche und Irdiſche, alswie für das Himmliſche und Ewige; doch wiſſen wir voraus daß wir dies zeitliche, irdiſche Gut nicht mit nehmen können wenn wir dieſe Welt verlaſſen. Wenn wir ſterben tut der Leib nur hier liegen, er regt ſich nicht mehr. Es iſt auf zu andere für die nötige Kleider an zu tun und der Leib in das Grab legen. Ein Dichter ſagt: „Nun bringen wir den Leib zur Ruh, und decken ihn mit Erden zu, der Leib der nach des Schöpfers Schluß, zu Staub und Erde werden muß.“

Wir kommen zurück an dem Beten. Der Heiland ſagt wir ſollen nicht viel plappern wie die Heiden; denn ſie meinen, ſie werden erhöret, wenn ſie viel Worte machen. Nein, die viele Worte bringen nichts zu weg, aber der Sinn wodurch wir die Worte ausſprechen iſt was zählt. Wir ſollen auch nicht tun wie die Heuchler, die da gerne ſtehen und beten in den Schulen und an den Ecken auf den Gaſſen. Er ſagt warum dies letz iſt. Es iſt dieweil ſie es tun um von die Leute geſehen zu werden. Es iſt nicht geſagt daß man nicht könnte beten auf einer Straße. Jemand möchte in einem Unglücksfall kommen, der Leib ſehr beſchädigt, vielleicht nahe an ſein End. Er möchte begehren daß wir für ihn beten ſollen, wir könnten dies tun, es wäre dem Spruch vom Heiland nicht zuwider, aber der Sinn um von die Leute geſehen und gehört werden, das iſt Sünde.

Jeſus laßt die Sache nicht bei dieſem, nur zu ſagen wie wir nicht beten ſollen. Er lehrt uns auch wie wir beten ſollen. Er ſagt von in das Kämmerlein gehen und beten zu unſerm Vater im Verborgenen, der Vater ſiehet in das Verborgene und tut uns vergelten. O welch ein ſchöner Troſt wir haben können, nur uns auf dem Vater verlaſſen, und er wird uns vergelten.

Jeſus gibt uns auch ein Form zum Beten: Das „Unſer Vater,“ und ſo weiter. Wenn wir die Worte in dem Unſer Vater Gebet recht bedenken, das nimmt doch ſo viel ein, es hat faſt keine Grenze. Wir können die Tiefe, die Weite und die Breite faſt nicht ergründen. Doch gibt es viele Menſchen die bekennen Chriſten zu ſein und tun es nicht mehr gebrauchen. Schade iſt es daß ſo manche Schrift-Anweiſungen zurück gelaſſen werden. Ich redete einſtmal mit ein hoher Mann von wegen dieſes Gebet brauchen, und er ſagte wir ſollten nicht mehr ſo beten; denn es heißt hierin: „Dein Reich komme,“ welches ſchon hier war, ſo wollen wir nicht beten daß es kommen ſoll. Iſt es nicht bedenklich welch ein Irrſinn daß Menſchen haben können. Wir können einem andern ſein Sinn nicht ändern, aber wir können es dem heimſtellen der da recht richten wird.

Wir glauben es ſei auch recht an der Verſammlung zu beten, beten für der Prediger der das Wort verkündigen ſoll. Zum Beſchluß Ihn auch danken für die Gelegenheit und was wir empfangen haben, wie auch beten für weitere Leitung und Führung. Solches wollen wir ja gar nicht unterlaſſen.

Paulus hatte einſt ſein Abſchied genommen von einer Anzahl Leute, da ſagte er: „Geben iſt ſeliger denn nehmen,“ und da er das geſagt, knieete er nieder und betete mit ihnen allen. Hier heißt es, es war viel Weinens unter ihnen allen, und fielen Paulus um den Hals und küſſeten ihn .Sie waren betrübt, aber am allermeiſten über dem, daß er ſagte, ſie würden ſein Angeſicht nicht mehr ſehen. Da war nicht alles lachen und luſtig dabei, vielleicht ſind wir zu oft luſtig und nicht genug Betrübt. Es ſind uns keine Worte aufgeſchrieben was Paulus hier betete. Es wunderte mich ſchon öfters ob es laut war, oder ob es vielleicht nur ein ſtilles Gebet war. Ich wär ein wenig geneigt zu glauben es war laut, aber doch weiß ich nicht.

Wir glauben an leſen und beten mit der Familie. „Nun will ich daß die Männer beten an allen Orten, und aufheben heilige Hände ohne Zorn und Zweifel.“ Daß will uns ſagen daß die Männer ſollen das Gebet verrichten. Der Mann iſt das Haupt von der Familie. Dies kann aber auch zu weit genommen werden, wo kein Mann dabei iſt ſo hat das Weib auch das recht um vor zu gehen im Gebet. Aber im Ganzen iſt es die Männer ihre Pflicht um vor zu gehen.

In erſte Tim. 2, 1. kommt der Apoſtel mit die Vermahnung: „So ermahne ich nun, daß man vor allen Dingen zuerſt tue Bitte, Gebet, Fürbitte und Dankſagung für alle Menſchen. Das könnte aber auch zu weit genommen und übertrieben werden. Es gibt ſo viele Kleinigkeiten die wir gedenken zu tun in unſerm Geſchäft den ganzen Tag durch, und wenn wir alle Mal wollten nieder knieen und beten zuerſt, wo würde das aufhören? Wenn Leute uns ſehen würden, ſie möchten denken das iſt Heuchelei. Wir können Morgens beten daß der Herr uns helfe in allem daß vorkommt und was wir gedenken zu tun den ganzen Tag durch, daß Er uns bewahren ſoll vor dem Uebel und uns ſegnen ſoll zum Rechten . . . Wir können auch manches Mal durch den Tag ein guter Wunſch tun zu unſerm Vater für ſeine Hilfe in dem was vorkommt, ohne daß wir niederknieen und laut beten.

„Gott iſt Geiſt, und die Ihn anbeten, die müſſen Ihn im Geiſt und in der Wahrheit anbeten.“ Joh. 4, 24.

■■

Der Frieden Stifter

Sammy ſitzt bei dem Fenſter in die Küch mit dem Story Book von die Bibel auf ſeinem Schoß. Er lieſt von Jeſus wo er auf dem Berg war. In ſeine Gedanken ſiehet er Jeſus auf dem Berg ſitzen am predigen, mit viele Leute um ihn her. „Bleſſed are the pure in heart,“ lieſt er. Er ſieht gegen ſeine Mäm. Sie war an ihren Womas anziehen. „Was meint reines Herzens?“ fragt er.

„Ach, du weiſt es,“ antwortete ſie. Sie tut ein Tuch auf ihren Kopf. „Ich will naus geh die Tulips planzen denn es iſt hoch Zeit. Du ſollſt nicht nur da ſitzen, geh naus und mäh den Hof.“

Sammy lieſt an. „Bleſſed are the peacemakers, for they ſhall be called the children of God.“ „Was meint peacemakers?“ fragt er ſeine Mutter. „Was für Stücken tun ſie machen?“

„Sammy,“ ermahnte ſie, „Wir haben euch ſchon oft geſagt von ſolche Sachen, und du ſchwetzt als du es niemals gehöret hättſt. Die peacemakers machen Frieden. Es meint nicht Stücken. Wann du nicht horcheſt dann ſucheſt du nicht Frieden, und wo Unfrieden iſt dort ſollen wir Frieden machen. Wir ſollen Frieden machen mit Gott, und nicht fechten mit andere Leute . . . probieren Frieden machen wann jemand fechten tut.“

„O, ich ſehn jetz.“ Seine Augen werden bright. „Dies meint nicht p-i-e-c-e, aber p-e-a-c-e. Iſt niemand ein Kind Gottes es nicht probiert Frieden machen?“

„Nein, und wann ein Menſch ein reines Herz hat und ſeine Sünden vergeben ſind dann hat er auch Frieden mit Gott, und er will Frieden machen wo Unfrieden iſt.“ Sie nehmt ihren Korb mit Tulip Bulbs und geht die Tür hinaus.

Sammy ſitzt und ſtudiert mol über die Sachen. „Das iſt recht, dies iſt ein peacemaker und nicht ein piecemaker.“ Ich will aber ein rechter peacemaker ſein. Dann darf ich nicht zanken mit die Anna . . . nicht mit der Andy . . . und nicht mit der Larry. Wo Kinder am fechten ſind muß ich ſuchen für Frieden machen.“

Sammy hört bald nicht wo der Andy die Tür hinein kommt. „Hier ſitzt du,“ zankte er. „Du ſollſt auch hinaus kommen und Hof mähen. Mäm hat geſagt wir müſſen nicht oft der Hof mähen bis das kalt Wetter kommt; aber du mußt helfen."

„Wel, du brauchſt nicht zanken," ſagt der Sammy als er ſein Buch hinlegt.

„Wann ich nicht zanke, dann kommſt du nicht," zankte er weiter.

„Aber es iſt nicht notwendig zu zanken," antwortete der Sammy in ein freundlicher weg. Er ſteht auf und geht für die Tür. „Ich will der Hof fertig mahen. Du haſt genug getan." Er läuft für die Tür.

Andy folgt ihm nach mit große Augen. „Haſt du geſagt es du tuſt es ſelbſt?"

Sammy läuft an und geht durch die Tür. „Du haſt hart genug geſchafft und ich will es allein tun," ſchwetzt er an.

„Sammy, Sammy," ruft Andy erſtaunend als er hinten nach der Sammy lauft. „Iſt etwas letz? Fühlſt du gut?"

„Ich tue ſo oft nicht ſo viel es ich ſett." Er nimmt holt von dem Mäher Händel und fingt an zu mähen.

Andy läuft ein wenig nach, nun ſteht er hie und watchſt ſein Bruder. Er war ſorry es er der Sammy ſo gezankt hat. Wo der Sammy ein Round gemacht hat dann ſagt der Andy, „Sammy, wann du mol ein wenig gemäht haſt dann tu ich mei Turn nehmen."

„Ach, nein. Ich kann dies allein tun," ſpricht der Sammy als er an geht und bekümmert ſich nicht viel wegen ſein Bruder. Ah, denkt der Sammy zu ſich ſelbſt fröhlich, ich habe aber geſchwind Frieden gemacht. Dies iſt aber viel beſſer es ſtreiten.

Ehe es dunkel war waren die Buben fertig der Hof mähen.

Am folgende Morgen hat der Sammy glei an das Hof mähen gedenkt. Es iſt viel beſſer ein peacemaker ſein als zanken, denkt er. Er war luſtig als er ſich bereit für in die Schul gehen. Als er ſein Hem anzieht, hört er eine laute Stimm von die Küch kommen.

„Nau, Anna, das iſt nicht dein." Es war der Amos ſein Stimm.

„Es iſt," kreiſcht die Anna zurück.

„Mäm, mach ſie mir mein Pencil geben," klagte der Amos.

„Ich will auch ein Pencil haben mit ein großer Eraſer," ſchwetzt die Anna nei.

„Aber das iſt mein," probiert der Amos ſie ſagen.

„Gib der Amos ſein Pencil." Dies kommt von die Mäm.

Wo der Sammy in die Küch kommen iſt, dann war die Anna am laut heulen.

Der Amos nimmt ſein pencil und geht für die Schul.

„Was für ein Pencil will ſie haben?" fragt der Sammy.

„Einer mit ein großer Eraſer," antwortete die Mutter, „aber ſie hat ein Pencil und ſie braucht kein anderer."

Sammy denkt an ſein ſchöner Pencil es er geſchenkt kriegt hat an ſein Birthday. Dieſer hat ein großer Eraſer. Er hat ihn ſelber ſehr gern. „Aber ich will ein Peacemaker ſein," denkt er. Er probiert an etwas denken es er hat es ihn nicht ſpite für die Anna geben.

„Ich hab ein founten Pen, Anna. Denk mol dran, eine rechte founten Pen, aber der point iſt ein wenig abgebrochen. Willſt du das haben?" coaxt er.

„Nein, ich will der Amos ſein Pencil haben," heulte ſie.

„Anna, nun biſt du ſtill, wäſch dich und geh in die Schul," ſpricht die Mäm.

„Ich hab ein Marble —" fingt der Sammy an.

„Ich will kein Marble," kreiſcht die Anna.

Wo der Sammy ſieht es er ſie nicht ſtillen kann, dann kriegt er ſein eigener hoch-gehaltener Pencil. Er hebt es und guckt's ein wenig. „Du darfſt mein Pencil haben," ſagt der Sammy, aber ſein Herz war nicht mit ſeine Worten. Er hebt der ſchöne weiß und goldiger Pencil gegen ſie.

Anna lacht gegen Sammy als ſie der Pencil nimmt.

Die Mäm ſieht was der Sammy getan hat. „Schäme dich, Anna, für der Sammy ſein Pencil nehmen."

Anna lächelte als ſie ſich geſchwind wäſcht und geht mit Sammy in die Schul.

„Du biſt nicht bös gegen Amos, biſt du Anna?" fragt der Sammy auf dem Weg.

Sie ſchüttelt ihr Kopf und lacht. „Nein, denn ich hab ein ſchönerer Pencil als er hat."

Sammy war froh es er Frieden gemacht hat, aber ſein Herz war nicht ſo fröhlich als es am Abend war, weil er denkte an ſein ſchöner Pencil es er nimme hat.

Am letzten Receſſ iſt eine Mädele zum Sammy kommen und ſagte, „Die Anna iſt in die Schul-Stube und iſt am heulen." Der Teacher und bald all von die Kinder waren draus am ſpielen. Sammy geht mol geſchwind hinein. Der Larry, Andy, Moſie, Wayne und der Yoſt folgen ihm nach.

Sie finden die Anna an ihrem Deſk am heulen. Der Moſie ſeine Schweſter Lydia, Miriam und die Maggie waren nahe dabei geſtanden.

„Was iſt letz?" fragt Sammy als er zu ſie kommt.

Anna hatte ihren Kopf drunnen in ihrem Arm auf dem Deſk. Wo ſie der Sammy ſein Stimm höret fingt ſie an recht zu heulen.

Sammy tut ſein Hand auf ihren Arm und probiert ihr Kopf aufheben. „Was iſt letz?" fragt er wieder. „Fühlſt du nicht gut?"

„Sie gleich . . . gleiche . . . en . . en mich nim . . . nimme. Und . . . und ſpielen nicht . . . mit mir," heulte ſie.

Sammy ſieht die Mädelen an. „Was iſt letz?" fragt er.

„Sie hat mein Pencil geſtohlen," fingt die Lydia an. „Sie hat . . ."

„Was?" kreiſcht der Moſie nei. „Hat ſie dein Pencil g'ſtohlen?"

„Die Anna tut nicht ſtehlen," tut der Sammy ſeine Schweſtern defenden.

„Sie hat aber," kommt wieder von die Lydia. „Es war mein weiß und goldiger Pencil."

„Ich habe die Anna ſolcher Pencil gegeben," ſagt der Sammy, „Und die Anna tut nicht ſtehlen."

„Die Lydia tut auch nicht die Unwahret ſagen," zankte der Moſie. Er ſiehet gegen die Anna. „Gib du ſie ihren Pencil."

„Anna tut aber nicht ſtehlen," probiert der Andy ſagen.

„Es iſt die Anna ihren Pencil," kreiſcht der Sammy nei. Er ſiehet mol in die Anna ihren Deſk und ziegt der weiß und goldiger Pencil raus. „Siehe, dies iſt die Anna ihren. Ich hab . . ."

„Es iſt nicht," Lydia macht ihre Stimm laut denn ſie waren bald all am ſchwetzen bei die Zeit.

„Das iſt die Lydia ihren," zankte der Moſie als er der Pencil aus der Sammy ſeine Hand reißte.

„Es iſt mein," ſpricht die Anna wieder als ſie langt für der Pencil.

Moſie gibt der Pencil zu ſeine Schweſter.

„Wo haſt du dein Pencil gehabt?“ fragt der Sammy die Lydia.

„In mein Deſk, aber er iſt nicht mehr da.“

„Haſt ſu recht geguckt?“ fragt der Andy.

„Ja, ich hab all von mein Sach raus katt, gel ich hab?“ ſie ſieht gegen die andere Mäd.

Die alle gnucken ihre Köpfe.

„Dann hat die Anna das geſtohlen,“ beſchuldigt der Moſie.

Sammy geht gegen der Moſie. Er war bös. Dann denkt er an dem Peacemaker. Ach, ich will aber nicht fechten, denkt er, aber er fühlt nicht freundlich gegen Moſie.

Sammy bückt ſich über die Anna und wiſpert in ihrem Ohr, „Laß ſie der Pencil haben, denn es hat noch andere. Ich gib dir dann Kandy.“

„Was haſt du geſagt?“ fragt der Moſie zankich.

„Ich hab geſagt es ſie ſoll die Lydia der Pencil laſſen,“ antwortet der Sammy.

„Ferwas haſt du es nich laut geſagt?“ hat der Moſie demandet.

„Wel, ich ſag es dann laut. Anna, laß ſie der Pencil haben.“ Er ſiehet gegen Moſie. „Biſt du jetz zufrieden?“

Moſie guckt der Sammy an aber antwortet nicht. Er kann es nicht verſtehen es der Sammy es zugibt ohne weiter fechten.

Sammy ſieht gegen die Lydia. „Nun ſpielet ihr miteinander und tut nicht ſtreiten.“

Die Lydia ſieht gegen die Anna und lächelt. Lydia tut der Pencil in ihrem Deſk und die Mädchen gehen naus zu ſpielen.

Wo es Zeit war für heim gehen winkt der Sammy gegen die Anna. Die zwei ſchleichen gegen die Baſement Tür es ihre Komraden ſie nicht ſehen.

Wo ſie wieder in die Schul-Stube kommen ſind dann waren die andere Kinder fort. Der Teacher war an ſeinem Deſk am ſchaffen.

Sammy nimmt die Anna zu ſeinen eigenen Deſk und geſchwind ziegt er eine Box raus, es war ſeine Treaſure-Box. Er weiſt daß noch zwei Stücken Kandy dort waren. Sammy ſucht ein wenig in die Box, dann hebt er raus ſome Schnur, eine kleine plaſtic Box, ein verbrochener Ruler, leere ball point Pens, ein gnuttle gekauter Gum, ſome hickory nuts, der Fliegel von ein Blau-Vogel, Kolers und alte Pencilen, ein ruſtiger Nagel und ſome Pictures. Ganz drunnen im Boden find er die zwei Stücken Kandy ... ein pink Spearmint und ein Peppermint es mol weiß war. Er nimmt das Kandy und gibt es zu die Anna.

„Denke“, ſagt ſie, froh für es haben.

Nun gehen ſie auf ihrem Heimweg.

Anna probiert mol in das weiß Stück Kandy beiſen. Es war hart. „Ich kann es nicht beiſen,“ klagt ſie.

„Suckel es“ ſuggeſt der Sammy.

Sie ſteckt es in ihrem Maul. „Wo haſt du es kriegt?“ fragt ſie.

„Vom Dahdy, wo er bei uns war.“

„Ach, das war ſchon lang zurück, und du haſt es noch nicht gegeſſen?“

„Ich hab vier gegeſſen, und dieſe gehalten.“

„Kaufeſt du mir ein ander Pencil weil ich die Lydia dieſer gegeben hab?“

„Ich hab nicht geſagt es ich tu.“

Dies macht die Anna unmuts. „Du haſt aber geſagt ...“

„Ich hab geſagt es hat noch andere Pencilen,“ tut der Sammy nei ſchwetzen.

Die Anna war bald am heulen. „Ferwaß haſt du dann geſagt es ich ſoll ſie der Pencil laſſen?“

„Anna,“ ſagt der Sammy mit ernſt, „Die Bibel ſagt wir ſollen Peacemakers ſein und Frieden ſuchen wann wir Gott ſeine Kinder ſein wollen. Und wann wir in dem Himmel geh wollen dann müſſen wir Gott ſeine Kinder ſein. Du willſt auch ein Peacemaker ſein, willſt du nicht?“

Anna gnuckt ihren Kopf.

„Wann ſie dein Pencil genommen hat,“ ſagt der Sammy weiter, „dann is ſie letz drin, aber du biſt recht. Ein Stehler oder jemand es lügt kann nicht in den Himmel gehen.“

Anna lauft mit Sammy und ſagt nichts für eine lange Zeit. „Sammy,“ tut ſie mol anfangen mit eine leiſe Stimme, „Ich will dir etwas ſagen aber du ſollſt es niemand ſagen.“

„Was wit du mir ſagen?“ Sammy ſtoppt und bückt ſich nunter gegen ſie.

„Sagſt du es niemand?“

„Nein,“ verſprecht er.

„Sammy,“ die Tränen kommen in ihre Augen. „Sammy, ich . . . ich habe der Pencil . . . Pencil genommen von die Lydia ihrem Deſk.“

→

FAITH IN YOURSELF

Most men go to pieces when they have had a few good beatings. They wilt. They fade away. They crawl in a safe little corner and hide while the great rough, glorious tide of life rushes past them.

The fact is that defeat is the normal thing in this haphazard little world and victory comes but seldom. Every victory, usually is the result of a long series of defeats.

A man must have faith in himself and in what he is trying to do. He must say, “I can.” He must have faith in the people he works with. He must believe in his team. He must see the better side of his co-workers and not think that his point of view is the only right one. He must have faith in those great principles that make us superior to the animals of the forest—truth, honesty, sympathy, justice, progress.

—Forbes

Sammy ſein Maul geht auf. „Anna, du haſt?"

Sie gunckt ihren Kopf. Ihre Augen gucken glaſig und laufen bald über.

„Ferwas haſt du das getan?"

„Mein Pencil war verloren und ich hab gemeint ſie hat mein Pencil genommen, dann hab ich es wieder zurück genommen."

„Iſt es doch vielleicht dein Pencil dann?"

„Ich glaub es iſt, denn ich hab nie geſehen es die Lydia ſolcher Pencil gehabt hat ob meiner verloren war." Anna ſteckt das andere Stück Kandy in ihr Maul.

Sammy wußte bald nicht was zu ſagen. Er wünſchte er hät nicht verſprochen daß er nichts ſagt zu die Mäm und Dat. Ueber ein weil ſagt er, „Ich bin aber froh daß du ſie der Pencil gelaſſen haſt, biſt du auch froh?"

Anna gunckt ihren Kopf als ſie antwortet, „Ja."

„Nun hab ich mein Pencil nicht und du haſt ihn auch nicht. Aber ich hab nicht gemeint es jemand von die Kinder ſolch ein Pencil hat, denn es war ein unuſual Pencil — weiß und goldig."

„Ja, und ich wunder ob die Lydia ſolcher Pencil gehabt hat? Sie hat viel Pencilen aber ich hab noch nicht geſehen es ſie ein ſolcher hat."

„Vielleicht haſt du es vergeſſen."

Andy guckt zurück gegen dem Schulhaus. „Ich wunder wo der Sammy und die Anna ſind. Sie ſind noch nicht am kommen."

„Anna ihre Ueberſchuh gehen hart an. Vielleicht is der Sammy ſie am helfen," ſagt der Amos unbekümmert als er ein Kookie von ſein Eſſen-Kübele nimmt.

„Ich habe ſie aber nicht geſehen," ſagt eins von die andere Kinder es der gleiche Weg geht wo die John Miller Kinder tun.

Wo der Amos und Andy mol allein waren, dann ſagt Andy, „Ich wunder ob der Sammy und die Anna vielleicht am ſuchen ſind für der verlorene Pencil?"

„O, hat jemand an Pencil verloren?"

„Haſt du nichts ausgefunden es die Kinder wüſt waren zu die Anna?"

„Was biſt du am ſchwetzen dawege?" Amos ziegt ein Stück Celery von ſein Bucket.

„Sie haben nicht geſpielt mit die Anna und ſie heulte."

„Was war letz?" Es kracht als er in das Celery beißt.

„Die Lydia hat geſagt es die Anna hat ihren Pencil geſtohlen, und der Sammy hat geſagt es die Anna tut nicht ſtehlen."

„Wo kommt der Sammy nei?"

„Ei, eins von die Mäd hat ihm geſagt es die Anna is am heulen? Dann ſind wir in die Schul-Stube gangen. Sie war in ihrem Deſk am heulen."

Was no?"

„Sie hat geheult und der Sammy und der Moſie ſind bald ans fechten kommen, bis der Sammy mol in die Anna ihr Ohr gewiſpert hat. Dann war ſie ſtille und laßt die Lydia der Pencil."

„Was hat der Sammy gewiſpert? Weiſt er nicht es wir ſollen nicht wiſpern wann wir bei andere Leut ſind. Es guckt dumm."

„Ich denk es war notwendig. Ich weiß nicht was er geſagt hat aber es hat die Anna ſtille gemacht."

„War es die Anna ihren Pencil?"

„Ich glaub, weil nicht viel Leute ſolch ein weiß und goldiger Pencil haben."

„War es ein weiß und goldiger Pencil?" fragt der Amos erſtaunlich. „Die Anna hat kein ſolcher Pencil."

„Jo ſie hat, weil ſie hat der Sammy ſeinen gehabt."

„Der Sammy ſeinen? Meinſt du der weiß und goldiger mit dem großen Eraſer?"

„Ja."

„Und du meinſt ſie waren am fechten wegen ſolchen Pencil?"

„Ja."

„Wann war das?"

„Am letzten Receſs."

„Uh," grunzte der Amos, „meineſt du die Lydia hat auch ein ſolcher Pencil gehabt?"

„Sie ſagt ſo aber ich wunder, denn ich hab ihn noch nicht geſehen."

„Und du ſagſt die Anna hat die Lydia ihren genommen?"

„So ſagt die Lydia aber ich weis es die Anna nicht ſtehlt." Andy ſchüttelt ſein Kopf als er dies ſagt mit Ernſt. „Du weiſt das auch, gel Amos."

Amos tut nicht gerad antworten. Ueber ein weil ſagt er, „Ich bin nicht zu ſure es die Anna nicht im letzten war."

„Ferwas ſagſt du das?"

„Weil ich die Anna ihren Pencil genommen hab." Amos langt in ſein Womas und ziegt ein weiß und goldiger Pencil raus.

Andy ſein Maul fallt uf.

„Am Morgen ob ich in die Schul gangen bin hat ſie gefuſſt weil ſie mein Pencil hat wollen," explaint der Amos. „Nun wo ich ſie geſehen hab mit dem Sammy ſeinen hab ich geglaubt es ſie hat ſeiner genommen ohne fragen."

„Sie hat aber nicht."

„Sie hat nicht?"

„Nein, denn der Sammy hat ſie es gegeben für ſie ſtill machen. Sie war bös und am heulen."

„Hat Sammy der Pencil gegeben für ſie ſtill zu machen?"

„Ja."

„Ich hab nicht geglaubt es der Sammy ſein Pencil zu jemand geben wird. Ich denk er hat beſſer getan es ich hab."

„Wann haſt du der Pencil genommen?" fragt der Andy.

„Ich hab mein Chance gewatcht am Noon, nun bin ich an ihren Deſk und hab ihn genommen."

„Dann war es doch die Lydia ihr Pencil, und die Anna hat ihn genommen."

„Es guckt ſo."

Andy denkt ein wenig. „Die Anna iſt im letzen und ich denk ſie und der Sammy können der Pencil nicht finden."

„Wir wollen mol nicht etwas ſagen bis der Sammy und die Anna daheim ſind und die Mäm dabei iſt."

„Ja, wir wollen es nicht anfangen. Mol ſehen was ſie ſagen," vereinigt der Andy ſich.

Wo die Anna und der Sammy heim kommen ſind, dann fragt die Mäm, „Was iſt letz es ihr ſo ſpät heim kommen ſind? Andy und Amos haben geſagt ſie wußten nicht wo ihr ſeid."

Die Anna und Sammy gucken gegen einander und lächelen ein wenig. „Wir haben noch etwas kriegen wollen in's Schulhaus," antwortet der Sammy.

Nun hat der Amos und Andy mol gegen einander geguckt. Haben ſie dann die Lydia ihr Pencil kriegt, denkt der Amos. Er konnte nicht denken was anderes es ſie wollten haben.

Andy wundert ferwas die Anna nicht's ſagt wegen die Kinder und ihr Pencil. Allem-noch hat ſie und der Sammy die Lydia ihren Pencil genommen und ſie iſt zufrieden. Ach, der Sammy wäre doch nicht in die Lydia ihren Deſk gangen um ihr Pencil zu nehmen, denkt er weiter. Ferwas ſagen ſie nichts. Er kann bald nicht warten.

Aber die Anna und Sammy tun andere Kleider an und ſagen nichts.

Andy und Amos können es nicht verſtehen es der Sammy an die Arbeit gehet es wann nichts gehappend hät.

Wo ſie am Supper-Tiſch waren dann fingt die Mäm an und verzählte dem Vater wie die Anna geheult hat für der Amos ſein Pencil haben. Sie ſieht die Anna an, „Haſt du der Sammy gedankt für ſein Pencil?“

Anna antwortet nicht, aber ſitzt hart hinten in ihrem Stuhl und hängt ihr Kopf.

„Anna,“ fragt der Vater, „Haſt du gehört was die Mäm dich gefragt hat?“

Anna ihre unterſte Lippen drehen nunter und ſie fingt an zu heulen.

Die Mutter ſieht ihr Mann an, und dann wieder ihr Mädele. Sie legt ihre Hand auf des Kindes Arm und fragt, „Was iſt do letz, Anna?“

Die Mutter ſieht der Sammy an. „Weiſt du was letz iſt?“

Sammy weiſt bald nicht was zu ſagen. „Sie hat ihr Pencil verloren,“ antwortet er.

„Ho!“ ſpricht der Vater, „dein ſchöner Pencil ſchon verloren?“

„Anna,“ ſagt die Mutter, ein wenig ſtreng, „ſitz du auf und ſag was g'happend hat.“

Aber die Anna reibt ihre Fauſt in ihre Augen und halt an heulen.

Amos ſteht auf und geht an ſein Womas und kriegt der Pencil. Er hebt ihn auf als er ſein ſitz nimmt. „Iſt das der Pencil es ihr verloren habt?“

„Wo haſt du ihn kriegt?“ fragt der Sammy geſchwind. „Wer hat dir ihn geben?“

Anna hebt ihre Fauſt ein wenig weg und ſieht der Pencil an. Geſchwind ſtoppt ſie heulen. „Wo haſt du ihn kriegt?“ fragt ſie als ſie langt für der Pencil.

„Ich gib dir ihn wann du die Mäm und Dat ſagſt was du getan haſt,“ ſagt der Amos.

Wie weiſt der Amos das, wundert der Sammy. Ferwas hat er der Pencil?

Anna fingt wieder an zu heulen.

„Sag es, dann gib ich dir der Pencil,“ ſagt der Amos wieder.

„Was ſoll ſie ſagen?“ fragt der Vater, bald am ungeduldig werden.

„Die Anna und die Mäd hen g'fochte heut in die Schul,“ antwortet der Andy geſchwind.

Anna fingt an zu kreiſchen und heulen.

Amos verwundert ſich es der Sammy nichts ſagt, aber der Sammy war froh für ſtill ſein.

„Still!“ zankte der Vater die Anna. „Gerad ſtill!“

Anna ſchniptzt als ſie probiert halten von heulen. Sie hörte was die andere ſagen.

„Ferwas haben die Kinder g'fochte?“ fragt der Vater der Andy.

Er verzählte mol von dem Trubel in die Schul. „Wo wir auf dem Weg heim waren hat der Amos geſagt es er hat der Pencil genommen,“ macht er fertig.

„Haſt du der Pencil genommen?“ fragt der Sammy erſtaunend.

Amos lächelte. „Wo ich die Anna geſehen hab mit dem Pencil hab ich geglaubt es ſie hat ihn genommen ohne dich fragen.“

„Dann hat die Anna die Lydia ihr Pencil genommen?“ fragt der Vater.

„Sie muß haben,“ ſpricht der Amos, „denn ich hab ihren genommen.“

Es war mol alles ganz ſtill ein wenig an der John Miller ſein Supper-Tiſch. Alles es ſie hören war die Anna ihr ſchniptzen.

„Haſt du gewußt es ſie ihn genommen hat, Sammy?“ fragt der Vater endlich.

„Auf dem Heimweg hat die Anna mir's geſagt. Sie hat gewußt es ſie letz getan hat, denn ich hab geſagt es Leut wo ſtehlen oder lügen können nicht in der Himmel.“

Vater ſtudiert ein wenig dann ſagt er, „Anna, du gibſt Sammy ſein Pencil zurück. Du mußt lernen es heulen nicht dein eigener Weg bringt, und du wirſt geſtraft ſein weil du letz getan haſt. Am Morgen kannſt du die Lydia ſagen was du getan haſt. Der Amos geht mit für ſehen es du es tuſt.“

Die Anna hat dieſes gehört mit Traurigkeit, aber ſie weiſt es ſie es tun muß wann der Vater ſo ſagt. Aber ſie war froh es ſie nicht die Fitz kriegt.

Amos gibt der Pencil zum Sammy. Er nimmt ihn auf dem Speicher und tut ihn wieder in ſein Schublad. Es iſt beſt ein Peacemaker ſein, denkt er. Der Andy helft mir der Hof mähen und wir ſtreiten nicht. Der Pencil macht Frieden zwiſchen Amos und die Anna . . . aber nun hab ich ihn wieder.

■■

Thanksgiving

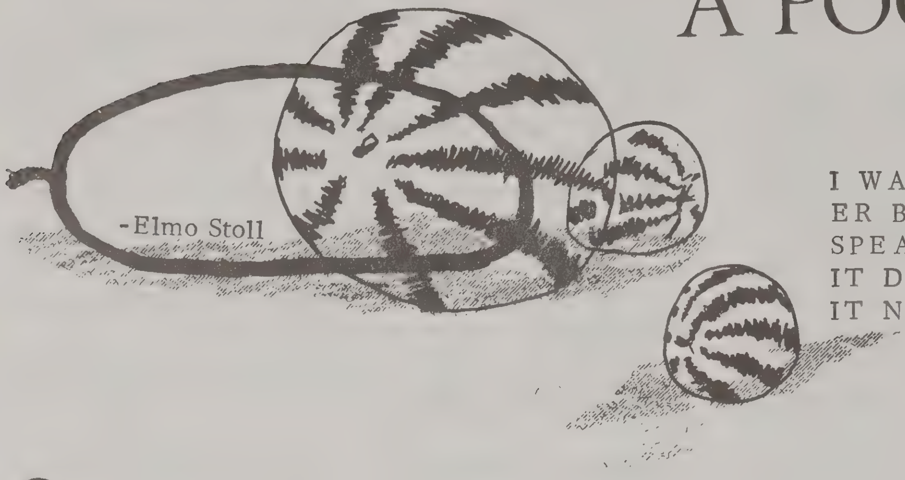
It isn't enough to keep talking
About being thankful each day;
Our actions count more than we figure,
Our deeds more than the words we say.

We need to give thought to our living.
And make what we're saying ring true;
Folks measure sincerity always
By the things that they see people do.

So, if you would truly be thankful,
Why, live out your thanks every day;
For what people do counts more surely
Than all the fine words they can say.
(Poem selected)

CHILDREN'S SECTION

A POOR EXCUSE



-Elmo Stoll

I WAITED FOR ONE OF THE OTHER BOYS TO SAY SOMETHING, TO SPEAK UP. I DECIDED THAT IF IT DIDN'T BOTHER THE OTHERS, IT NEEDN'T BOTHER ME EITHER.

SLOWLY I GOT UP from the varnished bench and walked outside the crowded house, breathing deeply. Ahead of me walked Andy and Sol. Behind me, I knew without looking, followed two more boys, Ike and Cephas. The five of us boys chummed together a lot and had some real good times.

It had been warm that forenoon in church, and it seemed good to get outside and stretch my legs and breathe the fresh air. The other boys were all stretching and yawning, too, just as glad for the fresh air as I was.

Ike poked me in the ribs. "Hey, Amos," he said to me, "you got anything planned after lunch?"

I thought a moment before answering his question. I had to be home by 4:30, of course, to help with the evening chores, but until then I hadn't made any plans. "Nothing in particular," I said. "Why?"

"Then come home with me for a while. I want to show you Star's colt. He's really a beauty."

Andy and Sol must have heard what Ike said to me, for now Andy said, "Wait a minute, you two, before you make any plans. Let's plan something all of us can enjoy together. I have an idea."

"What's that?"

But Andy didn't want to say without making us guess a bit first. "What would it be on a warm day like this?" he asked. "What would be the most enjoyable thing you could think of?"

"Take a nap under a shade tree," I said, though I knew that wasn't at all what Andy had planned. With all the energy he had, he'd want more action than that.

"Guess again," Andy said, grinning widely, apparently becoming more pleased each moment about his idea.

"Jump in that water tank over there and cool off," Sol said jokingly.

"Sit around and eat ice cream," Cephas suggested.

"You're getting close," Andy said. "How about a big juicy watermelon instead of ice cream?"

"You got ripe watermelons already?" I asked, surprised for ours wouldn't be ripe for another couple weeks or so.

"We don't," Andy said, winking at Sol, "but I know someone who does."

"Who's that?" Cephas asked, his eyes narrowing.

I thought it might be Sol, since Andy had winked at him, but I had a surprise coming.

"You know old Mrs. Crane?" Andy asked. "Well, there isn't anyone else in the whole county that can raise melons like she can. She's got about an acre, raises them to sell, lots and lots of melons. She'll never miss one or two."

I wasn't prepared for that kind of suggestion. Did Andy mean we would just take a melon without asking? Why, wasn't that almost like stealing? Besides, Mrs. Crane had a reputation for getting mad; what if she caught us?

Ike must have been thinking the same thing about Mrs. Crane. "Don't you know how mad she can get?" he said. "One time when Jake Byler drove over the edge of her lawn, she chased him with her mop handle, yelling bad words at him."

Andy just laughed. "Are you afraid of an old woman's mop handle? I'm not. Besides she'll never know. A cornfield comes right up to her garden where the melon patch is. We can slip up without much chance of her seeing us."

Just thinking about it made my heart skip a beat. It wasn't that I was really that scared of Mrs. Crane. I guess it was more that I didn't think it was right to take a melon from her without asking, no matter how many she had. I waited for one of the other boys to say something, to speak up and say they wouldn't go along, and then I would say it, too. But no one said a thing. Really I was surprised that none of them did, but I decided that if it didn't bother the others, it needn't bother me, either.

Pretty soon it was time to go in for lunch. Somehow the jam sandwiches didn't taste as good as they usually did after church. I kept thinking about that watermelon patch of Mrs. Crane's, and wondering if none of the other boys would object when it got right down to it. Surely one of them would say that maybe we shouldn't do it, and then I figured I would stick up for him right away. With that resolve in mind, I felt quite a bit better.

Right after lunch we went outside, and I soon saw that Andy was still eager to go. "Let's head down the cow lane here and walk through Miller's woods," Andy said. "It should be cooler in the woods."

He started off, and one after the other the rest of us followed. I tried to act as though nothing bothered me, but it was hard. Somehow I thought the air was strained, and that some of the things we laughed about weren't really that funny. On the outside we pretended to be relaxed and at ease, and maybe the others were that way on the inside too, but I know I wasn't. I was all tight and tense and mixed up. I couldn't figure out why the other boys didn't feel the same way, because we weren't used to doing this kind of thing. I don't say it to brag, or anything, but normally we were pretty well-behaved, and our parents had come to trust that we wouldn't be up to any mischief when we were together.

All kinds of thoughts went through my head as we walked down that dusty cow lane and neared the woods. I went from one extreme to the other. For a while I would be telling myself that I was silly for worrying about such a harmless thing. I would tell myself that after all, it wasn't like stealing, we would just help ourselves to something Mrs. Crane would never miss. But then my thoughts would swing over to the opposite side, and I would begin to think of ourselves as criminals. What if Mrs. Crane would see us and call the police? I could already hear the sirens screaming, and see the police surround us and drag us off to jail. I worried about who would let our parents know where we were. And how ashamed they would be of us when they heard the news their sons were in jail. I knew I was letting my fears get the best of me, and that my imagination was running wild, but the thoughts darted through my brain just the same. I even wondered if they would put us all five in the same cell, or if they would pen us up separately so we couldn't talk.

Suddenly, with a rush of feathers and high-pitched whirrrrr, a pheasant flew up from beneath our feet. I jumped nervously, startled by the unexpectedness of it.

We all laughed. "Those things always scare me when they explode," Ike said.

"Me, too," I agreed, but I knew that today the bird had scared me even more than usual because my nerves were on edge and my conscience uneasy.

As we walked, I kept measuring in my mind how far we still had to go to reach Mrs. Crane's melon patch. It was another quarter mile through the woods, then there was a long hay field, then two cornfields. The last cornfield would take us right up to the edge of Mrs. Crane's garden. It was pretty close, and yet it was still a ways off. There was still a chance that one of the other boys would protest, would say he really didn't think we should do it. I clung to that hope as long as I could, but finally I had to give it up. In no time at all, it seemed to me, we were climbing the fence into that final cornfield, the one that ran up beside Mrs. Crane's melon patch.

I caught myself scowling, but then forced my face to relax and try to smile. I was angry on the inside, angry at myself that something like this should bother me, and then by spells I would be angry at the others because it didn't seem to bother them at all.

Andy reached into his pocket and brought out a jackknife. "I brought my jackknife with the long blade," he announced. "That should do the job."

"Providing the melon isn't too big," Cephas told him.

"Don't worry," Andy said. "We'll get the melon cut open with this, no matter how large it is."

We slowed in our walk as we neared the edge of the field. Andy turned to me and said matter-of-factly, "Now let me give you directions about getting the watermelon."

My mouth dropped open in surprise, but before I could protest, he went on, just as though it were already decided that it would be my job.

"Pull your hat down over your eyes," Andy told me, "and walk to the edge of the corn. Be sure she isn't in the yard, then get your eye on a good-sized melon that isn't too far away and that looks to be ripe. Walk quickly to it, pick it off, and hurry back."

"Hug," I balked. "When did you decide that I get the job to pick the melon? If you know how to do it so well, you do it?"

"I would," Andy said smoothly, "but we live neighbors here and she would recognize me sooner than one of you boys."

"I can't tell when a melon's ripe or not," I said, desperate for an excuse.

Andy looked at the others, but none of them volunteered, so finally he said, "Well, if you're all too chicken, I'll just have to go."

We watched as he sneaked to the edge of the field, and glanced all around. He hesitated a moment longer, then took several swift steps to the nearest melon, snapped it loose and hurried back with it.

Inwardly I cringed as I mentally waited for the harsh voice of Mrs. Crane to shout. But everything was silent and still.

The melon clutched in his arms, Andy ran heavily to us. "Let's go back into the corn a little farther," he said. "Although I'm almost sure she didn't see me," He led the way and we followed.

Andy stopped and put the melon on the loose soil between the rows of tall corn. It was a long melon, the kind that the supermarkets always have stacked up in front of their stores.

"Let me tap it with my knuckles to see if it sounds ripe," Cephas said. As he tapped on the side of the melon, he was saying in the tone of an expert, very sure and final, "Green-green- hear how green it sounds?"

We knew he was just trying to scare us, and that he couldn't tell whether it was ripe or not.

Andy took his knife and plunged the blade deep into the melon. Then he slowly started cutting. With one final thrust he broke it open.

A low groan of disappointment went up from all of us. Cephas had guessed right; the melon was green. It wasn't even close to being ripe— there was just a faint hint of pinkish color around the seeds.

It only took Andy a few seconds to recover. "There's more out there," he said, tossing the melon to one side. "She has a round kind that probably is earlier than this kind."

He strode back to the edge of the cornfield and soon was back with a second melon. This one was round like a basketball, not oblong-shaped like the first had been. And it had dark stripes.

The second melon may have looked different on the outside, but the inside was the same— green! If anything, it was even greener than the first one had been.

Andy sat back on his heels. "That contrary old woman must not have planted anything but green melons," he scolded. "We should have known it— that's just like her."

We all laughed, but there wasn't much mirth in the sound.

"You're picking the wrong kind," said Ike. "That first one was a Charleston Gray, and this one is a Dixie

Queen. Those are both fairly late-season melons. Doesn't she have any early kinds, midgets or something like that?"

"Now we found the man we were looking for," Andy said. "Sounds like you know all about it. If you know what these midgets look like, go get us one. But if they're very small, better bring several, because I'm getting hungrier all the time."

Ike hesitated a moment, but then turned to go. "Okay," he said, "but I'm not going to pick any more green ones— it's too wasteful. If I can't find any earlier kinds, I just won't bring one."

So Ike went to try his luck. Pretty soon he came back with a small striped melon that didn't look too much larger than a big muskmelon. While Andy cut into it, the rest of us watched, fearful that it, too, would be green. But it wasn't. It was a beautiful red.

"Good for you, Ike," Andy praised gleefully. "I hope you marked where you found this one, because we're going to need more. This is just a sample for a gang like us."

The melon was good. It was ripe and sweet, and we ate our pieces down to the thin rind. The only thing wrong with it was that it was too small.

"Ike, how about getting us two more just like this one," Andy suggested as he licked the corners of his mouth.

"Nope," Ike refused, "it's not my turn."

Andy didn't wait long for any of us others to offer to go. He was hungry for more, and he isn't the kind to wait around long when he wants something. He hurried away and soon came back with two more just like the one Ike had brought.

Both of the melons were ripe. We ate them, then buried the left-over rinds and green melons the best we could in the loose ground to hide them.

We started back toward home.

"Ummmm, I sure feel better," Andy said, patting his stomach.

I couldn't say that I did. I had felt bad before, and now I felt even worse. But I told myself again, as I had told myself so often before, that if it didn't bother the others, it shouldn't bother me, either. Several of the others were older than I was, including Andy, who had thought the whole thing up.

As I chored that evening, I tried to forget about it, to push from my mind all thoughts of watermelons and Mrs. Crane. But it was pretty hard to do. My conscience just kept bothering me about it, and I felt guilty. I was disappointed in myself for what we had done, and I couldn't help but feel disappointed in the others, too, for not one of them had said a word in protest to Andy's suggestion.

All that evening I felt bad about it, but on Monday morning it wasn't on my mind quite so much. Everytime it returned to my mind, I pushed it away. I told myself that it was too late to feel bad about it now, the deed was done, and whether it had been right or wrong, it couldn't be undone anymore. Besides, it was true that Mrs. Crane had lots of melons and would never miss those five we had taken.

Monday passed. On Tuesday I only thought about the melons once or twice. Wednesday went even better. I felt pleased that at last the matter was out of the way, it was past and forgotten and buried.

But that was where I was mistaken, as I found out on Thursday evening. We had just finished supper and were ready to go out to do the milking when a buggy drove in. I looked out and saw Ike and Cephas on the buggy. The watermelon scene from Sunday afternoon flashed into my mind almost instantly. My heart sank. I just knew before I went out what they wanted. No doubt it had leaked out what we had done, and their parents had sent them over to Mrs. Crane to pay for the melons.

"I'll see what they want," I said quickly, lest Dad or Mom go out.

I walked up to the buggy, and pretended not to be worried, though my thoughts were churning. "You're just in time to help with the milking," I said.

"Then we must have come to early," Ike said.

We chatted a few moments, but I was ill at ease. I wished they would come right out and say what they had come for.

Ike climbed off and stood beside the buggy. He shifted from one foot to the other. He cleared his throat. "Ah— er, Amos," he began. "I might as well tell you what we came for. We— er, I've been thinking quite a bit about those watermelons we took from Mrs. Crane's patch, and I couldn't quite feel right about it."

"You mean you felt like that, too?" I asked, surprised.

Ike gave a little laugh. "Then you've been feeling the same way. Well, it doesn't surprise me too much. Not since I talked with Cephas. When I told him how I felt, he said right away that he felt pretty cheap about it, too. So I just figured maybe you would be in the same boat."

Now I really was surprised. Not only had Ike been feeling bad about it, but Cephas, too.

"Here I thought I was the only one that felt that way," I said.

"Well, now you know better," Ike said Matter-of-factly. "Cephas and I are going over to pay Mrs. Crane for the melons. You can pay your share to us then when we know how much she wants. Or don't you think we should make it right with her?"

"Sure I think so," I said quickly.

It was time for me to get to the milking, so they left. I walked to the barn, feeling more relieved than I had any time since Sunday. I realized that it was pretty good of those two to offer to go face Mrs. Crane for the rest of us, when all of us had been involved just as much as they.

I sat down beside the first cow and started milking. There was one thing I just couldn't get over. If I hadn't been the only one who had felt it was wrong to take melons from someone else's patch, why had we ever done it in the first place?

Then I knew the answer to my question. I had done it because the others had. That was my only excuse, and now it seemed like a pretty poor one. What made it seem even poorer was to think that no doubt Cephas and Ike would have given the same excuse. They did it because I did it, and I did it because they did it— that sure didn't make much sense.

I had been disappointed on Sunday because none of the other boys had spoken up to protest when Andy had suggested the melons. The funny thing was that it had never dawned on me that at least two of the others were also just as disappointed because no one had spoken up. Each of us had looked to the other and no one had taken a stand.

Our only excuse for doing wrong had been that others were doing it. Now I realized for the first time what a poor excuse that actually was. ■■

CARRIE COOKS A MEAL

MM-M-M," SAID NINE-YEAR-OLD CARRIE as she came into the kitchen. "What are you making, Mother?"

"I'm cooking some chocolate pudding for dinner," Mother said with a smile.

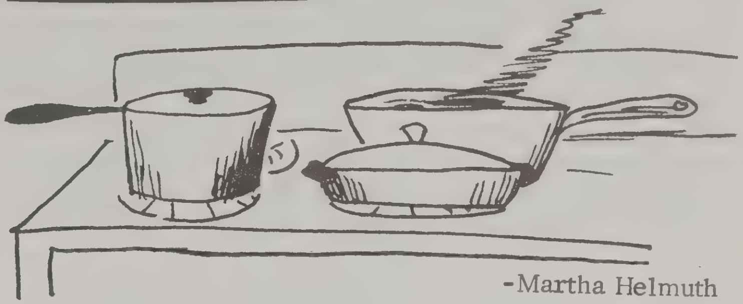
"Oh, may I help?" Carrie asked eagerly. "I want to stir it."

"Okay," Mother replied. "You'd better get your little bench to stand on first."

Soon Carrie was beside the stove with her little bench. Mother checked the burners to make sure it wasn't turned too high and then gave the spatula to Carrie. "Make sure you keep the bottom of the pan scraped with the spatula so that it doesn't burn."

Slowly Carrie pushed the spatula back and forth and around the pan unmindful of the heat. She looked up at Mother who was getting out potatoes to peel. "Some day I'm going to be a cook," she said. "That's more fun than washing dishes."

> SLOWLY CARRIE PUSHED THE SPATULA BACK AND FORTH AROUND THE PAN UNMINDFUL OF THE HEAT. SHE LOOKED UP AT MOTHER WHO WAS GETTING OUT POTATOES TO PEEL. "SOME DAY I'M GOING TO BE A COOK," SHE SAID. "THAT'S MORE FUN THAN WASHING DISHES."



-Martha Helmuth

Mother smiled. "Oh, but a cook has to wash dishes, too."

"Not always," answered Carrie.

"Lots of times I wash when you cook food, so you should also learn to like washing dishes,returned Mother.

Silently Carrie turned back to the pudding she was stirring. "The pudding is cooking, Mother. Shall I turn off the burner?"

"No, just slide the pudding off the burner so it doesn't cook any more," Mother answered. "Careful now." Mother watched Carrie a moment. "Now get those green beans out of the ice box for me."

Soon Mother and Carrie were busy with the beans and the rest of the dinner. "Are we having gravy for dinner?" asked Carrie.

"Yes, I think so," answered Mother.

"I want to make the gravy. May I, Mother?"

"You may help make it," replied Mother.

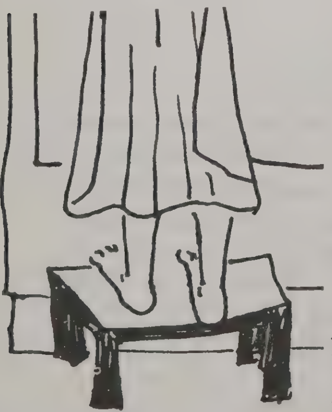
"But I want to make it all by myself. I can," Carrie insisted. "I know how to make the thickening."

Mother looked at Carrie a moment. The last while Carrie was becoming too sure of herself and didn't want to listen to Mother. "You'd better let me help you."

Without paying attention to Mother's warning, Carrie got out a small bowl and began to measure some flour into it. She looked at the flour in her bowl and then at Mother. "Is, is this enough flour?" she asked hesitantly.

"I don't think so," Mother replied as she opened the drawer to get some more.

"Let me measure it," Carrie said quickly as her mother began adding more flour to what Carrie had in the bowl. "I can do it." But it was too late. Mother had put in the flour already. "Let me do the rest by myself," Carrie begged as she got the pitcher of milk out of the ice box. The pitcher was big and it was hard to pour just a little bit of milk into the bowl. Just as she tilted the pitcher it slipped and spilled some milk on the table beside the bowl and got too much into the bowl. Slowly Carrie began stirring the mixture, but it was lumpy. She stirred and stirred, trying to get rid of the lumps, but after stirring a long time, there seemed to be just as many lumps as before.



Mother had been watching her and finally took the bowl from her and stirred it vigorously. "I think my little girl needs more help than she realizes," she said as she looked at Carrie. "You'd better set the table now while I finish dinner. Father and the boys should be in pretty soon."

"Someday I want to make dinner all by myself," Carrie said as she began setting the table.

"Some day you may do that, but you'll have to just help me for a while yet until you learn more about cooking," Mother replied.

A few days later Mother was just ready to start dinner when Father came to the door. "Could you come out and help me, Mother? The boys are both out in the field and I'm trying to fix the binder so I can cut oats this afternoon, it shouldn't take too long if I have some help," father answered.

"Let me make dinner," Carrie spoke up immediately.

"You fix dinner alone?" asked Mother. "When I'm not even in the house?"

"Yes, Mother, I'm sure I can."

Mother thought a moment and then looked in the ice box. "I guess we have enough leftovers that it shouldn't be hard for you to fix dinner. We have part of a can of chicken here." She began setting things on the table, "and some leftover green beans and some corn. And here is some apple sauce."

Carrie was barely listening to Mother as she happily got out some pans to cook dinner in.

"Cut the chicken off the bones and then add about two cups of water. Put that on to heat and when it boils you can add some noodles," Mother explained. "Now watch the burners so they aren't turned too high."

"Yes, Mother, I know how," replied Carrie.

"Be careful that you don't add too many noodles. About two handsful will—,"

→ →

"I know how," repeated Carrie. "I've often helped you make noodles." She went into the pantry to get the package of noodles.

Mother looked at the clock again. "You'd better start heating the chicken right away, but don't put the corn and beans on until just about time for dinner."

"Yes, Mother," Carrie said impatiently wishing Mother would go so she could make dinner all by herself.

Soon she was busy cutting the meat off the bones and getting the rest of the meal ready.

"Hm-m-m," Carrie said to herself as she looked at the chicken in the saucepan. "That doesn't look like very much. I wonder if it really is enough." She was thoughtful a moment. "I think Mother sometimes adds some water to it." She held the pan under the faucet as she opened it a little. "I think I remember hearing Mother telling me to add water, but how much? She looked at it a moment and then added a little more. "I wish she would have told me how much water to add." Finally she set it on the burner and then did the same with the leftover corn and beans. "At least that part is easy. All I need to do is heat it," she thought.

Then Carrie began setting the table. I wonder when I should add the noodles to the chicken broth," she thought after a while. She lifted the lid to look at it. It was steaming a little bit. "I think I ought to add the noodles right away."

She opened a package of noodles and began stirring some into the broth. She looked at it and added a few more. She became uneasy as she looked at the noodles in the pan. "How do I know when I have enough?" she wondered. "I wish Mother would have told me. Or- or maybe she did tell me and I wasn't listening." Slowly she added still more noodles. "I guess she makes them about that thick with noodles," she added, not realizing that they will become thicker as they cook.

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Next she checked the beans and the corn. They were getting hot too. Then she looked at the burners. "I wonder if I have them turned too high," she thought. "The corn smells like it's getting too hot." She stood looking at it trying to remember what all her mother had told her. She turned down some of the burners and then finished setting the table.

Once more she checked the food on the stove. The corn and beans were hot, but the noodles still weren't boiling. Carrie turned up the burner under the noodles and then went back to the pantry to see what else she could find. "Here are some cookies yet. I think I'll open a can of peaches to go with the cookies."

Soon everything else was ready. All she had to do was watch the noodles. "I'd better check them again," she thought. This time they were boiling so she turned down the burner again.

Finally after what seemed like a long time dinner was ready and Mom and Dad and the boys came in for dinner.

"I made dinner all by myself," Carrie told the boys as soon as she saw them.

Reuben watched Carrie as she poured the beans out into a dish. "Sniff, sniff. Did you burn something?" he asked.

Without answering Carrie got the corn to put it out in a dish. She caught her breath when she looked at it. It was burned and most of it stuck to the bottom of the pan. Quickly she put some water into the pan and covered it. "Oh well, we still have the beans and noodles to eat."

She turned to get the noodles, but Mother was at the stove adding hot water to the noodles. Carrie watched her with misgivings. "Is, is something wrong?" she asked.

"I'm sorry, but they're dry and stick to the pan," Mother replied softly. "I don't think you used enough water and then you added too many noodles."

"But- but you didn't tell me--," Carrie stammered.

Mother looked at Carrie thoughtfully. "Yes, Carrie, I did tell you but you were so sure of yourself that you weren't listening to what I was saying." Mother felt sorry for Carrie but she knew she needed to learn a lesson. "Perhaps this will teach you to listen when I tell you something. My little girl doesn't know as much as she thinks she does, does she?"

Slowly Carrie shook her head. "Maybe I'd better just help you." ■■

Humility

Humility is perfect quietness of the heart. It is to expect nothing, to wonder at nothing that is done to me, and when I am blamed or despised, it is to have a blessed home in the Lord, where I can go in and shut the door, and kneel to my Father in secret, and be at peace, as in a deep sea of calmness when all around is trouble.

• • •

ANSWERS TO CHILD TRAINING

NO. 6

Pete Plank and his son Harley, 15, were accompanied to a farm sale by neighbor Henry Hochstetler, and on the way the two men got into a discussion about church matters. Remember the story? As soon as the boy was out of hearing distance, Henry scolded Pete for criticizing the church in front of young Harley. "If you show an attitude like that," said Henry, "you can't expect your children to join our church..."

But Pete disagreed. "If I just pinch my eyes shut and pretend everything's fine, do you think my children will believe it?" he asked. Then he went on, "They'll think me a hypocrite besides, and will lose respect for me, too as well as for the church. Then I won't have any hold upon them at all."

What did our readers think? What did they feel happens when parents criticize their church and ministers in front of the children? On the other hand, what happens when parents are not honest about church matters when the children are old enough to ask questions about such things? How important is the church to successful child training?

These are the questions we asked in the April issue. Following are some of the replies received. Space did not allow to quote them all in full, but these should be enough to show how the readers felt.

1) A FATHER FROM THE SOUTH: Pete and Henry both have a point to consider. Parents certainly do need church fellowship they can recommend to their children, and which the whole family can whole-heartedly take part in.

I feel parents should be careful not only in the presence of children but in the presence of others as well, not to criticize leaders or members of the church. On the other hand, it is vain to try to make a situation appear any different to the children than it is, for children are "all eyes and ears".

2) AGAINST DESTRUCTIVE CRITICISM: It has been our experience that criticizing the church or its leaders in the presence of children tends to destroy their respect not only for the ministers, but for all those in authority, even school teachers or government authorities. They lose their confidence in others and tend to become disobedient. All too soon the parents discover their children have also lost confidence in them, not realizing that they themselves planted the seed of discontent and distrust.

When children ask questions concerning conditions in the church, I think the parents should take time to answer them truthfully, but urge the children to keep such matters confidential....Our church leaders are also human and are not infallible, therefore we need to continually pray for them. Until we spend as much or more time in prayer in their behalf, we should think carefully before we voice our criticism, especially before the children.

3) FROM A PENNSYLVANIAN: Sad to say, our church is also drifting, but our children have not followed the fastest ones thus far. They have asked questions, why others can have this or that if we aren't allowed to have it. Yes, what could I say....

4) A MOTHER, HOLMES COUNTY, OHIO: Henry is right. Pete should not have criticized the ministers or other church members in front of his son. This will be sure to tear down the church. How often has he prayed about it or talked with offending members with a heart of love? Pete fails to realize that he too is a part of the church.

5) A PARENT, MISSOURI: I agree with Henry. Pete should not talk about the church and the ministers in a disrespectful way in the hearing of his children. I have seen cases where the parents have talked about the ministers, how they should do differently, and how things could be changed. Now they wonder why their children do not join the church.

An honest discussion is no harm, but to outright criticize the ministers is wrong, even if the children are not listening...

6) A READER FROM THE MIDDLE WEST: When I joined church a minister once talked to me about not behaving in church and whispering too. I knew I was guilty. But my dad took my part and said the minister should not have jumped me so soon as he did, for he'll just drive me away from the church.

At the time I was glad Dad took my side, but not any more. I am now married, and I am sorry Dad took my part. So I think we shouldn't talk about our ministers and the church, and the ministers and church should hold back and not let more liberal things come into the church...

7) A MINISTER, WISCONSIN: We have been raised in large families and also are raising one. We have done some observing too. A few things we have gleaned are: We should be sure our own attitude is as it should be before we speak to anyone or about anyone. Children pick up our attitudes also.

Many parents have the impression that talking church problems is a spiritual subject. They visit for hours talking little else. Seemingly they are deceived into thinking it is a Christian duty or requirement. Children can sense the sort of pleasure their elders get out of this line of talk.

Yes, the church is very important to successful child training. We should not unite with a church whose standard and practice are not the "all things" of the Bible. Then when we do belong to a church, we should observe them wholeheartedly, refraining from comparing ourselves among ourselves, but by the Word of God.

8) A GRANDMOTHER, PENNSYLVANIA: There is a difference between criticizing and explaining to children... I think we should teach them to respect the ministry, as we are taught so in the Bible, and teach them to pray for the ministers. Do we as laymembers really know how much the ministers are doing that we don't even find out? They may be striving hard to keep peace and unity with the Word of God, but we don't always know about it.

Children notice things without being told, even when they're quite young. I think of something that happened years and years ago. My husband's grandfather was a minister, and he was ordained when my husband's father was just a small boy. His mother had a kitchen cupboard with glass doors and she had some of her pretty dishes in there. One day she covered the glass doors with paper or cloth, then her little boy asked, "Maem, why did you do that?" Then she explained that some people were offended and she'd rather cover up the glass than offend anyone. I was his daughter-in-law and he told me this when he was an old man. He said he never forgot it.

9) LANCASTER COUNTY: Pete Plank was wrong to criticize the ministers and church in front of his son. I don't feel we should make a habit of criticizing anyone, much less the ministers. Maybe if we would try the ministers' work for a while, we would look at it differently....

All churches are made up of imperfect humans, so we can't expect to find a perfect church, but there are still many churches who try to do what is right...My grandmother once said, "Just watch, the parents who are forever criticizing the ministers, their children seldom stay with their parents' church."

10) A PARENT FROM MISSOURI: I have memories of my dad, a minister, lamenting about church matters, with Mother nudging him to be still. This tells me he believed in letting us know about the church for he told her if the children understand, it's good, and if they don't it won't harm them. When I became a member I soon discovered that Dad had been careful what he said in our presence. He never talked of personal confessions, but quite freely of the battle within the church to uphold the Ordnung. ...Dad had seen the falling away of a church once and it seemed he was quite aware of the signs...

11) CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA: To criticize the church is definitely not good, and much less so in front of the children. But then, neither dare to pretend that worldliness and ungodliness (among the young folks) are nothing to be concerned about. If we speak to the children in a concerned and humble way and in love, being careful not to belittle anyone else– this, it seems to me, is the only way we can expect any good fruit. And keep praying

---

Drop A Pebble

Drop a pebble in the water; just a splash, and it is gone;
But there're half a hundred ripples, circling on and on, and on
Spreading, spreading from the center, flowing on out to the sea,
And there is no way of telling, where the end is going to be.

Drop a pebble in the water; in a minute you forget;
But there's little waves a-flowing, and there's ripples flowing yet.
And those little waves a-flowing to a great big wave have grown,
You've disturbed a mighty river, just by dropping in a stone.

Drop an unkind word, or careless, in a minute it is gone;
But there's half a hundred ripples, circling on and on and on.
They keep spreading, onward spreading from the center they go;
And there is no way to stop them, once you've started them to flow.

Drop an unkind word, or careless, in a minute you forget;
But there's little waves a-flowing, and there's ripples circling yet.
And perhaps in some sad heart a mighty wave of tears you've stirred
And disturbed a life that was happy, ere you dropped that unkind word.

Drop a word of cheer and kindness; just a flash, and it is gone;
But there's half a hundred ripples, circling on, and on and on.
Bearing hope and joy and comfort on each splashing, dashing wave,
Till you wouldn't believe the volume of the one kind word you gave.

Drop a word of cheer and kindness; in a minute you forget;
But there's gladness still a-swelling, and there's joy a circling yet.
And you've rolled a wave of comfort, whose sweet music can be heard
Over miles and miles of water, just by dropping one kind word.

-James W. Foley

for the church as well as for the children.

When you are tempted to criticize, remember to pray instead. I read in the Blackboard Bulletin where a teacher wrote, "When things don't go as they should in my classroom, I take most of the blame on my shoulders and carry it home. Then as I feed the horses and curry them, I try to get rid of it and then I feel relaxed and at ease again." Wouldn't this be a good thing to do whenever we feel like blaming the church or the minister for things?

Sometimes the answer is to move to another settlement, but unless we are humble enough it likely won't help matters any. I know of a family of the criticizing type who moved a couple times and now the parents go to a liberal church, five of their children are married but none live where the parents do, and only two go to the same church.

12) MOTHER OF SEVEN, ILLINOIS: The church is of course important to successful child training, but why not put it the other way too, successful child training is very important to the church. Parents should always be honest and teach their children what is right and what is wrong. If things are not what they should be in the church, I think our children should know we disapprove.

No one should criticize just to find fault with others but all efforts should be put forth to have a church that is pleasing to God.

PROBLEMS IN **NO. 10**

CHILD TRAINING

KATIE LAPP HAD COME over to help her married sister, Malinda, pick raspberries. They were just well started when a car drove in the lane and stopped in front of the house.

"Oh, no," sighed Malinda. "Not Mrs. Smith. She's wanting eggs, but I do wish she'd leave that little Terry at home."

"Why?" asked Katie, curious. They looked toward the car, where plump Mrs. Smith was slowly getting out from under the wheel. The opposite door popped open, then slammed shut, and there was a dash of blue across the yard.

"Watch a few minutes and you'll know," said Malinda, setting down her basket of raspberries and starting for the house. "Terry's the worst spoiled brat I've ever seen. He's a sight! He's into everything and his mother can't do anything with him."

"TERR-R-RY!" shouted Mrs. Smith. "You leave that pretty little kitten alone."

Katie stared as four-year-old Terry grabbed the kitten by its tail and began swinging it back and forth.

"You stop that!" barked Mrs. Smith, wobbling hurriedly after her boy. But Terry kept just out of her reach, laughing aloud as the kitten snarled and his mother screamed. In a moment they had disappeared around the corner of the house.

Katie turned back to the raspberries, but now and then Mrs. Smith's voice drifted to her, shouting, "Terry!"

TEN MINUTES LATER the Smith car had left, Malinda had returned to the raspberry patch, and peace and quiet had settled back down upon the farm.

"It's a crime what those people are doing to that boy," remarked Malinda, shaking her head.

"Looks like he's badly spoiled all right."

"Spoiled is the word. But it's not the child's fault," said Malinda. "He's the one I pity. He'll grow up selfish and completely miserable. But you know we have Amish parents making the same mistake."

"Surely not to that extreme," objected Katie.

"Well, maybe not, but they're spoiling their children— letting them have their own way too much. I sure pity a spoiled child."

"What makes them do it?" asked Katie. "How comes parents don't know better than to spoil a child?"

"You're good at asking questions," laughed her sister. "And I could ask a whole basket full more. There's lots of things about spoiling that puzzles me, and it worries me, too. I wish they'd bring up the problem in FAMILY LIFE sometime, in the Child Training questions, you know."

"Why don't you write and suggest it," said Katie.

****

How about it? Have the readers of FAMILY LIFE had any experience in this line? Were you maybe spoiled yourself as a child? Have you spoiled your children, and now see the mistake? Have you seen others spoil their children, and wished you could help them?

Why not take a pencil and paper and write down your ideas. Katie Lapp and her sister (and many other parents) would be glad for a discussion on spoiling. Can you answer these or related questions?

1) What are the underlying reasons that parents spoil children?
2) Is it true that the youngest child is always spoiled?
3) What about an only child? Does he, or she, stand a chance to not be spoiled?
4) What can be done when grandparents or other relatives spoil your child?
5) Is it possible for parents to be unaware that they are spoiling their child? If so, what is the duty of close friends in such a case?

Write down your views on spoiling children, and send to:

CHILD TRAINING
c/o Pathway
Aylmer, Ontario
Canada

Those who have the care of children need to keep close to Christ.

• • • • •

We must live for Christ here, if we would live with Him hereafter.

• • • • •

BOTTLED HABITS

"When I was a little boy," remarked an old man, "Somebody gave me a cucumber in a bottle. The neck of the bottle was small, and the cucumber so large it wasn't possible for it to pass through, and I wondered how it got there. But out in the garden one day I came upon a bottle slipped over a little green fellow, and then I understood. The cucumber had grown in the bottle.

"Now I often see men with habits that I wonder any strong, sensible man could form, and then I think that likely they grew into them when they were young, and cannot slip out of them now. They are like the cucumber."

COMING SOON!

The story of Mark Boshart, the grape farmer, of Zollikon, who was also a preacher in the time of the Anabaptist persecution. You will enjoy the story in book form even more than the installments that had appeared in Family Life for the book will contain more chapters and more details of the lives and sufferings of the Anabaptists of the first church of that faith. The book should be ready by the middle of August. Price : $3.00.

Orders accepted now.

Fire in the Zurich Hills

Deadline for Answers September 29th

WHAT DO YOU THINK

??

It seems the women around here have been making pajamas of flowered and other print material, also two-tone and lace. I can see them on the neighbors' clotheslines. Where is the mother's heart? Was she not taught that this is wrong, or isn't it? Am I too strict? If they were sick, or ready to die, would we want to put them to bed in such clothes? I do not feel it is in my place to talk to them for I have a family of my own to raise.

—A WONDERING MOTHER

??

ANSWERS TO JUNE QUESTION— WHY IS IT THAT SOME WOMEN SEEM TO BE ABLE TO KEEP AN ORDERLY HOME AUTOMATICALLY WHILE OTHERS STRUGGLE, BUT CAN NEVER HAVE IT THAT WAY?

DEAR TRYING BUT LOSING:

I am also one of the "losing ones" and there are times when I feel it's because I'm not trying hard enough. However, I wonder if it's perhaps also a question of what we put first in our lives.

I believe my neighbors would have a better opinion of me if my things were better in order, but then I have to wonder if the good opinion of the neighbors would be worth it if I were constantly nagging my family. Another reason is that I do more different things in order to save money and would rather have disorder than debts.

At times when I have been discouraged, I have asked myself whether when we meet our Lord after this life, will he ask us whether our kitchen was always kept in order and our children clean? This helps to put my thoughts on the right track again as also did my husband when he asked, "Does it matter if we have only "herbs" to eat as long as we can have love and peace?"

–Always a losing one

I AM ALSO ONE OF THE untalented and slow ones. We have six little children, the oldest one seven years old. Anyone who has not gone through such a time cannot talk out of experience, what it is to keep order in the house.

I used to think others could do better if they tried but now believe it is not given each one to manage well. We must be humble and willing to endure if others criticize us. God has not intended all to be alike. My husband says, "If we could all keep up with the Jones, the Jones would go crazy."

-Goshen, Indiana

WE CAN'T ALL BE ALIKE, but have to be content with the talent we have. When I was still at home, we had neighbors where everything was kept spic and span. With a growing family, the wife worked hard to keep it that way.

When my husband and I started housekeeping, I pictured in my mind that we would have a home like this. Now I look back with regret over the first few years of our marriage and wish I could live them over again. I'd try and be myself and work with the talent I have. I only made myself miserable and also made it hard for my husband.

Now we have a family of six children and not everything gets done as it should. If visitors drop by and the children are not dressed the best, they can go home feeling they have better management. I am also happy since I learned to work with the talent I have which leaves me more time to think and help others that are in need.

—Pennsylvania Reader

I AM ALSO A SLOW GEARED PERSON who cannot keep up with the fast ones. Should I feel ashamed of this? No, I don't think so. Our life on earth is so short and when we come before the Judgement Seat, the important thing will be whether we loved God with our whole heart, soul, and mind. This should come first, and then we will do the best we can with our daily tasks, realizing that different people have different talents.

Would you like a few hints? Having the house too full of furniture, knick-knacks, and small items on the walls and shelves makes a lot of extra cleaning, and serves no useful purpose. If the children have too many toys, there will be more to scatter around. Try dividing the toys in several smaller boxes and put some of the boxes away. When they get tired of one boxful, get out another and then they will have "new" toys again.

—Indiana

DEAR SISTER, YOU'VE GOT COMPANY if you feel untalented in this respect. For years, I've been struggling to have our home in decent order. Feeling ashamed and discouraged will not help us any, I have learned already.

Watching our neighbor glide through her work will only make us feel worse. As she goes along from morning till night, we have to wonder if she is as tired in mind and body as we are. Some nights we are too tired to sleep and twist and turn all night. The next morning we do not feel rested and need most of the forenoon to wake up. What a blessing it is to wake up in the morning refreshed.

Let us look at something more important to our Maker than strict rules and schedules and order in the home. Remember what Jesus said, "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things. But one thing is needful and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken from her."

If we take these words seriously, we can be assured there is nothing to be ashamed of. He will not ask more of us than to do our best in all things. I have found comfort in going to visit the poor, the sick, the afflicted. Coming away from such homes, our hearts find new strength and courage as we count the blessings we have and not mourn so much for the ones we don't have.

—One of the Tribe, Ontario

ONCE A FRIEND COMPLAINED that their children did not like to play with their friends in winter. Later one evening we were at their house to visit and our children went to their toy box and started playing. They soon had a pile of things lying around. I thought they were playing real nicely when one of their girls remarked how the toys were scattered around and started picking them up and swept the floor. It made me feel unwelcome.

I can imagine how it goes in this home. The children get scolded if they have toys lying around. That is why their house is always clean and neat.

—Topeka, Indiana

IT SEEMS I'M ALWAYS PADDLING, paddling, paddling my canoe to keep ahead of the current but never quite able to do it. I've tried so hard to have things running smoothly, such as having the clothes all ready on Saturday evening, bathing the children and shampooing their hair, to have an early start for church the next morning. Then I feel I have failed again for I can see my better half is disappointed with me because it is so late when I'm finished.

Sometimes I feel like giving up in despair, but I know if I do everything is going to stop, so I brace up and try still harder.

God knows when I've done my best. He also knows how tired mothers can sometimes get. Let's be patient and work with the talent we've got. Someday we'll get our reward.

—In the same boat, Ohio

IT'S MORE IMPORTANT TO LOVE the family, teach the children, keep a joyful countenance, sew, mend, can foods, and care for the garden. The cleaning of walls, repainting, varnishing, having sparkling windows, and beautiful beds can wait. If these things are good enough for our own comfort, then we can share with the needy visitor.

Today I had time to read Family Life and now I am writing some answers. If I had my heart set on a clean orderly outward show, this would have had to be left undone. Now that I've had my little vacation, I am thinking of other duties that should be done. But as to our dirty walls and unpainted woodwork and floors, well—those must wait, perhaps forever, for I am nearing the end of my days. It is more important to be interested in Eternal Life and be concerned about our children.

—Missouri

THIS MORNING WHILE THE CHILDREN are sleeping I'm going to force myself to sit here and write an answer to this month's question. I'm a young married woman with four children, yet it seems my home and work are nearly always in good order. In fact, I often get compliments on how I can get so much work done with four small children.

Well, that's the thing that can't be seen outside the home. Other people can't see and don't know how I let my nerves get the best of me and am always yelling at my dear children when I'm tired and overworked. Others don't know that I never have time to enjoy my family. It's just go-go-go from morning to night to get the work done. If only you'd know it, I envy you mothers with not everything just so-so and it doesn't bother you much. At least your children know what a mother's love is.

I'm trying and praying I can change before my small ones are all grown up and gone before I've had time to teach them the important things of life.

Pray for me!

—Name and address withheld

MY HEALTH DOESN'T PERMIT ME to get everything done, even with the children's help. I also know I don't have the best of management. To keep from getting discouraged, I try to count the blessings I have. Godliness with contentment is great gain. (1 Timothy 6:16).

—Kalona, Iowa

MAYBE YOU ARE HURRYING TOO MUCH. As the saying goes, "Haste makes waste." Try and have the meals on time and get the dishes washed and put in place after each meal, then go on with whatever is at hand. Always finish a job before starting another if at all possible. But don't neglect the children. Take the baby and feed him when it is time. Always get the house in order before it's chore time or before the husband comes in. If there are children, they can help, too, if they are encouraged and praised for what they do.

—Goshen, Indiana

I FEEL ONE MUST HAVE ROUTINE in order to have an orderly home. Do your washing, mending, and ironing at a certain time of the week. Housecleaning and washing windows should also be done at certain times.

In the evening have the children pick up their toys while you go through sweeping and straightening up the house. Put everything away as you finish using it. A loving and respectful husband also helps.

—Nappanee, Indiana

HOUSEWORK IS PRETTY WELL WHAT you choose to make it. Do you always finish what you start? When you wash dishes, do you keep on until everything is finished and the table tidied up? Or do you just wash what you have to, thinking next time you'll do it all up? When you sweep, do you pick up and put away everything as you go? When you iron or mend, do you do it all or do you tuck some of it away thinking to finish it later? There is a very restful feeling in having a job completed and it really doesn't take much longer to do it right.

Housework can be satisfying if you do what needs to be done and do it right. I know of one mother who mopped all her floors every day. Is this really necessary?

If you think yourself a failure day after day then likely you will be, too. Once in a while compliment yourself. After a job is well done, stand back and admire it. Then start the next job with zest. It works!

—Ohio

DO YOUR BEST, BUT DON'T let it get you down or feel inferior. If those who "have everything nice" are real Christians, they will not gossip about you, but rather give you a helping hand or some friendly advice.

So cheer up. Who knows, someday it may go better.

—Goshen, Indiana

YOU STATE YOUR QUESTION IN SUCH A straight forward way that we have to wonder if your husband didn't write it for you. Most of us when we feel untalented, ashamed, and discouraged, don't discuss it so openly.

Your problem is very real, but I wonder if your feelings don't make it worse. If you feel your garden is a flop then it will be easy to see lots of gardens that look better than yours but you won't notice the ones that look poorer.

For some of us it has helped to devote our main interest to something else which needs to be done, but no one is doing in your community. If God made you different, perhaps he wants you to do something different. Keep searching until you find something that you can do well so that someday you can hear, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

—Ontario

ONE MISTAKE YOU MAKE IS WHEN you think good housekeeping comes automatically for some people. It always takes a constant effort. I have found it is easier to rise early in the morning if necessary to get things accomplished. It's marvelous what can be done when there are no interruptions.

Make a habit of putting things back in place after using them. A few minutes may save hours later. Don't stack your dirty dishes unless absolutely necessary. Train your children to put their toys and things away when finished, and don't be discouraged. Sing while you work. "A merry heart doeth good like medicine." (Prov. 22:17).

—Partridge, Kansas

WHY SHOULD YOU GO THROUGH LIFE feeling ashamed and discouraged if you are doing the best you can? Let us remember we are serving God, not man, and look to Him for help and strength. Most of us surely have talent in other ways which can be appreciated that we can work with. Don't let this problem overwhelm you. It's not worth the grief and heartache it can cause.

—Believe me, I know, Pennsylvania

INSTEAD OF ALLOWING DISCOURAGEMENT to rule over you (which is sin) look for the talents you're blessed with and exercise these, not with the intention of being seen of men, but in loving humble devotion to God.

When visitors drop in, don't make a lot of excuses about your untidy house (that's not what they came for) but rather be interested and understanding in what they have to say. Your attitude will be remembered long after your surroundings will have faded in the minds of others. Not only will you be happier, but others will be encouraged as well.

—Pennsylvania

WE HAVE SEEN PLACES WHERE everything has had to be kept so-so and these people are often the hardest to get along with. The happiest people are those who first seek to please the Lord, and take time to do something for others. It means more to me if people are friendly and speak only kind words of others than it does if their houses are in order.

—Sugarcreek, Ohio

THOUGHTS ON DYING

Note: Since publishing the answers to the May "What Do You Think?" question as to what our attitude should be toward dying, we have received a number of additional responses. Ordinarily we do not use the letters which come in late, but this time we have decided to use excerpts from a few.

To the fear of dying, there is no easy answer. Some think that we have not been born again unless we have lost all fear of death. Looking at it in another way, I think the feeling that we have not yet accomplished all we should is a form of humility which no Christian should lose. If we do not think much on our heavenly home, then erhaps it is a sign that we are too much occupied with arthly treasures, and have our hearts set on those. An-ther reason why young people do not think so much of ying is because they have not had much of sorrow and urdens, and such things often lift our eyes more to the eavenly things than the happy carefree days.

—ONE WHO HAS KNOWN TRIALS

Dad always taught us not to be afraid of death for it is ne only door between us and heaven. If we have the ving hope of "heaven after death" why should we fear die?

Of course, while we live on earth we have our plans, ur hopes, our families, and the future stretches bright-y before us. We enjoy life and the dark days only tend brighten the bright days. We think of suddenly leaving nis world, never to return— never to return to our hildren, out partner, and all who are dear to us, it auses our heart to ache.

But should it? God's plan is perfect. If he chooses come for me, I should believe that he will meet the eeds of the ones who are left behind if they will but rust in him. I should be willing to fit into his plan in-tead of fighting it off. Why should we be afraid of eath?

—OHIO

The question as to how a Christian should feel about ying was often my question but I could easily work it ff again by thinking about other things until I once was aced with death.

I felt I wasn't ready to die but what must I do? I was aptized, I believed in Jesus, and I was trying to do hat was right. Still I didn't have peace because I was fraid of death.

This went on for a number of years. I was married nd became a mother. Then I experienced death of part f my flesh and blood— our only child. Now what? How an I go to him and what does it take to make fit? All nis time I was trying to earn my way into Heaven, yet ne preachers kept saying it can't be earned.

Time went on and finally it came so far that I thought omorrow will be my last day. We had planned to go way and the more I thought of it, the more I knew that omething was going to happen. I had heard that you can eel it in your bones. That night my mind was so filled vith these thoughts that I lay awake shivering with fear, ot wanting to die yet firmly believing I was going to.

At this time, our second child was ten weeks old, and felt I was needed so bad in the home. I got up because couldn't sleep and kept thinking and thinking, "How can ever give myself up to die?"

My thoughts turned to the Bible and the 23rd Psalm ame to my mind. Over and over it came to me, "The ord is my Shepherd." Slowly I grasped the meaning nd I clung to that hope that He leadeth me beside the till waters. Yea, thought I walk through the valley of he shadow of death, I will fear no evil, thy rod and taff they comfort me. What a precious promise! Noth-ng that I could do would ever make me find peace. It vas in believing that He is my shepherd and having faith n Him that He'll lead safely all the way. I fell into a eaceful sleep.

The next morning I awoke still thinking this is my last ay. I even put the formula in the cellarway for the ba-y for I was nursing at the time. So away we went and ome we came and nothing happened. I still thank God or giving me this experience to show me how little we now out ahead. This was the beginning of changing my fears into trust.

I believe the girl who sent in this question is on the right path if she feels she has done nothing good. Once we feel we did a lot of good then we are no longer humble. Yes, I do believe that our faith grows as we grow older and we understand more. If you think back to when you were a child, you were afraid of many things which you have now outgrown. I was afraid to go out in the dark or to go upstairs alone.

I feel we should be ready to die but it will still be hard to give ourselves up to be willing to die. A person is sick if he'd rather die than live. -Pennsylvania

It was our experience to hold our daughter's hand as life was fleeing. As her hands went up to meet her Savior, we could more fully realize how God gives and he also takes.

There is no place for fear to enter our minds when God did such marvelous works. We could truthfully say it was not our will, but surely God's will.

When I am tempted to think of fear, my mind goes back to all the children in the neighborhood. I cannot recall that one child shied away to view the body. This is a comforting thought for the parents.

The tears that were shed the morning of the funeral were brought to a halt when one of the daughters asked, "Why weep when she has been with Jesus for three days already?" There is no need to fear when Jesus is near.

—MRS. A.Y., MISSOURI

You say the thought of death makes you shiver. Would you be surprised if you knew that this is a natural feeling for practically everyone. The Bible calls death an enemy (1 Cor. 15:26). Death is the opposite of life. No one wants to die, much less the Christian who has been promised eternal life. Christ said he came so that we might have life and have it more abundantly (John 10:10). But death is an enemy and not only our natural being, but our spirit as well recoils even to think about it. It may be accepted and even welcomed because we know that it is the only way to get where we want to go. But death itself is not desired, but feared. It can only be faced with confidence as we place our trust in Him who conquered death and has the power to deliver us from its grasp and take us to a better land.

Perhaps as you grow older, you will see and experience things which will better fit you to face death. Growing older is not enough. What really counts is whether or not we are growing in God's will.

—FROM ONE WHO KNOWS HOW YOU FEEL

HOME REMEDIES and suggestions

MORE ABOUT LOBELIA

For poison ivy I make an infusion of lobelia and golden seal and it has never failed yet. Our 12-year-old daughter swells up from this rash. Once I was ready to take her to the doctor, then I tried this and had her soak the affected parts with a cloth. The swelling stopped immediately. This spring she got poison ivy again and I didn't think of the herbs right away until she was quite swollen. We didn't have golden seal at the time so we just used lobelia and it worked anyhow. I use 2 teaspoons lobelia per cup of boiling water and 1 teaspoon golden seal (when I have it).

-Mrs. C. E. Hostetler, Pennsylvania

Across the Window Sill
by Aunt Becky
SALT

KITCHEN PRAYER

Dear Lord, before I start this day
of tasks that it will bring,
May I refresh my soul right here
where pots and kettles sing.
This is my "realm" where I perform
the work I best can do
And here I always seem to feel
especially near toYou.

For You have planned in this small room
such homely tasks for me
That I can do them easily
and keep my mind on Thee.
The writings of the Holy Book,
the lessons they all teach;
I've but to live them day by day
serenity to reach.

Again, when twilight time has come,
give me a short time too---
Here, through the deepening shadows,
my tidied kitchen view.
And solace find in simple things
accomplished here by me.
A flaky pie, a loaf of bread,
my family's joy to see.
The things that in this little home
I do with practiced skill
Help me as well in other ways
O Lord, to do Thy will.
Harriet Elmbald

A person sees very few sunflowers planted in gardens. I like to see these tall stately flowers for in them I find a good lesson. They certainly have the proper name, for throughout the day they keep turning their faces toward the sun. Like people, the sunflower also goes through cloudy and stormy days. Even then it remains undaunted and keeps turning it's face away from the shadows.

In these days we need such an example. It is often necessary to turn our faces toward the sun and remind ourselves that "God is in heaven... all's right with the world."

The pessimist may disagree with this saying. He will wonder how everything can be all right with prices skyrocketing, crime increasing, and true Christianity seemingly becoming less. These, and many more such things can make a dark picture of the future so that the heart may fail because of the things that are coming on the earth (Luke 21:26).

When the future looks dark and discouragement presses sore then it is well to turn our face toward the sun—toward our Burden-Bearer... and remember to think on the things that are true, pure, and lovely (Phil. 4:8).

GETTING READY FOR COMPANY

We had gotten a letter that we were getting out-of-state company for the weekend. We hadn't seen them for a few years so we were all excited and could hardly wait until it was time for them to come.

But, oh, there's so much to be done yet before Saturday. Let's start cleaning house. This takes extra long, for the floors need to be waxed. Everything has to be spotless. Now there's beans and peas to be picked, and look at the weeds in the garden! The lawn has to be mowed. Someone must hurry to town for groceries. Let's hurry and get some pies in the oven, cook the pudding, and stir up a cake. Hurry, hurry! There's so much to be done!

Then I got to thinking, shouldn't we be expecting another Guest; maybe it'll be today yet when He comes. Are we using as much effort in getting ready for Him? Let's make sure our hearts are clean and ready so we can look forward to His coming. Or maybe He won't even know us. We will never get more important company than Jesus so let's work harder in getting ready, for we've known quite a long time already that He is coming.

-Mrs. R. M., Indiana

PEACH MARMALADE

5 cups sliced peaches
1 small can crushed pineapple
7 cups sugar

Cook together 15 minutes. Add 2 small or 1 large box orange or strawberry jello. Cook until dissolved. Pour into jars. Seal. Paraffin may be used. -Mrs. S., Virginia

From Mrs. Menas Wickey comes: I just finished making wild grape jelly this forenoon and am processing 14 quart of juice of the grapes. I picked them down in the woods along the creek. I made jelly last year with some and we liked it so well that I thought I'd send the recipe to you.

WILD GRAPE JELLY

Wash clusters and put in large kettle with only enough water to cover. Bring to boil and boil about 15 minutes. Pour into cloth bag and squeeze out all the juice. Then add as much water as juice. This is now ready for jelly making. Using 5 cups juice, 7 cups sugar and 1 box Sure-jell. I followed the directions on the Sure-jell box for concord-type grape jelly.

Put the remainder juice in quart cans with 1/2 cup sugar per quart and process it 10 minutes at 10 lb. pressure or 30 minutes in boiling water bath.

GRANDMA'S APPLE DESSERT

Cut up raw apples and celery. Add raisins. Mix together. Sprinkle with lemon juice or add orange slices. Use as many apples and celery as desired.

-Virginia Martin

VEGETABLE CASSEROLE

Put a layer of onions in a greased casserole. On this place a layer of potatoes. Then a layer of carrots. Top with a layer of raw hamburger. Repeat, until the casserole is filled. Take canned tomato soup and dilute with water (5/8th soup to 3/8th water). Pour over the vegetables. Bake for 1 1/2 hours covered, and 1/2 hour uncovered at 350 . -Mrs. Gertie Gilson

FRESH BLUEBERRY CAKE

1/2 cup butter or margarine
2 eggs
3 t. baking powder
1 cup milk

1 cup sugar
2 cups flour
1/2 t. salt
1 cup blueberries

cinnamon and sugar to taste

First cream the butter or margarine, then add the sugar, a little at a time and cream again. Add the eggs and some of the sifted flour, salt and baking powder. Blend this slowly, adding the milk and flour. Wash the berries and dry them on a towel and dust with some flour. The berries should be stirred into the batter just before placing the cake into the oven. Pour the batter into greased and floured sheet pan, 9 x 13 x 2, and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon or nutmeg, spice, clove or whatever is desired. Bake at 325 for 45 minutes. Serve with whipped cream or ice cream. (If blueberries are scarce, raisins or currants can be substituted.) -Pennsylvania

Here are two quick and easy recipes for the busy housewife.

BUTTERSCOTCH ICE CREAM

For 1 gallon freezer use:
6 eggs— beat well then add:
2 qt. milk 1 pt. cream 2 pkg. butterscotch instant pudding (or any other flavor you desire)
3/4 cup white sugar 1 cup brown sugar pinch of salt
flavoring may be added if desired

Beat well then pour into freezer and freeze. The children love this and my husband says its better than any cooked ice cream he ever ate. -Mrs. Lester Helmuth

MAPLE CREAM ICING

Mix: 1 cup brown sugar 3 tbsp. milk 1/4 cup butter or oleo

Put on stove and bring to full boil, no more! Remove from heat and add 1 cup powdered sugar and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Stir until dissolved and spread on cake.
-Mrs. Lester Helmuth

BARBECUED CHICKEN

1/2 cup flour
2 teaspoons paprika
1 teaspoon pepper
I cup up broiler or young chicken

1/4 teaspoon dry mustard
3 teaspoons salt

Mix dry ingredients well in plastic bag then dust cut-up chicken parts. In cake pan melt 1/4 lb. butter. Place chicken parts in pan, not crowding. Bake 350 for 1 1/2 to 2 hours or until done. -Wroxeter

MEXICAN MIX-UP

1 1/2 lb. ground beef
1/2 cup chopped green pepper
1 large clove garlic, minced
2 cup kidney beans, drained
1/4 tsp. salt
1/2 cup shredded cheddar cheese

1 cup chopped onion
1 tbsp. chili powder
2 cup beef gravy
2 cup cooked elbow macaroni
1/8 tsp. pepper

In skillet brown beef and cook onion and green pepper with chili powder and garlic until vegetables are tender. Add gravy, beans, macaroni, salt, and pepper. Pour into 2 quart baking dish (12 x 8 x 2). Bake at 450 for 15 minutes. Stir. Top with cheese; bake until cheese melts. (This is highly seasoned. I started with half the amount of garlic and chili powder. I use about 1/2 tsp. garlic powder instead of the clove garlic and adjust to suit taste.) -Iowa

Make your own— SHAKE AND BAKE

1 cup flour
2 teaspoons paprika
a bit of pepper

1 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt

—Mrs. Chris Miller, Indiana

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

When canning string beans do not add salt and the taste is much better.

If peas are heated in the pods they're much easier to shell and they taste more fresh after they're frozen, or canned. (Some pour boiling water over them for easier shelling.- Aunt Becky).

If you have trouble with birds picking your tomato plants or rabbits eating your lettuce, dust them with talcum powder and they won't bother.
—Mrs. Chris Miller, Indiana

GOD BLESS OUR MOTHERS

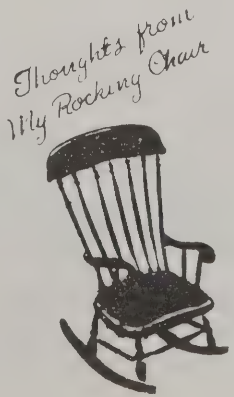
God, bless our mothers who show us the way,
Mothers who kneel with their children to pray.
Mothers who know the blessing of song,
Who will kiss a small hand and right a wee wrong.
And still find the time for mending and meals!
God, bless the mothers with shining ideals!
— Thelma Allinder

Sometimes people think and think before they spend, often making spending a burden.
Sometimes people spend and spend and then think and think and think. There should be some happy medium.
- Adapted

Some Mothers Write

Our 4-year-old was memorizing the old children's prayer, "Müde bin ich, geh zur ruh." The two-year-old learned it also by hearing sister repeat it but in the end he said, "Fater, las die Augen dein euber meine Benny sein. Amen." (Benny was the name of his new baby brother whom he loved dearly.) -S. Z.

There had been some flu in the home so Mother would frequently put her hand on the children's forehead to check for fever. One of the children followed her example and put her hand on her sister's forehead and exclaimed, "Mother, Anna's mind is hot!" -D.H., Va.


Thoughts from My Rocking Chair

Parents' Golden Rule
Treat others as
you want others
to treat your
children
Aunt Becky

A PAGE FOR Shut-Ins

To The Shut In

"Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." Hebrews 12:11

Shut-in friend, does life seem dreary
As you think of years gone by,
When you, too, were well and happy
And your hopes and aims ran high?

As you look at others 'round you,
Do you ever wonder why
This distress has come upon you?
God will tell you, by and by.

Look at all the wondrous flowers
Blossoming so bright in May,
Yet, the gardener, unrelenting,
Pruned and cut but yesterday.

See the little violet peeping
Shut in all the winter through,
Buried under ice and snow-drift,
Bringing now sweet cheer to you.

Could we have the trees' fresh leafage
If they did not rest awhile?
And if never cloud o'ershadowed
Could we see the rainbow's smile?

If God sends some sore affliction,
Tho' ill health your portion be,
Look to Him in sweet submission--
From the rod springs fruit for thee.

See the Saviour smiling o'er you,
His kind face ne'er wears a frown,
He will give you grace sufficient
And at last, the victor's crown.

-Sent in by Fannie Beachy

"Yusht Die Katie"

I am "Yusht de Katie" -- a girl 17 years old. My accident occurred May 31, 1969 while mowing hay. My oldest brother— who was thirteen years old at the time-- was also in the hayfield. He was about 500 or 600 feet away from me.

The field was bumpy and as I turned at a corner one of the horses went too fast. This threw me off the seat and I landed close to the mower blade. The blade cut off my left arm. I guess I blacked out before I touched the ground. The first thing I remember is getting up and running. I don't know how far I was from the mower when I got up, but the team had stopped. I felt God was there.

My brother didn't notice what was happening. I quickly ran to him and asked him if he had a rope for a tourniquet. He took out his handkerchief and tied it around my arm. (It was cut three inches below the elbow.)

After the tourniquet was on I ran for the road, which was only about twenty yards away, and stopped a car. It happened to be one of the neighbors although I didn't know him. He took me to the doctor who lived not far from the scene of the accident. The doctor sent for the ambulance and took me to the hospital. He gave orders to my neighbor to bring in the amputated arm as soon as possible.

In the meantime, my brother tied the two team of horses. Then he ran to the neighbors where Dad was at the time. Naturally my parents were shocked and thought it couldn't be. The arm was found in the field and ten minutes after I arrived at the hospital, the neighbor and my parents were there.

I was in the hospital six days. During that time my friends let me know that their thoughts were with me and I received many letters and gifts. I felt very unworthy of their kindness.

Losing an arm sounds really more terrifying than it is. If we have God close by, then life is sweet. His peace was with me through those days. It was hard to give myself up to my loss, but God was very near. Later it seemed sometimes as if Satan was going to win. When things didn't go right, I got "kinda" nasty. I asked God for help and then everything went all right again. Nothing ever happens without a purpose, so I guess this accident had its purpose too.

I am now harnessed up with an artificial arm. I have a hook and an artificial hand. The hand looks almost natural but I only wear it on Sundays and to dress up. I wear the hook to work and I can do almost anything that I used to do but sometimes in quite a different way— but also with God's help. —Katie Yoder, Pennsylvania

Dear Shut-in,

"In quietness and confidence shall be your strength" (Is. 30:15).

These words keep drifting through my mind ever since our visit to you. Although they were written on a motto above your bed, the entire atmosphere of the room seemed to speak of their presence. The tranquil form, your smiling face so kind and pleasant, the quiet hopeful way you talked, the gentle gesture of your soft and crippled hand, all reminded me of quietness and confidence. Like a soothing balm the impact of your message went through my struggling mind. Slowly discouragement and worry faded when I saw how patiently you were taking your lot— thirty-one years a cripple of rheumatoid arthritis!

A strengthening calm is felt everytime I think of your message...and you. Thank you!

—An Ontario Teacher

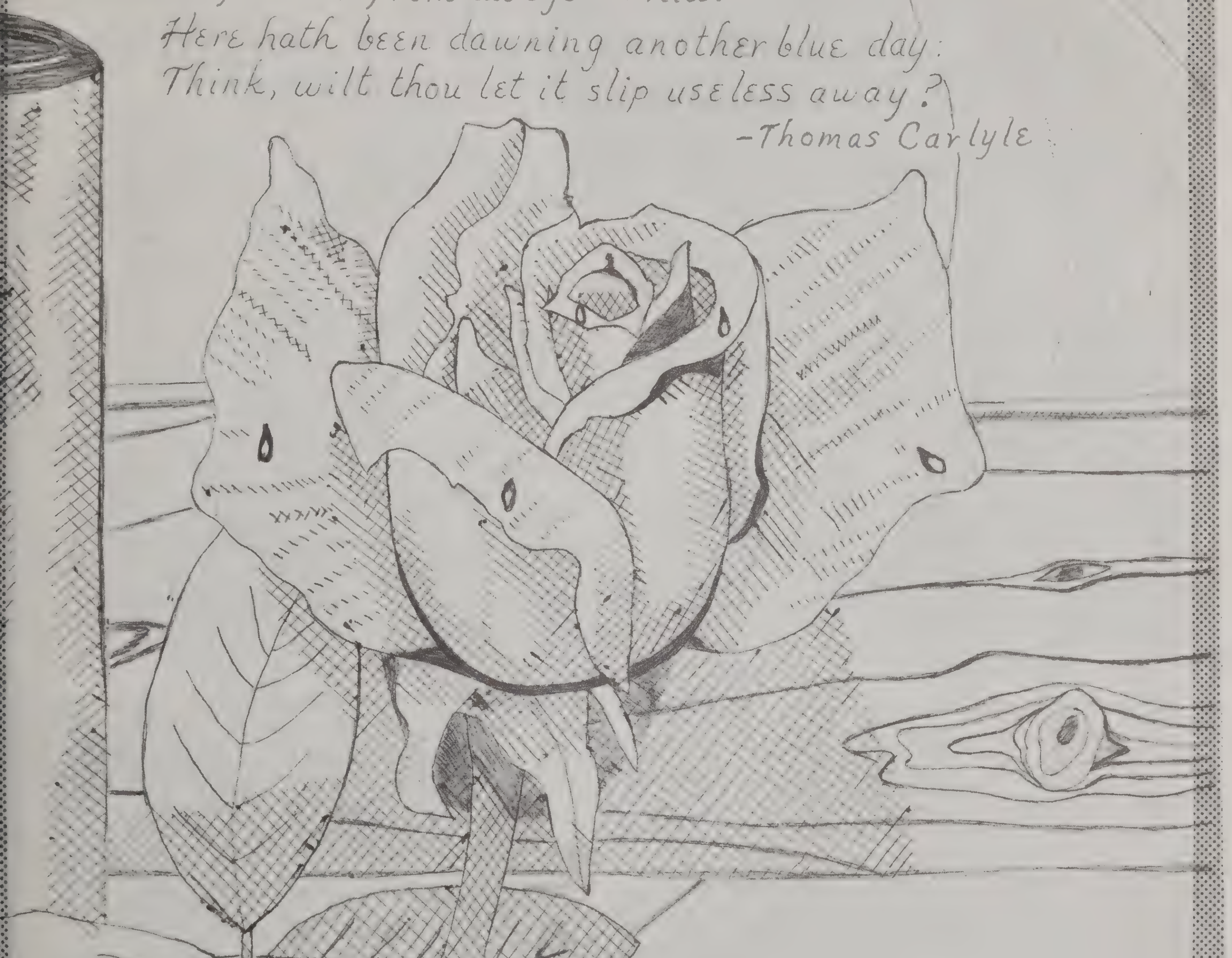
THE RULE OF THREE

Three things to govern: temper, tongue, conduct.
Three things to love: courage, gentleness, affection.
Three things to hate: cruelty, arrogance, ingratitude.
Three things to wish for: health, friends, a cheerful spirit.

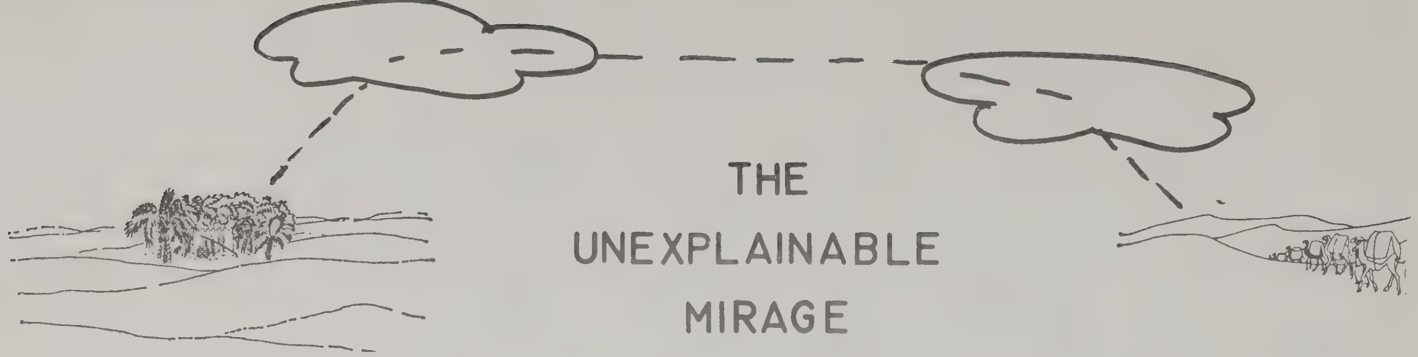
TODAY

Here hath been dawning another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away?
Out of Eternity this new day was born;
Into Eternity, at night, will return.
Behold it aforetime no eye ever did;
So soon it forever from all eyes is hid.
Here hath been dawning another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away?

-Thomas Carlyle



ACKNOWLEDGEMENT – This month's cover was sketched by Ruth Auker of Ephrata, Pennsylvania. Ruth also made the July full page, instead of Laura Auker, as was stated. The full page this month was made by Esther Graber, Shipshewana, Indiana.



THE UNEXPLAINABLE MIRAGE

We have all heard stories of travellers on the desert who, when hot and thirsty, think they see an oasis with green trees and water in the distance. But when they get there, they find it was only a mirage, the oasis is actually hundreds of miles away.

What most people do not know is that mirages are frequently seen in North America, especially in the western states and usually during the summer. In the rolling country of eastern Colorado, on still mornings, ranchers frequently see houses and ranches which are on the other side of the ridge and as much as seventy miles away. One man relates that as a boy, they lived in a valley. At times they could see their neighbor's house, which was on the other side of the ridge, so plainly that they could recognize the children playing in the yard. The Santa Fe station master of a small town close to San Bernardino, California, says that they saw the mirage of a town which was recognized as San Jose, California, some 500 miles and six mountain ranges away.

These occurrences can also frequently be seen over the plains of the Dakotas. In the true story, "His Protecting Hand," Henner, while traveling over the plains, saw the mirage of a railroad station with a train going by, which was apparently many miles away.

But one of the most unusual phenomena and one which was seen by a large number of people happened in a town in Maryland where no mirage had ever been seen before. Suddenly there appeared in the sky, a city with many dome-roofed houses. It was plain to see that it was not an American city. Apparently the image had been carried thousands of miles, either from Africa or from one of the islands of the Mediterranean Sea.

The mirage (pronounced "mi räzh," with the accent on the second syllable) is one of the most difficult happenings of nature to explain. Up to a few years ago there was practically no information available on the subject. But recently a scientist from the U.S. Weather Bureau, James Gordon, spent several years studying the subject. As a result of his work, we can at least get an idea of the principle behind the mirage.

The image of objects around us come to us by means of light rays and these rays can be bent. Put a spoon into a glass of water and look at it from an angle. The handle seems to be bent. If you have ever tried to spear fish in the creek, then you will know that the fish are not always where they appear to be. If you thrust a spear into the water, it looks as if it bends and ends up at a place you didn't intend it to.

Both these cases happen because water has a higher density than air. Light rays that pass through layers of different density are sometimes reflected to make an object appear at a different place than it really is.

Normally the air is cooler the further away from the ground you get. Sometimes there are "temperature inversions" which means that a pocket or layer of hot air forms a distance away from the ground. These pockets or lenses of air have a different density than the surrounding air and can thus deflect the light rays which pass through them. A mirage is caused by such a pocket or a combination of several pockets of air, to bring up the image of objects which are below the horizon.

Many people think a mirage is kind of a vision, or an illusion of the eyes, but this is not true. The image is real, even if it is at times distorted, and can be studied with binoculars or a telescope to bring out the details.

Perhaps the most common mirage, and one seen by many people, happens frequently on the highways. On long stretches of straight road, a layer of heated air forms over the pavement which reflects the image of blue sky down to the highway and makes it look like a body of water.

One of the most puzzling aspects of a mirage is how it can defy the laws of physics. One of these laws is that the apparent size of an object diminishes according to the square of the distance. Thus, if you double the distance, the object will appear to be only one-fourth as large.

A mirage, however, will take the image of a ship or a town or an island, carry it thousands of miles and set it up in the sky or on the ground as big as life. Mr. Gordon says the apparent size of the object does not get smaller with distance, but no one knows why. ■■

Return Addresses:
In Canada- Family Life
Aylmer, Ontario

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FAMILY LIFE

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OCTOBER 1973

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letters to the editors

MIRANDA HAGENS HASH

I liked the story "When the Moon Dips Down" (July issue). Susie was worried about that maybe Miranda Hagens might be right. I have wondered if there were not other women like Miranda who were neighbors to our pioneer forefathers and some of the plain women learned such old wive's tales from them and believed them. Here is a list of different superstitions which I have heard over the years from different people.

Do not cut a boy's hair before he is a year old or you will cut off his strength.

Do not cut a baby's fingernails before he is a year old. Tear them off so the child will not grow up to be a thief.

The first time you give a newborn baby water, take the smallest amount you can, such as a thimbleful, so the baby will not drool later on.

When the navel cord comes off a newborn baby, it should be put up on a rafter in the attic. This is to prevent rupture.

For "homesickness" (lonesomeness) scrape off a little dirt from the "home" door sill and sneak into the food of the homesick person.

You should do your housecleaning when the moon is in "untergender" so you will not be bothered with moths.

Never have 13 people eat dinner together at a table, else one of them may die. (I have wondered what would happen if a woman who believed in this would have eleven children.)

Young people who are going together should not give each other gifts that cut or burn because this will cut their love apart. For girls, this would include silverware sets, scissors, irons, etc. For boys no pocket knives, saws, lanterns, etc.

The girl who takes the last piece of pie or cake or empties a dish when there is a table full of girls eating, will end up an old maid.

Paul writes in 1 Timothy 4:7 that we should not believe in old wives tales. I wonder if such superstitions could not be classes as such.

M.B., Pennsylvania

OUR ATTITUDES SHOW

In July issue of Family Life was a small article called "Treasures in Heaven." I thought it contained some very good points in bringing out how we often reveal our thoughts by the attitudes we take toward what is being talked about.

However, there is another point which would have fitted well with the article. At times we hear people who like to talk of the failures and shortcomings of their neighbors, their brethren, or the ministers. They can see so many things that aren't as they should be that they can hardly get done talking. They lament that the church is not what it should be, so many are carnal minded, and lukewarm, and the ministers don't preach like they ought to.

But let someone else point out that there is still much good to be seen, or relate some incident that a brother or a neighbor did a good deed, or that a point was made clear, or he received encouragement from the sermon. Then he will shake his head and disagree, for the good deed might have been done just to be seen of others, or that person does so and so, therefore the good deed is of no account. What the minister said in his sermon would have been so-o much better if he had also said this or that, in short, almost everything is wrong with almost everybody.

We read that the Scribes and Pharisees walked after Jesus, trying to find fault with him. According to their interpretation of the Scriptures, they did find plenty of fault with Jesus, the only perfect and sinless man who ever walked on the earth.

--A Pennsylvania Mother

WONDERING ABOUT JOHN

I'm kind of wondering about John Yoder in the article, "Bennie Asks About Being Born Again." If Bennie actually didn't know the Bible teaching on the New Birth and about a pure church, why didn't John explain it to him?

From John's teaching, who could learn the difference between the common daily failures of Christians, and the "spots and wrinkles" that Paul warns a church should not have (Eph. 5:27). Are not the spots and wrinkles the tolerated, continued sins? According to Revelations a church must repent of such sins, and not just work at the evil and never have victory. The common everyday failures could perhaps be compared to the trials and problems of a marriage, but the "spots and wrinkles" should not be thus compared.

-Monroe Hochstetler

The author brings out a good rebuttal to the shallow, bubbling, salesman-type of Christian who has all the answers. But does the author himself have an answer? Isn't he evading the issue? Does he face up to the fact that some baptismal applicants are getting into the church on some other basis than a new-birth experience?

I guess it boils down to this: What do we expect of a church? A few people may expect too much— a church without problems— but I think for every person like this there are several dozen who don't expect enough. The Bible says, "...a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish."

— J.S.

OUGHT TO WORK TOGETHER

I read with interest the July issue in the Children's Section the story, "Coaxed into Working." I liked that part where Father and Mother both went along and helped their children hoe thistles. I think parents should work more with the children, fathers with their sons and mothers with their daughters. Not just say, "John, you go and hoe those thistles, and if you don't

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do it right you must go again."

When parents work with children, they get to know each other better. Maybe there are problems at school or among the young folks they would like to talk over with their parents, but unless they work together, they are not able to express themselves.

-Pennsylvania

A SHOE THAT FITS MANY FEET

Several articles and letters have appeared in Family Life by persons who were concerned about their younger brothers and sisters and could not understand why their parents are raising the younger children differently than the older ones. Maybe some of these could also look at it from another angle.

I was the youngest in our family and one of my sisters who was twelve years older sometimes made remarks that we have privileges she never had, that I could do things younger than she, or that I did not have to dress the same as she did.

Now a number of years have passed and she has grown daughters of her own. The oldest one is about twelve years younger than I am. There have been times when I could hardly keep silent when I saw how her daughters were dressed. It looks to me as though there is a much greater difference between my niece and myself than there ever was between my sister and myself. Once I made up my mind I was determined to tell her that the shoe is now on the other foot. But I never did. I glanced at my own daughters and the thought came to me that it were best to keep silent and be concerned about it that the shoe is not returned to me when our daughters are grown.

I think it is good that those who are older are concerned about the spiritual welfare of the younger ones but I believe that we need to be careful that our first concern is about their souls. We should take heed lest we don't do it because we are afraid someone else may have it easier or better than we did.

—Pennsylvania

HIGH-STRUNG & REBELLIOUS MOTHERS

From time to time we read letters in Family Life from wives who wonder what will become of their children if the father is not at home to help raise the family. I wonder if this couldn't just be the devil who is pointing out the faults of our dear husbands and telling us we have plenty of reason to be upset and to rebel.

What I am wondering is what will happen to the children who have high strung and rebellious MOTHERS? We should remember that if we want to have kind, loving husbands, the first requirement is that we must be kind, loving wives.

I don't like to point out the faults of others for I have plenty of my own, but I would like to give a few illustrations of what true love can do.

We have a dear grandma among us who seemingly has had more than her share of hardships in this life. Yet she seems to be in good health for her age. She's always willing to leave her work to help someone in need and is always kind. She is loved by all.

On the other hand we have a mother in this community who is very much concerned about the orderliness and neatness of her nice and well-kept house. She always has very nice clothes for the family.

But the last while something seems to be getting the best of her nerves. I hope and pray she can get help before she ends up in a nervous breakdown. Now don't get me wrong, she's a nice woman, a wonderful worker, better than I. But I am just wondering if we put first things first.

We can find examples in the Bible of what can be accomplished through love and prayer with the help of the Lord. We read that "the greatest of these is charity (love)". It's not how much we can get but how much we can give that counts.

-Striving to be a More Loving Wife and Mother

A RAINY DAY IS NICE

I am a mother of two small children and we live on a big farm. This morning I had planned to work in the garden and pick and can some cherries. But after I was done with the morning chores, it started to rain so I ended up doing some rainy day jobs, making meals and this afternoon I went to town. When I got home, there was plenty of work to do but I picked up Family Life with full intentions just to look through it. Then I read for a few hours. The work didn't get done but I do not feel sorry about it this evening. I feel refreshed and strengthened.

After a few nice days, one gets tired from working so much on the outside. This rainy day has freshened up more than the earth, also my body and soul.

-Mrs. E. R., Pennsylvania.

WORLD WIDE WINDOW

THE THREE TREE THIEVES

In March of this year, one dark night three thieves were arrested in DeKalb County, Illinois. It is a usual thing for thieves to be arrested at night; what was unusual was that these were out stealing trees– black walnut trees.

These tree thieves were caught, but many others are getting away. Since black walnut trees have become scarce, they have become increasingly valuable, and this year as never before, thieves have been watching their chance to make off with a tree or two. Unbelieveable as it seems, the logs from a top quality black walnut tree may bring as much as $15,000.

The tree thieves drive around the countryside during the day to spot any likely trees. Then they return at night with chain saws that have car mufflers attached to silence them. It doesn't take long to cut down the tree, slice off the prime logs, winch them onto a truck and leave. One landowner in Illinois had 20 trees cut in one night. In Columbus, Ohio, thieves took five black walnut trees right from the city park.

Even though it takes years to grow a mature tree, with prices going up all the time, it might be a good investment to plant a few. But before you decide to plant them right up close to the house so no one will steal them, consider what happened to one family in Monroe, Iowa. They had a beautiful black walnut tree next to their house. One day they returned home to find the tree had been cut during their absence. As if taking the tree wasn't bad enough, the thieves had crashed it onto the house, causing several thousand dollars of damage. They had taken the logs, leaving the branches and leaves, as well as the splintered rafters, for someone else to look after!

WHEAT RETURNS TO RUSSIA

A hundred years ago, in 1873, Mennonite emigrants from Russia found new homes on the Kansas prairies. They fled from their homeland because they were no longer tolerated in Russia. When they came to America, they brought a few bushels of wheat, a winter wheat called Turkey Red. Turkey Red adapted well to the climate and soil of Kansas, and those few bushels of seed have since helped to make Kansas the leading wheat producing state(over a fifth of the yearly U.S. wheat crop comes from Kansas.)

Last fall in a gigantic $600 million deal, Russia purchased millions of bushels of this very wheat grown in Kansas— Turkey Red hard winter wheat. What a strange turn of events that after a century, Russia should benefit from the few bushels of wheat the Mennonites took with them when they were forced to flee in the face of increasing persecution.

THE TALLEST BUILDING

What is your answer when someone asks, "What is the tallest building in the world?" If you reply, "The Empire State Building in New York City" you're wrong by several guesses, and about 800 miles. A skyscraper built in Chicago this summer has become the world's tallest building. Even before that the Empire State Building had lost this title to The World Center Trade (also in New York City.)

The new champion is the Sears, Roebuck & Co. building in Chicago. It towers to 1,450 feet above the city, which is 100 feet more than the former record-holder, The World Trade Center. The fact that the World Trade Center topped the Empire State Building by exactly 100 feet, too, seems to show that a skyscraper contest is going on.

It is very likely a little hard for the New Yorkers to see the honor of the "tallest building" going to another city, after having held it for nearly 80 years. Not only has New York had the tallest building all this time— they were so far ahead that no other city even got close. As recently as 1968 a listing of the 14 tallest buildings in the world showed that 13 of them were in New York City!

Vanity and pride led to the building of the first skyscraper, The Tower of Babel, and it has likely played at least some part in the building of them since. When asked why Sears, Roebuck &Co. would spend 150 milmillion for the 110 floor building, a company spokesman said, "Being the largest retailer in the world, we thought we should have the largest headquarters in the world."

THOSE TROUBLESOME TONSILS

For a number of years many medical authories believed that tonsils really didn't serve any purpose in the human body except to make trouble. Since tonsils sometimes become inflamed and need to be removed, people came to believe they would be better off if they had any tonsils in the first place. As a result doctors frequently removed perfectly healthly tonsils from children just so they wouldn't make any trouble later in life. One explanation given for the existance of the tonsils was that they were a left-over organ from prehistoric days when man was still in the monkey stage.

But recent studies show that tonsils may be more important than earlier supposed. Tonsils seem to play some part in destroying harmful bacteria, and help to prevent bulbar polio. Also it has been found that people without tonsils are three times more likely to develope Hodgkin's disease.

Man should have learned long ago that the Creator knows more than the created. When there is something we don't understand, how much wiser it would be to say, "It's purpose has not been discovered yet," rather than to arrogantly state; "It has no purpose."

BUSY AS A WOMAN

Many a modern woman has every convenience she can think of in her kitchen. She need only twirl a dial for cooking meet, push a button to do her laundry, open cans for instand meals. Freed from so many tiresome tasks and time-consuming work, what does the average American do with all her time today? Recent studies show that she spends it where she always has- in housework.

Joann Vanek, a sociologist at the University of Michigan, has been comparing some studies that were made of how housewives use their time right back in 1926. These studies show that the average woman is spending about the same amount of time today in housework as she was in 1926. Modern devices have definately speeded up such things as food preparation and laundry, but meanwhile women have invented other things to do— such as following complicated recipes and supermarket shopping.

MARIJUANA NEXT?

There is a possibility that the day is near when marijuana may be bought and used freely. That is, if a group known as NORML has its way. The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws has been pressuring the lawmakers to liberalize the selling of the drug. They claim marijuana is harmless and its use is no worse than the use of alcohol or tobacco.

A number of states have sharply reduced the penalty for having possession of the drug. The new laws in Texas will allow many who are serving time for marijuana to have their freedom.

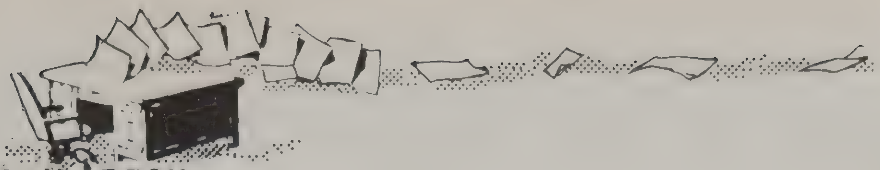
Is marijuana really as harmless as they claim? There is substantial evidence to indicate it is not. Although it is not as harmful as other drugs like heroin, yet the fact remains that many who smoke marijuana will turn to these other drugs later.

Marijuana also has an immunization effect on the body more so than tobacco or alcohol. This means that when such a person becomes sick, the medicine the doctor gives will not be effective.

Strong drink and tobacco cause the user to become careless physically and spiritually, but the use of drugs has a still greater effect. Those who use drugs become listless, uncooperative and rebellious against all authority. Naturally a person like this would have no desire for Christianity.

Will the plain churches be affected by these drugs? We hope not, but in the past, such things which have become popular in the world have also left their mark on the churches. Even now there are reports that in some of the larger communities, marijuana is being used among the youngfolks.

It is all the more important that the parents combat this evil by teaching the Scriptures conscientiously to the children at home to plant the fear of God in their hearts. ■■



ACROSS THE EDITOR'S DESK

This month we are reprinting an article under the heading of "Fireside Chats" which was published five years ago in the October, 1968 Family Life. During our first year of publication, less than half as many people received the magazine as now. With the turnover in subscribers , it is doubtful whether more than one-third of our present subscribers were getting the magazine at that time. Even that third will probably not object to reading something they read five years ago, because we do forget a lot of things in that length of time.

In the future, we may be doing this occasionally. If you have any article in mind which you would like to see reprinted, let us know. If enough people request the same article, we will reprint it, but it should be from an issue of 3 years ago or more.

We would like to call attention to the article in this issue on chain letters. During the past year we have received numerous letters from people who questioned the principle behind these letters, or gave us their opinion on them. We were glad to see that this matter was on the minds of other people, too, the same as it's been a big question in our minds for some time.

On the surface, these letters look like a good thing and no doubt they are sent out by well meaning persons who want to help someone in need. But like many other schemes, they depend upon the generosity of the people. Few persons can refuse a dollar for someone in need. No one wants to be labelled a miser or tightwad.

But it appears, there are some very good reasons for not starting or taking part in these chain letters. For one thing, there is no way of checking on the authenticity of the request. Usually you don't know the person who is supposed to get the money, neither do you know who sent you the letter, but it was someone who doesn't know who sent him the letter, either. There doesn't seem to be any easyof stopping the letter unless someone just doesn't send it on.

From what information we can get, chain letters are illegal, whether for money, for hankies, for recipes or for anything else. Do we believe the need is so great that we should violate the law in order to help someone? As one reader wrote, does the end justify the means in a case like this?

Recently we heard of someone who sent a dollar and a few weeks later it was returned to him from a widow who wrote that her husband died several months ago and now she has this added burden of returning all the money which comes in the mail.

Machines are wonderful when they work, but when they don't, they're anything but. The Pathway magazines are addressed by a machine that feeds little stencils through it with the name of a subscriber on each stencil. When everything works just right, we can address up to 12,000 magazines in a day. But our machine was getting old and it seemed to have a habit of mashing up these name stencils, from fifty to a hundred in a day. These all had to be replaced, to say nothing of the time lost in addressing.

Finally it was decided it is time to get a better machine and since good used ones are hard to find, we ended up buying a new one. We do not use electricity so the machine had to be changed over. For the old one, this had been merely a job of taking off the electric motor and putting on a hydraulic motor. But like other kinds of machines, the new ones are getting more complicated. We discovered there were all kinds of controls and gadgets on the thing which had to be gotten around somehow. But we did finally get it changed over and working.

However , when we went to address the Young Companion and Blackboard Bulletin, we ran into trouble. It doesn't mash stencils but there were other problems which had to be ironed out. The result was several days delay. Now it's working fine and we're hoping for no more delays. But if there are, we'll just have to make the best of it and hope the subscribers can bear with us.

PATHWAY PEN POINTS

I'D RATHER BE A NEGRO

It was easy to see he was a salesman from the way he was dressed, and the kind of car he was driving. As he opened his suitcase and took out some papers, he said that some of my friends had asked him to come and see me. In a confidential way he told me he was giving me the opportunity of investing in a company which was paying very high dividends.

"Isn't it true that you do have some extra money available which you might like to invest?" he asked.

"I do have a little money in the bank on savings," I told him.

He went on to explain that this company was engaged in mining some mineral and needs a certain amount of additional capital to expand their mining operations. I would have the chance to invest in some stock which was certain to make me a nice income every year.

"I guess I'm not interested in your deal," I told him.

He looked at me with a skeptical smile on his face. "How much interest are you getting now?"

"Four percent," I told him.

"Listen to me," he said in a convincing sort of way. "We're paying 24% interest at present. You just as well be getting that as what you're getting now." Then taking his hand and motioning from his chest upward he said, "You can make a lot more money from here on up than you can from here down."

It sounded good but I still wasn't interested. "No, thanks," I told him. "I'm not interested in your company. We were always taught to work for our money and I'm satisfied that way."

With a gesture of his hands, he exploded, "You're just like a Negro. If they've got a nickel they're happy. That's just the way you are. Here you're satisfied with 4% interest on your money when you'd just as well be making 24%."

When I just sat there and didn't answer, he saw it was no use talking any further. As he gathered up his papers he added, "But one thing I do have to say, Negroes never have to worry about heart attacks."

This statement kept going through my mind and I wondered if it was really true that Negroes are not as subject to heart attacks as other people. The salesman kept monkeying around and looking around the farm a while. It so happened that an elderly colored man lived in our community and occasionally he would stop in to see me. I looked out the lane and here he was coming driving in the lane. I told the salesman, "You wait a few minutes, and I want to talk to this man."

I walked over to the colored man and said, "Say, mister, would you mind if I asked you a question?"

"Well, suh, I don't know as I kin answer it or not until you say what it is," he replied.

"Tell me, do Negroes die of heart attacks?"

He rolled his eyes one way and the other. He looked up and then down, and then finally he answered, "Well, suh, if they do, I ain't heerd of it yit."

I walked over to the salesman's car and told him what the man said and then I told him, "You know, I think I'd ruther be a Negro."

He almost had to laugh at that, and he waved at me good-naturedly as he drove out the lane. Within six months, I learned that this company had gone bankrupt and some of my friends who had invested quite a bit of money in it lost it all.

Somewhere in the Bible is a verse that says those who want to get rich quick fall into all kinds of snares and temptations. I think our forefathers knew what they were talking about when they taught us to earn out money the old-fashioned way and not always be trying to get something for nothing.

– V.S., Indiana

TOO MUCH CONCERNED ABOUT TRIFLES

It was a cold winter evening and I had left our four children, aged 6 and down, in the house. I had given them instructions to set the table and behave themselves while I went to the barn to milk.

After a while my husband and I were startled to hear a loud "Mom!" Anxious thoughts crowded into my mind. As I rushed to the barn door there was another "Mom!" just as earnest as the first.

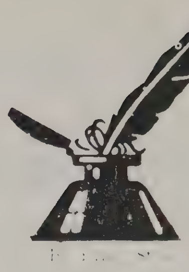
"What do you want?" I called.

We were both relieved and amused to hear the childish voice inquire, "How many hot pads shall I put on the table?"

We adults are really just grown-up children and sometimes our behavior makes one wonder about the grown-up part. Perhaps at times what seems like very important issues to us are only trivial matters to our Heavenly Father. Yet we can be assured that if we are in earnest, He will hear us and answer us. "The Lord will hear when I call upon Him" (Ps. 4:3).

–W.E.Y, Iowa

Views and Values



A Selfish World

The man had knives to sell, but his business wasn't going too well. Even though crowds of people were milling around at the community auction, they weren't paying much attention to the man with the array of kitchen knives to sell.

Suddenly the knife salesman decided it was time to try something different. He stepped on top of the chair and stood head and shoulders above the crowd that swarmed past his stand.

"Hey, there, lady," he shouted, looking at a kind-faced elderly woman. "Step over here a moment. I have something for you."

The lady paused and looked up questioningly, wary of a trick.

"Do you need a paring knife, lady?"

She hesitated. "How expensive are they?"

"This knife sells for $2.50, lady, but if you need one, don't worry about the money. Take it. I'll give it to you." He held it out toward her, and after another moment of hesitation, she reached up and took it.

For a second no one spoke up. The silence seemed to anger him. "You don't believe they are really free, do you? Well, they are. Here, take one. How about you? And you take one, too."

Slowly the people began to realize that the man really was giving quality knives away. The crowd surged toward the knife stand to get in on the free knives. He handed out a dozen and more in quick succession.

Delighted by their gifts, two of the women carried their knives to the edge of the crowd and stopped to admire them. "I couldn't believe he really was giving it away for nothing," one of them said. "He must be very generous."

"Ha," said the second woman. "He's not so generous. Don't worry, he's just like everyone else--looking out for himself."

What the second woman said about the knife salesman was true enough. He hadn't given the knives away because he was generous. He had done it merely as a sales gimick, as a way of getting attention and to get the people to start buying from him. It was true, he was looking out for himself.

But what about the rest of the woman's sentence-- was it, true, too? She not only said the salesman was looking out for himself, which was true enough, but she said, "He's just like everyone else." Is that true, that everyone is the same, just looking out for themselves?

We live in a selfish world, there is no doubt about that, a selfish world in which most people are indeed just looking out for themselves. Even when a person appears to be generous, like the knife salesman, it may only be a shrewd way of getting what he wants. Politicians travel all across the nation, shaking hands and pretending to be interested in the problems of the common people, but they are really just looking out for themselves. Businessmen are often very accomodating but they, too, as a rule are looking out for themselves.

It's too bad it is that way, but most gifts these days do have strings attached. Anyone who is suddenly very helpful and overly friendly may be about to ask for a favor. We can't deny it, most people are looking out for themselves, but everybody...?

Let's hope not. Because Christians are supposed to be different. Jesus said we are to love our neighbors as ourselves. That means we can't just look out for ourselves. We need to do more than that. We need to be concerned, not just that we get a fair deal, but that the other person does, too.

Let's take for example the case of John Martin. He ordered some things from the local feed mill. When the bill came, he figured over it a bit and saw that they had charged him too much. So the next time he went to the mill, he brought the mistake to their attention. Of course they apologized for their carelessness and gladly made it right. But they weren't surprised that he had objected to paying more than he owed. They had had people objecting to that before.

But a few months later the mill made another mistake. This time they didn't charge John Martin enough for his feed. So when he went to the mill again, he pointed out their mistake. "You're cheating yourself this time," he smiled.

The girl at the office was surprised, not that she had made the mistake, but that a customer would point it out when it was in his own favor. It was usual to have a man look out for himself, but to have him look out for someone else, that was different.

And yet John Martin could hardly do otherwise and still be a follower of Jesus. For Jesus himself left us the most outstanding example of true unselfishness. He not only commanded his disciples to love their neighbor as themselves, but he put his own words into action, and proved that such an unselfish standard was possible.

Jesus was in heaven with the Father. If he had looked out just for himself, he never would have consented to coming down to earth to be rejected and despised and spit on and beaten and crucified. Had he been looking out just for himself, he would have said, "Why should I go down there and die for someone else? They won't appreciate it anyhow. It's their own fault that they're so sinful; let them find their own way out." But Jesus didn't take this selfish kind of reasoning we humans so often take. He didn't ask, "What is in it for me? What do I have to gain by it?" Instead he thought of others first, and was willing to die for them.

But since Jesus was the Son of God as well as the Son of man, we are apt to think, "Yes, Jesus could be that unselfish, but it is expecting too much of poor humans like we are." Let's look at another example of unselfishness from the Bible then, that of John the Baptist. Looking at it from a human point of view, John had it made. He appeared on the scene when the people of Israel were desperate for a deliverer. They flocked to him from every side. John was the popular prophet, his fame spread every day, he was the center of attention. Faithful disciples gathered around him.

Then came Jesus.

Suddenly the center of attraction switched from John to Jesus. The crowds flocked after the new teacher. Even some of the disciples left John and turned to Jesus. If John had just been looking out for himself, he would have been resentful and angry at Jesus. He would have been jealous. One day somebody pointed out what was happening. "Look, John, this man that was with you on the other side of Jordan, he's baptising now, too, and everybody is flocking to him."

John's answer will stand throughout all ages as a monument of unselfishness. "He must increase; I must decrease." In other words, John was saying, "Don't worry about that. I'm willing to be unpopular so that Jesus can become more popular.

There is no doubt, John the Baptist was unselfish. He proved that it is possible to be more concerned about another's welfare than your own. And yet some may still object that John isn't quite a fair example of an average human like you and I. He was a special messenger sent of God, a prophet, and more than a prophet. So let's look at another example of unselfishness, this time from the Old Testament--Jonathan.

Jonathan might well have excused himself and said, "I haven't much chance to be unselfish, as selfish as my father Saul is." For Saul was a direct contrast to his son Jonathan. Saul looked out only for himself; he was grasping for power. He wanted to get David out of the way at any cost because he couldn't stand it that David was more popular than he was.

Jonathan was just the opposite. He loved David. He was willing to give up his kingdom so that David could have it. Saul was furious that Jonathan could be so stupid. "Don't you realize that you'll never get to be king as long as this son of Jesse lives?" Saul was in such a rage that he flung his spear at Jonathan, willing to kill him, too, if that would help to get rid of David. Jonathan's love for David is a shining example of unselfishness, a challenge to all of us that it is indeed possible for mortal man by the grace of God to put others, not self, first.

Jesus was unselfish. John the Baptist was unselfish. Jonathan was unselfish. They didn't just look out for themselves, but for others.

We live in a selfish world a world that likes to say, "Everyone is the same—just looking out for themselves." Selfish people find it comforting to believe that everybody else is selfish too— that way they feel they are no worse than others. How important, doubly important then, that those of us who profess to be followers of Jesus prove by our daily lives that we would rather be cheated than to cheat, we would rather take the short end of the stick than give it to someone else. It is our privilege to prove that the woman who said of the knife salesman, "He's just like everybody else—looking out for himself," was wrong. We cannot help it if she was right about the salesman, but we can see to it that she was not right about everybody.

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(Continued from back cover) COMET IS COMING

comet and after it had disappeared, he spent a number of years studying the orbit of comets and planets. If only there were some way that he could prove that the comet of 1682 had often been seen before. But comets cannot be recognized by their looks for they are constantly changing. The only way they can be recognized is by their orbits, the paths they travel.

Finally in 1705, Edmund Halley made a bold move. He predicted that the comet of 1682 would return again late in 1758. He knew that he could not expect to see it for to be alive in 1758 he would have to live to be 102 years old.

The reaction that Halley got for his prediction was to have shame and ridicule heaped upon his head. He was told he had no business meddling into such things which were too deep for people to understand.

On Christmas evening of 1758 a wonderful thing happened. A farmer near Dresden, Germany was watching the stars when he spotted a fuzzy patch of haze. He immediately took it for a comet and a few nights later it was blazing across the sky in its full glory. The comet of 1682 had returned. Halley was proven right, and the truth established that some comets do come back at regular intervals.

Halley did not live to see the comet for he had died in 1742 at the age of 86. But since he had done so much work on this comet and had correctly predicted its return, the comet was named after him.

Halley's comet has come to be the most famous of all comets up to this time. Since the discovery of Halley's comet, about forty other comets have been found that return regularly in periods ranging from 3 1/2 to 76 years. But Halley's is the only one of these which can easily be seen with the naked eye.

Halley's comet returned again in 1834 and 1910. Both times it was an exciting spectacle. Both times there was enough of the old superstitions left to cause many people to become alarmed. On the evening of May 18, 1910 the tail of Halley's comet stretched from east to west from horizon to horizon.

Records have been found that Halley's comet has been visiting the earth as far back as 240 BC. It was seen in the year 11 BC, which was very close to the time of Jesus' birth. In the year 66 AD it was hanging over Jerusalem, several years before the destruction of that city.

The year of 1910 was a nerve-wracking year for those people who were superstitious, for there were two comets visible that year (four years later saw the beginning of World War 1). On January 16, 1910 a comet was sighted from Johannesburg, South Africa which continued to get brighter and brighter. By January 29th, its head was as brilliant as the planet Venus and the tail stretched half way across the heavens. When it neared the sun, it was so bright that it could be seen in broad daylight for four consecutive days. While this comet was at its brightest, Halley's comet made its appearance and both comets could be seen at the same time.

It would be interesting to know how many people remember seeing Halley's comet in 1910. There used to be a group of people who called themselves "Halley's Comet Club" who would get together to relate what they remembered of Halley's comet. It is doubtful that anyone born in this century will have a very sharp recollection of the event.

Halley's comet will not return for another thirteen years. If the Lord tarries, those who are living in 1886 should see the return of this fiery comet. But for those who think thirteen years is a long time, there is some exciting news. Last March an astronomer named Kohoutek saw a fuzzy patch of haze while looking thought a big telescope at the observatory near Hamburg Germany. He examined the object closely and found that it was a comet he was looking at, although at that time it was 480 million miles away from the sun. This was something very unusual, for comets are not normally found at this distance. The reason for this is because, first the distance is so great, and second, at that distance from the sun, comets do not have a tail, and are very dim. When they come closer to the sun, the rays from the sun cause the comet to get brighter.

This comet has been named Kohoutek's comet and it is moving closer at the rate of a million miles a day. Scientists believe that it will be much brighter than Halley's comet ever was. One astronomer predicted it would be fifty times as bright and that at one time the tail may stretch from the horizon half way across the heavens. These astronomers are greatly excited about their find and have called it "the comet of the century". They have even determined just when the comet should appear and when it will go around the sun. But we will leave that for a few moments to see what we can find out as to what a comet is made of and how it looks and why it acts the way it does.

Comet Mrkos, showing the structure of the head and inner tail, Sept. 15, 1957.

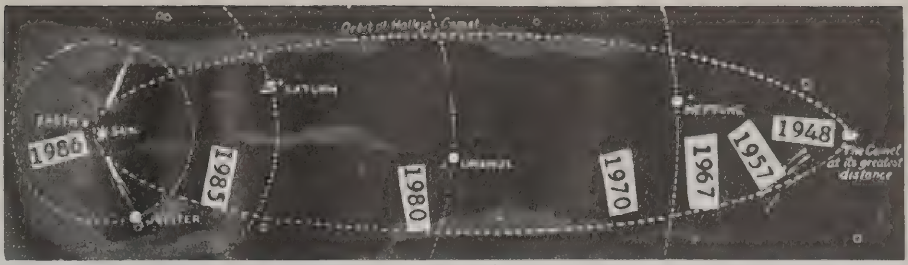
A GIANT SNOWBALL

The word "comet" comes from a Greek word which means "long-haired." This, no doubt refers to the appearance of the tail which is often long and straggly. Although the tail is the most spectacular and best-known part of the comet, it is really not the main part. The head of the comet consists of a nucleus, which is made up of a few scattered meteor rocks, frigid gas and dust. Surrounding the nucleus and bubbling out from it is the coma, these two parts make up the head. As it nears the sun, perhaps in the orbit of Mars, the sun's rays begin to heat these gases and they flare up brilliantly. Little particles of dust are thrown off from the head and driven away from the comet much like a locomotive which is travellling toward the wind will throw off smoke and sparks.

These particles of luminous dust make up the tail and usually the closer it gets to the sun, the longer the tail will be. It used to be thought that the tail was following after the comet much like the tail of a horse which is running away will follow the horse. But astronomers now tell us that this is not the case. They say the dust particles are emitted from the head and driven away from the head, the same as sparks and smoke are driven away from the locomotive. In one comet it was shown that the sparks which were shooting out were travelling away from the head at the rate of 66,000 miles per second.

For many years it was a mystery what force was driving these dust particles backward. It is now believed that the weight of the sun's rays push the particles away from the sun. Although this is hard to believe, scientists tell us that the rays of the sun have weight, and that the weight of these rays against the earth amounts to 75,000 tons all the time. Of course, this has no noticeable effect since the pull of gravity is many, many times greater. The dust particles from the comet are so light that the gravity has little effect on them, which is why they are pushed away by the rays of the sun.

As the comet moves close to the sun and then around it, the tail always streams away from the sun. Thus when it moves away again, it travels tail first. The question has been asked whether the comets ever run out of fuel. This is possible as several comets have been known to disintegrate and disappear. However, there is no indication that Halley's comet is now less bright than it was two thousand years ago.



THE ELLIPTICAL ORBIT TRAVERSED BY HALLEY'S COMET EVERY SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS

DELIVER US FROM THE COMET

As has been mentioned before, all kinds of misfortune was attributed to the appearance of the comet. An account from England in the seventeenth century tells about a white-haired man who remembered the awful plague, the Black Sickness of 1618 "which was caused by the giant-tailed star we saw that year."

Another account asserts that in the year 1577 "when one of the largest comets in the history of the earth was seen, there was a general dying of men and beasts as the poisonous comet vapors spoilt all the water in the wells and withered the grass in the meadows."

A report from Denmark says that when the comet of 1582 appeared, a number of misshapen children of hideous aspect were born, to whom the clergy refused the rite of baptism. These were called "Comet Children."

An extract from an old chronicle states, "In 1668 a large comet star appeared and there was a great dying of cats." A Roman historian joyfully asserted at about the same time, "Fortunately, the comet has not brought any ill luck in its wake this time except that it caused the birth of a two-headed calf in a village near Rome."

All kinds of precautions were taken to make sure the comets would have no ill effects. An English physician of about 1850 is said to have taken action to have all the wells in his district covered up "to save the water from being contaminated by the poisonous exhalations from the comet." In 1829, a noted physician wrote, "It is an undoubted fact that since the commencement of our time reckoning, those years in which many comets appeared were the most unhealthy— in healthy times comets are never seen."

In the year 1456 the Pope prescribed the following prayer, "Oh, Lord, deliver us from the devil, the Turks, and the comet." History tells us that this was the year of Halley's comet, and was only three years after the fall of Constantinople to the Turks.

ARE COMETS DANGEROUS?

As the old superstitions gradually died out, there came instead a fear of collision between the earth and a comet. It was believed that comets moved anywhere at random in the solar system, and that they might show up at any time anywhere.

We now know that like the sun, moon, and stars, the comets are a part of the creation and handiwork of God. They are to be appreciated, enjoyed and should fill us with awe and reverence for the majesty of the One who formed the universe and set everything in its order.

Scientists tell us that the chances of a smashup between the earth and the head of a major comet are very remote. In 1910, there was panic when it was announced that the earth would pass through the tail of Halley's comet. Millions of people feared they would be suffocated and prepared for the worst. Nothing happened.

On the 24th day of May of that year, there was a total eclipse of the moon, but the comet remained bright. This only added to people's fears. John Baer's Agricultural Almanac for that year makes no mention whatsoever of the coming comet. The almanac contained all the information about the rising and setting of the sun and moon and the four eclipses that year, but apparently there was still doubt in some people's minds that the comet would return. It did.

About fifty years earlier, in 1861, the earth also passed through the tail of a comet. But since no one foresaw the event, there was no time to become alarmed. All that happened was a harmless shower of meteors.

But there is one instance where the earth apparently suffered damage from a comet. In the year 1908 there was a terrific explosion in the forests of Siberia. This happened in broad daylight when a fiery ball of fire hit the earth. People assumed that a giant meteorite had crashed to earth. No one bothered to investigate until 1927. Then a team of scientists set out to locate the pieces of the meteorite and bring them back to civilization. But when they got there, they could find only a few small fragments of meteorite. They were unable to explain what could have happened to account for such devastation which scorched an area 20 miles wide and 60 miles long. They came back disappointed at not being able to find the meteorite.

Recent investigation seems to indicate that the area was struck by a small comet. Indications are that there was an explosion of gases above the earth's surface which levelled and uprooted trees on the ground for many miles around. It is now believed that gases from the comet ignited, touching off at least three separate explosions. Ground tremors were detected at observatories many hundreds of miles away. No lives were lost, but had this happened in a residential section or in the center of a city, the results might have been castrophic.

In 1910, Halley's comet passed only about fourteen million miles from the earth. In 1986 it should not be any closer than forty-one million. Kohoutik's comet will not come that close. The closest approach to the earth of any major comet was one called Pons Winecke Comet in 1921. But it was still more than a million miles away.

THE PARENTS OF METEOR SHOWERS

Each year the earth passes through a number of "meteor showers." On certain nights there are sometimes swarms of meteors. Astronomers say there is evidence that these meteors are the remnants of comets which have passed this way years ago and the rocks and fragments are still flying through space.

There is one case of a comet which disappeared about a hundred years ago. It was called Biela's Comet. It was discovered in 1826 and had a period of 7 years to return. In 1846 when it returned the third time, the nucleus was split in half, there were two parts. After this it never reappeared. But each year when the earth passed the track of the comet, there was a fine display of meteors. This shower occurred on November 17 to 27, but in recent years it has nearly run out, indicating that the earth no longer passes through the center of the stream.

From July 27th to August 17th, the earth passes through a meteor shower called the Perseids. This is believed to be the remains of a comet which had a period of 120 years. The Aquarids, a shower which comes during the first week of May and again the last week in July, is believed to be the remainder of the tail of Halley's comet.

Other meteor showers occur January 3rd to 5th, and December 9th to 14th. If you wish to watch for meteors, there will always be more after midnight than during the first part of the night.

WATCH FOR THE COMET

Kohoutek's comet should appear sometime in November. During December, it should be the brightest object in the pre-dawn sky. By the last of December it should be close to the sun, and there is a possibility that it can be seen in daylight. It will pass around the sun at a distance of about 13 million miles from the sun, which is a relatively close flyby. (The earth is about 93 million miles from the sun.) At this distance it is estimated the rays of the sun will be about 200 times as powerful as they are on the earth and should strike the comet hard.

Late in December the comet will pass between the earth and the sun, which will put it in good position for viewing. Early in January, it should be on the other side of the sun, and in the evening sky.

At the peak, the comet is predicted to stretch half ways across the sky. The best times for viewing it will be before daylight in the morning during December and in the evening after sundown during January. If you wish to see it during the daytime, the best time is after sunrise late in December in the morning, and before sunset in the evening early in January. ■■

* * *

FIRESIDE CHATS

Joseph Stoll

(Reprinted from October, 1968 Family Life)

House Without A Hired Girl

Did you like the story in last month's issue about "What Happened to the Hired Girl"? I thought it was one of the best pieces I had read in years. It left me thinking, "If we ever need a hired girl again, I'm going to be more considerate of her. She won't be overloaded if I can help it, and she'll be appreciated. Cleaning up other people's dirt may seem like lowly work, but it shouldn't be. If anyone deserves appreciation, a hired girl does."

That's how my thoughts went when I finished reading the story. Within a week something happened to increase my respect for hired girls even more. I became one myself!

Well, not exactly.

But I learned the hard way some of the chores a hired girl must perform. It was a good experience all the way through, and though it wasn't easy, I'm not sorry for it. Let me tell you about it.

Our seventh child, baby Elizabeth, was born Thursday evening of last week, August 22nd. This was a little sooner than we had expected, and we had not made final arrangements for a hired girl to help us when the time came. We had asked several girls, but August and September in our vegetable growing community are busy months — picking cucumbers and tomatoes — and no one wanted to promise.

"We'll try it alone," I told my wife the day after the baby was born. "Rosanna is a pretty good cook, and if someone does our washing for us each week, there's no reason we can't get along all right this time of the year. The little boys will be out playing anyhow."

Rosanna is our oldest girl. She just turned nine a few weeks ago, but she is big for her age and has a way of getting things done. Paul is a year older, and then we have Peter, Timothy, Naomi and two-year-old Christie, staircase-like down the line to the baby. Besides this there are two big boys in the family (They are big, about six feet tall) — Cornelius and Isaac Fehr, foster sons aged 19 and almost 17.

That's our family. While Mom was in the hospital there would be only nine around the table, so that shouldn't be too much work, especially when the grandparents and the neighbors brought rolls and homemade bread and cake and vegetable soup every day or so, as we knew they would.

As I counted our resources I could see no reason why our family couldn't continue to operate as smoothly, or almost as smoothly, as it had all summer when Mom was at home. Who needed a hired girl? Not us!

Things didn't go too badly on Friday. The children were quite thrilled about the baby and were pleased to be able to go to Dowdy and Mommy Gaschos while I went to Tillsonburg to visit with Laura. At home after supper, they even quarrelled about the dishes — Paul and Rosanna both wanted to do them.

Saturday morning brought with it good news — Mom would be coming home. The children became all excited for I had promised they could go along to the hospital to bring home Mom and the new baby. The neighbor would take us in his station wagon and there would be room for all.

Getting the children bathed and into clean clothes didn't present a problem at all. They did it themselves while I was still outside, and were all ready to go before the station wagon arrived. (That evening, though, one of the boys was put through the bathtub again, when Mom spotted his dirty neck. Also Naomi, the four year old, who had somehow been forgotten entirely.)

With Mom at home things started going even better. When Rosanna didn't know how much salt to put in the macaroni, she could ask Mom instead of Dad who did not know anyway. But Mom soon spotted some of our work piled in the corners, and she prophesied that sooner or later things would catch up with us. Oh, well, maybe we'd have to get a hired girl eventually to undo our mistakes.

On Sunday morning the buggies passed on the road headed for church. The two big boys left on time after a substantial breakfast that was almost as good as Mom's, but Dad and the smaller children knew they would have to stay home with Mom and the baby.

While Rosanna and the little boys were doing the dishes, my wife asked me to sweep a few rooms and in general to clean up. We would likely have company right after dinner, so someone should put things in place. The dresser tops were indeed quite cluttered, and the dust on top of the stove was thick enough for writing.

We managed real well, but by this time I was beginning to see that running a family was a whole lot like running a school, it could become nerve-wracking at times, and it took a lot of diplomacy. Also, the weather had turned sharply cooler and the children all wanted to play in the house. Besides, they were beginning to tire of the game.

But Dad wasn't ready to give up yet. It wouldn't be long till Mom would be feeling well enough to help a bit and then the worst would be past.

Monday, of course, was washday. The neighbors had promised to come after the wash right after breakfast, and take it home to wash in their machine. Rosanna and I gathered up the dirty clothing and piled it into the laundry basket. With directions from the bedroom, we found the bluing and the soap and added it to the pile.

But the baby's diapers hadn't been done yet. They would have to be rinsed before they could be put with the other clothes. Rosanna filled a pail with cold water, and went into it up to her elbows, but she wasn't equal to the task.

There was nothing I could do but volunteer. I scrubbed vigorously, poured out the water and got some fresh water at the tap. Then I scrubbed some more, all the time thinking, "This is something all husbands should have to do. It's a good experience, just like changing diapers. Doesn't hurt them a bit."

It didn't either.

Otherwise Monday was a routine day and passed quietly. Grandmother Stoll came in and bathed the baby, and we had a good many visitors all afternoon and evening.

On Tuesday morning (this morning) things came to a climax. That is when the honey boiled over.

We're big honey eaters in our family, and without a regular cook we hit the honey harder than usual. This morning Mom suggested from the bedroom that we should melt some more honey, so Paul spooned out big globs of the sugary stuff into a stainless steel saucepan.

Paul had started a fire in the kitchen stove, for it was cool this morning and my sister Sarah was to come in some time during the forenoon to bathe the baby. The big dipper full of honey was placed on the stove.

We ate breakfast, leisurely, basking in the warmth that came from the roaring fire in the kitchen range only a few feet from the table. Then we retired to the bedroom for morning devotions, closing the kitchen door so the room would be warm to bathe the baby. The honey was forgotten.

Fifteen minutes later I was ready to go to work and the children were ready to go back to the kitchen to do the dishes. When Rosanna opened the kitchen door she gasped and then shouted, "Come quick, Dad!"

The honey was boiling over onto the top of the stove. Rosanna at once snatched the lid off. But the honey, like the old woman's mush, did not stop boiling; it kept spilling steadily over the edges and spreading in a sizzling mess across the stove. Rosanna was afraid she would burn her hands if she tried to lift the saucepan, so she grabbed hold of the handle and yanked it to the edge of the stove, over the reservoir. The sudden action brought some of the thin honey that still remained in the pan out over the top.

When I entered the room it was fast filling with a choking blue smoke. The honey on the hottest part of the stove was turning into a thick black layer of charcoal. I ordered everybody out of the room but myself, closed the door so the smoke would not go into the rest of the house, jerked open the outside doors and a few windows, then grabbed a handful of newspaper and began scouring the sticky mess off the stove. The smoke became too thick and I went to my knees for fresher air. This wasn't successful, and I had to rush outdoors for a minute. The smoke rolled out of the windows and doors.

"If someone sees it, they'll think surely the house is on fire," I worried.

I returned to the room. The smoke was fast clearing, and I set to work with a wet rag and an old bread knife, scrubbing, scouring, and scraping the blackened stove top. Paul joined me and we soon had things looking better.

We retired to the bedroom to talk matters over with Mom. "It's my fault," she said. "I should have told the children how to do it. I usually just heat the honey in hot water. If they were going to do it this way they should have left the lid off and stirred regularly, and then left it on the stove just a short while."

"It's too late to think about that now," I said. "We'll know better next time."

Just then the outer door opened and sister Sarah came in.

"Good, here comes our hired girl," I announced. "Just when we need her most."

"Phew! What do I smell?" asked Sarah.

"Never mind. It's just that the stove top needs cleaning," I said.

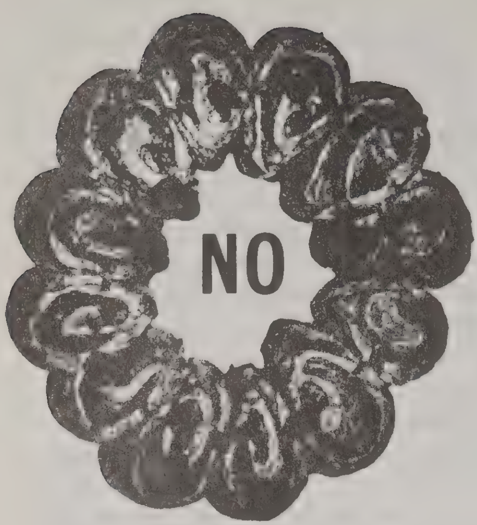
So our hired girl set to work, and the entire household relaxed.

. . . .

Just what did we as a family learn from the experience? Much. A great deal. By not having a hired girl we learned better than in any other way what is expected of a young lady when she steps into somebody else's home to do the work. We discovered the tremendous vacancy in a home where mother is absent, a vacancy that would have been less apparent had we been favored with a hired girl.

I have always heard it said that a woman's work is never done. I am ready now to believe it, for we had trouble keeping up with the have-to-do chores. But it wasn't really the work that stumped us as much as the tact, the planning, the patience, the courage, the love and just plain sweetness that is necessary to make a house a home — to keep a family cheerful, happy, and well-fed in body and spirit.

So I think the experience was good for us. Next time, though, we want a hired girl. ■■



NO COOKIES FOR SUPPER!

-by an Ex-hired girl from Ohio

(Names Have Been Changed)

IT HAD BEEN A REAL nice morning to wash and I was feeling rather pleased with myself as I came up the steps with an armful of clothes to iron. I got most of it ironed and put away before dinner. As soon as dinner was past I thought to myself, "It is only one o'clock. Now it shouldn't take me long to finish the ironing. Then I'll straighten up the house a little and maybe I can bake a batch of those date-filled cookies John is so fond of. If I hurry, I can still make a batch before supper."

Everything had gone so smoothly all morning that it did not enter my mind that anything could go wrong before the day was over. This was my third year working for John Troyers and I really liked it there. John was on construction and was gone most of the time. Right now Dora was in the hospital with a baby daughter. Before this they had three girls and two boys.

The two oldest children were at school leaving three for me to take care of at home. Jesse, the oldest of the three was four years old and was always thinking of something to do. Rosie, the three-year-old was looking at a book while Edna, aged two, was taking her nap.

My mind was on the little girl in the hospital as I looked up from my ironing and glanced out the window. "What is that?" I gasped as I started for the door. "It looks like smoke, but it can't be."

When I opened the door I saw that it was smoke and it was coming from the far end of the woodshed. That was where the oil and gas drums were kept so I knew something must be done quick. I breathed a prayer as I ran out to see how bad it was burning. I soon saw the fire had a pretty good start already and that I could not put it out by myself.

I would have to go for help fast. The woodshed was right next to the house and if the tanks would explode, the house would be gone. Quickly I ran in and told the children there is a fire and we would have to go for help. I told Jesse and Rosie to get their coats on as it was cold outside, and I woke Edna and put her coat on quickly.

"I can't find my cap," Jesse cried. I ran to the cellar where he kept his clothes and found his cap. Then grabbing Edna, I ordered the others to follow me. "We are going to Melvins," I said.

That was Dora's brother, who with her folks lived about a half mile across the fields. It was the closest house we had but I had several fences to climb with the children. I was hoping the house would not start to burn.

We were almost there now. I helped the children over the last fence and told them to come while I ran as fast as I could the rest of the way. When I got there I was out of breath so that I could hardly talk.

"The woodshed is on fire," I gasped. "Call the fire department."

It so happened that Robert Yoder, a neighbor boy, was there on his pony so he galloped to the nearest phone to call. Meanwhile Melvin Anna's dad went over and started throwing water on the fire. "Oh, God," I prayed, "Don't let the house burn down."

Then I thought about the children so I went back through the fields to meet them. When I got there Jesse said in a confiding tone of voice. "I knew the shed was on fire."

"How did you know?" I asked him.

"Because I made the fire," he answered.

"Why did you do it?" I asked him.

"I wanted to make it hot," he answered in a matter-of-fact way.

I took the children into the house and when they asked me what had happened I told them what Jesse had said. "I am afraid the gas tanks will explode and the house will burn down," I said.

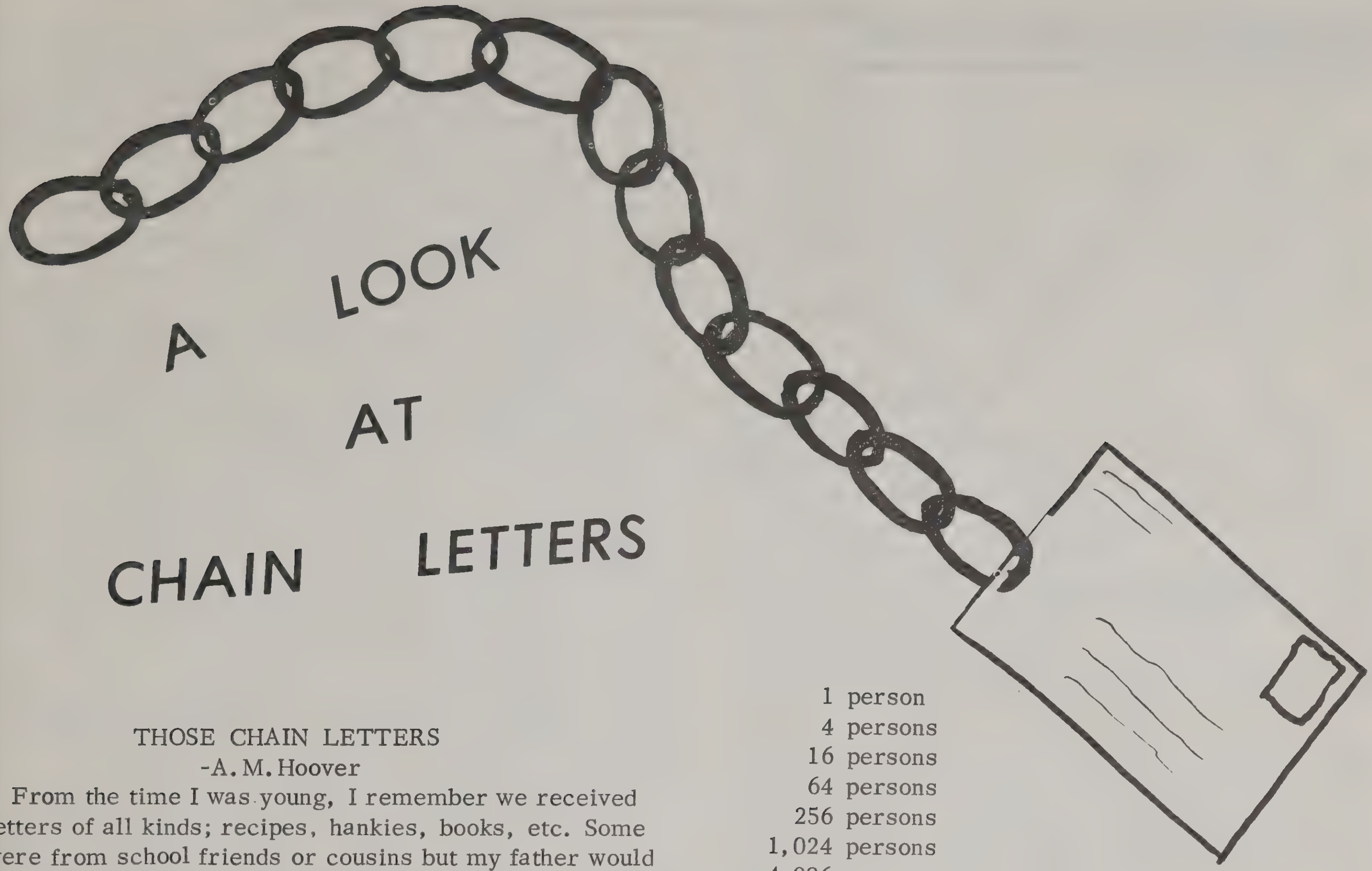
Soon we heard the fire trucks coming up the road toward Johns. I thought I should go over and help, but they didn't let me. "You just stay here and rest till the men come back," Joe Sarah told me.

As I waited, I asked Jesse again why he had set the fire and he said the same thing again.

After about an hour, the menfolks came back and said everything is all right. When the fire trucks arrived, they had put out the fire in a hurry. They said the gas drum was bulged out and would probably soon have exploded, setting the house on fire.

Soon I took the children and went over again, feeling thankful that nothing worse had happened. I made up my mind that I would keep a better watch on the children from now on. When John came home and heard the story Jesse got his dues and I don't think he will ever start a fire again just to make it hot. So ended another day in my life as a hired girl. We didn't have any cookies for supper but I was glad I was able to make supper in the same house. ■■

A LOOK AT CHAIN LETTERS



THOSE CHAIN LETTERS

-A. M. Hoover

From the time I was young, I remember we received letters of all kinds; recipes, hankies, books, etc. Some were from school friends or cousins but my father would never allow us to take part in them because he said they are all illegal. It was hard for us for we couldn't see why we couldn't take part in them if others did.

Recently there have been quite a few going around. Someone started one for a person who was hurt and now it seems every one is doing it. There are greeting showers, letter showers and money showers all by chain letters. Before this got started, it used to be announced in the Budget or it was said by word of mouth when there was a need.

I thought perhaps if it is for charity, it is all right but my father said these are illegal also. So the first opportunity I got, I asked the postmaster and he said, "Nope, no chain letters of any kind are legal.

Is it right to keep this thing going? Where will it end?

-Ephrata, Pennsylvania

A LOOK AT CHAIN LETTERS

-Ervin Hershberger

One the surface, chain letters may appear as innocent as lambs and as harmless as doves, but the principle involved is as subtle as a serpent and as ravenous as a pack of wolves. Let's do a little calculating and see.

Suppose Ben has a $100,000 hospital bill (that's a big bill) so one of his friends starts a chain letter. He sends Ben one dollar and writes to four other people asking each one to do exactly like he did. Now that is not asking much of anybody. But what does it cost? What percentage goes toward the hospital bill and what is the overhead expense?

Mailing five letters costs 40¢ for postage, and at least 5 cents for envelopes and paper. Each person would be investing $1.45 of which Ben would get $1.00—not quite sixty nine percent. Since each person contacts four other people, each succeeding link would quadruple its number for the next link. If the chain were to run unborken for just ten links, this is how the numbers would stack up. Check my figures and correct me if I am in error.

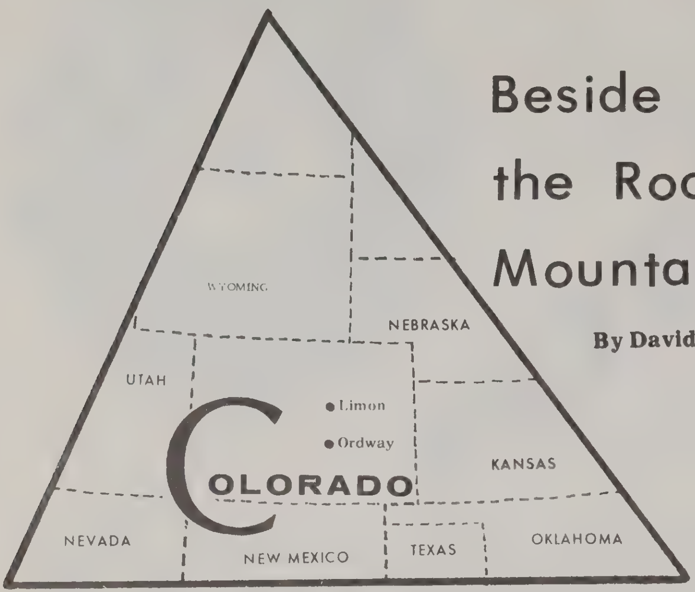
1 person
4 persons
16 persons
64 persons
256 persons
1,024 persons
4,096 persons
16,384 persons
65,536 persons
262,144 persons
349,525 persons

If the first ten links were completed unbroken, 349,525 persons would have mailed 1,747,625 letters costing $139,810.00 for postage and $17,476.25 for envelopes and paper. This would be a total outlay of $506,811.25 (more than half a million dollars) of which Ben would have received $349,525.00 (not quite 69%). No doubt Ben would be embarrassed, the postal clerks enraged, and the Lord grieved. Surely there must be a more ethical, more Scriptural way!

When Paul was on his travels, he gathered offerings for the poor saints at Jerusalem. See Acts 11:28-30. In 1 Cor. 16:1-2 he states a Biblical method of fund raising. "Now concerning the collection upon the first day of the week, let everyone of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him, that there be no gathering when I come." This is planned proportionate giving.

In second Corinthians there are two whole chapters (8 and 9) on the principles and blessings of brotherly sharing. The Macedonians didn't try to get by with $1.45 each. They were poor people, but "their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality" (8:2). Their secret was that they "first gave their own selves to the Lord" (v. 5) and as a result of their dedication, they gave willingly and joyously beyond their power. When willing hearts bubble over like that, giving becomes a joy and a blessing. They need not spend 31 % of it for advertising, either!

Money raised by free will offerings within the brotherhood is the most Biblical way to meet emergencies. "...he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully. ...for God loveth a cheerfull giver. And God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work." (2 Corinthians 9:6-8). ■■



Beside the Rocky Mountains

By David Luthy

Colorado is a state of unusual natural beauty. Each year millions of tourists travel there to see the spectacular Rocky Mountains which cover the entire western three-fifths of the state. Today people come to view the mountains, but years ago people came to hunt for gold in the cliffs and streams. Colorado had few residents until the late 1850's when gold was discovered in the Rocky Mountains. Settlers flooded into the state so that by 1859 there were 100,000 people who had come to Colorado with hopes of getting rich quick. Mining immediately became the state's most important industry and held that position for fifty years.

But by the turn of the century people's attention left the Rocky Mountains in the western portion of the state and focused on the eastern two-fifths of the state known as the "Great Plains" region. Real estate companies were formed to promote the sale of the gently rolling farm land. Land prices were lower than farmers were used to paying in states further east. By 1910 enough farmers had settled on the Great Plains that agriculture replaced mining as Colorado's leading industry. It was exactly during this period of Colorado history that the Amish were attracted to the state. During 1908-1909 they established three separate settlements in Elbert County, Cheyenne County❀, and Crowley County.

Part One: *The Amish in Elbert County*

In Search of Cheap Land

The first Amish settler in Colorado was Atlee S. Weaver and his family. They moved from Ohio in 1908 settling eight miles southeast of Matheson in Elbert County. In July of 1908 Atlee Weaver wrote a letter to the Sugarcreek Budget in Ohio, saying: "We would like to see more Ohio people come to this land of sunshine and good health, and get some good cheap land while it can be had." This appeal by the Weavers bore no immediate results. A year passed, and the Weavers still were the only Amish people in Elbert County. During the summer of 1909 a Mennonite family, Jacob Kauffmans, moved in from Nebraska. Mr. Kauffman became a land agent and set about attracting Amish settlers to the area. The land sold from $9.50 to $15 an acre.

The second Amish family to locate in Elbert County was that of Hiram B. Troyer of Miami County, Indiana. They arrived in October of 1909. In November the Eli Yoder family of Thomas, Oklahoma arrived and also his son-in-law Joseph N. Borntrager and family of Anderson County, Kansas. Also that month three families from Ford County, Kansas purchased land in Elbert County or adjoining Lincoln County. They were Annanias D. Borntragers, Levi J. Millers, and Moses D. Troyers. The latter's bachelor son, Joe Troyer, also purchased a place. The land agent, Jacob Kauffman, wrote to the Sugarcreek Budget: "We are very much pleased to see so many of our Amish friends locate here among us, as we never experienced a more healthful or pleasant climate than we find in this part of Colorado and the best farm land is cheap yet."

It is interesting to note that both Atlee Weaver and Jacob Kauffman in their letters to the Sugarcreek Budget mentioned the healthfulness of the Colorado climate. Because of the high elevation around Limon, 5450 feet above sea level, the air was thin and fresh. It was not a humid air, therefore it was healthful for persons suffering from rheumatism or lung conditions. But for people of ordinary health, it was not more healthful than the climate in their home state. And it certainly wasn't a "cure-all-ailment" state, for it was later reported in the Sugarcreek Budget that John Kauffman, presumably a relative of the land agent, "left for Arkansas because of his poor health."

It wasn't the climate which attracted the Amish to Colorado. It was the cheap land. Colorado was one of the few remaining states where land was cheap enough to entice farmers, usually renters, away from the Mid-West. Altogether from 1908 to 1915 seventeen Amish families settled in the Elbert County settlement. They came from Ohio, Indiana, Kansas, Michigan, Oklahoma, and Iowa. Some moved out before others moved in, so there never were more than 12 or so families living there at one time. Six of the families were closely related: Moses D. Troyer lived there with three of his married sons—Moses Jr., Dan, and Chris—and two of his sons-in-law: Reuben Yutzy and Albert Miller. Other Amish settlers were Reuben Lehman, Jacob M. Yoder, Samuel B. Miller, Samuel C. Yoder, and Samuel W. Miller.

The Amish settlers purchased land primarily in Elbert County east of the town of Matheson. Some, though, lived in neighboring Lincoln County. In fact its town of Limon was where the Amish got their mail and did all their business. Because of this the Amish referred to their settlement as the Limon settlement rather than the Matheson settlement. Matheson was closer but only a tiny town of 40 people. Limon was 12 miles away but a town of 500 with two railroads meeting there, the Union Pacific and the Rock Island. Twenty-four passenger trains passed through Limon a day. That was where visitors to the Amish settlement got off and where the Amish boarded the train when they went to visit relatives in other states.

The Amish lived in full view of famous Pike's Peak which rose 14,110 feet 60 miles to the west in the Rocky

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❀(The history of the Amish in Cheyenne County appeared in the March 1968 issue of Family Life and in the June 1970 issue.)

Mountains. It dominated the landscape. They saw it whenever they went outside. One of the settlers, Jacob M. Yoder wrote the following short poem in a letter to the Sugarcreek Budget:

Now if a home you wish to seek,
Come where you can view old Pike's peak.
To the land where plain and mountain meet.
And our farmers grow maccaroni wheat.

The land in the Amish settlement was a chocolate brown loam mixed with quite a bit of sand. It was easily worked with horse-drawn machinery once the tough prairie grass was broken. The Amish hired steam-powered plows to break the sod. About 20 acres a day could be plowed. It cost them $2.50 per acre which included one harrowing.

Besides the light, workable soil another appealing feature about the land was that no time was needed in clearing off timber. There simply were no trees to cut down nor stumps to pull. The plains stretched for miles without anything higher than occasional bushes. The Amish purchased large tracts of this wide-open land with the intention of transforming it into giant wheat fields. The farms ran anywhere in size from 160 acres to 320.

Today when an Amish family in the Mid-West threshes wheat, they spend a day at it and have the threshers for a single meal. But for the Amish in Colorado it was often a week-long event with the threshers at the same place for many meals. Wheat was the major crop grown by the Amish, but they could also grow alfalfa, millet, rye, oats, barley, flax, and corn. Potatoes also did quite well.

Drouth, Flies, and Thistles

The success of crops in Colorado, as elsewhere, depended on the weather. The land agent wrote to the Sugarcreek Budget in January of 1910: "Here we are located in the rainbelt of Colorado." This was true enough, but what he forgot to mention was that the total yearly moisture (rain, snow, etc.) in Colorado was half that of where the Amish lived in Iowa, Indiana, and Ohio. The average in Colorado was 15 inches a year compared with 31 to 40 inches in the above mentioned states. In the summer of 1911 the Amish settlers reported in the Sugarcreek Budget that "the wheat crop is a failure," and that "crops are short on account of drouth." From January 1st to September 1st, a period of eight months, only a fraction over 7 inches of rain had fallen. The land agent also forgot to mention a form of moisture which came down as if shot from machine guns. It was, of course, hail and caused damage to crops during the years the Amish lived in Elbert County.

At night the Amish settlers could hear the coyotes howling. During the day they saw the many gophers scurry along the plains, sit straight up at an unfamiliar sound, and dive for their burrows. These creatures were a nuisance but not so much as the flies were. Sometimes during threshing season the flies were so thick that a person had to stand beside the table and fan them away from the men while they ate. The fans were made out of flour sacks cut into strips and fastened to broom handles.

Another summer visitor which was most unwelcome was the Russian thistle. It was believed to have come into Colorado in some flaxseed from Russia in 1871. By the time the Amish lived in Elbert County it was a real problem. In July of 1911, Jacob M. Yoder wrote in the Sugarcreek Budget: "The spring crops are greatly damaged by the Russian Thistle." The thistle was a bushy plant which had narrow, sharp-pointed leaves. In the summer when other plants were turning brown because of lack of rain, it retained its greenness and grew. When it reached maturity and was from 2 to 3 feet tall it would break off and tumble across the plains scattering its seeds as it went. It would come to rest wherever a fence was built. The settlers' fences were sometimes almost entirely hidden by Russian thistles which the wind had piled against them.

Finding Fuel

The Amish settlers found that the Colorado winters were not as severe as one might imagine. Snow was not as frequent or as deep as in the Mid-West. There were times the snow came down fast and thick, but it was not often. In fact during the entire winter of 1911 there was only one snowfall; it was about a foot deep. The temperature could dip below zero but it usually didn't. Because of the thinness of the air at such a high elevation, any time the sun shone the air was quickly warmed. Also Colorado had what was called a chinook, a warm wind that occasionally blew down the eastern slopes of the mountains in winter and raised the temperature on the plains by 20 degrees or more in a short while. The average temperature on the plains in January today is 28 degrees. It likely was about that when the Amish lived there. In the mountains it is much colder, but where the Amish lived on the plains it was not a severe winter.

Even though the winter was not severe the Amish needed fuel to burn to keep their houses heated for a good part of the year. Since there were few trees on the plains, one might wonder what they did for fuel. All of the Amish lived within 8 to 15 miles of a ravine where there was lignite coal free for the digging. It lay below the surface of the ground 3 to 4 feet. The men dug away the earth and rocks, exposing the vein of coal. If one load was taken home and another load yet wanted, someone stayed and watched the hole so no one would dig the remaining coal from it. Sometimes there were as many as 30 teams there after coal at the same time.

A Tragic Wind

Winter passed and spring approached. Springtime in Colorado was looked forward to with pleasure as it is in all states. But there was one feature about a Colorado spring, similar to that in other western states, which the Amish settlers dreaded— high winds. Usually the damage was fairly minor— a windmill blown over, a roof torn off, a shed tipped over. But one time the high winds meant disaster to the Amish in Elbert County. About 5 PM on Sunday, May 15, 1910 a storm came up from the northwest with extra strong winds traveling in paths like cyclones. An account of the storm appeared in the Sugarcreek Budget: "Levi J. Miller's house was picked up like a store box and was completely demolished. When Mr. Miller and wife saw the storm approaching, they decided to leave the house, Mr. Miller taking the two oldest children and Mrs. Miller the baby. The former succeeded in getting away far enough before the house went, but on account of the terrible wind and dust Mrs. Miller made a few steps backward, being just in front of the door when the house was turned right over her and the baby. She was knocked down and baby, while in the arms of its mother, had its head crushed so severly that it died in about thirty minutes after the accident. Mrs. Miller was also hurt so she could not walk for several days, but we are glad to report that she is gaining nicely."

The funeral of the Miller's infant son was held May 17th at the home of Joseph Borntragers. The baby was aged 5 months and 29 days. He was laid to rest in a grave on his parents' farm. The funeral was conducted by Pre. Moses Yoder of the Amish church in Cheyenne County, Colorado who happened to be visiting in the Elbert County settlement at the time of the tragedy. This was the only tragic death amongthe Amish in Elbert County. There were, however, two other deaths. Mrs. Moses Troyer died there in her old age. And on February 23, 1912 Eli Yoder's married daughter, Abbie, died of tuberculosis. She died at her parents' home in Elbert County, although her real home was in Cheyenne County. It seems her married life was not a happy one, for at the time of her death it was mentioned in the Sugarcreek Budget that " a message was sent to her husband and oldest son who were so unconcerned, traveling through different parts of Kansas during the latter part of her illness. The son arrived here on the 25th in answer to the message." She was buried 3/4 of a mile from her parents' place on the plains, a single fenced in plot. Her youngest children were adopted by Isaac Gingerichs, and several of the older children were taken in by other families.

No Wealthy Settlers

The Amish who settled in Colorado were not wealthy people. Some of them had tried to make a go of in other new Amish settlements, especially Kansas. They came to Colorado with determination but not much money. They put up cheap homes. One former resident of the community writes: "The people lived in next to shacks in Colorado. If a new house was built, it just was very small and never finished." Another former resident says: "The buildings put up by the Amish were rather simple and cheap as possible." The people worked hard and lived simply. Since there were no trees in the area, there were no apples for apple butter; pumpkin butter was made instead. And there were no maple trees for maple syrup; a syrup was made from corn cobs.

Yes, life for the Amish in Colorado was simple. None of them "got rich" even though Miss Amanda Yoder once wrote from Limon in the Sugarcreek Budget: "Old maids in the east would better come out here to Colorado, taking homesteads and soon get rich." But none of the Amish settlers got rich, "soon" or otherwise.

In the July 24, 1912 Sugarcreek Budget the Colorado Amish read something which they didn't like to see in print. It appeared in the Hydro, Oklahoma letter: "The writer came from Oklahoma to Colorado to get a home, but we could not make a living, so we again left for Oklahoma. Colorado is all right for a man who has money to spend, but a poor man has no business there."

Now that was a slap to most of the Amish living in Colorado, as they were basically poor. Mrs. Levi Miller of Elbert County wrote in the August 14th edition of the newspaper: "Wonder who that Mrs. J. M. Miller is from Oklahoma who says a poor man has no business in Colorado. Will say more poor people came in here than rich ones and they have as much business here as in any new country provided they bring with them a willing heart and hand to do their duty. There are none here who did not have enough to eat as far as I know, at least we have had potatoes and feed to sell every year since we are here."

In the newspaper two weeks later an unsigned scribe from the Amish settlement in Cheyenne County answered Mrs. Miller of Elbert County. She explained that the woman in Oklahoma had lived in their settlement and that it "had been a hard winter for everybody." But she added: "I think the poor have just as much business in Colorado as the rich, the difference is the rich can do as they please and the poor have to do the best they can, and I think mostly the poor will go to such a place to get themselves a home."

Without a Shepherd

There were a number of births in the Elbert County Amish settlement. But there was only one wedding in the settlement's eight year history and it involved two people who did not live in the community, but did live in Colorado. The bride was the widow Mrs. Henry Eash who lived at the Amish settlement in Cheyenne County. Her parents, Eli Yoders, lived in Elbert County thus the wedding was held in their community. The groom was the widower Dan Swartzentruber of the Amish settlement in Crowley County seventy miles south of Elbert County. The wedding took place on Sept. 23, 1912 at the home of Joseph Borntragers. The couple went to Crowely County to live.

It is not known what bishop married the above couple. The Elbert County Amish had no bishop of their own, or for that matter any ministers. No ministers chose to locate there. In January of 1910 the settlement's piece in the Sugarcreek Budget said: "Pre. Daniel F. Miller of Bloomfield, Montana is expected here about January 8th or 9th to take a look at the country." The following month it was reported that Bishop Moses Coblentz of Sugarcreek, Ohio was there "to take a look at the country. They were favorably impressed with the country and the outlook is promising for them to locate here." But neither man ever moved to Colorado much to the disappointment of the settlers in Elbert County.

The settlers looked to the Amish church in Cheyenne County for minister help. Every four weeks one of the two ministers from that church went the 50 miles to Elbert County. Their names were Moses M. Yoder and Eli L. Miller. Occasionally a visiting minister from elsewhere stopped by. In November of 1910 Pre. Daniel Yoder of Holmes County, Ohio visited the group.

In May of 1911 the congregation consisted of 10 families. A Sunday school was organized for the summer months. In the following month two Kansas bishops, Jonas Borntrager of Reno County and Moses Troyer of Ford County, held communion for the Amish in Cheyenne County. They also stopped at the Elbert County settlement, but it is not known whether they held communion for the group or not.

The next visiting minister was David J. Hochstetler of Goshen, Indiana who preached for the group in August.

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hen in September mention is made in the Sugarcreek udget that the minister from Cheyenne County did not how up at the expected time. In January it is mentioned at there have been no church services for over four onths. Meanwhile that month Pre. Moses Yoder moved ut of Colorado, so he couldn't be expected to come any- ore. Pre. Eli Miller came then in February to conduct e funeral of Mrs. Emanuel Hochstetler (Abbie Yoder). e also held church services there in May. In August re. Eli Nissley of Reno County, Kansas preached there. was reported in the Sugarcreek Budget and also said: We very kindly ask all ministering brethren of our faith please meditate over the condition of the small con- regation of this place to see if they could not also de- ide to make us a visit."

Then six months later in February of 1913, Jacob M. oder wrote to the newspaper that Pre. Aaron Yoder of ord County, Kansas had held services for them. He ent on to say: "The Brethren of the Amish are living ere without a shepherd and only have meeting when reachers are visiting here. May the only wise God hange it so we could have regular meetings."

Four months later in June, Bishop Yost Lehman of ess County, Kansas traveled to Elbert County, Colo- ado with the intentions of holding communion. Pre. Eli iller of Cheyenne County was also present. It was re- orted in the Sugarcreek Budget: "We had council meet- ng, but some difficulty arose and no communion serv- ce was held." A year later Mrs. Chris M. Troyer wrote o the newspaper: "We had no church service any more or over a year now, and it makes it wonderful lonesome o live at such a place." A few months later in Septem- er 1914, Pre. P. Swartzentruber of Wellman, Iowa reached for the group. Then it went over a year again efore another preacher came. This time it was Dan Mast of Reno County, Kansas. Eight months later Pre. Crist Yoder of Kalona, Iowa preached for the group. He was the last known Amish minister to visit the Elbert County settlement.

No Church Unity

The Elbert County Amish had church problems as evidenced by the fact that they were not able to hold communion services or to have an ordination. If there had been church unity, a bishop would have come from the Amish settlements in Kansas and held communion for them as was the case with the other two Amish congregations in Colorado which existed at the same time as the Elbert County group. Also there were 12 families living there— enough for a minister to be ordained if there had been church unity.

What was the problem in the church? No one today seems to know. But the letters which appeared in the Sugarcreek Budget shed some light on the subject. In the August 22, 1917 issue it mentions that a Mennonite minister, Jacob Heatwole, had come there from LaJunta, Colorado and baptized two converts. It does not say who the converts were. But since it was reported in the Amish letter, it is reasonable to believe they were Amish young people.

Then in May of 1918 some bitter words appeared in print. Moses D. Troyer of Elbert County wrote a letter to the Sugarcreek Budget saying: "To L. S. Keim (bishop) of Hutchinson, Kansas. I would advise you to read Matt. 5:23-24 and 1st John 2:4 before you say there is no hope for any one leaving the Amish church and join himself to another church. Read it in German."

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ALSO IN THE SAME ISSUE

A CONFESSION SIX YEARS LATE: Teacher Mary was certain she had graded her second grader's paper correctly, but when Joanne seemed to be just as sure she hadn't, she began to wonder.

VICTOR'S VOICE OF AUTHORITY: Dad and Mom went away for the night and left 13-year-old Victor and his sister, Rosanna, in charge. Since Victor was the oldest, he felt he should be in authority.

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Mrs. Chris Troyer of Elbert County and a daughter-in-law of the above Moses D. Troyer wrote an answer two weeks later: "A few lines to M. D. Troyer on the article you had in the Budget for L. S. Keim of Kansas. If you can find anything in the whole Bible or Testament that it is right to join another church seemingly for more pleasure in this world, I wish you would show me; as little as I understand scripture and can remember, I never seen anything like that in it and that was what he had mentioned and I agree with him..."

Most of the Amish families had left Elbert County for other states before this controversy appeared in print. Perhaps they had seen it brewing while they lived there. In 1918 when these letters were written, there were only four Amish families yet living there. Three of the families soon joined the Mennonite Church of LaJunta with Jacob Heatwole as their pastor. They held their services in the "Troyer" schoolhouse which had been named after the numerous Troyers in the settlement and was where the Amish children had attended public school.

The Chris Troyer family and Grandma (Moses D.) Troyer remained Amish. Grandma passed away in 1918 and Chris Troyers moved to Indiana in January of 1920 bringing to an end the Amish settlement in Elbert County, Colorado.

(Special thanks to Mrs. Ella (Troyer) Miller, Edward Yoder Albert Miller, and Eli S. Bontrager for the information they supplied for this article.)

Next Month: Part Two: The Amish In Crowley County

Editorielles —

Chriſtus, der iſt das Brod des Lebens,
Sein Fleiſch und Blut iſt für uns g'geben,
Sein Geiſt lehrt uns die Speis recht eſſen,
Tut uns ein'n neuen Rock anmeſſen,
Daß wir Ihn kennen, Sein Lieb uns brenne,
In dieſem Fleiſch Sein Werk bekennen.

Den alten Rock müſſ'n wir ablegen,
Und den alten Sau'rteig ausfegen,
Daß Er ſein Werk in uns mög haben,
Der alt Schlauch mag den Wein nicht tragen,
Kann ihn nicht faſſen, er tut ihn haſſen,
Und kann nicht gehen auf dieſer Straßen.

Darum, ihr neugeborne Chriſten,
Kommt her ohn allen Trug und Liſten
Zu dieſem Oſterlämmlein ſchone;
Des Reich und G'meinſchaft bleibt beſtohne;
Kommt her mit Freuden, in neuen Kleiden
Das Böſ' und Gut' tut unterſcheiden.

Laſſet uns Oſtern halten.

„Werdet ihr nicht eſſen das Fleiſch des Menſchenſohns und trinken ſein Blut, ſo habt ihr kein Leben in euch.“ Joh. 6, 53.

Das Oſtern halten für uns meint das Abendmahl, oder das Brod und der Wein zu genießen, zu einem Gedächtnis Mahl. Dabei ſollen wir gedenken was unſer Herr und Meiſter getan hat für uns.

Oben heißt es, wenn wir nicht eſſen das Fleiſch des Menſchenſohns und trinken ſein Blut, ſo haben wir kein Leben in uns. Kein Leben in uns! das macht eine wichtige Sache daraus. Es wird aber zu Zeiten geſagt, der Heiland hatte mit dieſe Worte nicht im Zweck von dem Brod und Wein das wir halten bei dem Abendmahl. Zum Teil möchte das wahr ſein, wir wollen aber die Sache recht verſtehen was Er im Zweck hatte. Er will uns ſagen, wenn wir recht Chriſtgläubige Menſchen ſind, dann haben wir täglich, ja ſtündlich Gemeinſchaft mit Ihm. Das meint, wir ſind immer am etwas tun wo wir glauben daß vor Ihm gefällig iſt, und ſuchen uns allezeit zu enthalten von etwas tun wo wir nicht glauben das vor Ihm gefällig iſt. Wenn wir von ſolche Menſchen ſind tun wir täglich und ſtündlich ſein Fleiſch eſſen und von ſein Blut trinken im Geiſt. Mit dem Munde genießen wir natürlich Brod, aber im Geiſt und im Glauben der Leib Chriſti, mit dem Munde genießen wir natürlich Wein aber im Geiſt und im Glauben das Blut Chriſti.

Wenn wir dann nicht täglich am leben ſind für Chriſtus, dann mögen wir ſo oft wir wollen das Abendmahl halten mit natürlich Brod und Wein und es wird uns von keinem nutzen ſein, es wird alles vergeblich ſein. Und es iſt zu fürchten daß oftmals Menſchen dies Abendmahl halten und doch niemals Gemeinſchaft mit Jeſu haben. Vergeblich dienen ſie mir, ſagte der Heiland einſtmal.

Hier im ſechſten Kap. da der Heiland viel von dieſem geſagt hatte ſprachen einige von ſeine Jünger: „Dies iſt eine harte Rede, wer kann ſie hören?“ Da Jeſus bei ſich ſelbſt merkte daß ſeine Jünger darüber murreten, fragte er ſie ob das ſie ärgerte? Dann ſprach er weiter zu Ihnen: „Wie, wenn ihr denn ſehen werdet des Menſchenſohn auffahren dahin, da er zuvor war?“ Er wollte ihnen ſagen, wenn dieſes euch ärgert, was wollet ihr denken wenn Ich zur größere Ehre gen Himmel fahre da Ich zuvor war. Dann ſagte Jeſus weiter: „Der Geiſt iſts der da lebendig macht, das Fleiſch iſt nichts nütze, die Worte die Ich rede, die ſind Geiſt und ſind Leben.“

Jeſus wollte ihnen ſagen, die geiſtliche Meinung von dieſe Worte iſt was euch Leben gibt, dies iſt was ihr davon einen Nutzen bekommet. Wenn ſie natürlich eſſen konnten von ſeinem Fleiſch und trinken von ſein Blut es würde ihnen von keinem Wert ſein. So auch mit uns, wenn wir nicht Gemeinſchaft mit ihm haben im Geiſtlichen, dann würde das natürliche Eſſen von Brod und trinken vom Wein uns von keinem Wert ſein.

So wollen wir noch einmal die Sache recht bedenken wenn wir zum Tiſch des Herrn treten. Wir wollen nicht denken, dies iſt eine harte Rede, wer kann ſie hören? Nein, wir wollen vielmehr uns tief in die Sache einlaſſen, daran denken wie Jeſus gelitten hat am Stamm des Kreuzes uns arme Menſchen zu verſöhnen. Wir ſind wohl ſchwach und es möchte uns gehen wie die Jünger Jeſu zu Zeiten. Bei Jacobs Brunnen ermahnten einige von die Jünger Ihn, er ſollte eſſen. Er ſprach aber zu ihnen: „Ich habe eine Speiſe zu eſſen, da wiſſet ihr nicht von.“ Nun ſprachen ſie ſo unter einander: „Hat Ihm jemand zu eſſen gebracht?“ Dann ſagte Jeſus: „Meine Speiſe iſt die, daß Ich tue den Willen des, der mich geſandt hat, und vollende ſein Werk.“

Wir können wohl vernehmen daß die Jünger es oftmals nicht recht begreifen oder verſtehen konnten, und ſo kann es uns auch gehen; aber wir wollen doch nicht aufhören oder mutlos werden, ſondern vielmehr anhalten, mit Wachen und Beten, mit flehen zu Gott. Ich wünſche ich könnte es beſſer ergründen und tiefer eingewurzelt werden, und nicht wanken weder zur Rechten noch zur Linken.

O wie lieblich wäre es zu ſehen wenn alle Glieder in der Gemeinde bereit ſein könnten um teilnehmer zu ſein wenn das Abendmahl gehalten wird, daß nicht ein einziges zurück bleiben würde.

Man hat es ſchon geſehen wo Glieder ſich faſt nie faſſen konnten beizuwohnen wenn Ordnungs-Gemein und Gros-Gemein gehalten ward. Beinahe immer wenn dieſe Zeit kommen iſt dann waren ſie daheim, wenn die Gros-Gemein vorüber war ſind ſie wieder beigekommen. So ſollte es doch wahrlich nicht ſein. Wenn an ihnen gearbeitet war dann ſind ſie vielleicht einmal beikommen und teil genommen, dann war es wieder gleich wie vorhin..

Wir wollen uns noch erinnern an Paulus ſeine Worte in erſte Kor. 5, 8. „Darum laſſet uns Oſtern halten, nicht im alten Sauerteig, auch nicht im Sauerteig der Bosheit und Schalkheit, ſondern in dem Süßteig der Lauterkeit und der Wahrheit.“

Von dem letzten Gericht Gottes.

Wacht auf, ihr Menſchenkinder!
Ach wachet, wacht recht auf!
Wacht auf, ihr frechen Sünder!
Wach auf, du frecher Hauf!
Willſt du noch lange ſchlafen?
Die Zeit fleucht wie ein Pfeil;
Wer ſeiner Seel will ſchaffen
Ihr ewig Heil, der eil.

Eil, wer da kann entrinnen
Der ſchweren Höllenpein;
Haſt du noch deine Sinnen,
O Menſch, denk was wird ſein
Die Feuersglut der Höllen,
Dort leiden ohne ziel;
Man kann ſichs kaum vorſtellen,
Der Marter iſt zu viel.

Zu viel ſind alle Schmerzen,
Zu groß iſt ihre Quaal,

Doch faßts niemand zu Herzen,
Das ſieht man überall.
Wie wills zuletzt ablaufen?
Man lebt in Tag hinein,
In Schlemmen, Freſſen, Saufen,
Das End kann nicht gut ſein.

Gut kanns nicht ſein bei denen,
Die in die Welt verliebt,
Und blos darnach ſich ſehnen,
Was ſie für Luſt ausgiebt;
Hoffart, Fleiſch-Augen-Lüſte,
Zu ihrem Zweck geſetzt,
Ach! daß doch mancher büßte
Dafür, das ihn ergötzt.

Ergötz'ſt du dich an Dingen,
O Menſch! ein Augenblick,
Die ewig Leiden bringen,
Und liebeſt deinen Strick,
Der dir das Leben raubet,
Dich tödtet und verkehrt;
Kaum einer dieſes glaubet,
Bis er es ſelbſt erfährt.

Zu ſpät iſt zu erfahren,
Was Höll und Ewigkeit.
Ach willſt du's darauf ſparen?
Thu's nicht, heut iſt noch zeit.
Bekehre dich von Herzen,
Daß du der Quaal entgehſt;
Denk, dann gilt es nicht ſcherzen,
Wann du vor'm Richter ſtehſt,

Der dir das Urteil fället,
Das Leben rund abſpricht,
Zum Teufel dich geſellet,
Des ewigen Tods Gericht.
O zeter! ach! weh! jammer!
Welch heulen wird da ſein,
Wann in die Marter-Kammer
Der Henker ſchleppt hinein.

Dahin, wo keine Reue,
Kein klagen helfen kann,
Die Marter geht aufs neue
nach tauſend Jahren an;
Da iſt kein Glied ſo kleine,
Das nicht ſein Leiden hat,
Der Leib der fühlt das ſeine,
Die Seel auch früh und ſpat.

In großer Furcht und Schrecken,
In finſtrer Dunkelheit,
Wird die Verdammten decken
Angſt, Grauen, Traurigkeit;
Die Zähne werden klappen
Für Froſt und großer Hitz,
Und werden blindlings tappen
Nach einem friſchen Sitz.

Sie werden ewig fallen
Ins Loch, das keinen Grund,
Und auf einander prallen,
Zuſammen in den Schlund;
Sich beißen, freſſen, nagen,
Sie fluchen, läſtern ſtets,
Der Tod wird ſie recht plagen
Ohn Ende: ſeht, ſo gehts.
So geht es den Verfluchten
In ihrem Höllenloch,
Den Schlemmern und Verruchten;
Ach glaubets, glaubt es doch!
Wollt ihr daran noch zweifeln,
So wahr iſts, ſo wahr Gott,
Ihr fahret zu den Teufeln,
Wo ihr dies haltet für Spott.
Wacht auf, und laßt euch raten!
Tut Buße in dieſem Nu,
Man warnet euch für ſchaden,
Kehrt euch doch Jeſu zu;
Daß, wie er euch erkaufet,
Auch macht von Sünden frei,
Und ihr der Höll entlaufet,
Er euch ſein'n Geiſt verleih!

Wie gehts in der Welt zu derer Zeit? Obiges Gedicht genommen aus dem Unparteyiſches Geſang-Buch war geſchrieben ſchon lange zurück. Nach dem wir es abgeſchrieben hatten ſchauete ich vorne im Buch zu ſehen wann es gedruckt war, nun ſahe ich, es war gedruckt im Jahr 1853.

Wenn wir ein wenig denken, was alles daß ſchon Platz genommen hat ſeit ſolcher Zeit, wie dünkt es uns? Wie denken wir daß ſolche Leute wo dieſes Gedicht geſchrieben haben denken oder fühlen würden wenn ſie hier wären heute und ſehen könnten wie alles geht in der Welt, und auch dazu wie es ſteht in die ſo genannten einfachen Gemeinden?

Wie fühlen wir? Sehnt die Sache gefährlich aus zu uns, oder werden wir ſo nach und nach die Sache gewöhnt und denken, es iſt ja nicht ſo ſchlimm. Ohne zweifel fühlen manche ſo, denn ſie wollen immer mehr und mehr mit dem Lauf der Welt gehen.

Da wir hier ſitzen am ſchreiben kommen die Gedanken, wäre es doch nicht ſchön aus dieſem Jammerthal zu gehen in dem himmliſchen Jeruſalem ein, und daheim ſein bei dem Herrn. Doch warten wir geduldig bis unſere Zeit kommt.

„Das ſollſt du aber wiſſen, daß in den letzten Tagen werden greuliche Zeiten kommen. Denn es werden Menſchen ſein die von ſich ſelbſt halten, geizig, ruhmredig, hoffärtig, Läſterer, den Eltern ungehorſam, undankbar, ungeiſtlich, lieblos, unverſöhnlich, Verleumder, unkeuſch, wild, ungütig, Verräter, Frevler, aufgeblaſen, die mehr lieben Wolluſt den Gott; die da haben den Schein eines gottſeliges Weſens, aber ſeine Kraft verleugne ſie; und ſolche meide." 2 Tim. 3, 1—5.

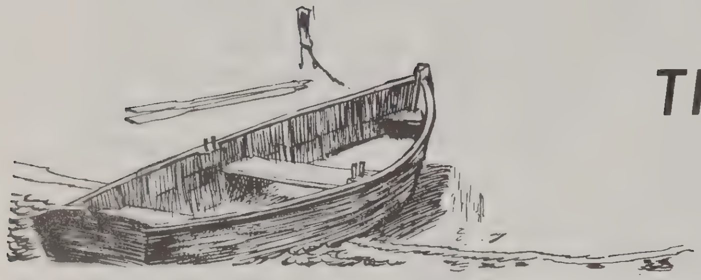
Iſt es nicht bedenklich daß die Sache „Den Eltern ungehorſam", bei ſolch eine Reihe von Sünden hineingeſtellt wird, und im Römer Brief am Erſten Kap. ſind 23 Stücken genannt und hier iſt es auch dabei. Es iſt zu fürchten daß manche junge Leute ſich eine groß Verantwortlichkeit auf laden wenn ſie ſo von einer Gemeinde gehen zu eine andere gegen dem willen von ihre Eltern, und nur für ein wenig mehr Freiheit in zeitliche Sachen. Die Welt iſt lockend überall. Man fürchtet ſich bald in derer Welt zu ſein, die Gefahr iſt ſo groß an allen Enden. Wir denken oft an die Worte in einem Liede: „Die Welt iſt nicht mein Heim . . ." Fühlen wir eigentlich ſo, daß wir nicht daheim ſind in dieſe Welt? Suchen wir für eine beſſere Heimat? Oder verweilen wir uns hier in der Welt, denken vielleicht, hier iſt gut ſein. Wir wollen nur noch lange hier bleiben. O wie gefährlich, wenn ſolche Gedanken uns möchten vorkommen. Wir wollen doch ein Abſcheu haben von die Welt, wir wollen mit Paulus denken: „Ich hab Luſt abzuſcheiden und bei Chriſto zu ſein welches auch viel beſſer wäre . . ."

Wir gedenken nicht einen langen Artikel zu ſchreiben dießmal, aber wir wollen noch ein wenig bemerken von was wir geleſen haben in einer Zeitſchrift. Es heißt der Satan hat auch eine Gemeinde geſtiftet in der Stadt San Franciſco ſchon etwa ſieben Jahre zurück. Er hat ſchon bei 200,000 Mitwanderer. Es heißt: „Gemeinde vom Satan." Sie haben auch eine Bibel genannt die „Sataniſche Bibel." Darinnen werden [illegible] Tod Sünden verteidigt oder zugeſprochen, und hatten ein Viertel Millionen von dieſe verkauft. O wir hoffen doch nicht daß wir als die einfache Leute und chriſtlichen Gemeinden uns fangen laſſen am ſolche Bibeln zu hand nehmen.

Die Fallſtricken und Netze des Satans ſind ſo viel, daß wir denken mit jenem Matyrer: „Wer kann dieſem allen entgehen?" Die Antwort war: „Durch die Hilfe Gottes." Ja, das iſt noch der einzige Weg heute, von uns ſelber können wir nicht entfliehen. ■■

CHILDREN'S SECTION

Simon felt dazed and his thoughts were in a whirl. Had he done the wrong thing to let the Negroes fish at the lake?



THE STEALERS

by David Luthy

THE BLARING OF A CAR horn made fourteen-year-old Simon Miller set his pitchfork down and walk to the barn door. He wasn't surprised to hear someone honking for it was the time of year when people from the city came out to fish on the Miller's small lake. They always stopped to pay before driving down the cow lane to the lake at the back of the farm.

Simon was not surprised to hear the honking, but he was surprised when he saw who was sitting in the car. "Two Negroes," he said to himself. He felt himself grow slightly tense. "I never talked to a Negro before. I wonder what they want. Maybe to buy some eggs or maybe..."

But Simon didn't have time to finish what he was thinking, for the driver of the car called out the open window, "Hello, is this the Miller farm where people can go fishing?"

"Err, yes," nodded Simon.

"Good," smiled the man. "We found it at last. Sure are a lot of Miller names on the mailboxes along this road."

"How much does it cost?" asked the other man in the car, leaning over so he could talk more easily to Simon.

"A dollar," answered Simon. "We don't charge anything for the fish you catch, just a dollar for using one of the rowboats we got back there."

The heavy-set Negro who was driving reached into his pocket, pulled out his wallet and handed Simon a dollar bill.

"Thanks," said Simon. "It's a nice day to go fishing. Sometimes the sun shines so hard that it gets pretty hot sitting out on the lake."

"Yes, it is a nice day," agreed the driver. "Good thing it is, too, as we only get off our construction work on Saturday and Sunday. So if today hadn't been nice, we would have had to wait another week to come here to fish. You don't rent the boats Sundays, do you?"

"No," said Simon shaking his head. "So Saturday is the only day you can come out to fish."

"Yep," agreed the driver. "And sometimes we have to work Saturdays, too, if there's a rush to get a building finished. Ain't that so, Billy?"

The man's companion nodded his head.

"You like farming?" asked the driver, changing the subject.

Simon nodded his head. "Yes, I like it good."

"What's your name, boy?"

"Simon."

"Well, mine's Morris Jackson and this here fellow with me is Billy Jones. Guess we'd better get started fishing if we are going to."

"I'll open the gate to the lane," said Simon. "You can drive all the way back to the lake. When you see an orange gate on the lefthand side of the lane, you'll need to open it and drive in. Make sure to close the gate. You can drive right down beside the rowboats. And since you are first you can have your pick of the rowboats."

Simon ran and opened the lane gate and watched the car slowly turn into the sandy lane and proceed toward the lake. "I never saw Negroes that close up before," he thought as he watched the car become a small object in the distance. "One was much darker than the other."

A half hour later Simon heard another car stop outside the barn. He left the job he was doing and went outside. "Another carload of fishermen," he told himself, recognizing some men who came regularly to fish. With only a few words of conversation he took the dollar bill and returned to the barn. He didn't need to open the gate as the men knew their way around the farm.

"If a third car doesn't come, I'd be tempted to use the third rowboat myself this afternoon," thought Simon. "I haven't been fishing back there for quite a while."

But a few minutes later another car disturbed Simon from his work. This time it was a young man and his two small sons.

"The boys said I promised to take them fishing this summer," said the man. "So, I guess I'd better as the season is about past." He handed a dollar to Simon.

"Were you ever here before?" asked Simon, not recognizing the man as a regular fisher on the lake and wondering how he knew it cost a dollar.

"Yes, I was here with three other men in early summer."

Simon ran and opened the lane gate. "You are the third car load to go back today. So guess you'll get the only rowboat that's left."

"That's okay. Part of the time I'll take the boys for a ride in the boat but they'll likely fish from the shore, too."

STORIES

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It was around four o'clock in the afternoon when a car came up the lane toward the barn. It was the load of fishermen who had arrived second. They had finished fishing and were ready to leave. Simon was cutting the grass around the picket yard fence when the car drove up beside him and stopped. He couldn't imagine what the men wanted to say as cars seldom stopped on their way out. Usually they just waved good-by or called out a few words as they drove by.

"Say, boy," said the driver. "Since when are you letting niggers fish back there?"

Simon felt his heart beat faster. "Well, er, they paid their dollar."

"Yah, and they'll get their money's worth, too," snorted the man. "Don't you know niggers steal? They'd steal the water out of the lake if they could. You better keep your eye on things when they're around. Better yet, don't let them fish here again."

The car drove on leaving Simon almost dazed leaning on the handle of the lawnmower. His thoughts were in a whirl. Had he done wrong to let the Negroes fish at the lake? "They seemed friendly and paid their dollar," he told himself. "But I never had any experience with Negroes before. Maybe they do steal. Oh, I sure hope they don't. Maybe I should have asked Dad about letting them fish here. But I never gave it a thought."

A few minutes later the Negroes' car swung into view. Simon felt himself get hot all over. The car did not stop but both men waved, and the driver called out the window, "Good fishing back there. See you next Saturday."

Simon eyed the car suspiciously as it passed him and turned onto the gravel road. His gaze focused on the trunk. "I wish I could see through the lid and into the trunk. I wonder what I'd see." He imagined seeing the trunk filled with stolen goods. "Oh, but that's stupid," he told himself. "They don't have a trunk full of stolen things— at least not from here. The only things at the lake are the rowboats and oars. They're too big to put in the car trunk. And I've been around the buildings all afternoon, so they couldn't have stolen anything from here."

As Simon finished mowing the lawn his mind churned over the thought, "Niggers steal." Finally he had to admit to himself, "I don't know if Negroes steal or not. I never knew any. In fact, I never talked to any until today." He gave the lawnmower a push and guided it around the large maple tree in the lawn.

When Simon had finished mowing the lawn and was putting the mower in the shed an idea entered his mind. "Why don't I put the Negroes to a test and see if they steal or not? They said they would be back next Saturday to fish again." The more Simon thought about the idea, the more he liked it. "If Negroes steal anything and everything like that man warned me, then it shouldn't be hard to put them to a test."

During the next few days Simon's mind was often on Saturday when the Negroes had said they would come fishing again. He hoped it would be a nice day so the men would come for sure, because the more he thought about the test the more he was looking forward to it.

But there was one problem. What would Simon use to test the men with? Originally he had thought of placing his wallet near one of the rowboats with his name and some money in it. "But if they steal the wallet, I'll never get it back and be out some money besides," he told himself. Simon thought of many things he might use as bait, but he hated to part with any of the things if the Negroes would actually steal them. Finally he thought, "I've got to think of something that I don't want but they would."

With this in mind Simon walked into his dad's shop, hoping to find something there. He spied an old hammer. "I could put that hammer on a boat seat. They'd think we forgot it there when we fixed a rowboat. They said they work in construction work. I bet they'd be glad for a hammer." But the more Simon looked at the hammer the more he couldn't imagine anyone wanting it. The handle was cracked and marred. One of the claws for pulling out nails was partially broken off. "Nope, the hammer won't suit. Sure, a nice one would be good bait, but I don't want to put Dad's good one down there and see it get stolen."

Leaving the shop, Simon entered the buggy shed. He looked along the bottom ledge of the foundation. He paused and picked up an ax which was leaning against a studding. Then he shook his head and put it down. He was about to leave the shed when something caught his eye. "Of course," he exclaimed and reached above his head and lifted the object down. "Why didn't I think of this before?" He brushed the dust from it. "With a little washing it will be the perfect bait."

Simon went outside to the water trough. He dipped the dirty object into the trough several times. Its yellow color became brighter. It was a hard-hat. "This is something we don't use and a construction worker does," said Simon happily. He wiped the hat clean. His dad had gotten the hard-hat at an auction with a boxful of other things. He had given it to Simon to play with. Simon had never used it much and had hung it on a nail in the shed where it collected dust for several years.

"Yes this is just what I need to test them with," smiled Simon. "All construction workers and carpenters and telephone men use these hats to protect their heads from getting bumped. If Negroes steal, they will surely steal this."

That evening as he was milking a cow, Simon decided where he would put the hard-hat as bait. "It should be at the lake. It is far back and they won't think we will see them take it. I'll drive a nail into a tree by where the rowboats are tied and hang the hard-hat on the nail. That way they'll be sure to see it."

Simon gave the cats some milk and carried the pail over to the milkcan. "And I'd better put my name inside the hat so they will know it belongs to someone and not think they are merely finding something no one wants. They asked me my name the first time they were here, so they will know who the hard-hat belongs to."

When he finished milking, Simon went to the house and got a strip of white tape from the cabinet above the washstand. He printed his name in large letters in ink. Then he fastened this inside the hard-hat where anyone picking it up could easily see it. "Now all I have to do is to take a hammer and nail back with me Saturday morning when I get the cows. I'll hang the hard-hat on the tree and the bait is all set."

Right after dinner on Saturday, Simon went outside and began mowing the lawn, his weekly job. He hoped to have it finished in time to be able to go to the lake and watch the Negroes from his hiding place which he had already picked out. "That is, if they come today," thought Simon. "I sure hope they do."

An hour passed. The whirlling of the lawnmower's blades buzzed in Simon's ears, yet he heard the crunching of gravel as soon as a car pulled into the lane. But to his disappointment it wasn't the two Negro men, just some other fishermen. "The Negroes were here first last Saturday, but that doesn't mean they will be first today," Simon thought, trying to comfort himself. He went and took the dollar from the driver of the car.

Simon had barely returned to the lawnmower when he heard another car turning in. His heart jumped. It was the Negores. And this time there were three of them.

"Hello," called the man from the back seat. He held a dollar bill out the window. "We're back again and it looks like another nice afternoon to fish."

"And to steal," thought Simon, but out loud he said, "Yes, it's a pretty day today."

"Is there anybody back there?" asked the driver.

"Yes, a car went back just a couple of minutes ago," answered Simon. To himself he thought, "I wonder why he asked that. Probably hopes no one is around so he can steal something."

The Negro in the back seat got out and opened the gate to the lane. The car passed through and he closed the gate again. Simon tried not to pay any attention to the men. "I don't want to make them suspicious."

Ten minutes after the Negroes had gone back to fish, Simon put the lawnmower in the shed and ran down the lane. Instead of climbing over the orange gate that opened into the field that bordered the lake, he went further down the lane, then climbed the fence and cut through the woods. He came to a place where he was sheltered by the trees yet could easily see the yellow hard-hat hanging from the nail on the tree. The Negroes were just pushing the rowboat into the water and getting seated. Simon watched them intently. "They parked their car pretty close to the tree," he noticed. "I bet they saw the hard-hat already and are planning to steal it when they get ready to go home. The closer they are to it, the easier they can take it."

Several hours passed. It would have been boring for Simon to sit that long without any activity, but the thought of how and when the Negroes would steal the hard-hat kept Simon's interest alive and his eyes fixed on the fishermen.

It wasn't long before the first car load of fishermen brought their rowboats to the shore and pulled it out of the water. "Must be they got a good catch of fish," thought Simon. He watched as one man walked over to their car and backed it down in front of the boat. Then he opened the trunk and put the fish into it.

Simon shifted his gaze from the men at the shore to the Negroes out on the lake. "I wish they'd hurry and get all the fish they want and get ready to go home."

Simon grew tired of watching the Negroes. He glanced at the shore line. He saw the two rowboats tied in their places. He saw the Negroes' car. And the hard-hat on the... "The hard-hat!" exclaimed Simon and jumped to his feet. "Why, it isn't there anymore. It must have fallen off the nail. Oh, now what am I going to do?"

He thought and thought, but he knew there was only one thing to do if he wanted to go through with the test today. He had to get the hard-hat back on the nail. "The wind must have blown it enough that it slipped off the nail and fell in the tall grass," thought Simon. "I've got to sneak over there and put it back on the nail."

Simon watched his chance. When the Negroes had rowed further across the lake, he thought he could go to the tree without them seeing him. Crouching low he crept from bush to tree to bush. Finally he was kneeling beside the rowboats and then he slipped behind the tree. He stooped down and felt around the base of the tree, but his fingers only touched small branches that had fallen off, and grass. "That's queer," he thought. "The hard-hat must have bounced when it fell and landed farther away in the tall grass by the shore." He crept along on his knees. The tall grass and weeds hid him from the Negroes on the lake. He searched the grass for some distance around the tree, but no hard-hat was found. Slowly the truth began to dawn on Simon. "There wasn't any wind this afternoon. The hat couldn't have blown off. Somebody must have taken it off, but who? Why?" Then as if he were still sitting in his hiding place and watching the scene, Simon grasped the truth. "One of those other fishermen stole it! They had to have."

Once more Simon searched the area around the tree. He couldn't quite bring himself to admit that a white man, not a Negro, had stolen the hard-hat. But the more he thought about it and the longer he searched, the more he realized it was true.

There was no reason for Simon to stay at the lake any longer. The bait was gone and the test was ruined. And as Simon walked home he realized what an unfair test it had been. "Now that a white man stole the hard-hat, I would never say that all white men steal," thought Simon chiding himself. "Yet I figured if one Negro stole they all do."

When Simon reached home he found his dad working on a barn door that needed a new hinge. Simon was excited and could hardly wait to tell his dad all about the stolen hard-hat. The story tumbled out and his dad listened with interest. "And how's that for a surprise ending?" asked Simon. "A white man stole it, not the Negroes."

Simon's dad nodded his head. "Well, that proves we shouldn't judge a whole group of people because of something one of them does. Negroes are the same as the rest of us-- there are good ones and there are bad ones; there are those who steal and those who don't. The difference is a person's character, not the color of his skin." ■■

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Along Nature's Paths

A Boy's Best Friend

How many kinds of dogs do you know about? Do you know what work each dog can do best? This article will tell you about several kinds of dogs and the things for which each is used.

THERE IS NOT A BOY anywhere who does not love dogs. Most girls do, too, but dogs seem to be especially made for the sports and games which boys enjoy. No doubt many of you have a dog of your own and find him as good a playmate and pal as another boy. He is always ready and eager to play just the game which you want to play. He does not argue with you over the way it should be played or insist on your being "it." If you wish to go for a tramp in the woods, nothing pleases him more. He finds no end of interesting things to chase or look at as you go along. After each adventure he returns to tell you about it and to let you know that he has not really left you although he has been out of sight for a few minutes.

If you do not feel like playing with him or hiking, but wish to read a book, he does not complain. He is always willing to curl up at your feet and sleep "with one ear open" so that you cannot get away without his awakening. Dogs are loyal friends and not only boys, but all people love them.

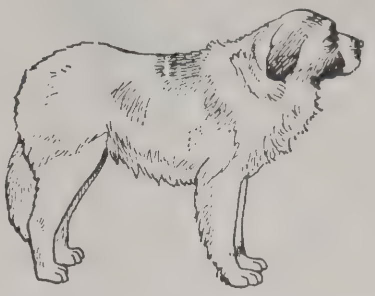
Dogs are more than playmates and companions. They are workers doing many different tasks. Each dog's work depends upon the kind of dog he is and the land in which he lives. In snowbound countries dogs do nearly all the work of hauling food and passengers. Many people in the far north would be cut off from the world during the winter if it were not for their sturdy dogs. They are harnessed to sleds, eight or nine in a team, and driven across the trackless wastes of snow, hauling loads of food, clothing, and mail.

In many European countries dogs work side by side with their masters in earning their living. Early in the morning they are at work drawing carts of milk from house to house or hauling loads of vegetables. On any pleasant day they may be seen in the market place, drawing carts filled with knickknacks to be sold to the people who pass by.

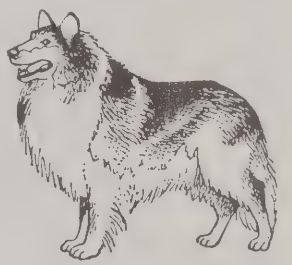
During the World War, dogs proved what trusty workers they could be. They acted as guards, messengers, scouts, and ambulance dogs. In the Belgian army, dogs were even used to haul machine guns. At the time the Armistice was signed, there were ten thousand dogs in service doing different things. Some were used as guards, because their keen sense of smell often told them of approaching danger long before the soldiers could learn of it. They plunged through barbed wire and the rain of bullets to carry messages to the front line trenches. They bounded out into No Man's Land, hunted out the wounded, and carried to them first-aid kits containing hot soup, coffee, and rolls of bandages. These first-aid kits were strapped to their collars. Dogs were sent out on the battlefields after dark to search for the wounded and missing. The tinkle of the bell fastened to each dog's collar and his low whine led the stretcher-bearers to the fallen soldiers. Many were saved by the brave work of the Red Cross dogs.

DOGS AS LIFE SAVERS AND PROTECTORS

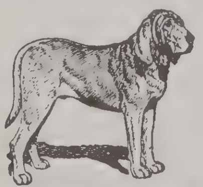
Many stories are told of the rescuing of lost travelers by Saint Bernard dogs in the mountains of Switzerland. They have saved the lives of hundreds of men lost in the snow and ice of the Alps. Every day they are sent out to test the paths over dangerous chasms, great snow drifts, and glaciers. They have such a keen sense of smell that they can discover a body buried under several feet of snow. The Alpine traveler staggering along through blinding storms often loses his footing on the mountain side. Too weak to rise, he is soon half frozen. Suddenly a barking is heard and in a few minutes a Saint Bernard is crouching over him, licking the cold hands and face with his warm tongue. Around his neck he is wearing a collar bearing a flask of hot liquid and a little basket of food. If the rescue party is near, he calls for help with loud barking. If it is far away, he seizes the man's cap or mitten and darts off through the snow for assistance. One dog has been known to save as many as forty-two lives in the Swiss mountains.



Shepherd dogs or collies are used on the western plains in herding sheep or cattle. A collie is one of the handsomest and most intelligent watch dogs. He will take a flock to pasture, keep them together, protect them from wolves, and bring them all safely back at night. He will protect his master or his master's property at the risk of his own life. He has a wonderful memory of places and directions and keeps his master from getting lost. He learns to know the sheep in his flock and can separate them from others. At the sound of his master's whistle, he rounds up all those that have scattered. He does the work of several men.



In many large cities police dogs or bloodhounds are used in capturing criminals. Bloodhounds have a very keen sense of smell and are used in tracking persons who are trying to escape. These dogs are able to follow a trail which has been crossed and recrossed over swamps or through forests. The only thing which baffles them is run-



GIRL
IN THE
MIRROR

Like most thirteen-year old girls, Emma Bontrager finds life frustrating. She has difficulty getting along, first at school and then at home. But as the story progresses she sees that much of her trouble is with "self" more than with others. For ages 10-15.
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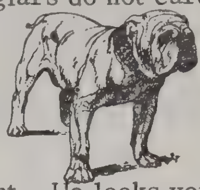
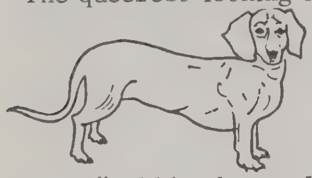
ning water.

Another dog which thieves and burglars do not care about is the bulldog. He is one of the best watchdogs and robbers do not often enter a house where they know one is kept. He has strong jaws and when he once gets hold of anything he holds on with all his might. He looks very savage, but he is very gentle with his master and the members of the family.



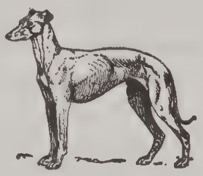
HUNTING DOGS

The queerest-looking dog is the dachshund. He looks something like a long sausage with a head on one end and a tail on the other. In Germany there is a saying that the dachshund is "sold by the yard." Nevertheless, he is a good watchdog and hunter.



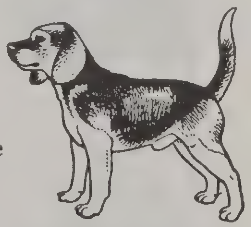
A great many kinds of dogs are used for hunting. Different kinds of dogs are used for different kinds of hunting. It would seem just as foolish to a sportsman to hunt ducks with a beagle, or rabbits with a water spaniel, as it does to you to think of trying to shave wood with a monkey wrench or to whittle with a screw driver. Each kind of dog has a certain kind of hunting for which he is trained and used.

Many kinds of hounds are used by sportsmen such as greyhounds, wolf hounds, and beagle hounds. Greyhounds are fleet runners. They are used for racing as well as for hunting. A track is built in circular form, like a race track used for horses. The greyhounds are placed in a kind of cage, with the door of the cage opening out on the race track. A mechanical rabbit run by electricity is sent hopping along the track at a great speed. The dogs leap up in their cages and bark with excitement as the little furry animal speeds along. When the doors of the cages are raised, the greyhounds spring out and dash in pursuit. The rabbit is far enough ahead and travels fast enough so that the dogs cannot catch it, no matter how hard they try. Judges stationed on high platforms render the decision as to which dogs come in first, second, and third.



No one knows who was the first white man to sight a jack rabbit, but whoever it was, he must have wished for a greyhound. This giant rabbit bounds over the ground with such speed that the greyhound is the only dog fleet enough to catch him. But greyhounds are not commonly used for hunting because they require a great deal of care and training.

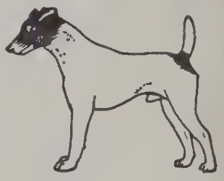
Beagles are just as good for hunting rabbits or cottontails, as greyhounds are for jack rabbits. In the south raccoon hunting is a favorite sport, and beagles make good raccoon dogs. The raccoon is a good fighter and often puts up a battle before he allows himself to be chased up a tree for the hunters to shoot.



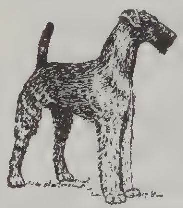
Certain dogs are not only taught to hunt game, but to bring it in after it is shot. They are called "retrievers." The water spaniels are used as water retrievers because they are such gallant swimmers. When a duck is shot, they swim out and bring it in, carrying it very carefully in their mouth without chewing or bruising it. Other spaniels are used for hunting on land. They are bright-eyed little fellows and learn to obey quickly. They find rabbits, squirrels, and grouse, and tell about them in time for their masters to take careful aim.

The best bird dogs, as dogs are called that are used to hung grouse, partridge, and other birds, are the pointers and setters. They are trained to stand as motionless as a statue and point with their noses when they see birds. Some dogs are trained to drop to the ground when they are pointing, while others stand with their heads high and tails stiff.

Terriers of all kinds are used for hunting rats, mice, and other pests. They are very quick and intelligent and are so easy to teach that they are often trained to perform in circuses and dog-shows. Fox terriers are used in driving foxes or rabbits from their holes. They are very plucky and burrow into the holes at great speed. They are also very mischievous and make interesting pets.



Airedales are sometimes used for hunting small furry animals, but usually they are kept as pets. They are affectionate and make good companions.



Everyone who has had a dog loves to tell of the clever and loyal things he has done. He is often called man's best friend because he will never desert his master when he is in trouble. Whether his master is rich or poor makes no difference, as long as he can be with him. A dog is always faithful to those he loves.

◆ ◆ ◆

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Alone In The House

I am all alone in the house for it is harvest time and the men are busy in the fields. They are depending on me to have supper ready when they come in. This will not take long for there are only a few at our table. Washing, ironing, and mending takes but little time toward what it used to. Not that I have learned to work so fast, it's just because the times have changed.

The clock ticks loudly as if it were trying to get my attention but its ticking is in vain. My mind goes back over the years that have slipped by so fast. I find myself wishing over and over again that I had more appreciated those years when I had the chance. Now they are gone, and will never return.

I remember how I used to think ahead to the time when the children would be grown and could help us work. I longed for the time when I could have a quiet and orderly home. That time has come but as I now look back I realize the best days of our life are gone. It's different now, yes, but I would not want to say it is better.

The many little cares with children have grown into big ones as they grew up, got married, and went on their own. Some have gone through fiery trials and heartaches, and in these things we have suffered with them.

Once upon a time our house was filled with tears and laughter, quarrels and noisy play, the patter of little feet as in and out they went, the lisping of a baby as it makes its first words. When washday came, it was a pleasure to whisk those dirty clothes into the washing machine and watch the clean things come out. The washline was then filled and often times the fence beside it, too. What a feeling to fold and iron those little garments and tuck them away, each one in its place.

When mealtime came the table was stretched out long and filled with simple foods. What a pleasure to watch it disappear! With hearty appetites, it took a lot of cooking and baking.

On schooldays, after four o'clock we'd listen for the sound of marching feet across the porch. On wintery days there'd be the stomping and sweeping off the snow from boots before they'd all file in.

There was always a lot of sewing and also the altering of "passed down"' things. This, too, was such a lovely sight, to see the newly finished clothes hanging on the wall in a row, ready for the coming season. Every time I did it I would have to marvel at the length of each new dress. The children were growing so fast.

In our family, Grosdawdies also had their place. They took care of themselves and their rooms for many years. Through the busy summer months, they'd come to help us snitz pears and apples, clean the beans and berries, and shell the peas. What a time we had, sitting on the porch, Grosdawdies, half a dozen children, the hired girl and myself, each with a dish of peas. Sometimes while working we would sing or play some thinking game.

But Grosdawdies are gone, they are laid to rest in the graveyard yonder. Their house is empty. Nothing remains with us but memories. Some are very dear to the heart, but there are also memories of sickness and suffering, patience, and many lonely hours. How I long to go over for a chat or to bring them some special dish, but all that is past. Did we appreciate them enough while we had them? These are the thoughts that come to me as I walk through the empty rooms, my footsteps echoing and re-echoing.

Those days are gone. How I wish I would have enjoyed them more! Only now do I realize how good it was to have the house so full of people, even if I was knee-deep in work. Now I often think of those homes where there are young folks and old folks who are hoping and dreaming of better days to come. Please let me remind you that all too soon those children will be grown up and gone, the old folks will be laid to rest, and then you may find yourself in a quiet and orderly home— yes but in a lonely one.

I know, for I too, have yearned for those things and now I have them. But something far more precious is gone, and for me, never more to return. Now I am all alone in the house.

—Author's name withheld

ANSWERS TO

CHILD TRAINING

NO. 7

The Yoder boys, fourteen and fifteen years old, were home alone. Their parents and the younger children had gone with some our-of-state visitors to an uncle's place for dinner. The boys had stayed home to wait on egg customers.

Business was dull and the boys were bored. "I wish we could go hunt squirrels," said Fifteen.

"We can't," said Fourteen. "We have to sell eggs, and besides the rifle's broken."

"We could use the shotgun."

"No, we couldn't. You know Dad said we're never to shoot that thing, it's too dangerous."

"I know," said Fifteen, "but it doesn't hurt to wish."

The boys went to look at the shotgun they were talking about. They got it down, handled it, held it up to their shoulders. Fifteen found the box of shells, bright red and shiny. The temptation was a strong one.

"Let's shoot it just once, behind the house," suggested Fifteen. "No one will ever know, and we'll be careful."

"If you shoot it, I get to, too," said Fourteen. "I reckon she kicks like a mule."

A few minutes later there was a loud boom, followed by a second one a moment later. The boys were not disappointed in the way the gun kicked. Laughing, but also feeling very guilty, they put the gun back in place.

That evening the visitors came to the Yoder home for supper. A neighbor, a bachelor, also came over. After the evening meal, everybody was visiting in the living room. The boys passed through the room, and the neighbor called out, "What were you boys hunting this afternoon?"

"Hunting? We weren't hunting," replied Fifteen.

"I heard the shotgun. What did you shoot?"

"Nothing," said Fourteen, looking as innocent as he could.

"But you did fire the shotgun. I heard it. Twice."

"Did you, boys?" asked Dad Yoder.

"No," said both boys at once. Quickly they left the room. But their father soon caught up with them. In the privacy of the kitchen, it took him only a few minutes to uncover the truth. "I'm ashamed of you," he said, his voice loaded with disappointment. "First, disobeying, then lying. I didn't expect it of you. After the company leaves, we'll settle this." Then he returned to the living room.

LATER THAT EVENING Yost Yoder and his wife talked it over. "As big as they are, I believe they have a whipping coming to them," said the father.

"But they're too old for a whipping," objected his wife. "Don't you think so?"

"Not if they disobey, then lie about it," said Dad, firmly.

"But wouldn't it be better to talk to them first before you make up your mind. I'm sure they're as sorry as they can be. They're not bad boys at heart, and probably wouldn't have lied if company hadn't been here. I'm afraid whipping them at their age will only make them bitter and rebellious. The oldest one is as big as you are, Yost."

"Bigger. But he's not too big for a whipping in a case like this."

"Do what you think best," said Mrs. Yoder. "But I wish you would talk to them first, and see if they're not as ashamed as they can be, and sorry for it."

WHAT DO YOU THINK? Should the boys have been whipped? How old is too old for a whipping?

SHOULD THE YODER BOYS have been whipped? How old is too old for a whipping? What methods can and should be used to discipline an older child? What harm may result from whipping a child at this age?

These questions were presented to FAMILY LIFE readers i the May, 1973 issue. The answers that came in showed a difference of opinion. Several readers thought the transgression was serious enough to warrent a whipping, even though the Yoder boys were fourteen and fifteen years of age. Others did not know what was best, and thought it would depend on circumstances— how the boys had been trained, and how they usually behaved. Many readers felt that other methods of discipline would be best for boys of this age.

The following excerpts are listed under three headings: thos in favor of whipping the Yoder boys, those opposed to whipping and those who said it would depend on circumstances. In addition, some helpful suggestions are given— advice that might apply in a case such as the Yoder brothers.

1) IN FAVOR OF WHIPPING

A. I feel these fourteen and fifteen year old boys are not necessarily too old for a whipping after what they did. They disobe their dad by taking the shotgun, but to lie about it was the gravest sin. Surely Dad should talk to them first and explain why they must have their whipping. They should also go to the neighbor and admit they lied.

—An Indiana Grandmother

A. You just gotta look at it how you want to but I'd say if children disobey and lie it would be time for a whip. I heard of big children 17 years old and still get a whipping. I'd say as long as they don't listen or do what is right they still need a whipping.

—Ohio

A. I personally feel that middle teenagers are too old to be whipped, yet I have never heard a good reason why. Are we influenced more than we know by worldly philosophies of child training? It is very humiliating to be spanked like a child, an this, say worldly educators, is damaging to the child's ego, which must always be protected. Is this a Bibical concept?

Suppose then, that instead of whipping my 15-year-old I say he may not attend any young people's gatherings for a ce tain period of time. Is this really an easier punishment? Friends would inquire and soon everyone, including parents a younger brothers and sisters in every home would know that s and-so was being punished because he did so-and-so. What about the humiliation of that? A whipping would be over in five minutes, parent-child relationship restored, and friends migh never hear about it.

—From a Southern State

2) OPPOSED TO WHIPPING

A. In my opinion they are too old to be given a whipping. When a boy is that age, it could cause a long-lasting grudge. I do think a good explaining and talking-to would be better.

—Indiana

A. Surely Mrs. Yoder had a very sensible approach to the matter. Only if a whipping had clearly been promised them if they disobeyed and shot the shotgun, should it have been carried out. Surely at that age a serious admonition would be effective. Restriction of their usual liberties for a while could be one way of disciplining. At that age I feel a whipping would tend to foster resentment.

–Father of Five

A. I would say fourteen and fifteen-year-old boys are too old for a licking. If they did not get enough whippings up to that age and are not trained yet to be obedient I am afraid it is too late.

Now my own experience: We had a hot-tempered and quick father. Not that I want to condemn him, but I never remember seeing him show any love for us children. I carried black and blue marks from whippings more than I didn't, up to 14 years of age. And sometimes they belonged to a brother. But all that is forgiven.

Now we had a good-natured, kindhearted mother. She gave us whippings, too, when needed. But after a whipping she would take us in her arms and almost cry a little and say, "If you wouldn't do that, I wouldn't need to paddle."

If it had not been for mother, I'd not stayed home till I was of age.

–Ohio Senior Citizen

A. As for the Yoder boys, I think it is a few years past whipping.

–A Minister, Ohio

3) DEPENDING ON CIRCUMSTANCES:

A. I think the problem is one that only the parents of the sons can solve, as it is too hard for others who do not know the nature or past training of the fourteen and fifteen-year-old. My husband at first agreed with the father, a good whipping is what they needed. But I, being a mother, sided with the mother....

–Pennsylvania Grandmother

A. Children are not all the same, and what is best for some may not be best for others. It seems to me it would somewhat depend on how the boys were dealt with before. If they had always been whipped for disobeying, it might be best now. They may be expecting it and may feel better if they get it. Otherwise, it would be better to deal with them as with adults, getting them to confess their wrong and being truly sorry.

–Illinois Mother

A. Whether the Yoder boys should be whipped or not depends on several things. If they were good boys, as their mother stated, they would be easily convinced of the seriousness of their sin and would accept a whipping with good grace if it was administered without anger. If they were truly repentant they would not feel themselves to be in any position to dictate what their punishment should be.

Then, too, if they were normally good boys, another kind of punishment would likely serve just as well as a whipping.

–Mrs. H.

4) HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS:

A. The Yoder boys have a soft side in their hearts...if they can be punished in a spiritual way, rather than a fleshly way, it may be of more value...This was the way we were punished in later years, by the grief that was caused on Dad's face and heart. Thus our guilt was punished....

–A Minister's Son, and also a Minister

A. It certainly is very heartbreaking when children disobey and then lie about it. Maybe they could stay home one day instead of going along to the store or a sale or something like that. Just how old a child should be till he's too big to whip is hard to say and varies in different children. I would say 10 years old in most children is old enough that you should think twice before you whip them. I guess many people would disagree.

–Mother from Lancaster County

A. A method to avoid the temptation of the shotgun would maybe have been to have the father let the boys shoot the shotgun in his presence, and explain the dangers to them. Too many don'ts and not enough do's still still applies to teenagers as well as to small children. If they have all don'ts, they will start doing things behind their parents' backs.

–A Canadian Parent

A. Mom Yoder had a point when she said the boys probably wouldn't have lied about it, had it not been for the circumstances and on the spur of the moment. It seems to me Dad could have made some allowances due to the fact that both the shooting of the shotgun and the lieing were committed on the spur of the moment and were not deliberately planned beforehand.

-One Who Has Made Mistakes Already, too.

A. This case needs to be handled with compassion and understanding. The Yoder boys did wrong, no argument about that, and they deserve punishment. But surely they are thoroughly ashamed of their conduct. If so, they need encouragement along with reproof. They must feel their parents still have confidence in them.

Treating them like six-year-olds just because they behaved like it, is not the answer. Believing in a lad is only part of what it takes to make him a good boy. Convincing him he's a bad boy may well be all it takes to make him one.

Fifteen, Too, Once Upon a Time

NAZARETH A LITTLE PLACE

"Father, where shall I work today?"
And my love flowed warm and free.
Then He pointed me out a tiny spot,
And said, "Tend that for me."
I answered quickly, "Oh, no, not that.
Why no one would ever see,
No matter how well my work was done;
Not THAT little place for me!"
And the word he spoke, it was not stern;
He answered me tenderly,
"Ah, little one, search that heart of thine;
Art thou working for thee or Me?
Nazareth was a little place,
And so was Galilee."

-Author Unknown

Such Forgetful People

(Editor's note: When this article arrived in the mail, there was a note attached saying: "This spring while housecleaning, I came across a notebook my husband had been writing in. He had started writing an article, but apparently had forgotten to finish it. I thought it would be good enough for Family Life so I urged him to finish it and now with his consent, I am sending it to you.)

WE ARE SUCH FORGETFUL people. It seems we must be reminded again and again to live a holy life. We are reminded by reading the Word of God, by conversation with other people and the thoughts which He gives us. Here are some thoughts to ponder on in our hearts and seek to do in our deeds.

Let us speak kindly to all men and wish everyone good so that our hearts may be kept pure. We should be sober minded, but friendly. The question may come to our minds, how much should we laugh? There are times when it is helpful and comforting and can be good medicine (Prov. 17:20). There are also times when with foolish talking, it is poison. If there is too much laughter, we are apt to say things we shouldn't without realizing it is wrong.

How great is the righteous of our Lord! Let's pray that His fear is in us so that pride will not fill our hearts. He who exalts himself will be humbled and he who humbles himself will be exalted. A humble person will be humble in his words, deeds, clothes, and in his home. Plainness is worth holding onto. Let's obey those who teach it such as our parents and the church. Let us try hard to do out part, for we are either tearing down or building up.

By studying and memorizing faithful sayings, poems, and songs, we are writing good things on the tablets of our hearts. In this way we can keep out hearts pure and acceptable to God. Singing together, choosing songs with wisdom and meaning and considering the words as we sing, is heartwarming and encouraging.

We should remember to be honest in all things and not try to get something for nothing. We must not spend time trying to think of some way to make money without working for it. When we work for others, we should do our work well and earn our wages. In this way we are doing to others as we would have others do unto us. We should not seek to lay up treasures in this world, but on the other hand, we must not spend foolishly, buying things we don't need. All we do in word or deed should be done to the honor and glory of God.

Sometimes we may stop and wonder why we are in this world. The mystery is great, but God has a perfect reason for everything if we can give ourselves up to his will. By our father, Adam, sin came into the world and all his children have sinned and come short of the glory of God. For this reason God sent His Son into the world as a perfect sacrifice for our sins, suffering torture and death in our stead, and has become the perfect righteousness according to the will of God. In that He rose again, is also an example for us that we should die to sin and rise up in a new life to live for Him in righteousness.

These are the fruits of the spirit: FAITH-HOPE-LOVE-FEAR OF GOD- PATIENCE- HUMILITY-THANKFULNESS.

Faith- the just shall live by it

Hope- maketh not ashamed

Love- God is love, and we shall love the Lord with all our strength and power and might and also love our neighbor as outselves.

The Fear of God- is the beginning of wisdom.

Patience- we have need of patience so that after we have done the will of God we might receive the promise.

Humility- God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble.

Thankfulness- we should give thanks always for all things unto God, the Father, through the Lord Jesus Christ.

These all go hand in hand. It seems we can not have and keep one without the other. May they be as shining vessels in the temple in our bodies.

—J. S. Esh, Quarryville, Pa.

WHAT MOTHER NEEDED

For some reason Mother had that tired worn-out feeling all forenoon. It just seemed she wasn't getting anything done. Now it was almost dinner time so she mashed some fresh strawberries and then called the children in for dinner. The soup was on the table. With a hustling and a few shoves each of the children took its place at the table. As soon as the blessing was asked, the soup was passed.

The five year old decided he should ladle out the soup for the four-year old. BANG! CLATTER! BANG! The soup was under the table. The pot hit the floor and the soup splashed half way across the kitchen floor. Mother held her head with her hands. Late last evening she had swept and mopped the floor to make the Saturday work less.

Well, luckily Mother's plate had already been filled so it would cool so she could feed the baby. Mother took her plate and divided the soup among the children which had gotten none.

"Everybody stay in your chairs," Mother ordered, "so you won't step in the mess!"

Baby got a bottle and was put to bed. Mother got a tub of water and started cleaning up, down on her hands and knees. Oops, there comes two-year old's glass of water right down on Mother's back! So she started over again.

Finally the floor was cleaned and Mother sat down to eat dinner of strawberries, bread and cheese. The three oldest were put to work to wash the dishes, while Mother had to attend to the three and four year olds.

Where was Daddy all this time? Away at work.

What was it Mother needed more of? PATIENCE!

No one is entirely useless. Even the worst of us can serve as a horrible example.

God Or The Pleasures Of This World

There is a great purpose in each one's life if we are illing to yield ourselves to God to do His service. It rieves one who is trying to live in the fear of God to see ther members of the same precious faith who are so old that they are not willing to be obedient to the Word f God and the church.

It is sad to see that some people enjoy the things this world has to offer such as the pleasures and fashions of he world or having things which are forbidden in the hurch they belong to. How can we be an example to the eople of the world if we follow in their footsteps? How an we be a witness to the people we come in contact with if our deeds and actions show that we are not a God-earing people?

Some of the things which are creeping into the plain hurches are musical instruments, tape recorders and ecord players, radios, and even television. Some of hese things can be used for a good purpose, but as a whole, there is reason to believe the bad drowns out the ood which appears to come from their use. These are evices which are used to entertain and to soothe the arnal mind and helps it to forget the troubled state of mind.

If we want to make a joyful sound unto the Lord, we an do it in a meaningful way through singing instead of aving machines do it for us. Some people justify themselves by saying they play only religious records or they isten to and watch only good programs, but how easily an it lead to ungodly desires, causing a person to fall nto sin which might not have happened had it not been for he music presented at a certain moment. What will appen to the plain churches if these things are allowed o keep coming into the church?

Such things are a heavy burden on anyone who is trying o raise a family in the fear of the Lord. What can we ell our children when they see that such things are tolerated in the church? What if the children have a desire o follow in the footsteps of those who are disobedient?

Are we of those who are helping to keep these things out of the churches, or do we feel it really doesn't matter? Let us examine ourselves for it takes much prayer, patience, and teaching on the part of the parents to guide he footsteps of the children in the right paths.

If we are blessed with material goods, it would be of much value to our never-dying soul to give to charity where it is needed, instead of indulging in the pleasures and amusements of the world. The Bible teaches us that we should not love the world, neigher the things that are n the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the ust of the flesh and the lust of the eyes and the pride of ife, is not of the Father but is of the world. And the world passeth away and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.

People who seek the pleasures and riches of this world are only enjoying themselves while in this world, but those who seek the riches of the Kingdom of God shall see and enjoy all the pleasures which God has provided at all times in eternal bliss. But this is something the world can not understand.

—A Family Life Reader, Penna.

JUST ANIMALS

Recently our family decided to attend a large auction which is held near Lancaster every week. We had heard a lot about this place and were anxious to see what it looks like. We spent a few hours just browsing around and buying a little of this and a sample of that.

Since we were mainly interested in seeing what animals they had to offer, we spent the rest of the evening in the building where the rabbits and poultry and various other animals are kept. That was an education but definitely not an enjoyable one. I have never seen animals handled like this before.

After the selling started, the animals had to be sorted quickly according to the buyer, and recrated and loaded into trucks. The handlers would throw great stacks of crates onto the carts and wheel them where they were supposed to go. Then they were thrown off again. The poor animals! I saw one man pull off the top crate from a stack of three. He just pulled until the other end slid off and hit the floor with a crash. It was full of rabbits and they slammed to the other end of the crate in a heap. Again and again he did the same thing during the evening.

One thing puzzled me about this man's actions. He was crippled in one leg. Somehow, I always had in mind that a handicapped person would be more compassionate than the average . I guess I was wrong about this. Afterall, rabbits are "just animals".

Another handler, a young man, bothered me very much. It seemed he was the meanest of all. When he unloaded the boxes of pigeons he picked them off the pile and threw them on the floor-often a distance of more than ten feet! Crates of rabbits, guinea pigs and chickens were yanked from the pile and with a swing of the hips were sent sailing to wherever he wanted them to go. If they didn't land in the proper place, he gave them a kick with his boot. If a rabbit had his foot sticking out, that didn't matter. He just kicked anyway.

The most provoking thing about this young man was that when a pretty girl passed by, he would give her the sweetest smile. Apparently girls are something nice. But rabbits- they're "just animals".

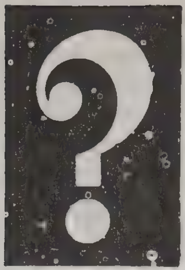
The recrating was no different. Chickens were grabbed by their wings or neck and crammed into a crate. Rabbits were snatched by the ears and flung into the crates. All this was done amid a chorus of squeals, squawks and squeaks. But nobody paid any attention- afterall they're "just animals". (I just wondered what would happen if somebody shoved one of those men in a box and threw him around and listen to him holler! Oh, excuse me, he's a person, not an animal. Sorry!)

We bought a lovely white nanny goat at that auction. She can't be more than two months old. But already, she is filled with fear- the fear of man. We can hardly get near her to feed or brush her. When they went to sell her, the man dragged her into the ring by the front legs! But of course, she's "just an animal".

The hardest part of the whole thing was trying to explain to our children why the handlers acted the way they did. The only thing I could say was that apparently these men had not yet experienced the love of God in their hearts, and it is the nature of unregenerate man to be rough. Surely no Christian would treat his or anyone else's animals in this way. For to a Christian, they are not "just animals". They are all God's creatures.

It's often been said that the way a man treats his animals is the way he'll treat his wife and family. How I thank the Lord for a gentle husband!

Mrs. R. L. B., Pennsylvania.



WHAT DO YOU THINK?

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There has been a question on my mind for some time. I know we can read in the Bible that wives should be subject to their own husbands in all things. Just how far does this go? I think all coon hunters' wives have wondered. I do want to stand by him in all that is right, but how is it when the mother is alone with the little ones so much when it is not necessary. Does this not tear a marriage down? For me, it seems I would gladly give up a hobby for my husband's sake if he wouldn't want me to have it. What do you think?

— COON HUNTER'S WIFE

??

ANSWERS TO QUESTION:

SHOULD CHILDREN BE LEFT AT HOME WHEN COUNCIL MEETING AND COMMUNION SERVICES ARE HELD?

Several years ago at council meeting our bishop mentioned that in the community where he was brought up, the children went along to the council and communion services. He said the children should be there to hear about the Joseph story. He thought perhaps that is one reason why conditions among the young folks here in Holmes County are as they are.

It so happened that on that very Sunday a certain distance from our place a nearly grown Amish boy entered a non-Amish home and stole a large sum of money and some other things. What are we gaining by leaving our children at home so we can have church until 5 PM.? And yet, customs are so hard to change.

–R.C., Shreve, Ohio

When children are old enough to understand Bible stories which are read to them, they will understand much of the sermon at the council and communion services. As for the smaller ones, it can be very tiresome, both for the mother and the little ones, so they might be better off if someone else cared for them. One thing I don't like to see is when the children who come to church, go off some place at noon, just boys and girls together with no older people present. It would be much better they would stay in church and sit quietly and listen to the sermon.

–Ligonier, Indiana

In this community it is a common thing to leave children at home or with relatives when we have council and communion services. If we would ask different people there would be different reasons why this is so.

Could this be one reason why our young people are drifting off and not attending church as they should? I believe it could be. These services do kind of follow a pattern, but they are never the same, and are always interesting. Like the story of Joseph touches the heart every time it is told. Could not these services be considered as the cream or more precious than the others? Are not these services the ones that bind our beliefs and renew our connections with God and the church?

Then why keep our children from attending these services? I have often asked the question, but never yet have heard a good answer. Just because it is a common practice does not prove that it is the best thing to do.

–E. Miller, Indiana

I grew up in a community where only small babies were taken to council and communion services. My parents always taught us that these services were sacred and holy, especially to members, therefore the children stayed at home.

It was with a great eagerness that I first attended council and communion services, and this was the spring before I took instructions for baptism. There was absolute silence except for singing and preaching.

Later I moved to a community where it is not unusual to take two or three children along to communion services, though not the whole family. Here children attend the council meeting services as usual.

Somehow I miss the quietness, the total concentration on what is being said, which is not possible when children are present. As for myself, I think especially for communion, it is best to leave the children at home except babies who cannot leave their mothers and perhaps the older ones, say from fifteen on up if they have the proper respect and are not needed elsewhere to care for younger ones.

–Name and address withheld

I'm thankful our parents took us along and that we may do the same with our children, as do most of the families in our community. We may tell our little ones the Old Testament stories at home but think it is good for them to hear our ministers tell them, too. What better time for them to observe the communion ordinances if we hope to have them be partakers as members in a few short years.

–Kalona, Iowa

I was happy to have this question brought up to see what other parents think and to hear how many feel as my husband and I have always felt. We have a rather large family and about as close together in age as in any family. Yet we have always taken our children along to preparatory and communion services.

Once I was told that children should be left at home so we can have a quieter church in order to worship better, to have a more holy and reverent service. How can people who say such things worship better, knowing that because of them others were kept away from the services altogether?

How can we make children understand that these are very holy and necessary services if we give them the impression that the services are too long for children? Sometimes it looks like an excuse not to be bothered with the children.

How can children grow up to feel these are especially holy and necessary services if they never witness such services until they take part in them? I am afraid it is making a big mistake on the part of the parents if children grow up feeling that "this is just too long for me to endure." I have even heard parents and grandparents complain about certain ministers preaching too long a sermon.

We have always felt especially blessed on these occasions with the children being particularly quiet. Also I have a condition in my spine which I feel is usually somewhat better on these Sundays, and I can only thank and praise God for the special blessings at these times. God does reward us for our efforts! Our children enjoy watching these services, even if they are longer.

Is four or four and a half hours too long to sit and worship God twice a year out of the one hundred sixty-eight hours He gives us each week? I am thankful that more parents are keeping in and bringing them along to council and communion services.

—Concerned parents from Tennessee

I think parents should take their children along except maybe for real young ones that we know can't understand yet. If they are taught to sit still, they will grasp more than we think. I know one four-year-old who said, "Gel, sa prediger hat sagt mir solla net spotta." Yes, maybe they often understand more than some of us adults who doze off, or let too many earthly thoughts enter our minds. Ministers like to have children in the church room.

—Missouri

Your question is a good one for this practice has been practiced in many communities and parents have become accustomed to it without giving it a thought. Can anyone give a good reason why it was ever started, or tell us when it came into being?

Children need not be very old until they can get something out of the sermon. Especially interesting is the story of the creation of all things, also the history of the Patriarchs, the life and death of Jesus, and his great suffering. In their tender years is the best time to have these things implanted.

We read in Matt. 19:13 where they brought little children to Him, that he should lay His hands on them and pray but the disciples rebuked them. Why did his disciples do this, didn't they want Jesus to be bothered with the children? But Jesus said, "Suffer little children and forbid them not to come to me for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

If the children are neglected and left out of such things, what can we expect will happen when they are grown up and are young folks? If we have church only every two weeks, that would be a whole month that children would not be taken to church. I think there would be a real danger they'd get more interested in worldly things and perhaps go together and have a big time.

How can we parents sit in church listening to God's word if we know the children are not there (without a good reason). Sometimes when a mother has many small ones and is hardly able to care for them, as with newly born babes, they come to church around dinner time for communion. Why, then, would the children not be taken along when they are old enough to care for themselves?

If only we could do more for our youth! There is nothing more worthy for young folks than to learn to live a quiet, pure, clean, upright Christian life. This far surpasses all the worldly amusements and pleasures one can enjoy (which is only for a season) and what a great reward for those who remain faithful!

—Ohio

Our ministers used to say bring the children along to council and communion services. They would rather talk to children than to empty benches. As a rule, the children sit pretty good even if it is longer than usual. I don't think any good can come from letting them go together to a neighbor especially if there are ten or fifteen at one place.

It doesn't seem right to me to take them along to the communion services and then let them go out and play after the noon hour. They should stay in and listen to Christ's suffering and also see how we partake of the bread and wine. It's a difference in children as to how old they are till they understand. They don't need to be very old till they ask why do you wash feet? When they are small we take them to the long services, why not when they are older?

Wanted:

Circle Pals

Would you like to take part in a circle letter with other persons who have interests similar to your own? We have been asked to arrange groups of a dozen or so from different communities to correspond with each other.

This month we are printing a letter from a woman who would like to start such a circle letter. If you think you would fit into this letter and would like to join the group, send us your name and address.

If you don't think you would fit into this one but would like to start one of your own, then write us telling all about yourself, your likes and dislikes, your interests and hobbies and in the future we may arrange more groups.

There is no time limit but if you do not answer in time to get into the first one, your name will be held to see if there is enough response for additional circle letters with the same interests.

We are sorry, but for the time being, this offer is limited to members of the Old Order Churches (horse and buggy people). This is just an experiment and we want to see how it works out. As time goes on, we may add to, or change the rules.

Here is the first one:

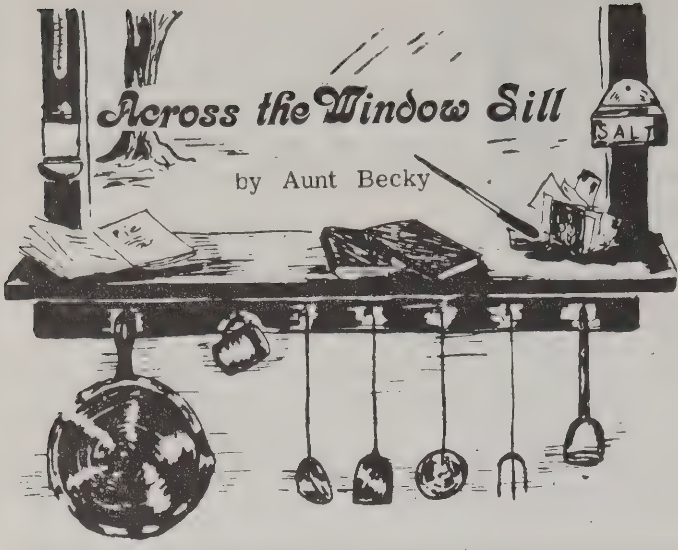
"I HAVE A GREAT INTEREST IN HISTORY, ESPECIALLY CHURCH HISTORY. I LIKE TO LEARN ABOUT OTHER SETTLEMENTS, HOW THEY LIVE, THEIR PROBLEMS, AND WHAT THEY ARE DOING ABOUT THEM. I ALSO LOVE TO READ THE PATHWAY MAGAZINES. WE HAVE FOUR CHILDREN, AGED FROM FOUR MONTHS TO FOUR YEARS.

—PENNSYLVANIA HOUSEWIFE

If you are interested in joining this group, then send us your name and address and some information about yourself. Address your letter to:

CIRCLE A
c/o Pathway Publishers
Route 4,
Aylmer, Ontario N5H 2R3

Goodwill, like a good name, is the result of many acts, and can be lost by one.



Just A Thought For The Week

Just supposing we started
this very day
To live our lives in a different way
Just supposing we vowed
and constantly tried
To help those in trouble
on lifes wayside;
If we showed by our doings
a hint of His love
Wouldn't Earth be a little more
like Heaven above?

On Monday
Look for a smile today
And return it with one of your own
Give someone new faith and hope,
It's such a beautiful loan.

On Tuesday,
Gather a thought that's kind;
one thats sincere and deep
But be sure to pass it along
for such are too precious to keep.
On Wed.-
Forget yesterdays old sorrows
mistakes, sadness and pain
Lift your heart with hope and a song
as flowers to sun and rain.
On Thurs.
Offer a word of comfort and prayer
to help someone in need
A little thoughtful gift, some flowers or a smile
make us all rich indeed.

On Fri.
You shall not pass this way again
so do any good you can do
Dont put off till tomorrow
or the chance may be lost for you.
On Sat.
Today will soon be a memory
so dont let it come to an end
Without a smile, without a song
or just a word with a friend.

On Sat.
Dont let worry and care depress you
or brush the days' joys away
But rise and give thanks to God above
for His love and another blest day...

-Written by Ruth Hershberger
Montezuma, Georgia

Mrs. Ray J. Yoder doesn't throw away those empty boxes in which new cans arrived in. She uses them for glove compartments..for the children's gloves.

Someone advised to spray grapes twice during the summer with Captain, and that during the last 60 days, before the grapes ripen. Between the spraying, dust with sulphur four times for mildew.

For something different, put potatoes through the cole slaw cutter. Add a finely cut red pepper, and then fry.

Diced pepper is also very good with omelet (egg "dutch").

BUSY DAY CASSEROLE

Dice potatoes, add ground beef, and onions. Cover with water and cook until the potatoes are done. Then put baking powder biscuits on top and bake in a moderate oven.

CHICKEN ROLL

Use biscuit dough. Roll out, then spread with cut up cooked chicken. Roll up, as you do to make rolls, and then cut the slices. Place in a greased pan and bake at 350 . Make gravy with the chicken broth. Top the hot rolls with the gravy.

This can be made with ham also, using the same method. For the gravy, a simple white sauce should be made. Stir Chef's Delight or cheese spread into this when hot. Serve hot over the rolls.

CRUSTY BAKED POTATOES

6 medium potatoes
4 tablespoons melted butter
1/2 cup cracker crumbs
1 teaspoon salt

Pare the potatoes, wash and wipe dry. Cut in halves and roll in melted butter, then in crumbs in which salt was added. Place in greased pan and bake at 350°, 1 hour.

-M. E. M., Wellsboro, Pennsylvania

APPLE CAKE

2 cups sugar	2 eggs
2 cups flour	2 tsp. soda
1/2 cup butter or oleo	4 cups sliced apples
1 tsp. cinnamon	

Bake at 350 for 45 minutes. This cake is very moist and good. Needs no icing. -Mrs. Ray Miller, Indiana

A friend advised homemade soft pretzels for my teething baby. Babies will be content with these for a long time and they cannot get pieces off.

SOFT PRETZELS

1 envelope yeast	butter as needed
pinch of sugar	4 teaspoons soda
2 teaspoons salt	4 to 5 cups flour
coarse salt for sprinkling	

Dissolve yeast in 1/4 cup warm water. Then stir in an additional cup warm water and sugar. Pour yeast mixture into bowl and add salt. Beat in flour to make stiff dough. Knead well. Place in bowl and spread with butter. Let rise for 45 minutes or until double. Shape pretzels into sticks or twists about as thick as your finger. Bring 1 quart water to boil; add soda. Drop 3 pretzels in at a time and boil 1 minute or until they float. Remove and drain. Place on buttered cookie sheet and bake at 475 for about 12 minutes or until golden brown. Sprinkle with salt before baking.

-Mrs. E. M. Sensenig

CAROB OATMEAL CAKE

1 cup quick rolled oats 1/4 cup carob powder, or cocoa

Pour 1 1/2 cups boiling water over the above. Stir until smooth. Let cool.

1 1/2 cup raw sugar	1/2 cup (scant) cooking oil
2 eggs, beaten	1 teaspoon vanilla
1/4 teaspoon salt	1 teaspoon soda

1 cup sifted flour (You can take 1/2 cup unbleached and 1/2 whole wheat flour if you wish.) Sift soda and salt with the flour.

Cream oil and sugar. Add beaten eggs and vanilla. Then add carob mixture and flour. Stir well. Bake in 8 x 12 greased pan at 350° about 45 minutes. Top with coconut and sunflower seeds before baking, instead of frosting. This cake will stay nice and damp for a week. (Carob powder may be bought at a health food store.)

-Mrs. M. H., Millersburg, Ohio

MARSHMALLOW CREME

2 cups granulated sugar	2 1/2 cups light karo
1 cup water	

Cook to 240° (medium hard ball); while this is cooking, place the following in a mixing bowl: 1/2 cup warm karo, 7/8 cup egg whites. Beat slowly till mixed, then beat hard until light and fluffy. Pour the first mixture into this— in a fine stream. When all mixed, beat hard for 3 minutes. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Store in cans or jars. Don't cover until cold.

-Mrs. Obed J. Troyer, Ohio

ONION RINGS

Cut onions in rings. Dip in the following mixture and fry in deep fat or oil.

1/2 cup flour
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon baking powder
1 lightly beaten egg
1/8 cup Mazola oil
1/4 cup milk

-Mrs. Marvin Hilty, Indiana

APPLE BUTTER

3 gal. snitzed and sliced apples	
9 lb. sugar	1 pint vinegar
1 t. allspice	

Add sugar to apples and let stand overnight. Next morning put over medium heat until boiling. Then turn heat lower and cook 2 1/2 hours and then add vinegar and cook another 1/2 hours. Take from stove. Put through sieve and add alspice. Keep covered to let stand overnight.

— Mrs. William Kramer, Ont.

FIFTY YEARS

Have you ever thought how much your wife
So fair and young today,
Will do the common work-day tasks,
'Til her golden wedding? Say,
Fifty years! Let's figure it out ---
Wash twenty-six hundred times,
And a laundry isn't a beauty shop,
Nor tuneful a washtub's rhymes.
Eighteen thousand, two hundred and fifty
Mornings, she'll make the beds,
Sweep the floor and tidy the room.
She'll see that her family is fed
Three times a day that's fifty-four thousand
Seven hundred and fifty meals.
And for years and years from one to four
Children tagging around her heels.
And then the ironings every week.
That's twenty-six hundred again,
And the buttons that have to be sewed on,
And the rips and tears to mend.
House-cleaning time each spring and fall,
And the canning, why nobody knows
What a woman does in fifty years ---
She deserves more than just board and clothes.

Author unknown

Some Mothers Write

After we had been at a funeral, the children started asking questions about heaven. Then the 5-year-old asked, "If heaven is so nice, can't I just go and look at it once?" -M. B.

One eve as I was finishing up on supper dishes, our 4-year-old girl (so fond of babies) asked, "How often do we sleep till Jesus comes so I can see the babies?"

I said, "Well, I just don't know."

She thought a little then asked, "One more time?"

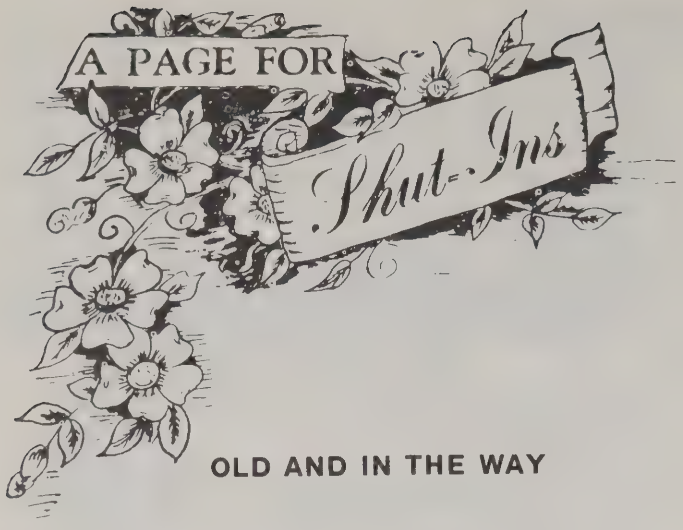
Without thinking, I said, "It could be."

She clapped her hands and skipped into the room saying, "Yea, yea, only one more time to sleep then maybe Jesus will come. Then I get to see the babies."

If only we all had faith as a child and were so happy for the coming of our Lord. -A reader, Ohio

Thoughts from My Rocking Chair

When love is lacking
people are quick
to believe most
anything —
about the
other fellow.
Aunt Becky



OLD AND IN THE WAY

I sit in the chimney corner and I hear the young
folks say,
The world is weary of her-- she is old and in the way.
And a vacant chair were better-- a solitary place—
Than the palsied, wrinkled hands of hers
And the tear-wet, furrowed face.

They do not know I am walking where their feet
have never trod.
They do not know I am seeing sights upon the hills
of God;
They do not know that angels are there where
my footsteps roam—
In the ways of the lights celestial, where the
morning stars sing "home."

I nursed 'em at my bosom when the sun sunk in
the west.
I sang love's sweet songs to them and rocked them
all to rest;
And now that the sad time hastens the closing of
life's day,
I am only a useless woman— I am old and in the way.

Thank God it will soon be over— life's sun is
sinking fast;
My feet are in the valley and I see my home at last;
And I say while the angels beckon, "Tho' poor and
old and gray,
There is room for me in heaven, where I'll not be
in the way." -Author unknown

Mothers, Do Not Weep

Mothers, do not weep for babies who can leave this sinful world. I will tell you of my experience when my faith was too weak in a time of loss.

A dear little boy was born to us. Maybe God thought us too weak to raise him to manhood, for he became sick with a lingering illness. Oh, how we tried to give him relief from his pain and suffering, but to no avail. Slowly it seemed he was fading away from us. Still he could not improve— or die. At last he went into a coma ...but life lingered on.

Not until we finally could give him up, putting it all in God's hands— in His will, did our baby take his last breath. Then death came easily. It was as if he was waiting for us to give him to Jesus, to be relieved from his pain and suffering. It had been so hard for us to see our innocent baby suffer so much.

One evening, a few days after the funeral, I was so lonesome for our baby that I didn't know what to do. I went to bed to rest but could only feel sorry for myself, and weep.

Finally I dozed and dreamt Jesus was sitting in my room with our three babies at His feet. (This was the third baby we had lost.) He was watching over them with the most loving expression on His face. I was jarred awake for it seemed so real.

After a while I dozed off again. The very same dream came to me. Again I awoke as if I was shook.

Then I was awake a long time. When I dozed off the third time, I dreamt the same dream. After that I couldn't sleep for a long time. I was lonely. All the rest were sleeping. I lay there thinking and thinking about the dream that had come to me three times. I knew Jesus was showing me where our babies really are. He knew I felt sorry for myself too much, and wept.

After this I could not weep for our babies who had died, but far more felt like weeping for the ones left behind. Hope we can have a strong enough faith, with God's help, so we can meet our babies in eternity— but we must do our best.

Mothers, do not weep for babies gone to sleep;
Forever they're at rest in a home for the blest;
They're in God's care and love—little angels up above;
Mothers, do not weep.

They went on before to God's celestial shore
And opened wide our eyes to the wisest of the wise;
If we live our life with care we'll be e'er with them there;
Mothers, weep no more.

Mothers, do not weep, your babies God will keep;
Were too precious to hold; went to God's angel fold;
They are now in paradise under Jesus' watchful eyes
And playing at His feet.....
So why should you weep?

-B.E.S., Monroe, Indiana

The Beauties of Friendship

True friends are like diamonds, precious but rare,
False ones like autumn leaves, found everywhere.

How true rings this old autograph verse. We can never be too careful how we use the merits of a friend. If above every friendship could be hung the script "Handle With Care," fewer people would find their friendship landing on the rocks; for friendship must be nurtured with kindness, forgiveness, forbearance, respect for the other's ideals and ambitions. And each must also be willing to forego some of his own pleasures at times for the sake of the friend.

Above all, we need to prayerfully consider our every act and word so that we can have Jesus— who will ever be with us— as our best Friend. Has He not said of His friends, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world" (Matt.28:20). -Phoebe Byler

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT Cover picture: Mrs. Melvin Bowman Full-page picture: Erla Brubacher
Mrs.Bowman and Erla are both from St.Clements, Ontario.

HE MAKETH NO MISTAKE

My Father's way may twist
and turn
My heart may throb and ache,
But in my soul I'm glad
I know
He maketh no mistake.

My cherished plans may go
astray
My hopes may fade away
But still I'll trust my Lord to lead
For He doth know the way.

Tho' night be dark and it may seem
That day may never break;
I'll pin my faith my all to Him
He maketh no mistake.

There's so much now I cannot see.
My eyesights far too dim;
But come what may I'll simply trust
And leave it all to Him.

For by and by the mists will lift
And ,plain it all He'll make
Through all the way, tho' dark to me
He made not one mistake.

A.M. Overton

THE COMET IS COMING- SOON!

The young man sat looking through his telescope. The object he was admiring was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. But he was more than just gazing— he was doing some serious thinking. Yet he had no way of knowing that someday the whole world would profit from his efforts.

The young man's name was Edmund Halley and he was the royal astronomer for the King of England. The object he was looking at was a comet, probably the first one he had ever seen since taking over the job of being the king's astronomer.

What he saw as he sat and gazed was a bright ball of light followed by a long, spreading tail. Each night it was in the sky, at almost the same place but a little closer to the sun. Such a beautiful sight, and to think that nearly everyone shuddered to look at the comet. Why were they afraid? Because they believed it was an evil omen, a foreboding of disaster, which would surely bring death, floods, famines, and wars.

What a pity that this beautiful comet could be blamed for so many bad things. Edmund Halley was certain that such tales were nothing but superstion, but how could he prove it? He was well versed in the old writings and had studied everything he could find on the subject. He was aware that for many centuries the accepted view was that nothing good could come from a comet, that it was evil and brought with it all kinds of bad things. Some learned men had asserted that comets are "living creatures with self-directed notions."

But not everyone had agreed. A few persons, including Aristotle, a Christian writer of the fourth century said they are nothing more than "exhalations from the earth which become ignited in the heavens." He considered comets to be some kind of gases that escaped from the earth and blazed forth in the sky as high-flying clouds. But this had been disproven by an astronomer who had stationed two persons many miles apart to observe a comet and had concluded that "they are much higher than the moon."

Records had been kept by the kings of England former astronomers. As Halley looked back over these records, he came upon an account of a comet which had appeared 75 years earlier in 1607. Something else caught his attention. In the records, he noticed that this particular comet had acted very much like the one he was watching now. It had taken almost the same path through the heavens at about the same speed.

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As Edmund Halley sat and studied, a startling idea struck him. Could this comet he was watching now be the same one which had been seen 75 years earlier? He was convinced it could be, but how could he prove whether or not it was?

As the comet continued on its journey around the sun and then away again, Halley noted its path carefully. He went back farther in the records and found that an outstanding comet had been seen in 1531. That was 76 years earlier. There was also one in 1456, 1378, and 1301. Each time there was an interval of from 75 to 78 years.

Halley was only 27 years old when he watched this

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FAMILY LIFE

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Letters TO THE EDITOR

IT DOESN'T LOOK GOOD

● I thought the article, "How Does It Really Look?" (Sept. issue) was very timely. It reminded me of once when I was travelling by bus, I had to wait several hours in the Cleveland bus depot. There was one other plain man in the same depot, but from another community so it was only natural that we sat beside each other and visited. After awhile he began smoking a pipe. Soon the man on the other side of him, asked, "Why do you smoke?"

The man answered, "Oh, because I want to!"

He did not seem to understand and after awhile, he asked the same question. This time, he got no reply.

By our dress, people can see that we are Christians and therefore do not expect us to use tobacco. This man could give no good reason for smoking. What a poor light to the public. Tobacco is one weed which I wish were completely rooted out of our communities.

-Geauga County, Ohio

● I just finished reading "How Does It Really Look?" and I felt I would like to express my thoughts. When I see a plain person smoke, it erases any effect that his plain clothes might have had. To me, smoking is as worldly as immodest dress or anything else. How grieved the Lord must be to see us professing Christians hang on to such a pet sin! -Goshen, Indiana

● The true story in Family Life, "How Does It Really Look?" tells us how the stranger felt about William feeding his carnal appetite on a burning stick of tobacco. What I wonder is how often it happens that a stranger sees such things but doesn't say anything, but just does his own little wondering and thinking?

Those of us who have smoked at one time, know what it feels like to have strangers ask such questions as "How come you don't believe in this or that but then smoke?" or "How come you do without some things which is wasteful, vain and offensive?"

The stranger in the story who talked to William apparently knew enough of the teachings of the New Testament and also of the plain people that there seemed to be a direct conflict between what he believed and what he saw.

I am glad that more and more of the plain people are discouraging smoking. But there are trying times. If you are against smoking, you may hear such remarks as "'sposich im kopf" and many others from our own people. Let's abstain from mocking other people's convictions, for smoking is unchristian.

-Lancaster County

TRAIN UP A CHILD

● The child training articles are interesting and worthwhile. There are other points which could be mentioned, relating to training up a youth. It has been said that at four they have the questions and at seventeen they have the answers. The age to make the biggest impression is when they have the questions.

It is amazing to me, how much of the Bible even a pre-school child can digest. A Bible story book is needed and the more pictures the better. Our six-year-old son would just as soon miss supper as to the bedtime Bible story. If we would have started that method sooner, we might have avoided losing a daughter to the world.

I read an account of a mother who went into her doctor's office and said, "Doctor, don't you think it's about time that I am giving Bill some lessons?"

"Along what lines?" the doctor asked.

"Well, lessons in honesty, straightforwardness and self-control," the woman answered.

"How old is Bill?" inquired the doctor.

"Fourteen," was the reply.

The doctor thought a few moments and then he shook his head and said, "Madam, it is too late now. Your hands are off that child and he is in other hands. If you have failed, you have failed." -A Father

● In reading the child training problem No. 7 of the Yoder boys, how old a child should be when to stop spanking. Here is an incident I wish to pass on. I had gone shopping in a city. When I had my things I needed I went to pay them. The clerk was talking to another clerk. When she came walking toward me she was shaking her head and mumbling to herself, "That child should have been paddled." (One that had been unruly in the store.)

I asked her, "So you believe in the old fashioned remedy?"

The reply was, "I sure do! My son, our oldest child, is sixteen, weighs 150 and is almost six feet tall, and I sometimes paddle him. You have to if you don't want them to do like the crowd does."

-A Reader, M.M. Pa

Faith, Hope, Love

Faith looked at a drowning man...and had not a doubt... but what someone would reach and pull...the struggling fellow out.
And hope looked too upon the man...and hope had not a frown...for hope was sure as she could be...the man would never drown!...
Once more the struggling man went down...another moment passed...then love looked at the drowning man... and love had faith and hope...but love had more, for love was quick...to throw the man a rope! -Lon Woodrum

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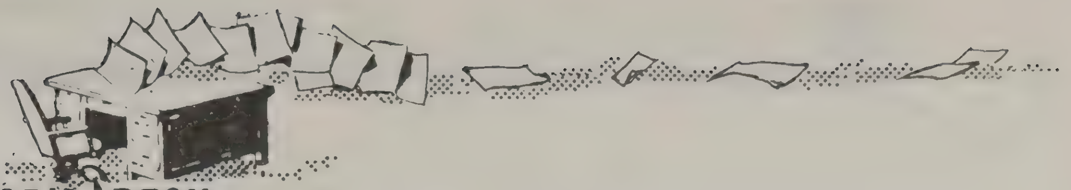


ACROSS THE EDITOR'S DESK

Winter is just around the corner. Another month and the darkness will be the earliest of the year and the evenings the longest. When the corn is husked and the cattle are inside the barn, who cares if the snow blows on the outside?

More evening hours means more reading time. We would like to call attention to the Pathway booklist which is enclosed with this issue. Look it over carefully and mark any books you would be interested in having. Then send in your order as soon as possible.

Save this list (or the whole magazine) for future reference. Although we have book ads from time to time, this is the biggest and most complete list we ever publish. Better lay it away where it's handy to find during the coming year.

Along with reading goes writing. The two cannot very well be separated. If we are going to have magazines to read, then someone must do the writing. Winter is the most fruitful time for getting our thoughts changed into words, and for catching up on the writing we had long planned to do.

The summertime and especially the fall months are the hardest to try to find time to do any writing. This is the time of year when our barrels get pretty empty. Right now, all three of them are scraping bottom! Oh, yes, we still have material, but most of it requires some work to be done, which we haven't found time to do.

This month's "Letters To The Editors" are the least we have had for a long time. Also the What-Do-You-Think answers. We hope as winter comes, there will be more time to send in opinions for these departments as well as material otherwise.

■■

WORLD WIDE WINDOW

WOOD STOVE SALES SOAR

With winter on its way and the oil shortage looming, the old fashioned wood stove is making a comeback. An official of the King Stove Company of Alabama, one of the nation's largest manufacturers of wood burning stoves, recently stated, "We have more orders on the files than we can possibly fill before New Years. There's no way we can meet the demand."

A spokesman for Sears, Roebuck and Company, which markets four kinds of stoves including the popular Franklin fireplace called the increased sales, "a real boom, without doubt one of the best years we have ever had for wood stoves."

On the west coast, the orders have doubled and tripled. The vice-president of a wholesale distributor there reports a 700% increase over last year's sales. He said they have seven carloads of stoves on back order.

Meanwhile firewood, which is sold by the cord, is also becoming scarce. Many people believe that a wood burning stove makes a healthier kind of heat than any other fuel. This may or may not be true. The truth remains that woodlots on many of our farms contain enough fuel to furnish heat for many years. All that is needed is time and effort to make it available.

WAGLER MURDER SHOCKS NATION

One of the most cruel and vicious radical murders in history happened recently in Boston when Mrs. Evelyn Wagler was beaten by six black youths and then ordered to douse herself with a can of gasoline. Then one of the youths lit a match to her. She walked into a drug store and asked them to call an ambulance. She died five hours later. Mrs. Wagler was living in a commune with one other white woman and four colored women. She told the police that she had been warned the day before by several of the youths in the gang that white women were not welcome in that part of the city.

The incident is of special interest to the readers of Family Life as she had been married to Mark Wagler, formerly of Hartville, Ohio. His parents were Amish at one time, and his grandmother is a member of the Old Order Amish.

It is reported that Mark lived among the hippies in Chicago where he published a magazine called "Remnants", catering to his kind of people. It was an anti-establishment, anti- Mennonite magazine which could hardly be called a religious magazine. His wife was formerly from Switzerland but they were divorced some time ago. She had arrived in Boston only five days earlier and was looking for a job at the time she was murdered.

■■

** WANTED **

We would appreciate if readers of Family Life would keep their eyes open for newspaper and magazine articles about the Amish. Clip them and send them to us for our files. This would be a much appreciated service. Thanks.

-Historical Editor

PATHWAY PEN POINTS

I CAN PULL MYSELF LOOSE

I was about eleven years old. It was after harvest time and the oats bin overhead in the granary was piled high with oats. One day Dad wanted to do some grinding so he backed the team and wagon beneath the bin and opened the spout, letting the oats flow into the wagon.

For some reason I was up above, standing on top of the oats. When Dad opened the spout below, a funnel of sliding oats formed in the center of the pile as it moved downward toward the opened spout. I had been warned not to do it, but as I stood there and watched, I was tempted to stand in the middle of the moving oats.

It was fun to feel the oats moving beneath my bare feet. I quickly went down halfway to my knees and then pulled myself out. This was really fun. I got a little bolder as I tried it the second time, sinking in to my knees and letting the oats spill over my half rolled up pants legs. When I tried to pull my legs out, I was caught and unable to do so. I struggled to free myself for I was confident that I could pull myself loose. But my struggles only took me in deeper. I was overcome with a feeling of guilt. After all, I had been warned.

I didn't want to call for help for then Dad would find out what I had done. I must free myself, but how? I was sinking fast and by this time I was buried to my chest, making it hard to breathe.

Finally I saw there was only one thing I could do. I must call for help. Dad heard me right away and shut off the spout. I can still see the surprised look on his face when he found me. The grim truth dawned upon him and upon me. One minute more and I would have sunk out of sight. He set to work with a shovel and in a short time I was free.

My playing in the oats bin reminds me of playing with sin. Many people, especially young people (though they know they shouldn't) start practicing bad habits and playing with sin, making themselves believe, "I can pull myself loose and change my life whenever I am ready." The time comes when they find themselves caught and unable to help themselves. Just as I had to look to my earthly father for help, so we must turn to our Heavenly Father to help set us free from the mire of sin. But we must call in time. I have had to wonder over and over again, what if Dad had not heard me? What if I had been too proud to call?"

–D. B., Iowa

Views and Values

By Elmo Stoll

THOU ART BUT A MAN

The spirited horses pranced and the wheels of the brightly-painted chariot hummed on the flat pavement stones. On each side of the street crowds of people jostled. Shouts of praise and glad cries of welcome and triumph filled the air.

The man stood proudly in the chariot in full view of the people, head erect, shoulders squared, clad in the military splendor of the Roman army. He was a general returning from battle. No wonder the people praised him and lauded him. It was such brave generals as this who were adding new territories to the Roman Empire year after year, until it would soon stretch across the entire known world.

The General's face flushed with warm pleasure at the triumphial welcome he was being given at his return to Rome. This was his reward for his loyalty, his skill, his bravery, in leading his troops to victory through hardships and dangers. He felt he had earned the honor that was being heaped upon him, and how he loved every minute of it.

And yet the voices of the shouting people, the voices of admiration and tribute were not the only sounds the General heard. For, standing behind him, was a man who repeated one single sentence over and over to him, "Remember, thou art but a man; remember, thou art but a man; remember, thou art but a..."

The repeated reminder, "Thou art but a man," was to serve as a check on the General's pride. The Emperor of Rome realized that if his generals were allowed to get too high an opinion of themselves, they would lose their usefulness. He did not want them swaggering with vanity, boastful and arrogant. He wanted them to remain watchful and sober and on guard, aware that they were mortal and that it was possible for the enemy to defeat them. He wanted them to remember that they were men, not gods. That is why he saw to it that each time a general returned, there would always be someone at his elbow saying, "Remember, thou art but a man..."

The Emperor was wise in attempting to keep his generals humble. For pride has been the overthrow of many kingdoms, as well as of individuals. The Bible is full of examples of how men fell, victims to their own puffed-up notions of their importance. Let us take a quick look at what are perhaps the three most outstanding examples:

PHAROAH. As the supreme ruler of mighty Egypt, Pharoah forgot that he was just a man. He thought he could do as he wished and give account to no one. When Moses came with the news that the "God of the Hebrews" had ordered him to let His people go, Pharoah let it be known that as far as he was concerned, there wasn't any God greater than he himself was. But when the walls of the Red Sea began to cave in, he had to admit that he was just a man after all, and he drowned like any other mortal would have.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR. As King of the Chaldeans, Nebuchadnezzar did not know what it was to have his army defeated. He rose to power and conquered nation after nation. He built rich palaces and hanging gardens for himself in Babylon. He became so impressed by his own greatness that one day he bragged, "Isn't this the great Babylon I have built?" In one hour God toppled him from his throne, took away his right mind, and let him roam outside the walls of the city for seven years eating grass like an ox.

HEROD. In the New Testament we read of King Herod, who must have been a tremendous speaker, a great orator who could hold his listeners spellbound. One day his speaking impressed the people so greatly that they gasped, "It is the voice of a god and not of a man" (Acts 12:22). King Herod let it go to his head, and instead of telling them differently, he quite willingly soaked in the praise. But when his body became so infected that maggots actually ate him up, it was evident that he was still very mortal, and not a god at all as he had supposed.

Unfortunately the tendency to be proud and puffed up is not confined to kings or to Bible times. It is a weakness that most of us still have today— common people in every walk of life. It is human nature to think that we are more than we really are. This has been a constant temptation since Satan was cast to the earth, for he was the first to exalt himself and he loves to have us fall into the same snare.

We should know that we are weak. We should know that we are imperfect, subject to mistakes, sinful and unholy. We have had many experiences that showed us this, but we forget so readily, we are so eager to believe that we aren't as human as others, not so frail, not so sinful. How we love to be praised, to look at ourselves as something great and wonderful.

The Apostle Paul warned against this temptation to be lifted up in our estimation of ourselves, "For I say... to every man that is among you not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think..." (Rom. 12:3).

Satan wants us to forget that we are human, that we are flesh and blood, weak and failing. He does all he can to blind us to our own faults, and to deceive us into thinking we are really quite great and grand. At the same time God wants us to remember who we are so we won't become lifted up, vain, proud and arrogant. The apostle James says, "God resistest the proud, but giveth grace to the humble" (4:6). Jesus said, "Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased, and whosoever shall humble himself shall be exalted" (Matt. 23:12).

It was necessary for the ancient Romans, in the hour of their greatest glory to be reminded by the sobering words, "Remember, thou art but a man." In the same way, God has found it necessary many times down through history to remind people of the same fact. When Pharaoh drowned in the Red Sea, it was God's way of saying to him, "Remember, thou art but a man." When He reduced haughty Nebuchadnezzar to an insane madman, God was saying in the clearest language possible, "Remember, thou art but a man." When he caused King Herod to be eaten alive by worms, he was saying, "Remember, thou art but a man."

Now it is up to us, to each one of us today, to remind ourselves of this same thing, that we are merely humans— weak, unholy, sinful, imperfect, mortal. If we get too high an opinion of ourselves, if we exalt ourselves, God will have to humble us, will have to say to us in some language we can understand, "Remember, thou art but a man." If we pride ourselves about our riches, our ability to make money, to be financially independent, in one stroke of misfortune He can reduce us to poverty. If we pride ourselves about our good works, our piety, our spotless record, our good reputation, He can let us fall into sin and shame.

When Satan whispers to us, "You're doing pretty good. You're better than others," the challenge for each of us is to quietly turn our backs and murmur to ourselves, "Remember, thou art but a man." When other people lift us up and give us words of praise and honor, we had better let it go in one ear and out the other, shrug it off and say to ourselves, "Remember, thou art but a man."

If we do not humble ourselves voluntarily and willingly, the day will come when God will do it for us. Each day we must take time to think of how weak we are in our own strength, how before the day passes God could put us in the grave. We must go outside and look at the majesty and vastness of the heavens and feel our own smallness. We must read the Bible and get a daily glimpse of God's holiness and feel our own vileness. For if we do not humble ourselves, God will humble us against our will, and those words we tried to forget will ring in our ears, this time with a bitter and tragic sound, "Remember, thou art but a man."

They Haven't Viewed The Promised Land

Man has succeeded on the moon to ascend
But they still haven't viewed the Promised Land
When Moses of old the Promised Land saw
The grandest summit was Mount Pisgah;
From the plains of Moab he first did go
Then climbed the heights to Mount Nebo.
Then to Mount Pisgah where he viewed the land
And the surrounding cities on every hand,
All the land of Judah unto the utmost sea
Israel's children's children were heirs to be.

New Jerusalem that John on Patmos Isle viewed
Was more than the moonwalkers ever pursued;
A four square city with streets of pure gold,
Twelve thousand furlongs its measure told;
Twelve gates of pearl in a great high wall
With the names of the tribes of Israel;
Lord God and the Lamb was its temple grand
Prepared as a bride, adorned for her husband.
Its foundation was garnished with precious stone
With the glory of God, it brightly shone.

Man has succeeded on the moon to ascend
But they still haven't viewed this Promised Land.
No food fads there, no poison sprays
Where night is turned to endless day.
No tranquilizers, and no pep pills,
There no one dies, and no one is ill.
No taxes, no rent, and no bills to pay
But heirs of glory, forever and aye;
Nothing enters there to defile with strife
Only they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.

-Anna J. Miller

The First Thanksgiving

The bleak wind writhes and whistles, as it spits
White flakes against the corncrib's bulging slits,
And sifts them underneath the cabin door.
But firelight leaps and flickers on the floor
Inside; from the wide chimney place; its gleams
Glint the two candlesticks of quaint old brass,
The copper kettle, and an old-world glass.

A rude log cabin, in a hostile land;
The frugal fare upon the rough-hewn board;
Crude furnishings, wrought patiently by hand;
And homespun garments. Yet for this small hoard,
Our brave forefathers still could gladly raise
Their grateful songs of thanksfulness and praise.
-Jessie Wilmore Murton

FIRESIDE CHATS

Joseph Stoll

SCENES of the SUMMER

THIS IS THE STORY of a red house and a white house, and the many miles between. The white house is a new house, set on a Honduras hill, and the red house is an old, old house of brick in Ontario, Canada.

Our family lived in the red brick house for ten years, until 1969 when we moved to Honduras. This past summer of 1973, after nearly four years in Central America, we as a family traveled back to Canada and lived again in the red house most of the summer.

Naturally, the summer brought many new experiences, and revived many memories. There are scenes that are etched in our memory, scenes that we will relive again and again. Warm scenes, disturbing scenes, happy ones and sad ones. Perhaps we can share a few of them.

1

The old schoolbus was packed— boxes and suitcases and shopping bags and water jugs, and most important of all, 32 people. Painted blue, the bus had been named the Bluebird, and in April of 1973 it was migrating north to its home in Iowa. Jonas Beachy was the owner and his brother Joe was helping drive. The passenger list included the Earl Beachys (with 3 children), Emil Helmuths (with 8 children), Mrs. Anna Stoll (with 3 children), and our family (with 9 children).

The end of the first day's traveling found us at the El Salvador— Quatemala border, late at night. Everybody was very tired, for we had left home at 3 A.M. Out came the foam rubbers from the back of the bus, and soon they were spread on the ground outside. There under the stars the travelers slept. Sometime during the night a hungry sow invaded camp and made off with a bag of overripe bananas.

The next morning we checked through the El Salvador side of customs and immigration without any problems. The officers were very nice, and even invited us to stop for a swim in the river that formed the boundary between the two countries. We smiled at the suggestion, and never guessed how near we would come to taking them up on the offer.

We crossed over to the Quatemala side, in a hurry to get through customs and be on our way. The sun was climbing up the sky and we knew the day would be very hot. There along the lowland coast, the temperature in April often soars over 100 degrees.

Suddenly there was a problem. One of our group did not have the proper visa, and would have to go back to the nearest El Salvadorian city to get the right papers. This would likely take a half day, but there was no choice. So two men went.

The rest of us panted in the heat, and grew short-tempered. At last we men and boys set out for the river for that swim, but just as we got to the water's edge, the missing members returned. Oh, well, the water looked quite polluted anyway.

At last, at 2:30 in the afternoon, the Bluebird got moving again. It was a good time for my wife and I to remember that the next day would be our sixteenth wedding anniversary.

2

Friday noon, three days after the Quatemala border, we crossed over from Reynosa, Mexico into the United States of America. What a different world! Everywhere, it seemed, there were fine modern buildings and wide, wide roads, acres and acres under concrete, and endless lines of shiny new cars, bumper to bumper. We stopped along the highway to buy some Texas oranges and pineapples, then headed north. Soon we were on an interstate highway, droning on and on. Our hopes were rising. It looked like we might reach Marshfield, Missouri before Sunday, after all.

(In fact, the Bluebird did even better than that. By Saturday noon we were at Marshfield, where we Stolls unloaded our baggage and got off. The bus then proceeded on to Kalona, Iowa with the Beachys and the Helmuths, arriving there late Saturday evening.)

3

We attended church services (Communion) at the Peter Yoder home near Marshfield, then rested a few days longer while visiting close relatives there. Wednesday morning Theodore Larsen of Kalona, Iowa picked us up with his van and we set out on a zig-zag route for Canada, making a number of stops along the way.

In one community where friends and relatives had gathered, the talk of the evening was the robbery of six Amish homes the previous Sunday while everyone was in church. Thieves had broken into the houses, taking money and guns, and throwing papers and things on the floor. This sounded very, very much like Honduras, except that the Indiana crooks were mean enough to bring up eggs from the basement and throw them against the walls of the living room, and moreover, they could speak Pennsylvania Dutch, which our Honduras thieves never could.

4

How is an Amish farm different from others? As we traveled Interstate 80, not far from New Wilmington, Pennsylvania, suddenly we saw a windmill, then a martin house.

"That looks like an Amish farm," someone shouted.

Sure enough, up on the hillside in the distance, a three-horse team was plowing. The windmill and the martin box were clues; the team and the plow were proof.

5

Excitement! The high point of our journey north was reached- Aylmer, Ontario, our former home community. This was our destination. There was a glad reunion with brothers and sisters, and especially with Dowdy and Mommy Gascho, the maternal grandparents of our children.

A few days later we were setting up housekeeping for the summer, in the east Amish schoolhouse that has been standing vacant the last few years. We hung curtains for walls, and soon the high-ceilinged old school room (formerly a public school) had a homey touch. I think nearly everybody in the settlement shared things with us, from blankets and cookware to beds and an oil stove. About the only thing we lacked was a washing machine.

In nearby Tillsonburg the following week, I looked for a good used wringer washer. The appliance dealers told me it was a hard-to-find item. But at the last place I looked, they had one.

"It works perfectly, but it doesn't have a lid," the manager explained. "And it's an electric machine, you understand."

"How much are you asking for it?"

"You can have it for five dollars."

That sounded cheap, but I had no way to get the machine home. I paid him the five dollars, then I asked, "How much would you charge to deliver the washer?"

The manager laughed. "I'd have to charge you more than you paid for the machine. It's about twelve miles out there, isn't it? Besides, we're plenty busy."

But he was not too busy to talk about Honduras, and ask questions. After awhile, he said, "Maybe we can slip that machine out to you right now, if you help load."

"How much will you charge?" I asked.

"We'll forget the charges."

So we fixed up a shaft and a pulley, and borrowed a gasoline motor, then bought a used lid for a dollar from another dealer, and we had a good washing machine all summer.

6

Sixty or seventy years ago there were two large church church districts of Amish in Oscoda, County, Michigan. By the 1950's there were only a few members left. What had happened to them? Some of them had moved elsewhere, but most of them had joined the Mennonites. (About 250 members of the Oscoda County Amish joined the Fairview Mennonite church over the years, swelling it till it was the largest congregation in the Indiana-Michigan conference.)

A few years ago five Amish families from Geauga County, Ohio moved to Oscoda County, settling in the same area where the Amish had been before. They were welcomed by the few remaining members of the previous settlement.

In June my wife and I and baby Mary visited this small group in Michigan. We were accompanied by my brother Elmo and his wife, and by Levi Slaubaugh and his wife. The Slaubaughs lived in Oscoda County when they were first married, and for them the visit brought back many memories.

We spent a very enjoyable weekend at this quiet, scenic spot in northern Michigan. It seems such a shame that the church so nearly died out. As we listened to some of the older people talk of bygone days in Oscoda County, it became clear that somewhere, sometime, somebody failed.

7

We got back from Michigan late Monday evening, unaware of what had taken place at our schoolhouse-home that day. We had known that the school was scheduled for repairs sometime during the summer, but it would be outside work and likely would not disturb us much. Imagine our surprise to learn that during our absence the bricks of the school had been torn away, leaving the walls bare to the studs. The building had turned out to be in worse shape than expected, and it was decided to put in a new foundation and nail on new siding. It looked like a major project.

→ → →

So the following day we began to look around for a better place to live. Thus it happened that we moved back into our former home, the red brick house (pictured on FAMILY LIFE cover, August-September 1972 issue). The house was already occupied by two Pathway workers, Elizabeth Miller and Martha Helmuth, but the girls offered to move into the west half of the house, and we could have the east portion, plus several bedrooms upstairs.

For the rest of the summer we were to live in our old home, the house that already was associated with many happy memories.

8

As the summer wore on, many visitors came to Aylmer and to Pathway. Old friendships were renewed, and new ones made. In addition, there was opportunity for us to visit a number of Amish settlements in Ohio, Indiana and Ontario.

Always, it seemed, there were questions to answer about Honduras. The same questions were asked again and again. There was quite a bit of confusion between Honduras and Paraquay.

"How long did it take you to come over the water?" was a common question.

"We didn't come by water. We came all the way by land, up through Mexico," we would explain.

"You're having winter down there now, aren't you?" would come next.

"No, we're still north of the equator, not south of it."

"Aren't you afraid of all those poisonous snakes?"

"Really, there aren't many poisonous snakes where we live."

Often on a hot day, someone would remark, "I suppose you think this is cool."

We didn't. We thought it was hot.

9

One day daughter Rosanna and I were aboard a Greyhound going from Lima, Ohio to Fort Wayne, Indiana. We were seated near the front, and as we moved rapidly along Route 30, I glanced up to see a strange sight coming toward us in the eastbound lanes. It was a covered wagon, pulled by two sleepy horses. We flashed past, but in that moment we could make out the driver to be a bearded man, surrounded by a number of children, all quite relaxed. Right behind the big covered wagon came a smaller rig, also pulled by two horses. Both outfits had red flags sticking up everywhere.

As we sailed on down the highway, we could see the rambling white marks left by the steel wheels on the pavement, and at one place a pair of fresh black skidmarks where some driver, a trifle slow-witted, had disregarded the red flags almost too long.

Later, by asking a few questions, we learned who the people were in the covered wagons. We sensed that they were being laughed at and ridiculed, not by the world, but by other plain people who also drive horse and buggy. This to me is a little hard to understand.

Who am I to say they should have gone by Greyhound, as we did? But I do wonder what business they had on a modern highway. Surely a gravel road would have been more consistent.

10

In traveling around and meeting people, a person learns a lot. There are many things to see and hear, some that make you happy and some that make you sad.

I remember two scenes that saddened me, and they are hard to forget. The first was a room where people had gathered for church services, but strange to say, as the chapter was being read midway through the services, perhaps half the benches were empty. I had to wonder if the recess was really necessary, or if it was just a bad habit.

The second scene took place in a small town in the heart of a large Amish settlement. We were waiting on someone and saw two girls come out of a store. Both wore short, form-fitting dresses, one pink and the other reddish. Their hair hung loosely on their foreheads, almost in their eyes. I thought they were of some liberal church until they walked calmly over to a buggy, unsnapped the horse, got in and drove unconcernedly past us.

11

In another community one summer evening, a taxi dropped son Paul and me off in a little village where we could catch the bus for home. The place consisted of a half dozen houses, two stores, and a beer joint. The stores were closed, the beer joint wasn't. The bus was due to pass soon after ten o'clock, but no bus came. We waited till after eleven, and by that time realized we were in one of those predicaments where a person doesn't know what to do.

There was a phone booth on the corner, but we had no dimes. Besides, whom would we call? I was sure there were Amish homes nearby, but where were they, and who? And what would they think if someone came hammering on the door at 11:30 at night?

At last I took my courage (and my conscience) in hand and entered the beer joint and asked for a dollar's worth of change to make a telephone call. They were plenty helpful, and said the bus had probably gone early.

But there was no telephone directory in the booth, and I couldn't think of anyone I knew well enough who had a telephone. I picked up the receiver and dialed the operator, and just then...clop, clop...clop,...clop...what was that? A horse coming down the highway from the north.

Quickly I slammed the receiver onto the hook and called out to Paul, "Good, a buggy's coming." We flagged the buggy down, and the young couple at once invited us home for the night, just a quarter mile east of town. We got a warm welcome, and I had to think, what a wonderful thing is this universal brotherhood of the Amish— wherever they meet, there's a bond.

The next morning we got the early bus for home, and were told the evening run had been taken off completely.

12

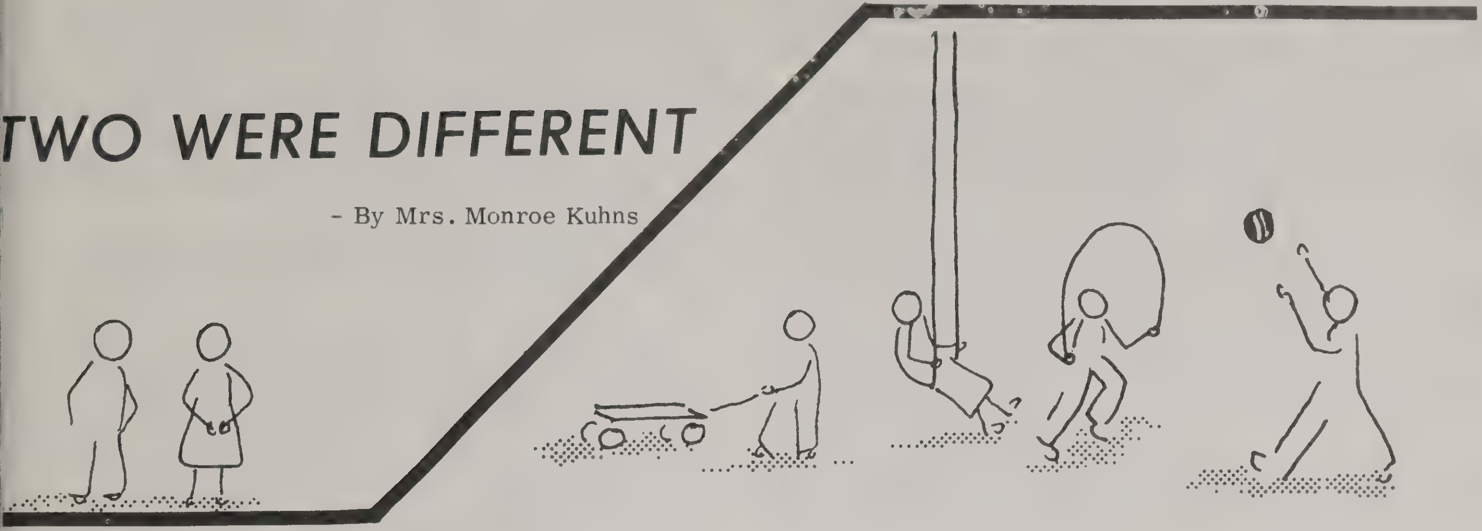
One of the fondest memories our family has of their summer in Canada is working together in the vegetable patch, and the weekly trip to market with peas and beans and potatoes and tomatoes and many other things. Later, there were the somewhat tiresome days in the field, gathering the half-ripe fruit to pack in four-quart baskets for Loblaws supermarkets, and still later, picking the hampers full of ripe tomatoes for Campbells Soup.

We were picking tomatoes until the day before we left Canada. On Tuesday, September 11, two springwagons hauled us and our baggage the two miles to the highway to board the noon Greyhound for Detroit. Thus we bade farewell once again to our loved ones— to a busy summer of work and Christian fellowship— and to the old red brick house. Then we turned our faces toward the white house on the hill, in faraway Honduras.

I STILL REMEMBER HOW GLAD I WAS T[illegible] BY WAS A GIRL. MY EYELIDS WERE HEAVY, SO [illegible]LED OVER IN MY HOSPITAL BED TO SLEEP, NEVER IN THE LEAST SUSPECTING THAT THIS WOULD BE THE ONLY GOOD NIGHT'S REST I WOULD HAVE FOR A LONG TIME

TWO WERE DIFFERENT

- By Mrs. Monroe Kuhns



The day had been a warm summer one, and the threshers ere at our place for supper. We expected to have them gain for dinner the following day, but God had other plans.

At 1 o'clock in the morning of Aug. 13, 1958, we entered he Wooster Community Hospital, looking forward with ancipation to the coming blessed event. As I was an only hild in our family, the first grandchild would be of special ignificance.

The experience was much as we had expected, though erhaps more exhausting. So when Dr. Judd announced, It's a girl and she weighs 6 lbs., 12 1/2 oz.," we were elighted.

I was so tired that I paid little attention when he added, Her head is a bit odd-shaped right now, but that should be ll right in a few days."

I still remember how glad I was that the baby was a girl, nd that the delivery was past without incident. My eyelids ere heavy, so I rolled over in my hospital bed to sleep, ever in the least suspecting that this would be the only ood night's rest I would have for a long time.

The next morning everything looked different. No longer ired, I experienced an inward glow such as only new nothers can. "Oh, yes," I remembered, "We have a baby irl."

A Sudden Shock

"Mrs. Kuhns," a soft voice spoke through the open door f my hospital room. I looked up. There stood Dr. Dixon he pediatrician. Tall, calm, and poised, he stood facing ne as if wondering just how to express himself.

"Yes," I answered completely unaware of the news he vas about to bring me.

"Have you seen your baby?" he asked, as he seated nimself on the chair beside my bed.

"I had just a glimpse of her last night but I was too leepy to see what she really looked like. Did I hear omeone say her head was molded?"

"Yes," he answered gently, "but we fear it is something nore than we thought at first. In fact we've never seen nything quite like it. Although we've had one case similar ut milder."

"You mean," I gasped, "It's something serious?"

"Yes," he said as gently as he could, "It is serious."

My head began to swim, the ceiling reeled unsteadily. As I saw the sympathy in his eyes I could not hide my emotions. I burst into uncontrollable sobs.

"Forgive me, Doctor, I cannot control myself," I finally said brokenly.

"That's all right," he answered gently. "If you wouldn't react like this, then I'd worry about you."

What a disappointment! We had all been eagerly looking forward to this baby, and now this. "It can't happen to us; such things only happen to other people. She's got to be all right. Maybe the doctors are wrong." I tried to convince myself.

"We will take x-rays today and by evening we may know a little more. If it's what we fear, then the child will need further help in a hospital more advanced in surgery. Here is the baby now, you can see for yourself."

Facing Life

How right he was! As the nurse handed her to me and I held my own baby in my arms my first impulse was to run far, far away where I would have to face no one. Somewhere where I could care for my baby all alone, away from all prying and inquisitive eyes. "Why? Why? Why?" I wondered. "Why can't my baby be normal?"

She had a cute little nose and mouth, but the shape of her head and her bulging eyes, they looked horrible, even to me, her own mother. As I turned her over and examined her poor deformed skull, my heart sank.

"I've seen people with heads like this in mental institutions." I shuddered at the thought of the word.

The following days when they brought me the baby I would hold my one hand over her head and eyes and feed her the bottle with the other. I would try to imagine how it would be if the upper part of her face were as perfect as the lower. But no! there was no other way but to face it. At first it seemed as if I could not pray.

When Monroe came to see me that evening I broke the news to him. He took it calmly and without emotion. Yet the shock was just as severe to him as to myself.

It would not be possible to put in words the struggle that followed. Only those who have experienced it can share the feeling. It wasn't till a long time later that we could actually grasp the fact that she would never be normal.

Hope Against Hope

From the very beginning the doctors told us it was very severe, but they also gave us some hope. We clung to that hope like a drowning man to a strand of thread.

Looking back I know we weren't completely surrendered to God's will. He had to give us another lesson before we learned to say, "Thy will be done."

It was not easy to go home and face people. Most of them were very understanding and expressed their sympathy freely. Sometimes I'd see someone hurry outside for fresh air after nearly fainting when they saw the baby. That was very hard on me.

Two weeks after I returned from the hospital we took Miriam, for so we named her, to Dr. Dixon's office again. He explained to us that the baby's condition was beyond their control and that they had made arrangement with Babies and Children's Hospital in Cleveland to have her admitted the following week.

Dr. Wm. Collins, a specialist in Neuro-surgery, would be in charge of any further help she might need. When Miriam was three weeks old we made our first trip to Cleveland with her. How well I remember that day over nine years ago when my father, husband, and I walked up the steps of that huge hospital. Still weak from the strain I had been through, my legs trembled as we took the elevator to 5th floor of Lakeside Hospital where Dr. Collins had his office.

(University hospital has five separate buildings connected by underground tunnels—B & C for children up to 14 years old; McDonald House, the maternity hospital; Lakeside; Hanna House; and Benjamin Rose for general cases).

GOD'S LEADING SPIRIT

Lead, Holy One, through all life's trials below,
Our spirit pleads;
Lord, through our faltering prayers help us to know
Your spirit leads.
Through all the fiery trials of earth we roam,
Heartsick and sore, seeking a better home.

Too many times our hearts have cause to weep
O'er faithless friends.
More bitter though when we thoughtless acts must reap—
When we offend
By trial and error; but we try to be
A child of Thine— by walking close to Thee.

So stumbling, falling, o'er life's way we tread;
Our thoughts are vain
If we forget for us You died and bled--
And suffered pain.
Yet all our imperfections You forgive;
We're naught, yet You care, and say, "Come, and live."

The fullness of such love we can't discern--
It's hid from view;
The depth of charity from You we learn--
The good and true.
For You're the only Rock in shifting sand,
When others scorn, we know You understand.

-Louella Stauffer

We were introduced to Dr. Collins, a quiet soft-spoken man who always seemed to be in a hurry. His skillful hands had to examine Miriam only a few moments till he was able to tell us what was wrong.

Endless Operations

Turning to our anxious faces he explained, "It's a serious case of Cruzon's Disease. The Latin word for it would be Chronic Facial Dypostors of Cruzon, meaning the small bones in her skull are grown together, leaving no room for expansion, therefore pressing the brain. I cannot tell just which suture lines are closed before we study the x-rays, but the nearest I can tell she will need from five to eight operations."

Five to eight operations! Again my head started to spin. She's so tiny, only 4 weeks old. She'll never make it.

"And what would happen if she wouldn't have these operations?" I heard my father ask the doctor.

Dr. Collins cleared his throat. "She would be a child without a brain. Of course, you must realize we doctors can do just so much. It will depend on whether she can take it or not. Just keep your fingers crossed."

He went on to explain what they would do. They would take strips of bone out of the skull and put in plastic to hold them apart. This would make room for the brain.

"It could be better, and it could be worse," he stated. There again was that ray of hope. How we clung to it. I wanted that baby; she must live!

Arrangements were made to have the first operation as soon as tests were completed. We were permitted to be with her and take care of her feedings from 11 in the forenoon to 7:30 P.M. After 4 days of tests and x-rays, the doctors decided to operate early Monday morning.

We got up early the next morning (we rented a bed in a rooming house near by) and hurried over to the hospital. I had barely tied my white gown (which all must wear on entering the infants room), when to our horror we saw what was almost unbelievable.

Quickly getting hold of myself I looked closer. Our tiny daughter's left eye had started to turn inside out! Here eyes were wide open yet she was unconscious. The doctor explained that the pressure was becoming so severe that her eyes were pushing out of their sockets. It was pitiful!

An orderly came and wheeled her little bed out of the room. We stood facing each other, our feet seemed as if frozen to the floor. Our minds could hardly grasp what we had seen.

We were told to go over to Lakeside Hospital where the surgery would be performed. Dr. Collins would speak to us as soon as it was over. For the first operation, she was in surgery over four hours. They were four long hours.

We watched that elevator closely for two hours, as Dr. Collins had said it would take about that long. Two hours, three hours, three and one-half, —four, — four and one-half— finally Dr. Collins came.

One Little Ray

"Well," he said hurriedly, "Everything went just fine and she's responding good."

Another ray of hope! Our spirits lifted. Late that afternoon we were permitted to see her for the first time after the operation. Her head so thickly wrapped in white bandages was as big as the rest of her body. It wasn't till the bandages were removed that we could ac tually grasp what had been done.

She was cut from the top of her forehead to the lower lobe of her left ear. Her eyes which had been wide open and protruding were now swollen shut. A blood plasm tube was attached to her little leg. An intravenous feeding tube was fastened to her arm, and oxygen flowed freely into the little incubator. We realized how helpless we would be should we have to care for her at home.

As we watched the expression of pain on her little face, all we could do was commit her into the hands of God. We knew everything would be according to His will.

During our stay in the big city of Cleveland, we met many people and experienced God's leading and protection in many ways.

The day after the operation we were going down town on the city bus when a complete stranger started talking to us. He was very friendly and introduced himself as Jonathon Ford from Middlefield, Ohio.

We soon learned that he lived close to brother Freemans and sister Ida and her family. He offered us free transportation to and from Cleveland, as he had an office job in the city. He made the trip back and forth every day.

This helped us cut costs considerably as decent lodging in respectable areas and meals are expensive if you have to depend on them for weeks at a time.

A week later they operated on the other side. This operation too, proved to be successful and without too much difficulty.

At age three months she had her third operation. We came very near losing her this time. Most of the spinal nerves were involved, making it the major operation of the four she had in all.

Five pints of blood were given to her during her third operation— life-saving blood. Without this she would not have survived.

However, soon after this crisis was over she started to improve. Her head rounded out so fast each day, it was noticeable. Each time Dr. Collins examined her, her head had grown several zonometers (a form of measurement used by neurologists).

Watching and Praying

We had periodic appointments every six weeks. Dr. Collins had predicted she'd have her fourth operation sometime after she was a year old. But her first birthday came and went and she was still safe.

Our secret prayer had been that God would keep those tiny bones from closing together again. Each morning and evening we would plead for Him to spare her the agony of more surgery.

She seemed to develop normally the first year. In due time she was sitting alone. Then she pulled herself to a standing position and finally her first footsteps alone when 14 1/2 months old. Everyone was amazed. She started saying simple words, then a few short sentences. What a joy this was for us all!

In spite of her development Miriam was sick a lot. She seemed to pick up every germ and sickness around, especially during the winter. She had pneumonia several times. Always she was coughing but most important of all her head was still rounding out. Between age two and four Dr. Collins had not seen her for more than a year.

When Miriam was 20 months old, Esther was born. Everybody's first thought was, "Is her head normal? Even the doctors could not hide their anxiety. But Esther was perfect. She was a chubby baby with a head as round as a dollar. Seventeen months later Peter was born. Blonde and blue-eyed with a perfectly shaped head. The future looked brighter. With three little children to care for, my days were full and we almost forgot about the trips to Cleveland

Back Again

When Miriam was 4 1/2 years old, Monroe accompanied a young Amish couple to University Hospital. They asked him to show them around as their baby was a newly-admitted patient there. He just happened to meet Dr. Collins in the hospital corridor.

He immediately inquired about Miriam. Shortly before this we had noticed a change in her. When the doctor learned that she was vomiting occasionally and was very restless and nervous, especially when among strangers, he shook his head. "She's probably in trouble again," he said. "Won't you please make an appointment and bring her in as soon as possible?"

The following week we took her back and like the first time he had only to examine her a few moments to tell us what was wrong.

"Please admit her today," he said with emphasis on the last word.

It was harder to leave her there this time, as she was old enough to realize what was going on. When we left her room that first night the nurse tied her in bed to keep her from crawling over the side. We could hear her screaming as we went down the elevator and out on the sidewalk. We had to swallow our own tears and brace up for the sake of each other, but the lump in our throat just would not go away.

X-rays and skull taps were taken the next day and plans were made to operate early Friday morning. Once again we hurried over to the hospital so we could see her before she went out to surgery.

She was walking around in the hall, clutching her little black purse with a few of her favorite toys. When she saw us she came running.

"Water, Water," she pleaded.

Patients scheduled for surgery are not permitted to have food or water twelve hours prior to the operation. How I was tempted to sneak her a glass of water, but I knew I dare not. Her pleading eyes begged me to give her a drink.

Sharing Sorrows

"Come on, Miriam, let's go," said the orderly in white, as he held out his hand. Reluctantly, but without a struggle, she went with him, her black braids glistening in the bright lights. (Next time we saw her all her hair had been shaved off.) She waved to us as they went out the door.

Once again the lump rose in our throats, it seemed so big we couldn't speak. Neither of us felt like eating breakfast that morning, but to pass the time we forced ourselves to a little restaurant nearby. All we could think of was our little girl walking down the hall, awaiting her fate, or should we say favor?

We found our way back to the Lakeside Hospital waiting room, to our favorite little corner where we usually sat. We noticed a colored couple and another well-dressed man, also a Negro, in deep discussion.

We soon saw that the man in a black suit (we later learned that he was their minister) was consoling the other two. Before he left them, the three bowed their heads and the minister prayed a beautiful prayer for their eight-year-old son who was at that moment having open-heart surgery.

As he asked God to guide the surgeon's knife as he repaired the boy's crippled heart, and to strengthen the courage of the parents, it made us feel very humble indeed.

Here were people of an entirely different race and creed, yet we all went to the same source for comfort in times like these.

Somehow it was strengthening to witness this little scene of fellowship and our own burden seemed not so heavy anymore as we talked with this couple.

This time Miriam was in surgery four hours again. We weren't permitted to see her till 7 o'clock that evening. She was still in the Intensive Care room. When she saw us come in the door, she started to cry and tried to get up. We quickly hurried out again, knowing she dare not overexert herself.

Miriam responded very well to this operation. In two weeks she was able to come home from the hospital. When we left, everyone wished us well and lots of luck. What we did not know was that in less than three months we would be back with a new baby and the same problem again.

Stephen was born June 26, 1963. He was blonde and blue-eyed like his brother, but his head instead of being round was shaped like a triangle. However, we noticed right away that his eyes closed when he slept which was encouraging at least.

For one night I struggled alone in my hospital room. It seemed as if the Comforter was on my right side and the tempter on the left. One voice seemed to say, "You can't take this, it's not fair. Come on, hide your face, don't talk to anyone; go to pieces, no one will blame you."

Victory at Last

How I was tempted to listen to that voice, yes, sorely tempted. But another very still, soothing voice spoke, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I glory in my infirmities that the power of Christ may rest upon me. Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ's sake. For when I am weak then am I strong." II Cor.12:9-10.

As I listened to that still, small voice, I turned my back to the temptation. Toward morning my troubled heart found rest. When Dr. Dixon came to my room the next morning to talk things over, I was able to face him squarely and without outward emotion.

Once more we made plans to go to Cleveland. This time within ten days instead of four weeks. Stevie had his first operation when twelve days old, his second at age two months, the third at seven months, the fourth at one year, and the fifth on his second birthday. He always snapped out of them with hardly more misery than a common cold would cause.

Looking Forward - With Hope

Today he is a robust little lad of four with a bright mentality. It is amusing to hear him say, "If the doctor hadn't operated on my head, I'd be 'tarded like Miriam."

Miriam has not been so lucky as Stevie. She has a hearing and speech defect (she wears a double hearing aid now), partial sight injury, and now as she's growing older we notice improper bone structure (a curvature of the spine). This causes her walking to be quite complicated.

But in spite of all this Miriam is happy. This fall she will be going to Ida Sue School for Retarded Children, for her fourth year. She loves to go to school. Each morning she eagerly skips out to meet the little yellow bus that picks her up in front of our house. She likes to visit her grandparents and has many little friends.

Miriam's favorite hobby is cutting pictures out of catalogs and coloring in books. Her little red tricycle is another pastime she enjoys. Miriam loves to tease her brothers and sisters, knowing this will create some excitement and attention.

When dealing with retarded children, one's patience is sometimes tried to the breaking point. They are often very determined and self-willed. Miriam is no exception. However, after years of teaching, correction, love and patience, most of them blossom into happy, willing individuals.

It is very rewarding to see them accomplish something by their own efforts, even though they've probably been working at it much longer than a normal child would have to. Some of them probably for years.

Miriam worked a whole year to be able to recognize and print her own name. Now after three years she not only prints her full name but those of her family, school mates, and teachers as well.

The future? We know not what it holds since neither Miriam nor Stephen are grown. They may need more surgery sometime.

The family numbers seven now since Mark was born. He too, was a normal baby. Although when only a few weeks old he developed an intestinal problem that almost proved fatal. He is now two years old and the healthiest of them all.

We have learned through these past experiences that God moves in mysterious ways His wonders to perform.

Even tho' they were not perfect
One sure thing that we do know
'Twas the will of our Heavenly Father
That their bodies should be so.
We must never be discouraged
Never, never spell defeat.
For 'twas only a little chastening
Till in Heaven we can meet.

Five years have passed since the foregoing was written

As could be expected, many changes have taken place. Miriam is now a teen-ager for she is fifteen years old. But her life is a bit different than her brothers'and sisters' teen-age years will be. Even though she has many of the normal traits all young women have, one thing is different, she spends most of her time on a wheelchair.

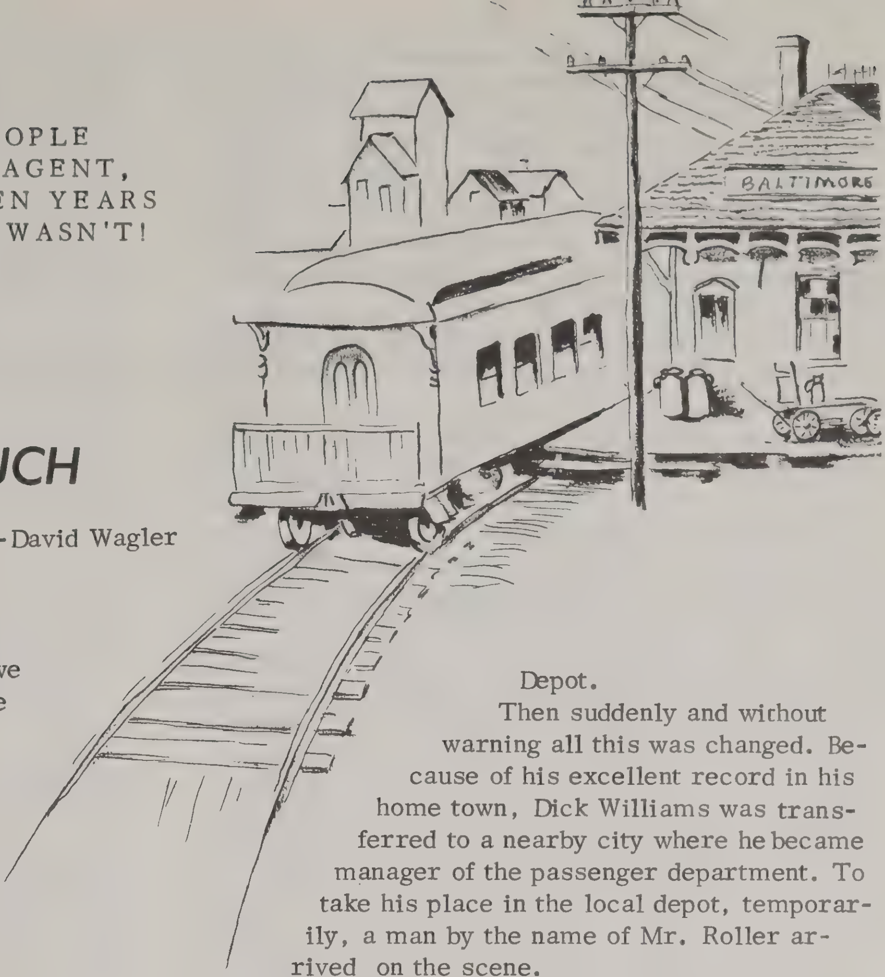
What we didn't know at the time the above story was written, was that she also has muscular dystrophy, a condition similar to Aunt Becky's. Every winter, it seems she has bronchial problems which require hospitalization. But these afflictions do not get her down, she is usually happy, and always busy doing something.

When health and weather permit she goes to school on the little bus which is marked "Ida-Sue School." She dearly loves school even though there are days when she gets somewhat discouraged. Her greatest desire would be to walk and run like others of her age. Birthday time is special , too. This year she received almost 300 greetings and other things.

She has many friends. All in all, we must say she is a challenge to us.

Steve is now a fifth grader, a normal ten-year old bo who can do his full share of chores with the others .

JUDGING BY THE OPINION MOST PEOPLE HAD OF THE GROUCHY RAILROAD AGENT, HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN FORGOTTEN YEARS AGO. BUT FOR SOME REASON, HE WASN'T!



DICK WILLIAMS AND THE GROUCH

-David Wagler

YEARS AGO WHEN I was just a little boy, we had the privilege of taking the cream to the local railroad station. In those days the farmers for miles around separated their milk (Dad always said he wouldn't think of raising pigs without skimmilk), so twice a week during the summertime we had the pleasant job of hitching to the buggy and taking several five-gallon cans or perhaps an eight-gallon can of cream to Montgomery.

I remember how we used to stop when we were several hundred feet from the depot to listen if a train was coming. If one was coming close, we would wait till it had passed. But if we would hear the far-off whistle of an approaching train, we would hurry to the station and tie our horse on the back side and wait for the train. As it went thundering by we would grab hold of something to keep our balance. Or if it happened to be a local freight, we would watch while it stopped and the cars were unhooked or perhaps carts full of merchandise unloaded to be brought into the station.

As I look back now, that railway station was one of the highlights of our trips to town. Perhaps one of the reasons for this was because of the depot agent, a friendly, likeable man named Dick Williams, who always had a smile for everyone.

In those days most people depended on the Sears, Roebuck catalog or Montgomery Ward for many of their farm supplies. By building up their orders to several hundred pounds, the freight on the shipment was unbelievably low. A typical shipment might consist of several heavy items, perhaps even a David Bradley walking plow, plus a number of cartons of assorted smaller items. If we were expecting a shipment (as we often were) we would nose through all the other shipments in the depot trying to locate it. Then if we couldn't find it, we would inquire of Mr. Williams as to why our Sears, Roebuck order hadn't arrived.

I am quite certain we often made a nuisance or ourselves, like any inquisitive twelve-year-old boys might. But Mr. Williams was never annoyed. He answered our questions in a friendly manner and even chatted with us occasionally. Apparently he appreciated having little boys around the depot and as long as we got off the tracks before the trains came by, he didn't say anthing. I can't remember that he ever spoke an unfriendly word to us during all the years we did business at the B & O Depot.

Then suddenly and wichout warning all this was changed. Because of his excellent record in his home town, Dick Williams was transferred to a nearby city where he became manager of the passenger department. To take his place in the local depot, temporarily, a man by the name of Mr. Roller arrived on the scene.

The first glance at the new agent told us that he was as different from Dick Williams as night is from day. The new agent was a grouch and a crank, who didn't care one bit whether anyone did business at the railroad depot or not. We children suddenly lost interest in taking cream to Montgomery.

Womenfolks who went to do their shopping were used to taking the cream along and asking Mr. Williams to help unload it. He would do this gladly, but the new agent was anything but pleased. "I don't get paid for lugging those big cans off the buggy," he would gripe. "If you can't handle them yourself, why don't you bring your husband along to unload them?"

Then as the hapless woman would shake and tremble under his glare, he would order her to drive her horse and buggy around to the front of the depot. There was only a narrow brick walk about the width of the rig between the depot and the train tracks, and I suspect more than one nightmare was caused by women worrying what would happen if a train came along while her horse and buggy was between the tracks and the depot. "But isn't there no train coming?" the nervous woman faltered, at which Mr. Roller snapped in reply, "Do you think I'd tell you to drive in here if a train were coming?"

Needless to say, within a short time when a buggy headed toward Montgomery, there was a man on it.

But there was one consolation, Mr. Roller was to be there only until they could find another agent. Someone inquired about this and got a curt reply, "You don't need to think I will stay around this little town longer than I have to."

But as the months wore on , it became painfully evident that we would not get rid of him that easily. He had come to stay. Rumors went around that at the last station where Mr. Roller worked, he had lost his job because the people couldn't do up with him. We were fervently hoping that the same thing might happen here.

Mr. Roller stayed for many years. In fact, I think he was still there when the station was finally closed. Today as you drive through Montgomery, you can find no trace of the railroad station. The local express train which picked up the cream every morning was discontinued many years ago. All the passenger trains have been taken off and even the fast freights which pass through the town never slow down.

Nearly forty years have passed since Dick Williams went away. Mr. Roller, too, has been off the scene for a long time.

No one should be surprised if the former were still remembered, and the latter forgotten. But is this the case? No, it is not! In fact as I think back I recall much more of Mr. Roller than I do of Dick Williams.

Pondering over the past, it would seem now that Mr. Roller was really not half as bad as we thought at the time. True enough, he had some irritating ways and at times it looked like he tried to provoke his customers. The shock was all the greater because of the contrast between him and the easy-going station agent which was there before, who was never known to speak a hard word.

After awhile people began to accept the new agent for what he was. True enough, he was no Dick Williams, he was just a person like we ourselves are, who sometimes have good days and sometimes off days. We found that if we took his remarks with a grain of salt or ignored them altogether, he could really be a friendly person underneath.

Now after all these years I still treasure some of the lessons he taught me. No doubt when we were tearing down the stacks of empty cream cans trying to locate our own, Mr. Williams was exasperated with us and would have liked to tell us to put the cans back in rows like we found them, but he never did. With Mr. Roller, this was a different story. It was nothing unusual for him to come barging into the freight shed and exclaim, "What is going on here, anyhow?" Then he would show us how to replace the cans neatly on the row just like he had stacked them.

When we started nosing through the piles of merchandise looking for our Sears Roebuck order, he would suddenly appear on the scene demanding to know what we had lost. When we told him we were looking for our order, he asked, "Did you get a card in the mail saying it is here?"

If we would answer we hadn't, he would tell us,"Well, you wait until you get a card from me."

Rather unceremonious, we thought at the time, but it was a much-needed lesson that we should not mess around with other people's property where we had no business.

We knew what time the cream train was due and sometimes it so happened we got there just a few minutes before it arrived. Dick Williams didn't mind but this was a special source of annoyance for Mr. Roller. "You get your cream in here on time or sometime it's going to set here till the next day," he threatened. It never did.

After we got to know him, he was really a friendly sort of man underneath. One morning when I was carrying an eight gallon can of cream, he held up his hand and stopped me. "That can's too heavy for you to carry. Here, I'll show you how to do it." Then he snatched it from my hands,tilted it slightly and rolled it smoothly into the depot. "From now on you do it this way," he told me. That was one lesson I have never forgotten. Since that time it has saved me from carrying many cans of milk. I simply tilt them slightly and roll them where I want them, invariably thinking of Mr. Roller while doing it.

Now as I think back over the years the question naturally arises, which of these two men helped me the most? Was it Dick Williams who was always in a good mood no matter what happened, or was it Mr. Roller, who told me when I did things which I shouldn't have? In the little booklet, "Rules Of A Godly Life," it says, "Consider him a friend who rebukes you privately. It is a pitiable state of affairs indeed, for a man to have no one who dares correct him when he has need of it."

Mr. Roller wasn't afraid to correct us, and he didn't have a nice way of doing it. We disliked him for both. The other agent was always friendly and he never bothered to correct us. We liked him for both of these. What we didn't realize at the time was that it's not always the things we like which are good for us.

As we look back now we think we wouldn't have minded being corrected if it had been done in a friendly a way. But even this is open to question. Is it always possible to call people's attention to their mistakes without causing any hard feeling? Perhaps at times all that is needed is one little word to make people realize they have done something they shouldn't have. But most of us will not take a hint. We have to "be knocked over" before we see our mistakes.

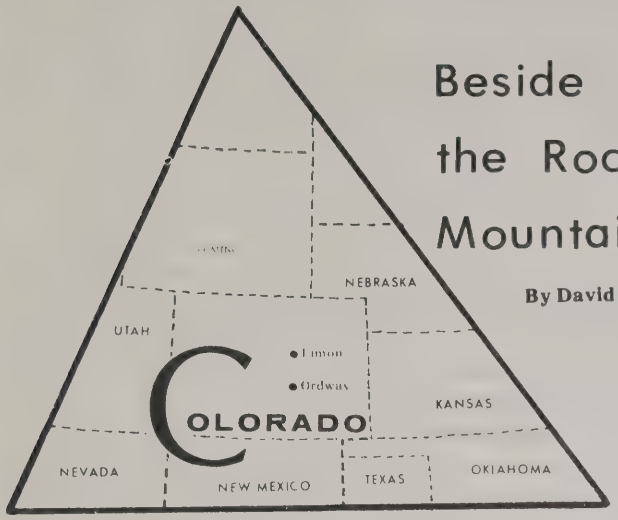
The same writer in the book referred to above has this to say on the subject, "If you wish to admonish a brother be careful to bring your reproof at a suitable time, for a reproof at the wrong time may easily do more harm than good, especially if the rebuke is too sharp or not tempered with gentleness. A reproof is like a salad, it needs more oil than vinegar."

Our salad needs both oil and vinegar. Too much vinegar will spoil it, but none at all, will make the salad worthless. Likewise to rebuke someone is a serious matter. It can seldom be done in a lighthearted manner.

There are people who have the talent of correcting others in a way which will not stir up hard feelings. But most of us don't have this gift. Even if we try to be as gentle as we can, we still say things in a blunt way which may hurt others' feelings. In the Bible we find many cases where people were sent to tell others their faults and usually they did it in a direct way without mincing any words. When John the Baptist went to reprove King Herod about having someone else's wife, he said, "It is not right that you have her." (Luther translation). When the prophet Nathan went to tell King David about an awful deed which had been committed, these are the words he used, "Thou art the man!" When the Apostle Peter reproved the man who wished to bribe him, he said, "I see that you are full of bitter gall and entwined with unrighteousness."

We as Christians should not use the kind of language that Mr. Roller used at times, but on the other hand, we should not always be silent when others are at fault, just because we don't want to hurt them. Even though our goal should be to reprove someone as gently as possible, yet we must guard against the mistake of being so anxious to not hurt someone that we never reprove them. Oftentimes the best medicine is one which is bitter to the taste. Likewise, it is often the case that the best lessons in life are those which shake us up a little. ■■

YESTERDAYS AND YEARS



Beside the Rocky Mountains

By David Luthy

Part Two: *The Amish in Crowley County*

Driving along many mountainous roads in Colorado, a person can come to a completely deserted town. The handful of wooden buildings sag with age. Shingles have been blown off their roofs, and their wondows have long ago lost their glass. These are ghost towns— towns which sprang up around mines and later were abandoned when the ore in the mines suddenly gave out. During the last half of the 1800's, Colorado gave birth to hundreds of such towns. Time, weather, and fire have destroyed many, but quite a few remain as silent relics of Colorado's "Gold Rush" past.

Colorado has its ghost towns, and it also has what might be termed "dream towns." These are the proposed townsites which never developed farther than a realtor's dreams. Dayton in Crowley County was one such "dream town." It was to be built in a triangle-shaped area between the Missouri & Pacific Railroad on the north and the Santa Fe Railroad on the south. Through the middle of the scope of land flowed the Arkansas River. The realtor's idea was to divide part of the tract of land into five-acre plots. This river valley land was well irrigated, and the people were supposed to be able to make a good living from the small plots of land. The proposed townsite of Dayton was to be constructed when the pltos were sold.

The realty company began an extensive advertising campaign to attract settlers to "Dayton". The company thought the Amish would be ideal settlers; so they advertised frequently in the Sugarcreek Budget. In the November 25th issue of the newspaper in 1909 the first mention of Dayton was made. A testimonial advertisement appeared under the heading: NEWS FROM THE AMISH COLONY DAYTON, COLORADO. It was signed by five Amish people: N.S. Beachy, Mrs. N.S. Beachy, J.H. Yoder, Miss N.M. Mullet, and Mrs. D.S. Bontrager. They had this to say: "We have visited the land being bought by the Amish at Dayton, Colo. and regard it as one of the richest valleys we have ever seen. We saw many thousands of acres under cultivation in sugar beets and alfalfa, which are paying enormous returns on the investment; in some cases clearing 25% to 40% after all expenses were paid." The realty company's name appeared at the end of the advertisement: "Dayton Townsite & Irrigated Land Co., Wichita, Kansas." (Later the company moved its office to Colorado Springs, Colorado.)

In the next issue of the Sugarcreek Budget an advertisement appeared with the heading: "WHY AMOS STUTZMAN AND OTHERS ARE MOVING TO DAYTON, COLORADO." Four Amishmen signed their names to this testimonial recommending the land for growing irrigated crops, especially sugar beets. The men were Valentine Yoder, N.S. Beachy, Andrew Miller, and Amos Stutzman.

Two months later a third testimonial advertisement appeared in the same newspaper. It was signed by R.E. Borntrager of Middlebury, Indiana, I.N. Kauffman of Lovington, Illinois, and Nathan Jones of Shipshewana, Indiana. They wrote, "...must say it is the finest valley we have ever seen, and taking into consideration the stacks of alfalfa hay we saw, and the piles of sugar beets and the number of sugar factories. The land is the safest investment of any we have seen, and should be investigated by all parties contemplating an investment or a change of location." (The tone of the letter sounds as if the realty company wrote it and got the Amishmen to merely sign it.)

The above testimonial letters were the first three advertisements for land at Dayton to appear in the Sugarcreek Budget. Then the realty company switched to standard, non-testimonial advertisements. Altogether the realty company ran 46 advertisements between November 1909 and July 1911. This was quite spectacular, especially considering that at the very same time not a single advertisement appeared for the Amish settlement starting up in Elbert County, sixty miles north of Dayton. The company promoted the land at Dayton in a big way; in fact it ran train excursions from Chicago on the first and third Tuesday of each month. Prospective buyers were given a free trip to look at the land.

The realty company's idea was to sell five-acre plots on which people could grow irrigated cash crops. The company quoted President Theodore Roosevelt as saying: "Five acres of good irrigated land is enough to support a family and keep them busy." The realty company asked $600 for each five-acre tract with $125 down and monthly payments of $10. The following advertisement appeared six times in the Sugarcreek Budget during 1910:

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Colorado
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Colorado.

The Settlement Grows

The first Amish settler in the Crowley County settlement was Amos Stutzman. His first letter to the Sugarcreek Budget appeared in the July 5, 1910 issue under the town heading of Ordway which was the county seat of Crowley County. He mentioned that they had had a heavy rain "which was not needed, as we can all irrigate whenever we want to." Someone had obvisously given the area a slam, for Amos went on to say: "In regard to the question whether there are any mosquitos here, will say, they are not bad, and I would not want to live where there is not enough moisture that some mosquitos could live." He ended his letter with cheerful news: "Three families expect to move here between now and next spring."

In his letter to the newspaper in August, Amos was even happier: "We feel quite jubilant on account of the fact Eli Hochstetler and family have settled here. Bro. Hochstetler is an ordained minister and he and his brother, Andrew, both from Ness Co., Kansas have each purchased forty-acre farms near Ordway, and we hope soon to have a good sized Amish settlement here. Land with good water rights is selling at $125 to $150 per acre."

Amos Stutzman had reason to feel jubilant. The young settlement had received a very important ingredient, something which any Amish settlement needed to survive— a minister. And the minister's father-in-law was Bishop Yost Lehman of Ness County, Kansas; so, it was likely bishop help would be obtainable and not too far distant.

The fourth Amishman to locate in the Crowley County settlement was David S. Bontrager. He moved there from Reno County, Kansas in December of 1910 and settled three miles west of Ordway. Between then and August of 1911, six more families moved in: John S. Chupp, Dan Swartzentruber, David C. Bontrager, Soyes Schrock, Dan Thomas, and J. J. Lehman. The last named family came by wagon from Ness County, Kansas, a distance of 200 miles. It is presumed the other families came by train. That made a total of 10 Amish families in Crowley County. It had grown quite well in its less than two-year history.

The families all settled south or southwest of the town of Ordway and had that town as their mailing address. None of them had "Dayton" for an address because Dayton was never built. Perhaps some non-Amish settlers purchased a few of the five-acre plots in the proposed townsite area, but the Amish didn't. They preferred 20 to 40 acres of land and not life in a village. So the townsite of Dayton never got farther than the realtor's planning stage.

A "Garden Spot"

At the time the Amish were settling in Crowley County, there were Amish settling in two other counties of Colorado: in Elbert County 60 miles north and in Cheyenne County 90 miles northeast. Both of those areas were treeless stretches of prairie land where wheat was grown extensively, and the farms were all over 100 acres— some being 320 acres. But the Ordway area in Crowley County was quite different. Here there were acres of fruits and vegetables instead of wheat. And the area was not treeless; there were orchards of cherry, plum, apricot, and apple trees. The difference was because the Ordway area was part of the Arkansas River valley and was developed for irrigation. Ditches had been constructed to carry water from lakes and the river to the surrounding area.

In the December 2, 1909 Sugarcreek Budget it was reported from Ordway: "Here water is sure and the weather never delays farm work." And it was true. Colorado had little rainfall but sunny warm days. With the introduction of an irrigation system in the Ordway area, the land became productive. It was a real "garden spot." Here crops could be grown which could be grown in very few other areas of the state. The three main crops were sugar beets, alfalfa, and cantaloupes. Sugar beets were grown so extensively that a local town was named Sugar City. It contained a sugar refining factory. At harvest time the Amish who raised sugar beets would pile them on wagons and take them to the Missouri & Pacific Railroad which was only a few miles away. There they dumped them into coal cars and shipped them to Sugar City, a distance of around 10 miles. The sugar beets yielded anywhere from 12 to 35 tons per acre, and the price per ton was $5. Because of the cool Colorado nights, the warm days, and irrigation, sugar beets did very well as a cash crop.

Sugar beets were a major crop with three refining factories in the county. But an even larger cash crop was alfalfa. The alfalfa meal mill there was reportedly the largest in the world, and another was under construction 9 miles from Ordway. Former Amish residents say the alfalfa grew as high as the fence posts: "But when we tell of how the alfalfa grew as high as fence posts and they hauled big loads," writes one former settler, "people don't believe it and have told us so. But beings they irrigated the land, it grew much higher than it does where you wouldn't maybe not get much rain."

There is no disputing it, alfalfa was the principle crop in the Ordway area. It provided work for the Amish settlers through the summer and on through the winter. In summer they cut and stacked it in the fields. Since it seldom rained, the hay kept nicely outside. Then after fall had passed and the hay price had risen, the people loaded the hay on wagons and transported it to Ordway. Since the land was not hilly, huge loads of hay could be taken on a wagon pulled by two horses. One time a contest was held to see who could bring the biggest load to Ordway. One of the Amish settlers, Eli Hochstetler, loaded his wagon so that the hay nearly hid the wheels. It stuck out over the wagon standards so only about half of the horses could be seen. As the horses rested on their way to Ordway pulling this giant load, they could easily reach back and eat some hay. But Eli Hochstetler didn't win the contest. His wagon broke down before it reached the scales where it would be weighed at Ordway. His hay had to be loaded onto other wagons.

All during the winter months, well into February, the Amish transported their hay to Ordway where it was first weighed and then baled and shipped to other areas. The price of hay was $10 a ton but changed at different times of the year and from year to year.

The third most commonly grown crop among the

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Amish at Ordway was cantaloupes. In the summer of 1911, John Chupp had 25 acres of cantaloupes, and David S. Bontrager had 6. This kept the families quite busy planting the crop, thinning it, and keeping it cultivated all summer. By late August the cantaloupes were ready to be picked. This, too, required much labor. Mexican migrant workers were hired. The cantaloupes were packed in crates, separated into three sizes: jumbos, mediums, and ponies. The crates were hauled by wagon to sheds near the railroad where they would be picked up by the train.

Seasonal Visitors

It was quite common for the Ordway settlement to get seasonal workers from other Amish settlements, especially the Cheyenne County group. Teenage boys and some married men would work in the fields of cash crops during the summer and at harvest time. During the summer of 1911 when a hail storm destroyed crops in Cheyenne County, a number of people went to the Ordway settlement to find work. One of them was Levi Miller. His daughter remembers well about the experience and writes the following account:

"Dad found plenty of work, so he sent word that he wanted the rest of the family to come down, too. Mother and Andy went to work and fixed a covered wagon. We loaded up just the things we had to have, nailed boards over the windows of the house, and started on our journey. With two donkeys hitched to the wagon, it seemed like fun to us younger ones. At noon we stopped to let the donkeys graze, and also we were ready to get out and stretch our legs.

"It took us two days to get there. The first night we slept on the prairie. It was a pleasant night, and some of us slept under the wagon. The donkeys were staked so they couldn't run away. The next day about chore time, we saw a rain was coming up. The clouds were dark blue, and it looked like a storm. We stopped at a farmhouse and asked if we could have shelter for the night. 'No,' they said, 'we don't allow strangers in the barn.' I suppose they thought we were gypsies. But then they changed their minds and invited us into the house. Andy helped the man with his chores, and the lady treated us with milk to drink. It surely tasted good! They let us sleep on the floor of the house, and we were glad for it as it rained a lot.

"When we reached Ordway where Dad was, we found he had a tent, 18 x 24, set up for us to live in. It was at the edge of David S. Bontrager's orchard. Ordway had lots of trees which was a change for us.

"Acres of cantaloupes were grown there. Dad and Andy worked in the fields. When the cantaloupes were ready to ship, Mom and Sarah worked in the packing shed.

"In August we moved our tent to Amos Stutzmans as his wife was Dad's half sister. At Amos's we children often played in an irrigation ditch that ran alongside the road. The ditch was dry except when water was let in to irrigate. Once when we were playing in the ditch, water started filling in. We were in no hurry to leave as we liked to play in the water. When the water kept rising, we decided to leave, but we were on the wrong side of the ditch. The others all jumped over except myself and two-year-old Mona Chupp. Mona was quite chubby, and I knew of no way to get him across except to take him and jump. We both landed in the water. Were we ever soaked! We ran home to change clothes."

Church Life

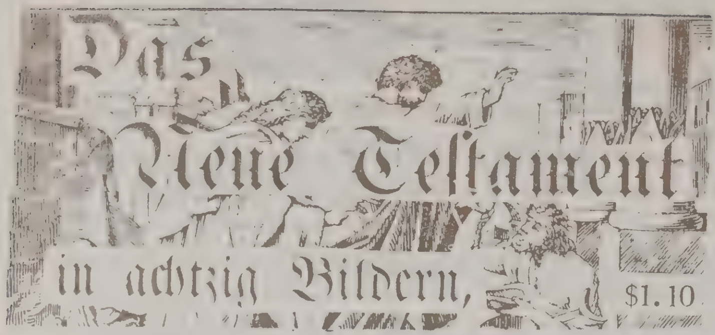
Since the group at Ordway had a minister, they were able to have church services in the Amish custom every two weeks. It is not known if a bishop came twice a year to hold communion. The only mention of a communion serice in the occasional letters to the Sugarcreek Budget was in the July 2, 1913 issue. It reported that "council meeting was held on Sunday and communion on Tuesday," but it did not mention the presiding bishop's name. That the group at Ordway was in full fellowship with other Amish settlements can be concluded from the fact that records show several Amish bishops traveled there to marry couples. Bishop William Miller of Reno County, Kansas performed the wedding ceremony in May of 1911 for Moses D. Bontrager and Elizabeth E. Hochstetler. Bishop Yost Lehman of Ness County, Kansas united William Swartzentruber and Gertrude Bontrager in marriage in December of 1912. Then in March of 1914 Bishop Moses Troyer of Ford County, Kansas came to marry John Schrock and Mattie A. Hochstetler. Two other marriages involving Ordway residents took place in other Amish settlements: widower Dan Swartzentruber married the widow Lydia Eash of Cheyenne County at her parents' home in Elbert County; and Yost A. Hochstetler married Mattie Miller in Ness County, Kansas. Both of these couples then resided in the Ordway settlement.

The Settlement Fails

During the second year the Amish lived at Ordway, 1911, they began to experience the area's bad qualities. The irrigation system which had transformed the land into a "garden spot," presented two problems. First of all the water contained the germ that causes typhoid fever. In early January of 1911 John Chupp was sick with typhoid fever. But by February he was obviously quite recovered, for it was reported in the Sugarcreek Budget: "John Chupp bought a team of bronchoes recently. He has had some very good exercise in breaking them." Then in the July 26th issue it was reported that Andrew Hochstetler's son David was sick with typhoid fever, "but some better." He recovered completely. But barely two months later fifteen-year-old Sarah (Eli) Hochstetler died of typhoid fever. She was buried in the local public cemetery. Less than three months later John Chupp passed away. His body was shipped to Reno County, Kansas where he had formerly lived. That neither was buried in an Amish graveyard indicates that the settlement must have felt unstable about is future.

The second problem which the irrigation set-up caused was that sometimes the water was not turned into the ditches until late Saturday or even Sunday. The Amish did not think it was right to work on Sunday opening the various water-gates so the water could go into the irrigation ditches. Nor did they like to work late Saturday into the night and be exhausted on Sunday and sleepy during the church service. The realty company claimed that the problem did not exist and published an advertisement in the Sugarcreek Budget saying: "Don't be misled by hearsay. All farmers around Dayton, Colorado irrigate at the same time. They do not have to stay up nights or work on Sundays, as the water runs nearly all the time during the growing season; you can use it or let it run by." Despite the realty company's claims, former residents still say today that the situation existed.

Family by family the settlement began to break up.



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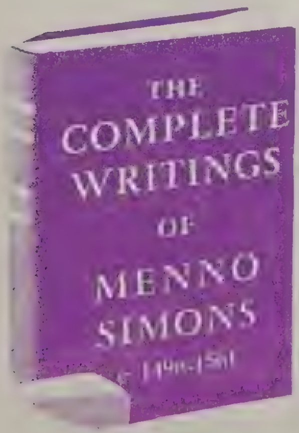

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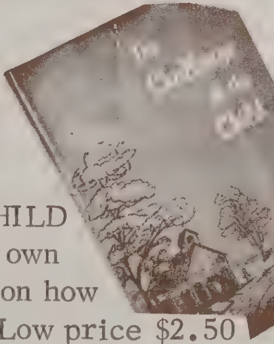

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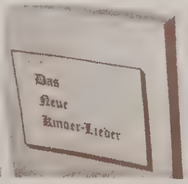

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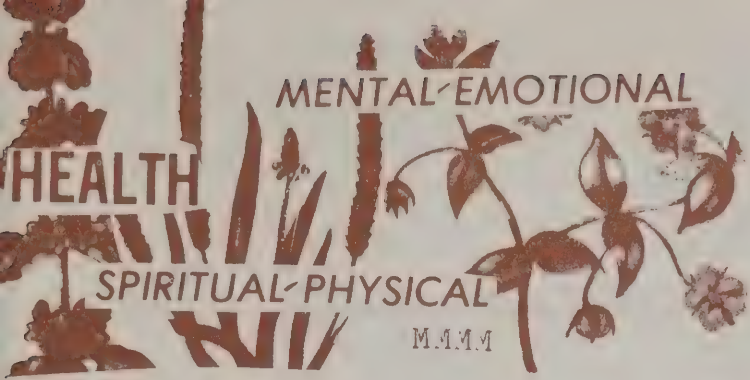

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THE BOOKS HAVE BEEN GROUPED UNDER THE FOLLOWING HEADINGS:

A BIBLES
B BIBLE STORY & RELIGIOUS
C HISTORY
D DOCTRINE
E GENERAL LITERATURE
F CHILDRENS BOOKS
G NATURE BOOKS
H INSPIRATIONAL
L HOME
J SONGBOOKS
K REFERENCE BOOKS
L EDUCATIONAL
M HEALTH
N FARM-HOME
P MISCELLANEOUS

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Editorielles —

Wir glauben all an einen Gott,
Und lieben ihn von Herzen,
Der im Himmel ſein' Wohnung hat,
Sieht alle unſre Schmerzen.

Der alle Ding allein erhält,
Muß all's vor ihm verſtummen,
Gnädig und mild geg'n aller Welt,
Ein Vater aller Frommen.

Niemand der je auf Erden kam
Mag ſeiner G'walt entrinnen.
Allmächtig iſt ſein hoher Nam',
Kein Stärk tut ihm zerrinnen.

Er ſieht ins Herzens Heimlichkeit,
Gar tief in das Verborgen,
Ja tauſend Jahr vor ihm bereit,
Sind wie der geſtrig Morgen.

Obiges Gedicht geht ſo fort vom Urſprung des Sohnes Gottes, der bei dem Vater war, ehe er die Welt hat angefangen. Es iſt ein langes Gedicht von 23 Vers, ſo gedenken wir nicht es ganz durch zu ſchreiben hier; aber jederman hat die Gelegenheit es durch zu leſen.

Im erſten Vers heißt es: „Wir glauben all an einen Gott.“ Wenn dieſes Lied geſungen wird an der Gemein, alle die daran teil nehmen ſprechen dieſe Worte ſo mit einander aus. O wie wichtig iſt es zu uns, wir wollen uns alle ſelbſt fragen, tun wir eigentlich an Ihn glauben als unſer Erlöſer und Seligmacher? Haben wir ein feſtes Vertrauen zu Ihm? Tun wir uns aufgeben in ſeine Hände wie ein Kind zu ſeine Eltern, wenn wir angſt haben zu alles ſonſt gehen wir zu Ihm und flehen für Hilfe? Wenn wir tun dann können wir ſicher fühlen in ſeine Arme; nichts kann uns ſchaden. Jeſus hat etwas wo die Welt nicht geben kann. Die Welt kann nur geben mit ihrem hoffärtiges Weſen, wir wollen mit Jeſus nach dem Himmel zu. Darum können wir ſprechen: „Welt hinweg, ich bin dein müde, ich will nach dem Himmel zu, dort findet man der rechte Friede, und die wahre Seelenruh.“

Wir können zurück denken an unſerm alten Patriarch Abraham, der hat geglaubet auf Hoffnung, da nichts zu hoffen war; wie kann das ſein? Er iſt nicht ſchwach worden im Glauben, ſondern ward ſtark im Glauben. Es heißt: „Denn er zweifelte nicht an die Verheißung Gottes durch Unglauben, ſondern ward ſtark im Glauben und gab Gott die Ehre.“

Vielleicht iſt das was oftmals fehlt bei uns arme Menſchen, wir hätten gern die Ehre ſelbſt. Wir vermeſſen uns ſelbſt fromm zu ſein, und denken nicht daran daß wir von uns ſelbſt nichts ſind. Wir wollen an Paulus denken, „Durch Gottes Gnade bin ich das ich bin.“ Er konnte ſagen es war nicht umſonſt oder vergeblich, er hat mehr gearbeitet denn die andere alle, nicht aber ich, ſondern Gottes Gnade die mit mir iſt. Hier können wir ſehen wie er die Sache alles in Gottes Hand konnte befehlen und keinen Ruhm an ſich ziehen.

Die Schrift ſagt: „Durch den Glauben opferte Abraham den Iſaak, da er verſucht ward; und gab dahin den Eingeborenen, da er ſchon die Verheißungen empfangen hatte.“ Wir wiſſen wohl daß in der Tat Abraham das Werk nicht vollführet hat, aber im Glauben heißt es, er hat ihn aufgeopfert. Wir glauben ſein voller Sinn war zu tun was Gott ihm befohlen hatte, und er ging ſo weit daß Gott es zugelaſſen hat.

Wir wollen auch ein wenig an Joſeph denken. Durch den Glauben redete er vom Auszug der Kinder Iſrael, da er ſtarb, und tat Befehl von ſeinen Gebeinen. Er ſagte ihnen wenn ſie ausziehen ſollen ſie ſeine Gebeine mitführen. Sie haben ihn nicht begraben, ſie taten ihn in einer Lade, und da ſie ausfuhren nahmen ſie dieſe mit. Wie wußte er daß die Kinder Iſrael ſollen aus Aegyptenland ziehen? Wir können nichts anders denken als wie Gott hat es ihm geoffenbart. O wie haben ihn ſeine Brüder doch ſo unbarmherzig behandelt, wir können faſt nicht ſehen wie ſie es tun konnten. Aber ihre Miſſetat kam ihnen vor Augen. Ihr Vater befahl ihnen vor ſeinem Tod ſie ſollen zu Joſeph gehen und ihre Sünden bekennen, welches ſie auch getan hatten. Wie hätten ſie gefühlt wenn ſie ihr Vater nicht gefolgt hätten? O wie manche Kinder gehen gerade gegen dem Willen von ihre Eltern heutiges Tags. Es wundert mich oft ob nicht manche ſolche Lebenszeit ein nagendes Gewiſſen tragen.

Wie viele von uns heut ſind willig wie Moſe war mit dem Volk Gottes Ungemach zu leiden denn die zeitliche Ergötzung der Sünden zu haben? Tun wir die Schmach Chriſti für größern Reichtum achten denn die Schätze Aegyptens weil wir auf die Belohnung ſchauen? Tun wir verſtehen was die Schätze Aegyptens ſind für uns heute? Es iſt dieſe alte Welt wo uns lockt an allen Enden und verheißet uns als mehr Freiheit, und es iſt zu fürchten daß als mehr und mehr von unſere Leute dieſem Freiheits-Geiſt am gehör geben ſind; ſie ſind nicht willig für ein wenig Schmach und Ungemach zu leiden.

Die Altväter Schriften, das 11 und 12 Kap. am Ebräer Brief werden ſo weit mir bekannt iſt geleſen ſo nach der Groß-Gemein im Spätjahr. Wäre es nicht gut wenn wir alle ſie daheim noch überleſen würden. Wir könnten uns vielleicht mehr beſpiegeln in ihrem Glauben, daß wir tiefer könnten eingewurzelt werden in unſerm Glauben.

Wo der Schreiber im elften Kap. ſo durchgangen war und erzählt hatte von viele der alten Glaubenshelden ſagte er weiter: „Und was ſoll ich mehr ſagen? Die Zeit würde mir zu kurz, wenn ich ſollte erzählen von Gideon und Barak und Simſon und Jepfthah und David und Samuel und den Propheten.“ Ja, das wäre noch eine lange Geſchichte geweſen. Er ging nicht umſtändlich in dieſe Geſchichte hinein, aber er hat doch mit kurze Worten viel geſagt was dieſe alle durch den Glauben getan haben.

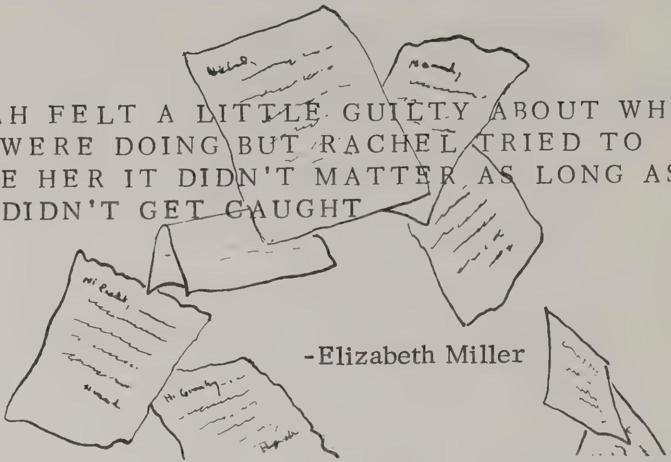
Sie haben Königreiche bezwungen, Gerechtigkeit gewirket, Verheißungen erlanget, der Löwen Rachen verſtopfet, des Feuers Kraft ausgelöſcht, ſind des Schwerts Schärfe entronnen, ſind kräftig worden aus der Schwachheit, ſind ſtark worden im Streit, haben der Fremden Heere darniedergelegt. Weiber haben ihre Toten durch Auferſtehung wieder bekommen. Es war nicht alles ſo lieblich, einige ſind zerſchlagen worden, haben Spott und Geißeln erlitten, dazu Bande und Gefängnis; ſie wurden geſteinigt, zerhackt, zerſtochen, durchs Schwert getötet. Sie ſind umhergegangen in Schafpelzen und Ziegenfellen, mit Mangel, mit Trübſal, mit Ungemach.

Obwohl dieſes nicht alles ſo lieblich war, das Fleiſch mußte leiden, aber ſie haben es doch williglich erlitten im Glauben, ſie wollten viel lieber mit dem Volk Gottes Ungemach leiden. Und alle die wo heute noch in ſolchem Glauben leben wollen, die kreuzigen ihr Fleiſch ſamt den Lüſten und die Begierden.

Wir erinnern uns an Paulus ſeine Worte: „Wachet, ſtehet im Glauben, ſeid männlich und ſeid ſtark.“ 1 Kor. 16, 13.

CHILDREN'S SECTION

HANNAH HURTS HERSELF



HANNAH FELT A LITTLE GUILTY ABOUT WHAT THEY WERE DOING BUT RACHEL TRIED TO ASSURE HER IT DIDN'T MATTER AS LONG AS THEY DIDN'T GET CAUGHT

-Elizabeth Miller

HANNAH MAST SAT DOWN in the back seat and glanced around, trying to get used to her new location. "Oh, I like it here already," she told herself. "That blackboard and the teacher's desk seem far away!"

Just then Hannah's friend, Rachel Miller, turned around and smiled. Hannah could tell that Rachel was just as pleased with the new seating plan as she was. She sat right in front of Hannah.

Hannah and Rachel were the only two girls in the sixth grade, along with four boys. Up until today the sixth graders had sat in the front of the room with the seventh graders behind them, but now Teacher Dan had moved them around. "There has been too much whispering going on back in that corner," the teacher had said. "We'll try putting you sixth graders back there. If it doesn't work out, we can always move you back to where you were."

Hannah sure didn't want that to happen. She liked her new seat at the very back and was determined to do what she could to keep it. "I just hope the boys behave themselves so we can stay back here," she thought.

When recess came Hannah and Rachel discussed their new seats. "I really like it," Rachel said. "Only thing, I wish I'd sit here." She pointed to the seat across the aisle from Hannah.

"That would be nice," Hannah agreed. "But maybe if we sat across from each other and could whisper without turning around, we'd be tempted to break the "No Whispering' rule. I don't want to get moved up front again."

"Teacher wouldn't move us up front if we whispered only a little," Rachel said, lowering her voice. "It wouldn't pay him to move us unless we whispered more than the seventh graders did."

Hannah didn't say anything, but she was secretly glad Rachel didn't sit in the seat across from her. "This way she'll have to turn around to talk to me, and we won't be tempted to whisper as much as we would if we could just look at each other without turning around."

True to her word, Hannah was very careful about whispering in time of school. But eventually she got into trouble another way. It all started one morning about a week after the sixth graders had been moved to the back of the room. Rachel had been absent the day before and didn't know what the arithmetic assignment was.

Hannah was busy with her work when suddenly a white piece of paper landed on her desk. She jerked back, startled. Then she quickly grabbed the note and concealed it in her hand. Writing notes was against the rules and Hannah wondered who had the nerve to try it. When Teacher Dan was busy writing something on the blackboard, she opened the note and read,

> "Hi, Hannah,
> What page do we have in arithmetic? Thought I'd ask you rather than bother the teacher.
> -Rachel"

Hannah sighed with relief. She was pretty sure Teacher Dan wouldn't care if they wrote that kind of note. She got out her book, answered the note, and handed it back. Even though she didn't feel guilty about writing the note, she was careful to hand it back when Teacher Dan had his back turned.

Later that same day another note landed on Hannah's desk. This time Rachel asked to borrow Hannah's colored pencils. Hannah got them out of her desk, then just for fun she wrote on the note,

> "Rachel:
> Be sure you don't use up all these pencils. I want to use them again sometime, so be sure and give them back. Ha, ha!
> -Hannah."

Hannah waited until the teacher was busy with his class, then she slipped the note into the pencil box and poked Rachel in the back with it. Rachel reached back, grabbed the box, and eagerly took out the note. Hannah realized she must have been watching, or she wouldn't have known about the note. Several minutes later Rachel turned around and made a face, then smiled. Soon another note landed on Hannah's desk. It said,

> "Hi, Grouchy! Do you know what that note wants me to do? I'd love to take every one of your pencils to the pencil sharpener and grind them all up. So there!
> -Rachel."

Hannah knew Rachel was joking. She sat for a long time, trying to think of a funny way to answer the note. Finally she wrote,

> "Try something like that and I'll send your dad a bill. Or maybe I'll tell Teacher Dan. He'd take care of you! I'm not sure what I'd do if you wasted all my pencils, but I'm warning you not to try it. You won't get away with it!!!!!
> -Hannah."

It was time for recess before Rachel had time to answer Hannah's note. Rachel turned around in her seat and smiled at Hannah. "That was fun," she whispered.

"I know it was fun, but we'd better stop it," Hannah said. "Teacher's not going to like it."

"He won't care as long as we have our work done," answered Rachel, sounding concerned.

"But it's against the rules to write notes," Hannah reminded. "I don't want to lose my seat back here."

"Oh, but the notes we're not supposed to write are silly notes to the boys, or love notes," Rachel said quickly. "He didn't mean the kind of notes we're writing."

Hannah wasn't really convinced. She knew it was against the rules to whisper, and even if the notes she and Rachel had been exchanging were harmless, writing them was like whispering on paper. Before she could say anything, Rachel was talking again.

"Besides, Teacher Dan can't care as long as he doesn't know about it," she said. Then she had an idea. "Hey, I know what. Let's put our notes into books to pass them. We'll never get caught that way."

"It— it would sometimes be pretty hard to find them, wouldn't it?" asked Hannah.

"No, not if we always put it in the same place. Like page 25," answered Rachel, who was always full of ideas. "So the next time I hand you a book, check page 25."

So the note passing continued. "It won't hurt as long as we have our work done and Teacher doesn't find out about it," Hannah kept telling herself. With each passing day she enjoyed her seat in the back more and more. Some of the notes the girls exchanged were humorous and they often shared a silent laugh with each other. They had to keep their laughter mild, though, so they could sober the instant Teacher Dan turned around and looked in their direction. There were a few times when they weren't quick enough, and then Teacher Dan gave them a stern look that sobered them in a hurry.

Hannah found that writing notes and playing around in time of school took time and she often had to hurry in order to finish her lessons before it was time for class. She seldom had time to check over her arithmetic problems and her score dropped. Hannah didn't like to see her grades come down like that, so she determined to work harder.

Then one day while Hannah was busy with her arithmetic, Rachel turned around and placed her spelling book on the corner of her desk. Hannah turned to page 25, wondering what Rachel had written this time. The note read,

> "Hannah, help me out. I can't make number 4 on page 139 check for me. My answer is 5,478. What's yours?
> Thanks in advance.
> -Rachel."

Hannah couldn't believe that she had read the note right. Surely Rachel wouldn't cheat— or wasn't asking for an answer cheating? "Maybe it isn't," Hannah reasoned, glancing toward Teacher Dan. He was still busy with his class, so she checked on her paper, then wrote,

> "You must be making a mistake in checking. I have the same answer and it checked for me."

Hannah was about to sign her name, then she got an idea. "If I helped her, then she can help me, too. Even though she felt very guilty about it, she wrote on the note,

> "Say, how about helping me out now? Number 15 on the same page is giving me trouble. Do you have it?
> -Hannah.

Rachel hadn't worked that far yet, but as soon as she got to that number she wrote her answer on a sheet of paper and handed it to Hannah. This was the first time the girls exchanged answers, but it was not the last time. At first Hannah felt guilty about it, but by and by she managed to convince herself that it didn't matter as long as they didn't let the teacher find out about it.

Then it was time for the report cards to be handed out. Usually Hannah looked forward to this day, but this time she dreaded it. "I just know my arithmetic grade has dropped," she worried to herself. "I've had lower scores this period than I've had for a long time."

Hannah's worries were not ungrounded. Her arithmetic grade had dropped— all the way from "A-" to "C." She was disappointed, but even more so as she studied the rest of her grades. The thing that bothered her most was that her grade in "Deportment" had dropped from "A" to "B-." Hannah shoved her report card back into the envelope and put it into her book. She longed to know if Rachel's grades had dropped, too, but she couldn't bring herself to ask. Asking meant she would have to show her card, too, and she didn't want to do that. She knew she and Rachel would talk about it sometime, but she didn't feel like bringing the matter up now.

Hannah's parents were just as disappointed about the report card as she had been. "What's the problem?" asked Dad after he had looked the card over.

"I — I don't have time to check my arithmetic problems like I used to," answered Hannah, pleased that she had thought of such a good excuse.

"Maybe you don't make good enough use of your time," Dad suggested. "Your 'Deportment' grade indicates that you're not behaving as well as you had been. That bothers me more than the drop in your other subjects."

Hannah hung her head and didn't say anything.

"See if you can't get your 'Deportment' grade better. I'm pretty sure your other grades would improve along with it," Dad said.

"I— I'll try," promised Hannah. She shoved the grade card back into the envelope and hoped the matter had been dropped for good.

School had barely started the next morning when Hannah got a note from Rachel. It read,

> " Hi, Hannah!
> How did you survive the evening? Or weren't your parents upset about your report card? (Maybe your grades didn't drop like mine did.) Dad really fumed about my 'Deportment' grade and even threatened to come and ask Teacher what I was doing to make it drop to 'B-.' I was scared, but I was mad, too. Just because Teacher saw us laugh a little those few times he had to mark us down like that. Sure gets my goat! He's just trying to show off his authority. Wish I could give him a grade on being a teacher. Believe me, it would be 'F!'
> Answer and tell me about your evening.
> -Rachel."

Hannah glanced at Teacher Dan, then at Rachel who was turned around in her seat, watching Hannah's face. "Later," she said, forming the word silently on her lips. She pointed at her arithmetic book and made a face. Rachel nodded understandingly and went back to her own work.

Hannah worked her arithmetic problems and checked every one. She was pretty sure she was going to have a good score that day. When she had finished she got out the note from Rachel and read it again. Then she turned it over and wrote,

> "Dear Rachel,
> I can sympathize with you because I got a going-over myself. I can't understand either why we got 'B-' in 'Deportment.' That's the same my brother had, and everyone knows those fourth-grade boys act a lot worse than we do."

"A lot worse than we do." The words seemed to stand out from the page and stare Hannah in the face. She crossed them out and changed the last sentence to say, "Everyone knows that they get called down a lot oftener than we do." She signed the note and slipped it into her spelling book. She stretched out to punch Rachel in the back, but quickly drew back when Teacher Dan turned around and looked in her direction. Her heart seemed to jump into her throat and she could feel her face getting red. She felt hot all over.

There was a moment when time seemed to stand still. Hannah hoped that Teacher had not noticed, but her hopes were in vain.

"Ah, Hannah, bring that book up here," Teacher Dan said. "I don't think Rachel needs your spelling book."

Hannah felt as if the ceiling had fallen down, hitting her full force on the head. Wildly she tried to think of some way of getting that note out of the spelling book before she gave it to him. But Teacher Dan was waiting — looking at her— watching her every move. It was hopeless.

"I asked you to bring the book to me," the teacher repeated. His voice sounded stern.

Hannah forced herself to stand up, then walk to the front of the room. Her knees shook; her hands shook; she could even feel her cheeks quiver.

Teacher Dan took the book and laid it on the corner of his desk. Then he went back to this class as calmly as if he took spelling books from sixth graders every day.

Back in her seat, Hannah tried to tell herself that she was dreaming— that she would wake up and find out they had not been caught after all. But try as she would, she couldn't shake off her misery. They had been caught, and of all the notes they had written, this was the one she least wanted the teacher to read. "Why wasn't I more careful?" she asked herself. "Rachel's going to be sore at me for letting the teacher see me hand her the book."

Before Hannah had fully grasped the predicament she was in, she heard Teacher Dan tell the pupils to clear their desks for recess. She forced herself to look up. Sure enough, he had found the note in the spelling book and was reading it. Then he brought the spelling book back and put it on Hannah's desk. "You two girls just stay in your seats," he said. Then raising his voice a little, he added, "The rest are dismissed."

When the other children had left the classroom, Teacher Dan was still standing in front of the girls, looking down at them thoughtfully. "How long has this note writing been going on?" he asked.

Hannah looked up, surprised at the soft tone of her teacher's voice. She glanced at Rachel, waiting for her to answer.

"Quite a while?" asked Teacher Dan when neither of them answered.

Hannah nodded.

"Do you have any more notes in your desks?"

Hannah's heart beat even faster than it had before. Up until now she had worried about the one note the teacher had read. Now he was asking for more. She dreaded even thinking about what all he would find if he searched her desk.

"Get your books out, both of you," said Teacher Dan.

Numbly Hannah obeyed. Out of the corner of her eye she saw that Rachel was doing the same thing.

Teacher Dan flipped the pages of book after book. Every so often he stopped, turned back a few pages and took out a little piece of paper. Reading it, he flattened it with his hand and added it to the pile on the desk next to Rachel's. Hannah felt sicker every time a note was added to the pile. Finally all the books had been checked.

"This is serious, girls," Teacher Dan said, speaking at last. "I doubt if you realize how serious it really is. He paused for what seemed like a long time to Hannah, then said, "I wish you'd tell me how this all came about. What made you do something like this?"

Hannah found herself groping for an answer. If only she could find an excuse, but she couldn't think of any reason why she and Rachel had exchanged notes so freely the last few weeks. In the long silence that followed she thought back to that day when they had written notes for the first time.

"Some of these notes don't amount to much," Teacher Dan said at last. "They're-- well, the chatty kind. You were lonesome in time of school and decided to write a note. You knew all the time it was against the rules, didn't you?"

Hannah glanced at Rachel, then nodded her head.

"You tried to be careful so that I wouldn't find out, didn't you?"

The girls nodded again.

"In other words, you decided as long as I don't know about it, it's all right to write notes."

Hannah looked up sharply, wondering how Teacher Dan knew. She didn't remember mentioning anything like that in any of her notes, but he surely had the right idea. It was almost as if he had taken the words right out of her thoughts.

"As I said, some of these notes might seem harmless," Teacher Dan went on. "And some of them were useful. You asked each other questions about assignments. "But," he paused to put extra emphasis on the word, "don't you realize that these harmless notes led to more serious ones?" He shook his head slowly. "I can't believe that you were actually exchanging answers."

"We— we didn't very often," stammered Hannah, speaking for the first time.

"Even if it was only a few times, that was still a few times too often," Teacher Dan said. "And if you hadn't been caught at it, you would have gone on doing it, wouldn't you?"

Hannah shrugged, even though she knew they probably would have.

"You've made the same mistake lots and lots of other people have made," the teacher went on, his voice sounding earnest. "You thought it was all right to do wrong as long as you didn't get caught at it. 'What the other fellow doesn't know doesn't hurt him,' is an old saying. The saying might be true enough– it won't hurt the other fellow. But what people like that don't realize is they are hurting themselves far more than anyone else.

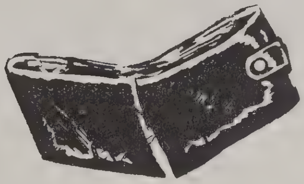
The words stung Hannah. She remembered the first note Rachel had written. It had seemed so harmless— just a little piece of paper asking for an assignment. But that note had led to others-- humorous ones which had caused their deportment grades to drop, time-consuming ones that had made them spend less time with their lessons, and worst of all, those in which they had yielded to the temptation of cheating.

Hannah wasn't surprised at what the teacher said next. He said the only thing he could do now was to move them up front where he could keep his eye on them. At first Hannah regretted losing her seat in the back, but the more she thought about it, the more relieved she felt. "At least there will be less chance that we hurt ourselves up there," she thought. ■■

Junior Storytime

—Martha Helmuth

WALTER AND THE WALLET



Walter," began Father one Friday evening at the supper table, "how would you like to go along to Uncle Andys to the frolic tomorrow?"

"Oh, Dad! May I?" exclaimed eight-year-old Walter, hardly daring to believe he had heard right. "What's the frolic for? What are they making?"

Father smiled at Walter's eagerness. "They're building a tool shed and corncrib. I think you might get to go along if you pitch in and help with the chores."

"Oh goodie!" squealed Walter as he clapped his hands. "Is Mother going along, too?"

Mother shook her head. "I don't think so. Baby Mary has been sick most of the week so I'd better stay at home with her."

For a moment Walter felt sorry for Mother as he looked at her, but his sympathy was soon forgotten in his own joy. Frolics were always fun with all the men around with their jolly talk and the hammering as the building went up. Besides that, he'd get to stay with his cousin Reuben all day. If they got tired of watching the men, they could soon find something else to do. A day with Reuben was always interesting.

The next morning Father didn't even have to call Walter to get up. He was right there before Father was ready to go out to the barn. Once in the barn, Walter almost got into his father's way in his eagerness to help.

By 8:00 they were on their way. They only had four miles to go, but Father wanted to be sure to be there early to help. They weren't there long before other men also arrived with their hammers and nail bags. Soon there was the sound of hammering and sawing and the calling of the carpenters. Walter and Reuben were fascinated as they watched the men nail the boards in place. Once in a while they ran errands for Uncle Andy, Reuben's father.

By 11:00 the boys were beginning to lose some interest in what the men were doing and began looking around for other things to do.

"Oh, Walter," began Reuben, "did you see what I got for my birthday?" As Walter shook his head, Reuben continued. "Come on, let's go into the house and I'll show you."

Soon they were in Reuben's room, looking at a set of tinkertoys. Reuben had made a windmill with the tinkertoys and it was standing on the dresser.

"And look what else I got." Reuben held up a wallet. "Brother Mose gave me this."

Walter stared at the wallet in envy. "May I look at it?" he asked as he reached for it. He stood there admiring the beautiful brown leather. At least it looked like leather to Walter. Inside was a pouch for coins, a name card with Reuben's name and address on it. He even had a few pennies and a nickel in it. Walter looked to see if he might also have a dollar bill but found only pieces of paper where the bills belong. "That's really a nice wallet," Walter said. "Reuben gets just about anything he wants," he thought to himself. "I wish I had an older brother to give me such things."

Walter looked up and saw a little tool set on the dresser, too. Yes, he remembered seeing that before but right now, of all the things Reuben had, he liked the wallet the best. Why it was just like his Dad's. Wouldn't it be nice to go to the store for Mother some time and carry the money in such a wallet? Yes, Walter was sure that Reuben had anything he wanted.

Soon the boys went out to the summer house where a number of women were getting dinner ready. It smelled so good and made Walter hungrier than he had been, but even then, his mind kept going back to that wallet. He was tempted to go back to Reuben's room to look at the wallet again but he didn't know if he should.

Some time later Reuben was sent on an errand for his mother. Walter sat thinking about the wallet. "I wonder if Dad would buy one for me?" Slowly he got up and walked to Reuben's room. "It won't hurt if I just go and look at it again." It was still lying on top of the dresser so Walter picked it up and looked at it closely again. He opened it, looking through everything. He even discovered a secret pocket he hadn't noticed before. He was tempted to put the wallet into his pocket to see how it would feel. He hesitated a moment. "It won't hurt to put it into my pocket for just a little bit," he concluded as he slipped it in. He felt the outside of his pocket with his hand. Next he put his hand inside and fingered the wallet again.

"I wish I could carry it in my pocket for today," he thought to himself as his hand touched the wallet again. "I'm sure Reuben wouldn't mind." Walter felt a little guilty but kept telling himself it's just for today. "Reuben won't miss it today and even if he did, he wouldn't mind if I had it for a little while. After all, Reuben could have it all he wanted any other day. No, I won't be taking it home," he told himself as he tried to still the uneasy feeling within himself.

Soon Walter and Reuben were enjoying the good food the women had prepared and listening to the men talk. But Walter was strangely quiet and uneasy around Reuben. Several times he felt sure Reuben was staring at the spot on his leg where the wallet lay.

As the afternoon wore on, Walter at times forgot about the wallet and at other times he put his hand into his pocket and felt it. It was such a nice one and how he wished he had one like it!

Before Walter knew it, 4:30 had come and his father was ready to go home. Walter and Reuben had been carrying drinks to the men when his father called him to go home. Reluctantly he left Reuben's side and joined his father in the buggy. As he sat down he felt something stiff in his pocket. Walter caught his breath as he remembered the wallet. His heart beat rapidly as his father sat beside him on the buggy. He knew he should ask his father to wait while he took the wallet back. "But what would he say if I told him about the wallet in my pocket?" Walter kept thinking. "It's too late now," he told himself as the horse turned down the road toward home, "but what will Reuben say when he can't find his wallet tonight?"

On the way home Father began talking about how much they had gotten done that day. "And what were you and Reuben doing all day?" he asked as he looked at Walter.

Walter, sitting in deep thought, scarcely heard what his father said.

"Walter," began Father as he looked at him again, "are you about sleeping or were you in some kind of mischief that you are so quiet?"

Walter sat up straighter. "We were right around you men most of the time. Reuben also showed me the tinkertoys he got for his birthday." He didn't mention the wallet Reuben had showed him.

The next few days Walter kept thinking of the wallet. "What is Reuben thinking by this time? Does he blame me for taking it? I really hadn't planned to bring it home."

Now that Walter had the wallet, he didn't know what to do with it. He was afraid if he left it in his room, his mother would find it. The longer he carried it in his pocket, the heavier it became. He didn't want to show anyone the wallet for they would want to know where he got it. Somehow, he didn't enjoy the wallet at all and he had thought it would be so nice to have one. Walter tried to figure out why he wasn't happy having it. After all, he hadn't really meant to take it, but now that he had it, he might as well have it. Surely he couldn't go back to Reuben now and tell him about it.

One evening he was sitting on the couch reading a book about dogs. Suddenly the dogs began chasing him and he tried to run away from them, but the harder he tried to run the more he stumbled. He turned to see if they were about upon him, but now instead of dogs they were people and they were yelling, "Stealer! Stealer! Catch that stealer!" Walter struggled to get away from those awful people but they closed in on him and as they came closer they became bigger and more frightening. Suddenly Walter screamed.

"Walter. Walter!" called his mother as she shook him. "What's wrong with you?"

Walter looked at his mother in disbelief. "I- I guess I must have been dreaming," he stammered, his face still pale from fright.

"What were you dreaming?" Mother asked. "You still look like you were scared."

Walter sat up and looked at his mother. "I might as well tell Mother about it. I haven't been enjoying the wallet this way and maybe she will know what to do." So Walter told her the whole story of how he came to have the wallet and about his dream.

Mother listened silently until he was done. "Where is the wallet now?"

Without answering, Walter reached into his pocket and got it. Mother took it and opened it. The pieces of paper and the few coins were still in it just as they were the day Walter got it. "Walter," began Mother, "I'm sorry that you took this wallet from Reuben. But tell me, just how did you come to take it."

Walter was thoughtful for a moment. "I-I thought it was so nice and- and I wished I could have one like it." He sighed. "But I didn't mean to steal it. I-I just went back to look at it again and the I- I wanted to- to see how it would feel in- in my pocket."

Mother looked at him thoughtfully. "And then you thought it would be all right to carry it the rest of the day. Is that right?"

Walter nodded his head. "But I wasn't going to bring it along home." He looked at Mother, his eyes pleading with her to understand.

"Walter, you should never have put it into your pocket, or even gone back to look at it by yourself. That is playing with temptation," Mother studied Walter's face a moment. "Perhaps you didn't intend to take it from Reuben, but—"

Walter shook his head earnestly.

"That is how we often get into trouble," Mother continued, "by playing with temptation and before we know it we've done something we never expected to do. The best rule to remember is to stay away from something you know you shouldn't have. Like in this case. You were tempted to go look at the wallet again. And then once you were looking at it you were tempted to put it into your pocket. Next you were tempted to leave it in your pocket for the rest of the day. That was playing with temptation and one temptation led to another. Instead of going back to look at it again, you should have stayed away from it and then you wouldn't have gone from one thing to another like this."

Walter sighed. "What shall I do with it now?" He was almost afraid to ask.

"What do you think you should do?"

"I- I guess take it back to Reuben and tell- tell him I'm sorry." Walter shrunk from the thought of facing Reuben.

"That's right," Mother encouraged. "In fact I want to go to town tomorrow and can go right past Uncle Andys-"

"Will you take it back for me then?" asked Walter hopefully.

"Well, no, I think I'll take you along so you can take it back to Reuben," Mother explained. "That is something you should do yourself."

Walter sat quietly thinking as his Mother went to put Baby Mary to bed. In some ways he felt so relieved he was happier than he had been for some time, but when he thought about their trip tomorrow he was filled with dread. He watched Mother put Mary to bed. She looked up and smiled at him. "Mother isn't angry with me," he thought. "Perhaps Reuben won't be either." Then he had another pleasant thought. He felt so good after telling Mother about it, maybe he would feel even better once he had told Reuben about it. ■■

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He who is plenteously provided for from within needs but little from without.

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ANSWERS TO

CHILD TRAINING

NO. 8

Extra Active Andy

YOUNG SOLLY SCHMIDT CAME in from the barn, late for supper. He was tired to the bones, but with a satisfied feeling. The corn was all planted. But when he opened the kitchen door, he knew at once that something was wrong. His wife, Sarah, was rocking the baby, and crying. Not quiet tears but sobs that shook her body.

"What's wrong?" asked Solly with feeling. He looked around the room. "And where's little Andy?"

"He's...he's asleep. At...last," stammered Sarah. "But Solly, what...what are we going to do? I can't stand it any longer."

Solly pulled up a chair beside the rocker, and laid his arm across his wife's shoulders. "Oh, come now," he spoke soothingly. "It can't be that bad, can it?"

But Sarah said it was. Andrew was the older of their two children and had just passed his third birthday. He was the liveliest, most active child either one of them had ever seen. From morning till night he was constantly on the go, into everything. The young mother, it seemed, had a full time job following him. The front door had to be locked to keep him inside, and the house otherwise childproofed to protect both the house and Andy's exploring fingers. It was not that the boy was particularly mischievous— he had twice the energy of an ordinary child, like a wind-up toy running wild. This activity kept up to the very moment he dropped off to sleep in the evening.

The young couple had had high ideals of how they would train their children to be obedient, quiet, and respectable. But nothing seemed to work with their firstborn. All their spankings, it appeared, made no difference in his conduct. If anything, Andy was becoming more highstrung, and had started biting his nails.

"He's just more lively than the average," said Solly. "Surely he'll grow out of it."

"But what can we do?" asked Sarah, pleading, her voice more level. "He *has* to learn to obey, or I'll... I'm afraid I'll have a nervous breakdown. Solly, you just don't know how I feel, so desperate...I've lost all confidence in myself as a mother."

SOLLY SCHMIDT WAS RIGHT WHEN he said little Andy was an abnormal child. He was much more active than normal children, more high-strung, and he had emotional trouble. Three-year-old Andy was a problem child.

Judging from the many letters we received in response to the above problem, such children are not rare. They occur in many families. Some seem to be the result of wrong training methods, while others appear to have been born that way. They may differ in details, but they are all alike in one way— they all need special handling. The rules that work with normal children may be exactly the wrong thing for these children.

Who then is qualified to give advice? Surely, no one is better qualified than those who themselves have had experience. In checking through the stack of letters, we found more than a dozen who told of their own experiences with children like Andy. They told of their struggles, their victories, and the lessons they learned. Somehow advice from them carried more weight than from people who had no experience.

Portions of their letters appear below:

FAMILY #1-

I can say I've had some experience with a four-year-old boy I kept in my home one day a week in the winter. He was exactly like little Andy. He was upstairs, downstairs, and all through the house, always running, running all day long. He wouldn't play with one toy long. All day it was run, run, crawl up on, climb underneath, and run, run some more.

He was not a mean child, but very lovable. But oh, so full of energy, just like a wind-up toy running wild. When the days turned warmer, he wanted to play outside so I just couldn't keep him any longer. His energy far exceeded mine. I had to keep him inside locked doors because if he was out a few minutes I'd have no idea where to find him. I am wondering what the answers will be to this problem. I am afraid those with no experience will have no idea how very real such a problem is. -Mother of Ten

FAMILY#2-

Why wasn't Andrew tagging along with his father? We are not on a farm, but hope to be someday. But as soon as Dad leaves the house, the children all tag along, even the one-year-old, and are happy to play close to where Dad is working.

Our own experience with an overactive child was our second son, Robert. He seemed to have an inner urge to always be on the go, which became worse when he missed a nap or became overtired. As young as six to eight months he loved to have his older sister play hide-and-seek games with him. The winters he was one and two, Daddy used to play with them every evening, chasing them through the house or hiding and when they found him he'd chase them back to me. If we missed an evening because of company, the older one didn't mind, but Robert couldn't readily go to sleep, as if he still had that much energy to get rid of! -An Ohio Mother

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FAMILY#3-

Our child was very active and naughty and continually into something, or if he was away he would pick on some younger child and enjoy making it cry. We often punished him, and I'm ashamed to say at times quite severely for as young as he was.

I feel it all started when he was a baby. He was a colic baby and was fussy and cried a lot. I tell this not because it is pleasant to go over a mistake, but because it might prevent someone from making the same mistake. His constant crying and fussing wore on my nerves and I realize now the baby felt this. It became a vicious circle with me getting more tense, and the baby could feel it. In my anxiety and frustration I held him one way and then another in my efforts to quiet him, and many times I could've cried right along with him. With all my work that wasn't getting done, this nearly made me a nervous wreck.

He finally outgrew the fussiness, but was a very active baby and got into everything. Crawled and walked early and was very mischievous and did not like to be held or cuddled, and this hurt me and made me feel I'd failed as a mother in teaching my child the meaning of love, expecially because of his meanness to younger children.

He got many spankings and some severe for a child his age, but this didn't do much good. It only made him rebellious and at times he seemed to want to get even. Sometime before his second birthday I realized we had a problem child and that we needed help. I started to pray earnestly to God for help and forgiveness, and to be shown where we failed and what we could do to change our child into a loving child who could sit and play like others his age.

I am not a very demonstrative person by nature, but I decided instead of spanking and scolding, I would give love, hugs and kisses. When he had a temper tantrum, I would speak quietly, try to hold him and hug and kiss him. At first he resisted. At just any time I thought of it, I hugged and kissed him, even if he was playing nicely. Gradually he started changing, and has become a loving boy, tender to babies and little children. He had a speech problem and that is almost all gone, too. I feel he has changed, but only time will tell what scars he has from my nervous way of handling him in his first year.

My advice to anyone with an active or fussy baby is to pray to God for guidance. If baby's crying gets on your nerves, ask the Lord to help you. It's no shame. The shame of it is to let it overwhelm you.

Pray on your knees in secret, but also pray out loud while you rock your baby or bathe him or whatever. Not only will you be getting help from God, but your soothing voice will calm the baby. Nobody can talk to God in anger or in a loud voice.

A nervous baby needs a calm mother, not one that is "flying to pieces on the inside". Handle your baby in slow motion. Naturally, one wants to get the bath or diapering over in a hurry, but don't! Make yourself move slower and talk to baby all the time in a gentle voice, or sing hymns softly. Don't try to talk or sing above his crying, the loudness only upsets him more.

Give your baby lots of physical love and touch. Discover what baby likes best— to have his scalp rubbed or scratched, or his back or legs stroked, or chin or cheeks stroked. You can be right beside a very tiny baby and he will not know it unless you touch him. So if you place baby in his crib and prop his bottle, how will he know you aren't on the other side of the world instead of on the other side of the wall? Hold your baby and touch him and love him!

Let your work go. What if dust piles up and the weeds grow. You've got a more important task at hand. You will always have work, but babies won't keep. Too soon they are grown. If something must be neglected because you have a fussy child, let it be the weeds, the dust, and yes, even the vegetables and fruits. Let them spoil, but don't neglect your child. -A Mother, Indiana

FAMILY #4-

One time I visited in a children's ward where a boy about three was playing. His parents had put him there because he was so active, abnormally mischievous. The mother could not handle him. But while at the hospital he was a very normal child, happy and pleasant and lovable. But they said when his mother came to see him, he cried and was very different, but when his father came he was all right.

The nurses and everyone thought it was the mother who should be in a hospital. -Indiana

FAMILY #5-

I believe I have felt exactly as Sarah did with our oldest boy....I have come to the conclusion that one reason he was more into things than the others was because he had nobody to play with, and just didn't know what to do with himself. He was also more nervous than the others, maybe from too much scolding. I feel I wasn't patient enough with him.

I think Sarah will have to learn to be patient with Andy till he has a playmate. I think she and Solly should also take time off now and then to play with him, as I think they have to learn to play as well as how to work.

-Adams County

FAMILY # 6-

It is possible that young Andrew has an organic reason for his hyper-activity. If his diet is high in sweets and carbohydrates this could cause low blood-sugar. Our oldest child was hyperactive too, at about the same age as young Andrew. We used a vitamin therapy treatment with what we feel to have been good results.

-Illinois

FAMILY #7-

We too had a hyperactive child, and I can surely sympathize....One of the first things Sarah will have to do is change her attitude. She will have to wipe from her mind completely her picture of the "perfect" child who is quiet, obedient and respectful. She will have to try instead to replace it with a picture of her "whirlwind" of energy and remember how much she loves him and try to show she does, and then try to turn that energy into constructive things instead of destructivenesss.

Here are some things which were a big help to me. Whenever I got the feeling that it was "too much" for me, I would picture in my mind a retarded child I knew whose mother had once told me, "I would only be glad to see her get into mischief." Then I would try to thank God that our child was bright and active.

Whenever I surveyed another mess of broken dishes, or spilled milk, I would try to calm myself with the thought, "What is this in the light of eternity?"

I tried to keep a long-range picture before my eyes, thinking of a man I knew who had been such a child, too, and who grew up to be a sincere Christian, and now turns that energy to work and gets a lot accomplished. (In this case, my husband!)

I tried to get my child to help me as much as possible — give him the plates to set on the table, the knives and forks, let him stir anything he can, let him play at the sink with funnels and bottles and strainers and all sorts of things. Let him fetch wood or coal, even if it's one piece at a time. When he starts to do something such as hammer on a chair, instead of shouting no-no, tell him, "If you want to hammer, you must get a piece of wood."

As for punishment, we found it best not to spank all the time, and not to be constantly shouting no-no, but calmly give him something else to do. Save the spankings for things that you feel may be a harm to his soul, such as fighting, temper, back talking.

We also found it helpful not to compare her with other children. If I heard a mother say, "Mary will sit and look at a book for hours," or "Johnny plays in the sandbox all afternoon," I saw it would be unfair to me and the child to make a comparison.

What is the cause of children being this way? I have no answer. Ours was born that way. Usually such children are highstrung. I only know that I learned more of the meaning of patience with our child than I had ever learned before. So cheer up and look on the bright side. Life is seldom boring around such a child, and things will improve once he has playmates and as he gets older. That was our experience. Now I can smile and take a deep breath when someone says, "Your child is very creative."
-A Pennsylvania Mother

FAMILY #8-

I feel deeply for Sarah. I have gone through those emotional storms, especially winters when we had to be cooped up in the house, tied down and unable to get outside. My children are all active and healthy, and we have one that reminds me of Andrew. Her questions come thick and fast, and she tries me out.

Trying to think of other busy mothers has been a help to me, anything to get my mind off myself. When my husband can spare a few moments in the kitchen, I go outside, even if it is just to milk a cow. The time my husband takes off to help in the house, to baby sit, etc. may rob him of his outside duties, but I feel it is time well spent.
-Keep Looking on the Sunny Side

FAMILY #9-

My advice is to keep calm. Children sense when mothers get nervous, and it makes them just so much more unruly. Let them know that when you say no, you mean just exactly that, and don't give up. You may think sometimes your efforts are in vain, but when they are a little older you'll see results.

I remember one day our four-year-old was so mischievous, just getting into everything and teasing the others. Finally I sent him up on the woodshed roof with a hammer and told him to pound down those nails that were sticking up! Keeping them busy is the secret, I believe. One of my old school teachers used to say, "Satan watches for idle hands."
-Wayne County

FAMILY #10-

Our eldest son crawled on the floor at 4 1/2 months and was walking around furniture at 6 months. At 18 months he climbed, jumped and investigated every conceivable object in sight with a boundless energy I couldn't possibly match. Playing with toys didn't interest him a bit except to take them apart to see how they work. And he knew where every kitchen utensil was kept, what it was used for and just how it all operated at 15 months of age. Yet it was so hard to know just how much he really understood to obey because he talked very little until he was three years old.

At 18 months he was a terror to take visiting where there were other children, for it was so much fun to bite or push another child halfway across a room to see the reaction. Spanking or smacking did not do a bit of good, he'd merely cry hard for awhile, then go right back for a repeat performance. Then, like little Andy Schmidt, he began biting fingernails and I knew that we were expecting entirely too much of him and were too hard on him. Now what? We simply didn't know and it seemed no one else did either.

I had lost all confidence in myself as a mother and yet we wanted to raise him in a Christian way so badly. It was then that we talked with someone who gave us new encouragement. They suggested, since spanking was so ineffective, that we try isolation or chair-sitting. I had already tried that, but little Jesse would go right back to repeat his offence, even three or four times. They told me to put him back seven or eight times, if necessary.

What happened? I regained self-confidence immediately. While no miracle happened overnight, it did seem Jesse sensed that I was now confident and that I meant exactly what I said, that he would be put right back into isolation again until he was ready to do as he was told. It has been very hard work and tremendous effort to raise a child natured like this and our work is far from finished.

I do not want to waste time regretting what can't be changed, but I'll always wish we had not been so hard on him from ten months to three years. He is now ten and willingly obeys us, is very conscientious in doing his work right, carries responsibility ably and well, in fact, is very mature and dependable for his age. His teachers always comment on his good behavior. Then I feel very small, but grateful, and think they couldn't possible understand what we endured (Yes, and the poor child endured, also!) and how much their comments mean to me.
-The Mother of Jesse

FAMILY #11-

Some of my relatives who were overactive, aggressive, boisterous in childhood have changed into quiet sensible grown-ups. When Andy grows into Christian manhood, he may be one of God's chosen active workers.
-Daughter of a Minister

FAMILY #12-

..One day a group had gathered in honor of Indiana company. Overactive Amanda, about five then, was as usual pinching and hitting children, running wildly, making trouble wherever possible. Later she disappeared from the porch and I found her and the lady taxi-driver playing together, throwing a whiz-ring back and forth. Amanda wasn't saying much, but you could see she was enjoying herself immensely.

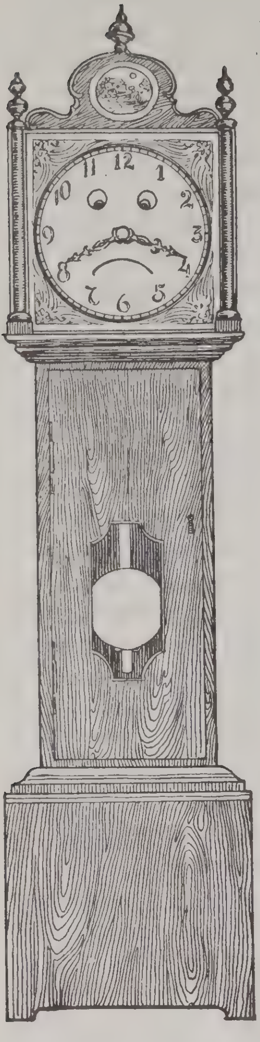
. . . Maybe our greatest problem in handling overactive children is our tendency to curb their activity instead of channeling it into something constructive and useful and making them feel needed.
-A mother of Ohio

FAMILY #13

I can sympathize with Sarah as we too had a very active boy at one and a half years old, although I had sev-

Turn to page 29-

--WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES--



Perhaps some of the other readers have the same trouble I have— to wake up at night and sleep won't come for hours. I came across this and it has helped me through the sleepless silent hours.

WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES

ONE: I think of the fact that there is only one and real true living God who has created us all as well as the heavens and the earth and all that we can see.

TWO: There are two Testaments in the Bible, the Old and the New.

THREE: I remember there are three in the Trinity, the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, and are concerned for our well-being.

FOUR: We know that there were four apostles, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John who wrote for us the life of Jesus and brought us the Gospel, the first four books of the New Testament.

FIVE: I think of the five wise virgins and the five foolish ones. The five wise virgins took oil in their lamps and at the midnight hour were ready to meet the Bridegroom. The five foolish ones took no oil and were told to go and buy oil but when they came back, the door was closed and they could not go in to the wedding feast.

SIX: I remember that in six days the Almighty God created Heaven and earth and all living things. We should also do our work in six days.

SEVEN: I think of the seventh day, the day on which God rested. We should recognize this principle and enjoy a weekly worship with Him on the one day out of seven which is set aside for this purpose.

EIGHT: I remember there were only eight souls who were saved in the ark when God brought judgment on the world, and he spared these to go into the next world.

NINE: it reminds us that of the ten lepers who were healed, nine never gave thanks but went their own way when Jesus healed them. Only one returned to thank Jesus for what He had done and this one was a Samaritan. When the clock strikes

TEN: we know there are ten commandments given by God as a moral code whereby men shall conduct themselves.

ELEVEN: there were eleven Apostles who remained faithful out of the twelve whom Jesus chose. They trusted Him and obeyed Him and there is no other way to be happy in Jesus than to trust and obey.

TWELVE: I think of the coming great day when at the twelvth hour of this world, Jesus shall return to earth accompanied by many thousands of angels to hold judgment against a wicked world who did not believe Him but rejected and crucified Him. but for those who are washed in the Blood, it will be a great day, the beginning of an endless eternity with God in Heaven and with all the saints who have gone before us.

I feel these are twelve good reasons to live for Him who died for us.

Sent in by Mrs. J. P. M.

eral advantages over Sarah Schmidt. My mischief wasn't the oldest child, and the older children were usually available to look after him.

When mine was too small to understand much, I tried not to scold him but kept watching him. I didn't trust to let him alone one minute. He could do a lot of mischief in a short time. When I felt sure he would understand, I was a lot more strict with him.

Sometimes I wonder if it would have helped to play more with him. I tried to get him interested in toys but he had little interest in them. Maybe if I would have spent more time and shown him how to play, he would have started sooner. At least, he finally learned to play and I sure hope Andy does too, before Sarah gets a nervous breakdown. -Lancaster County

FAMILY #14-

Andy was active and mischievous all day. Didn't he have an afternoon nap? At age three he should still have a nap, which does wonders to calm nerves for both mother and child.

Then Solly came in late. If this is a habit, no wonder there is frustration in the home. Mother should not carry all the responsibilities. It takes Daddy's firmness and understanding, too. -Had One Too, Virginia

THREE MISTAKES I MADE

I was raised in a Christian home. From childhood, my parents taught us many truths from the Bible and I had great love and respect for my parents. During those childhood years I can't remember ever talking back to my parents. The first time I did, I was old enough that I should have known better.

Then one day something happened in the family and I lost patience with my mother and I talked back to her. After some time I realized this was wrong so I didn't do it again. At times I felt I should ask her to forgive me but I knew that some of the rest of the family were doing the same thing.

After some time, I made up my mind to ask her forgiveness. But I kept putting it off and during this time I lost that great love I had for my mother.

As I look back now, I can see that I made two big mistakes up to this time. The first one was that I talked back to my mother. The other was that I was too proud in my heart to go and ask her forgiveness.

During this time I knew I wasn't as close to God as I would have liked to be. At times when I was invited with my parents to visit relatives or friends, I chose to spend the day at home. Oftentimes I would read the Bible or religious magazines and the history of the lives of many great Christians. I was hoping this would draw me closer to God but Satan had blinded my eyes that I could not see what the trouble was. But I realized I still hadn't found peace.

One evening I went to my mother with the intention of asking her to forgive me for two different things that I had done. When I asked her about the first one, she told me she could forgive me for everything. Before I could ask her to forgive me for talking back to her someone else came into the room and I left it at that. She had said she could forgive me for everything so that would include talking back to her also. I was glad I had talked to her.

I did not have the faith that the blood of Jesus Christ can cleanse from ALL sins. I should have realized that it was Satan talking to me telling me I was lost because I had not asked my mother for forgiveness and that it was now forever too late. God does not expect us to do anything which is not possible.

Dear brothers and sisters, don't make the mistakes I did. If you have wronged anyone, ask them for forgiveness and do everything you can to make it right. Then when you have done all you can, believe it that the blood of Christ cleanses us from ALL SINS. The Word of God tells us, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (I John 1:9).

I will not doubt, though sorrows fall like rain
And troubles swarm like bees about a hive;
I will believe the heights for which I strive
Are only gained through anguish, and by pain.
And though I groan and tremble 'neath the crosses
Yet shall I see, through my severest losses,
The greater gain!

Wanted: Circle Pals

Quite a bit of interest is being shown in the last month's request for circle pals. Some wrote that they didn't fit in exactly with the requirements for that particular one, but they are still interested in exchanging letters with persons from different communities.

Following is a list of categories:

CIRCLE A- History of the churches and communities, Anabaptist history
CIRCLE B- Widows or widowers
CIRCLE C- Orphans or adopted persons
CIRCLE D- Out of doors and nature
CIRCLE E- Gardening- truck crops, special crops
CIRCLE F- Sewing, knitting, crocheting
CIRCLE G- Special trades for making a living
CIRCLE H- Poetry, art
CIRCLE I- Writing
CIRCLE J- Young struggling farmers

If you do not fit into any of these, then list any special talents or hobbies which you may have. If you have no special talents or hobbies, but would like to be in a circle letter with people from different communities, then send in your name.

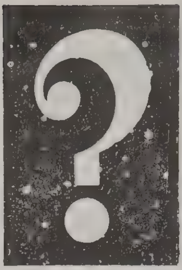
Most of the above categories have a men's and women's section. (Each circle will be either all men or all women). If interested, send us the following information about yourself:

1. Full name and address
2. Age
3. Church affiliation and Bishop's name
4. Any special interests, talents, or hobbies

Each circle will consist of from six to eight persons. Allow several months time to get your circle going.

Send to:
CIRCLE PALS
c/o PATHWAY PUBLISHERS
R.4, AYLMER, ONTARIO CANADA

Deadline November 15th



WHAT DO YOU THINK?

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I'm having mother-in-law troubles. I wish I could bear them with more patience. I feel like telling her to mind her own business but I don't want to do that. She has so many excuses to come into our house and always has some kind of advice for me. If I don't follow it she insults me and makes fun of me to my face. I've tried to ignore her but it almost gets the best of me. Several times I spoke up and it seemed to help but only for awhile.

When she does something for me, she makes sure other people find it out. She used to help me a lot but no more. I tell her I don't need her help for we have children of our own that can work. She has other children and I tell her she can go and help them.

They are both in fairly good health, and go on trips. I wonder what other people do in cases like this?

-NEVER DREAMED IT WOULD BE LIKE THIS

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ANSWERS TO AUGUST-SEPTEMBER QUESTION—
IT SEEMS THE WOMEN AROUND HERE HAVE BEEN MAKING PAJAMAS OF FLOWERED AND OTHER PRINT MATERIAL, ALSO TWO— TONE AND LACE.

TO THE MOTHER WHO WAS WONDERING about flowery clothes for night wear, I have also wondered about these same things. I've seen where some people have sewn rick-rack, etc. on baby kimonoes and sleepwear for the entire family.

I have caught myself sewing zig-zag where I thought it would be prettier. After thinking over it, I have been much ashamed of myself and have picked some out and sewn it over again with the straight stitch. Now when I'm tempted to sew something like that, I try and ask myself, is this for "Demuth" or is it for "Hochmuth?" That makes it easier to select the plain straight stitch. Satan knows where our weak spots are. Let's pray that the Lord will let us see things the way He sees them.

-Ashamed to Sign My Name

NO, I DON'T FEEL YOU ARE TOO STRICT. I feel the same way as you do about flowered materials. If we consider it wrong to use such material for daytime wear, then why would it be right to wear at night? God can see us all the time, day or night.

Are we wearing plain clothes because of our convictions or because of our fellow church members? Let's buy plain material for everything as long as we can get it.

-A Missouri Reader

THE TIME FOR THINGS
There's a time to part and a time to meet,
Theres a time to sleep and a time to eat,
There's a time to work and a time to play,
There's a time to sing and atime to pray,
There's a time that's glad and a time that's blue,
There's a time to plan and time to do,
There's a time to grin and to show your grit...
But there never yet was a time to quit.

I WOULD LIKE TO TELL THIS "Wondering Mother" of our experience. When we were young and had only two children, our local dry goods store had a closing out sale so we bought a pajamas which had a flowery print on it. It didn't cost much and we thought we would dye it and use it that way.

We did dye it and the flowers didn't show very much. But of course every week it had to be washed, and the dye started to wash out. Our little girl wore it every night and I didn't think much about it even if the print was getting brighter all the time. We were getting used to it.

One night I had a dream and dreamed that our little girl called me to her bedside. She said, "I am very sick and am soon going to die. Would you please take these flowery pajamas off of me so I can die and go to heaven?"

The dream kept bothering me so that several days later I took the pajamas and burned them. I would like to urge young parents to always buy plain clothing both for daytime and nighttime wear. I have seen some of our people buy clothing that was out of the ordnung and they gave the reason that they didn't have the money to buy plain clothes. But those same people had money to buy other things which the church doesn't want and they could easily have done without.

- Shipsehwana, Indiana

I HAD TO THINK OF WHAT MY AUNT MARY told me. An English woman once gave her little daughter a ready-made dress which wasn't plain. She decided to just use it for a nightie, but her husband said, "Don't put that dress on the baby!"

Aunt Mary never did and now she is glad her husband told her not to. I think it's just as wrong to wear fancy clothes at night as it is in the daytime. Our God never sleeps!

We should also look for a plain weave as well as a plain color. It seems some materials are in great favor among our people such as matlisse, skip-dent, and double knit, just to mention a few. But these certainly don't look fitting for Amish people.

-Indiana

IN MY HOME WE WERE NEVER TAUGHT much on the matter and always had some not quite plain sleepwear. But my husband's family was very strict for all plain colors and also on smooth, untextured materials. They never allowed any slubs, nubs or waffle weaves. As the years go by, I no longer possess any clothes made of the materials they are opposed to. It is something I can do to show respect and I have learned to appreciate this line or boundary.

-Missour

Some people think they need faith as big as a mountain to move a mustard seed.

DORIS- continued from page 34

His purpose, nor can we always understand.

About two years ago the doctors advised me to get some high shoes to give my ankles more support. Another struggle ensued. Wear high shoes! No one else wore them anymore. Why, this was even worse than using a walker. But doctors' orders were to be obeyed; Mother bought the shoes for me. There wasn't anything else to do but to try and be brave. I felt rather embarrassed at first, but gradually I got used to them.

Although I have a part-time victory in submitting myself to my sickness, it is still difficult for me to meet strangers who know nothing about me or my affliction. When it was decided that Mother and I should attend the annual handicap gathering at the Berlin school auditorium in June 1972, a battle raged within me. I could hardly muster enough courage to go. By the time we arrived at the school, I was quite nervous. I thought I couldn't go in and face all those people. We sat in the car awhile and looked the situation over. An Amish man— one of the workers— spied us sitting there. He came over to us and offered his help.

"I don't want to go in," I told the others who were with me.

But the Amish man wouldn't consider my dissenting spirit. He went to the trunk, got the wheelchair out and set it up. "You'll get over your nervousness once you're in there," he tried to encourage me.

Within a short time he was pushing me through the large double doors. The hum of voices greeted my ears — voices of a multitude, it seemed. "Now I'll push you around to meet the other handicaps and friends and then you shake hands and become acquainted," the helper told me.

I gathered up courage and went down the long rows of people along the walls by my own power, and shook hands. Mother and two of my cousins followed. Here were many friends— friends whom I had never met before. Here I wasn't pointed out as being different. I was one of the group. There were many other wheelchairs. Others who could walk yet could not feed themselves, blind ones, those who walked with crutches— and didn't even consider it a shame. They were thankful they could get around. It was easy for me to see that other people have an affliction just as bad as mine, and even worse. I realized I should be satisfied and content.

Today there are many things that have to be done for me. But there are still some things that I'm capable of doing myself. For this I'm thankful. During the night when I'm in need of something, I need not call Mother every time. I slide down onto the floor and glide softly to my destination. It is a slow process but it is something that I can still do alone.

I can wash dishes, and during the summertime help with shelling peas and beans. Others can do this much faster than I, but I can still feel that I'm helping. Every little thing that a handicap with a progressive disease can do helps to fight against the feeling of uselessness. With a sickness like this, one meets defeat often and there's an unending battle to be submissive.

Mother and I are living alone now. I embroider quilts but it is all in the cross stitch. Mother sells flour, raw sugar, and other products for an income. This brings many friends to our door. Friends come and take us along to church, and to distant places at times. One of them took us to Crockett, Kentucky to see the printing house there. Life is still full of pleasant things, and many surprises.

It is not easy for us to know and understand why God lets us go through dark experiences but there is a joy and comfort to know "He is near and will go with us." We dare not question "why" when trials come. We want to seek the blessing our Lord has designed for us when we endure these testings. We know the great love He had for us when He suffered to bring us salvation. He still loves us tenderly if we in true faith believe in Him and do His holy will.

I know I have often failed to see God's hand in all these varied experiences, but we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose. Romans 8:28.

My struggles are not over but now when someone asks about my sickness I can say, "I think it is supposed to be as it is. God has planned it this way to serve His purpose." Doris Geiser, R.1, Applecreek, Ohio 44606

HOME REMEDIES and suggestions

EARACHE REMEDIES

1 dram of opium
10 drops oil of anise

Put in an ounce bottle and fill up with sweet oil. Put from 3 to 4 drops into the ear. —Ohio

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Grate a potato. Pour into cheese bag; then place the bag on the ear. Put a warm flannel cloth on top of the bag, and a warm hot water bottle on top of the cloth. (This remedy is also good for toothache.) — Ohio

***

...My mother used to lay a cold washrag on my ears when I had earache. —Mary Beiler, Virginia

***

Gather small mullein (wool kraut) flowers. Put them into a bottle and then place the bottle in the sun. The flowers emit an oil. Put a drop or two into the sore ear. Plug the ear with cotton. This is a proven remedy. —A reader

***

FOR SORE THROAT: Put a garlic bulb into the mouth. Keep in the mouth a long time and bite into it every so often. The juice will burn the throat. This should be done until the throat doesn't burn anymore from the garlic. (Plant garlic around the trunk of trees to keep insects and worms away.) —The Kramers

***

FOR CROUP: Rub kerosene on the sole of the feet before going to bed. Put stockings on to keep the feet warm.

***

FOR STUBBORN CROUP, OR SORE THROAT: Wet a cloth in cold tap water. Squeeze water out. Apply to throat or chest. Have a woolen cloth ready to place on top of the cold cloth. Cover the patient with an ample amount of covers. This usually gives immediate relief.

Across The Window Sill
by Aunt Becky
SALT

THE SIMPLE THINGS OF LIFE

What are the simple things of life?
  A pleasant thought shared by husband and wife.
Bright leaves that rustle on the ground.
  A nest where little birds are found.
A rainbow shining when the storm is through.
  A child saying, "Mommie, I love you."
Barefoot children splashing in the rain.
  The lonesome whistle of a passing train.
The crack of mother earth where seed is sown.
  Furrows in a field where corn is grown.
The Dipper when you find it in the sky.
  Snowflakes as they gently tumble by.
Sight of a child with a new-found toy.
  A puppy cuddled by a little boy.
Strolling hand in hand on wind-swept beach.
  All this is happiness within your reach.
—Adapted by Marian L. Ruattt

* * *

Now that we are nearing the bleak days of November, I began to envy these people who live in warm climates. Nevertheless, I find there's something enchanting in flying snows and complaining winds. Especially if there's a cozy spot by the stove and a song of thankfulness in the heart.

But ofttimes I can't have the feeling of thankfulness as I should have; so it was good for me to have a sharp reminder the other day of the many reasons to be more appreciative.

A Korean friend, who was formerly a Buddhist, came to our home. He told how he, as an orphaned child, had nothing to eat but barley cooked in salt water, twice daily, for five years.

Can we imagine what the American children would say if they would come for breakfast and would find nothing on the table but barley cooked in salt water? Then the mother would tell them that they wouldn't have any dinner. The children would have a long day of work and play. When they came to the supper table there was nothing again but barley cooked in salt water. This would still be something to be thankful for, but I can imagine someone saying, "If it would be like that then we would eat to live and not live to eat."

How many of the readers remember the tramp's hash that Grandmother used to make when the tramps came knocking on the door? Of course the hash was good for feeding the hungry family also. There was the usually leftover sausage which was thinly sliced. To this Grandmother added 6 medium sized potatoes, cut into small wedges. Then she would add 2 medium sized onions, sliced. She cooked the three ingredients together until soft.

Hash could also be made with other leftover meat, such as beef. This was cut in small pieces, then cooked in the beef stock with 2 sliced onions, and some diced potatoes-- as many as desired. Enough bread crumbs were added before serving to soak up the beef stock.

Josephine Horvath wrote to say how much they enjoy the second graham cracker recipe that was printed in the July Family Life. Her letter states: "I replaced some of the flour with ground sunflower seeds, then sprinkled the crackers with cinnamon. The next time I will mix the cinnamon with the flour. Thanks to the lady who shared her recipe. We like them better than the ones from the store."

Now someone ought to come up with a good soda cracker recipe.

***

I HOPE Mrs. Dan Yoder doesn't mind if I send an idea in that I picked up in her home. She has two divider trays in a drawer, one on top of the other. On the bottom one she has extra spoons, small lids, and other "odds and ends."

Wonder if other families eat as much "thick" tomatoes (tomato gravy) as we do? I add about 3 egg yolks to my flour mixture for thickening to a pint of tomato juice. This gives more food value. Also add 4 to 6 yolks to hot bread soup instead of beans. Beat them and add a little cold milk then pour into boiling milk. Remove from heat and add bread. --Mrs. Andy Miller
(Diced hard-boiled eggs added to the hot milk soup is also delicious. — Aunt Becky)

***

THESE COLD WINTER months we can't go to the garden for fresh vegetables and greens for a raw salad. For health's sake I like to keep sprouts on hand and serve them often. I use alfalfa seed, mung beans, and lentils. I also want to try hulled oats, if I can find some. Lettuce seed is very good sprouted.

To sprout the seeds, I soak them in a jar with plenty of water for at least 24 hours, changing the water at least every 12 hours. After they are soaked well, I drain off all the water and leave them stand covered until sprouted but keep on rinsing them several times a day. I spread alfalfa seeds on the bottom of a covered cake pan after the seeds are soaked. I serve the sprouts with salad dressing.

Be sure the seed is not treated with chemicals.
—Mrs. Raymond S. Kropf

(Parsley can also be grown indoors for a green in winter.—Aunt Becky)

***

If you have bother with cold feet when going away in winter, then place a piece of styrofoam insulation in the bottom of the buggy box.

A friend from New Hampshire sent advice for those who use aladdin lamps. When the mantle needs cleaning shake a few grains of salt down the lamp chimney while the lamp is still burning. Within a few minutes the mantel will be clean.

***

IF YOU WANT to be miserable, think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what others should do for you, and what others think of you. But if you should happen to think of all you have and what others have done for you plus all your blessings from above, you'll forget about being miserable.

—Mrs. Ray Miller

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ALL LITTLE CHILDREN like pasting. Here is a paste recipe that is not messy if spilled: 1/2 cup flour, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 tablespoon powdered alum, 1 pint warm water, 15 drops oil of cloves. Cook in a double boiler until it has a clear appearance like starch. The oil of cloves is for the scent only and can be omitted. Store in a cool place. —Mrs. Joe K. Zehr

OLD FASHIONED SAUER KRAUT

Measure 3 tablespoons pure granulated salt and sprinkle over 5 pounds shredded cabbage. Allow the salted cabbage to stand a few minutes to wilt slightly. Mix well, with clean hands or a spoon, to distribute salt uniformly. Pack the salted cabbage into a large crock. Press down firmly with stamper, until the juices drawn out will just cover the shredded cabbage. Place a water filled plastic bag on top of the cabbage. This fits snugly against the cabbage and against the sides of the container and prevents exposure to air. Place crock in room with temperature of 68° to 72°.

In stead of covering the cabbage with a plastic bag you may cover it with a clean, thin, white cloth (such as muslin) and tuck the edges down against the inside of the container. Cover with a plate or round paraffined board that just fits inside the container so that the cabbage is not exposed to the air. Put a weight on top of the cover so the brine comes to the cover but not over it. A glass jar filled with water makes a good weight.

When fermentation is complete, remove from crock and heat in kettle to simmering temperature. Pack hot sauerkraut into clean, hot jars; cover with hot juice, filling to 1/2 inch of top of jar. Adjust lids. Place jars in boiling water bath and process 15 minutes for pints and 20 minutes for quarts. Start to count the processing time as soon as hot jars are placed into the actively boiling water.

Remove jars from the canner and complete seals if necessary. Set jars upright, several inches apart, on wire rack to cool.

An off odor indicates that sauerkraut may be spoiled. It rots when it isn't covered sufficiently to keep out air.

SAUER KRAUT (short method)

For this it is well to use large bursted heads of cabbage. Shred and chop. Pack in jars. Add 1 teaspoon salt to each can. Fill the jars with boiling water. Do not seal tightly. Let stand to ferment— about 10 days. Turn the lids tightly and store.

KRAUT SALAD

1 qt. sauerkraut, drained
1 cup celery (cut fine)
1 small mango (cut fine)
1 small onion (cut fine)
1/2 cup cooking oil
1 cup sugar
1/2 cup vinegar
Mix.

CRANBERRY SALAD

Mix: 1 1/4 c. boiling water and 1 box cherry jello
Cook together: 1 cup ground cranberries, 1 cup sugar, and a little water.
When the above two mixtures have cooled then mix together and add: 1 cup apples, ground
1 cup crushed pineapple
nuts —From Mother's Cookbook

NO BAKE PUMPKIN PIE

1 baked pie shell
1/4 t. ginger
1/2 t. nutmeg
1 1/2 t. cinnamon
dash of cloves
1 3/4 cup pumpkin
1 pkg. butterscotch pudding and pie filling mix
1/2 t. salt
1/4 cup sugar
1 1/4 cup milk

Add spices to pudding mix. Place in sauce pan; add milk; stir. Cook until thick; remove from heat. Stir in pumpkin and pour into pie shell. Chill. Serve with whipped cream and top with chopped pecans.

— Mrs. Menas Wickey, Indiana

A Mother's Concern

What a blessing our children can be,
But getting them to obey is what worries me;
For the evils in this world are very strong;
Oh, can we keep them from the wrong?

They can at times so stubborn be,
So daily, God, we ask of Thee
To guide our hands — and the rod as well;
So some day they in your home may dwell.

I worry that maybe too strict are we
As we whip and scold them — how oft must it be?
Oh, I wish them to be always good and kind;
Many times I have Proverbs 13:24 in mind.

We thank Thee for these gifts from above;
We wish to show them the true love;
Help us each day, as we work and pray,
To teach our children in the right way.

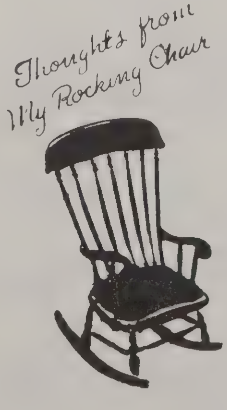
-A Young Mother

Some Mothers Write

One day our little daughter, to my surprise, asked, "Mother, are the birds cousins to the angels?" Which reminds me of the saying, "The reason birds can fly and we can't is because they have perfect faith, and to have perfect faith is to have wings."

-A Mother, Pennsylvania

After several cloudy days the sun came out very bright and our four-year-old grandson said, "The sun got a new battery." —Mrs. M. S., Pa.


Thoughts from My Rocking Chair

Real thankfulness helps to drive away depressive thoughts.

- Aunt Becky

A PAGE FOR Shut-Ins

My Father Planned It All

What tho' the way be lonely,
And dark the shadows fall;
I know, where e'er it leadeth,
My Father planned it all.

There may be sunshine tomorrow,
Shadows may break and flee;
'Twill be the way He chooses
The Father's plan for me.

He guides my falt'ring footsteps
Along the weary way,
For well He knows the pathway
Will lead to endless day.

A day of light and gladness,
On which no shade will fall;
'Tis this at last awaits me--
My Father planned it all.

I sing through the shade and the sunshine,
I'll trust Him whatever befall;
I sing for I cannot be silent—
My Father planned it all.
(Submitted by Doris)

I was happy on that day in October for I had everything to look forward to. I was young— nineteen years of age— healthy, and I had a job that I had started only a month before. It was at a candy factory where my sister Florence worked. This was about six miles from home.

Florence, who was two years older than I, had plans to marry the next week. I was looking forward to the wedding with anticipation for I had been chosen to be one of the tablewaiters. At the time I didn't realize that something would happen that would change all my planning for the future, and my whole life as well.

It was only a few days before the wedding. The weather was crisp and clear. We were preparing for the special occasion and there was much to be done.

"Doris, gong ie chawar un räch upis fruit." This came from sister Florence as she was packing her lunch to go to work. (We spoke the Swiss language constantly at home.) I dropped what I was doing to do Florence's bidding and hurried to the cellar door.

As I came to the top of the stairway my feet flew out from under me and the next moment I was lying on the cold cement floor of the cellar. I was still conscious. The others were soon by my side to see if I was hurt and in need of help.

"I'm not hurt much," I assured them as I got slowly to my feet, being partly lifted by the others. Without assistance I walked to the can cellar and got a can of peaches.

Several weeks afterwards I became nauseated and had vomiting spells. Later I began to see double and didn't have full control of myself. I didn't think it anything to become alarmed about. The chiropractor and about three other doctors didn't know what was wrong, or maybe they didn't want to tell me. Not until I consulted a naturopath did I find out that I had multiple sclerosis. At that time I was still continuing with my job but my hands were becoming so unsteady that I couldn't fill out my time slips. A friend had to do that for me.

At the candy factory I stood in front of a small conveyor belt which had small partitions on it. In these small cups I laid suckers. I tried to keep the cups full so the suckers would go through faster. This I could do at first but as time went on I could do just every other partition. Later there were quite a number of partitions left empty. I struggled against the thought of having to quit my job. My thoughts became bitter and I faced discouragement. Why does this have to happen to me, I thought. But there was no answer to my question. Others could go as they wanted to, and not only that, by this time they had to help me along too. I was fighting against a relentless enemy that was too strong for me. Regardless of how I felt, I knew I had to quit my job. My doctor also advised me to do so because of my condition.

Now I was without an income and there wasn't much anymore that I could do. I could wipe the dishes for Mother, and I could still sing...when I felt like it.

Letter writing also became almost impossible. A typewriter didn't entirely solve the problem; I kept hitting the wrong keys. With determination I kept on practicing for I did not want to discontinue my correspondence.

Mother didn't understand my condition either but she wanted to help me. "Maybe if you practice you can get your writing back," she told me one day.

I took her advice and seated myself in front of the typewriter. Even if I practiced a lot, I still kept hitting the wrong keys. I couldn't control my hands. My left arm was affected more than the right one. At times I took a pen and tried to write, steadying my one hand with the other. But both hands shook and I soon saw that regaining my writing was impossible. I felt defeated.

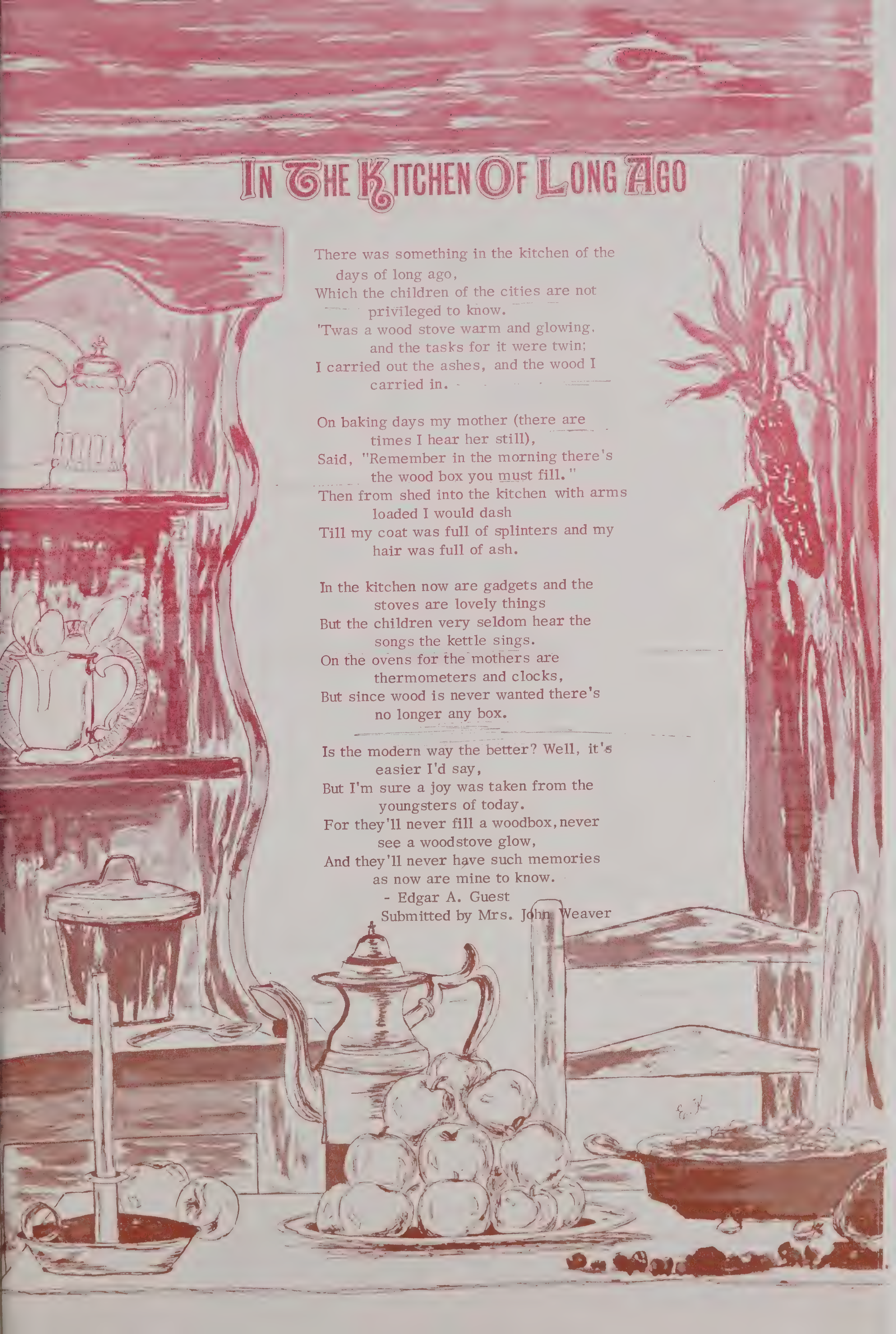
Some time after my fall my mother's father came to live with us. He had a leg amputated. This brought many visitors to our home. I enjoyed having company and this helped to get my thoughts away from myself.

Grandpa was with us twenty-seven months before he died. He spent his time in a hospital bed in the living room, but my domain was inside the kitchen window. I sat there for hours (and I still do) watching the "world in action." We live on the outskirts of Kidron, Ohio— a small village. On some days quite a lot of traffic goes by. As the cars and Amish buggies pass by, the friends wave to me. Only an invalid knows how much a wave of the hand and a smile means. They remind us that we are not forgotten.

When the time came when it was necessary for me to use a walker, I fought against it. I did not want to be seen in public leaning over a little iron frame. To me, my mother's arm was not quite so "humiliating."

Little by little I learned that being handicapped is not the worst thing that can happen to a person; and that such things are ordered by God. We cannot always see

-Continued on page 31



IN THE KITCHEN OF LONG AGO

There was something in the kitchen of the
days of long ago,
Which the children of the cities are not
privileged to know.
'Twas a wood stove warm and glowing,
and the tasks for it were twin;
I carried out the ashes, and the wood I
carried in.

On baking days my mother (there are
times I hear her still),
Said, "Remember in the morning there's
the wood box you must fill."
Then from shed into the kitchen with arms
loaded I would dash
Till my coat was full of splinters and my
hair was full of ash.

In the kitchen now are gadgets and the
stoves are lovely things
But the children very seldom hear the
songs the kettle sings.
On the ovens for the mothers are
thermometers and clocks,
But since wood is never wanted there's
no longer any box.

Is the modern way the better? Well, it's
easier I'd say,
But I'm sure a joy was taken from the
youngsters of today.
For they'll never fill a woodbox, never
see a woodstove glow,
And they'll never have such memories
as now are mine to know.

- Edgar A. Guest

Submitted by Mrs. John Weaver

Why We Can Can Foods

Now that another summer has gone and we face the winter, most of us can look with a certain amount of satisfaction on a cellar filled with canned foods. There are rows upon rows of mason jars filled with fruits and vegetables from the gardens, orchards and vineyards, enough to furnish many a meal for a hungry family. Because of the high prices and threatened food shortages during the past year, even many families in the cities have suddenly began to store away food by laying up a supply of canned goods.

We like to think of this as a tradition which has been kept up by our people and carried over from the days before the supermarket, when everyone did a lot of canning and preserving at home every year. We like to think of it as a custom which has been kept up many hundreds of years. This is true in one sense of the word because our forefathers have always believed in laying up and storing food by whatever method was available. But if we go back in history, we find that canning as a method of preserving foods was not a common practice more than a hundred years ago.

For many centuries, even in the early Bible times, it was known that certain foods can be kept for long periods of time if stored under proper conditions. Wheat, corn, beans and certain other foods which which are raised in sunlight can be kept indefinitely. Other foods like apples, potatoes and carrots. if the skin is unbroken, can be stored in barrels in the garden of in the cellar. Meats can be kept by drying, salting or freezing them. Grape juice was made into wine which could be kept for long intervals.

Game from the forests was available during much of the year while fresh fruits, berries and vegetables were to be had during the summer months.

But for long periods, especially during the winter months, no fresh fruits or vegetables were to be had. Since these foods are rich in vitamins, this resulted in a serious lack of vitamins at certain times of the year. Also when peole were travelling, or armies went to war, there was a problem of keeping them supplied with food.

As recently as 200 years ago there was no known method of keeping foods by cznning them. At that time no one knew why foods spoil so it was difficult to find a means of keeping it from spoiling.

In 1795 the French government offered a reward of 12,000 francs to anyone who could devise a way to preserve perishable foods. This was a very large sum of money for those days. Appert, a candy-maker experimented by the hit and miss method until he succeeded in achieving it. He covered the foods with water and heated them to about 200 degrees for a certain length of time. Then he corked the containers so no air could get in. The people at that time believed that food spoilage was caused by air. In 1810 the French government tried Appert's method and found it to work. He was awarded the prize.

It was fifty years later before Louis Pasteur proved to the world that spoilage is caused by the presence of bacteria, molds and yeast. By heating milk to 150 degrees for three minutes he was able to kill most of these bacteria without affecting the flavor of the milk. This procedure is called "pasteurization" but it does not kill all the bacteria or the molds and yeasts.

Appert's method was at first costly and time consuming. It first came into common use in the United States. In 1823, William Underwood started a canning factory in Boston which is still in operation, probably the oldest canning factory in the world. Underwood used metal cannisters but the word was later shortened to "cans". The cans were made by hand and one man did good if he made fifty in a day. It was not until 1877 that a machine was perfected to manufacture cans. By using this machine, a man and a boy could turn out 1500 cans a day.

But tin cans have never been widely used for home canning. The reason for this is that a very exacting machine is required to properly seal the cans. The machines that were sold for home use were not built well enough to guarantee satisfactory work.

In 1858 a man by the name of John L. Mason invented a glass container with a screw top lid which proved satisfactory for home canning. As the years went by, the Mason jar became widely used until today it is a household word. His jar used a one piece lid with a rubber ring to make it airtight. In 1909 Alexander Kerr made a cap with a rubber gasket on the lid. A few years later, he came out with the two piece lid commonly used today.

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Aylmer, Ontario
In U.S.A. — Family Life
LaGrange, IN 46761

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Home canning has come a long way since Appert first made his discovery. Although no method has ever been devised that will keep food as tasty and healthful as when it is fresh, , if it is properly canned it can come very close , to it. The secret is to know how long to heat the food and at what temperature in order to preserve it. Some vegetables can be canned by heating them to 200 degrees for several minutes. Meat, on the other hand must usually be cooked for several hours.

Today the average housewife would no more think of going through the summer without canning fruits and vegetables than she would think of not making a garden in the spring. ■

FAMILY LIFE

December
1973

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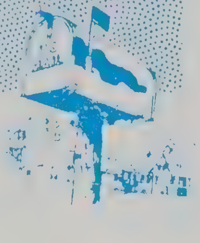

LEAVES IMPRESSION NOW

● I wish to thank the author of "Alone In The House" (October issue). Mentally, I've written on various interesting subjects such as "A Shoe That Fits Many Feet" and especially the child training series but nothing took hold of me as hard as this. I decided to do more than think about writing.

Many times I have looked back on the short time it took for our eleven children to grow up and wondered, did we appreciate them as we should have? With work piled up and with the duties to keep food on the table as well as clothes for the family, perhaps we had those things in mind too much and didn't count the blessings as we should have.

Years ago when our children were small we were told by older parents, "You're living in the best years of your life." It didn't leave much of an impression then but now I know what they meant. Now our children have small children of their own and we tell them the same thing, but they can not see it now.

I heard several young women say, "That article could well have been written by Mother." Our children could say the same thing. My husband's parents were living with us and many times they helped us with the bushels of beans, peas, pears, or whatever we had to do. Twenty years have gone by since.

We still have several children at home but this evening as my husband and youngest daughter left for the home of one of the married ones, he remarked, "Now YOU'RE all alone in the house!" -E.M.S., Ontario

● I found the short article "Alone In The House" very meaningful. It made me realize that today will soon be yesterday and then perhaps I will see that I have too much neglected to enjoy our children. Yes, there are times when there is lots of work, the toybox scattered all over the floor, diapers to fold, and cleaning and mending to do. Those thoughts have come to me, "Maybe some day I can have a tidy house once we have grown children to help." I couldn't help but ponder on the thoughts for awhile and think, "How nice that would be!"

As I read the article, my heart filled with gratitude, not for what I may have someday, but for what I have right now. It's not too late for me— our children are still small and I'm going to enjoy them and "their work" while they're young. I hope that with God's help, I will never wish they were grown already for today will too soon be yesterday. -Mother of Two Sons, Ontario

● I appreciated the article and I feel it should be a real challenge for us who have growing children to take time and appreciate them more in the midst of many cares. However, (and I believe the author would agree), I do not think that life should become less meaningful as we grow older. As we walk by faith and anticipate the glorious future, many Scriptures such as 2 Cor. 5:1 ought to greatly encourage us. -A.G., Ontario

MOTHERS DO HAVE PATIENCE

● 'What Mother Needed," in the October issue certainly sounded true-to-life. We have three small children and so often it seems I have hardly gotten anything done and it is already time for lunch. Like right now I am writing this letter and since we live away from most of our relatives, it takes a lot of letter writing. The little ones like to write, too, which means that if Mother's watchful eye isn't continually watching there will be more written on couches, chairs, floors and the other furniture than on paper.

The article reminded me of a Saturday evening before we had church when the cleaning had all been done, the children hungry and Daddy still had some work outside to do. I wanted to take a bath so I gave the children sugared blueberries and sandwiches to eat. When I came out to the kitchen again, the youngest one had spilled her blueberries and they were sliding through them. What a sticky mess on a clean kitchen floor!

-Mrs. J. E. M., Michigan

● In the story "What Mother Needed", I think she had a lot of patience in what she was doing. Perhaps the five-year-old would be a bit young to try to handle the pan of soup.

I suppose nearly any mother could think back to times of both joy and sorrow. I regret now that I didn't take time to read to them before they took their naps until the youngest one came. I always thought when they're napping is the time to dig in and get my work done. Instead I should have rested, too. I guess it's a lot the way you were brought up. -Indiana Mother

TOO MUCH OF A BARGAIN

● I like to read the hired girl stories but we had a problem with our hired girl which is different from any I have seen. Last summer we had a hired girl several weeks while my fractured arm was healing. When we decided to let her go home, we were surprised when she said we owe her ten dollars a week. Why, years ago when I used to work as a hired girl, I got almost that much and prices have doubled and tripled since.

She told us that this is what she always asks for. Her father said it's not what a person earns that counts, but what he saves. There is a lot of truth to that, yet, I can't help thinking of the figures that appeared on my bill the last time I bought dress material and footwear for the coming winter. With such wages, I wonder how our young people can compete with the currant prices? Or perhaps we just had a generous hired girl and others are charging more. I wonder what others think is a reasonable wage now-a-days?

-Concerned-For-The-Young-Folks

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SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

● I appreciated the Views and Values for October entitled "A Selfish World." The lesson points out that most people look out for themselves first. In the story, the crowd of people surged toward the salesman to get the free knives. Why are we, as plain people, so eager to get something for nothing? Should we depend on other people to give us something for nothing rather than trusting God to provide our needs? In Proverbs 28:22 we read, "He that hasteth to be rich hath an evil eye and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him."

-Pennsylvania Reader

CHAINS FOR CHAIN LETTERS?

● We were glad to see your article on chain letters (October issue). The last while we have been wearied by so many dollar showers in our community. Many of these run something like this, "Please send a dollar to cheer..." I fail to see how a dollar bill could cheer anyone. I think a small gift to bedridden people and their families would be much more cheering. I've never been hungry with no food in the house and I don't think these people have either. Where there are hospital bills, help is needed and we hope we can do our duty through the church. -Mohnton, Pa.

● I would agree with most of the article about chain letters, but what if you are on the receiving end? I was in the hospital a year ago with heart trouble and later had open heart surgery. The hospital bill was $191 a day. Besides this there were the doctors' fees. With the help of our church district and friends, things were working out. Then a chain letter was started, I believe two different ones. I was off work four months and having a family of three small children to care for. We received money and mail from almost every settlement in the U.S. Now all my expenses are paid. We feel very unworthy of it all. Incidentally, the surgery was successful and I now feel better than I have felt for years and am very thankful for it all. -Daniel D. Miller, Ohio

● I would like to give an experience I had with chain letters. Sometime ago I sent a dollar for a man whom the chain letter said was sick and in need. Imagine my surprise when a short time later, my money was returned to me. The man's wife wrote that her husband had passed away several months earlier and that now on top of her griefs and sorrows, she has the extra burden of returning the money which the well-meaning friends keep on sending. I can believe she is wishing there would be some other way to get the letter stopped.

-Wondering If There Isn't A Better Way To Help

● After reading the article on chain letters in the October issue, I thought I would send you a copy of a letter I got from our local postmaster. Apparently a chain letter was addressed to me but the postoffice department refused to deliver it. Here is what he sent me:

"We have received a chain letter on which your name appears. Since you may not be aware of the possible violations of postal laws involved in the mailing of chain letters, the following information may be of interest to you:

1. Chain letters which request money, bonds, books or other items of value, and promise a substantial return to the remitter which is dependent upon the activities of those who follow in the chain, are regarded as non-mailable under postal lottery and fraud laws, Title 18, U.S. Code Sections 1302, 1341.

2. Chain letters which call for nothing more than recipes, picture postcards and the like are ordinarily considered to be mailable inasmuch as the items sent do not constitute a thing of value within the meaning of the applicable law.

3. Postal cards involving "goodluck" chain prayers, which contain a threat of bad luck to those breaking the chain are considered non-mailable under Title 18, U.S. Code, Section 1718 which prohibits threatening matter on the outside of mail.

"Since all these laws provide for substantial fines and imprisonment upon conviction, you may wish to dissociate yourself from this chain letter scheme and advise persons from whom you receive such letters that they should promptly discontinue all chain letter activity. Sincerely, Postal Inspector in Charge."

-Ohio

FOR LACK OF INCOME

● I have been told that the Amish around _____, _____ have a hard time of making a living on their farms and are selling out and leaving. I know that their non-Amish neighbors like them as neighbors and would hate to see them go. I was wondering if they might be interested in making and selling such things as quilts, hand knitting, jams and jellies, home-baked bread, molasses, home-built furniture, etc. A lot of people no longer do these things because they don't know how. If it were advertised in the newspapers, I think people would drive from the cities to shop for such items made by the Amish. Perhaps this would be one way to make extra income but if it's out of line with their beliefs, then I am sorry for sticking my nose in. -Harrisonville, Missouri

EDITOR'S NOTE- This may be one reason, but when an Amish settlement decides to move out, usually there are also other reasons which would be harder to solve.

MISTAKE WE HAVE MADE

● In the Pen Points, October issue, "I'd Rather Be A Negro," it is incomprehensible that the article included dialect that YOU assume is typical of how negroes talk. This is embarrassing to any Black person who would happen to read your publication and is out of fashion to have Christian publications resort to this type of RACISM to explain a point. Could you not have made your point without stigmatizing the Negro in a supposed way of talking?

You may not have thought this offending but if you read something in an English publication concerning the Amish and the Amish are written about in the dialect, don't you get upset? For instance, I have read several articles on the Amish where quotes are written like "Jacob, thy brother," etc. The Amish simply don't talk like this. You have offended a racial minority and neglected that your people are characterized much like you have done with the Negro in this article.

What we need is straight reporting in the English language without any effort to strain the language to present a stigmatized group. You should refrain from further articles of that type and refuse to print them.

-Jim Melton, Virginia

EVERYTHING NICE WITHOUT WORKING

● While sorting through some papers today in getting ready to move, I found a copy of the July, 1968 Family

Life. This is the issue which had the story about the forbidden dish, which I think is very good. I had to wonder, how many couples do we have today who want to have everything real nice without working for it? I still think we appreciate it more if we get busy and earn with our own hands what we need of this world's goods.

-Hartville, Ohio

LEAVE THE REST TO GOD

● I took an extra interest in the letter "Mothers, Do Not Weep" (October issue.) Maybe if I could have such a nice dream about our boy we had to part with this summer, I could also feel better. Although we knew Heaven is the place we wanted to go and strive for, now we long to go.

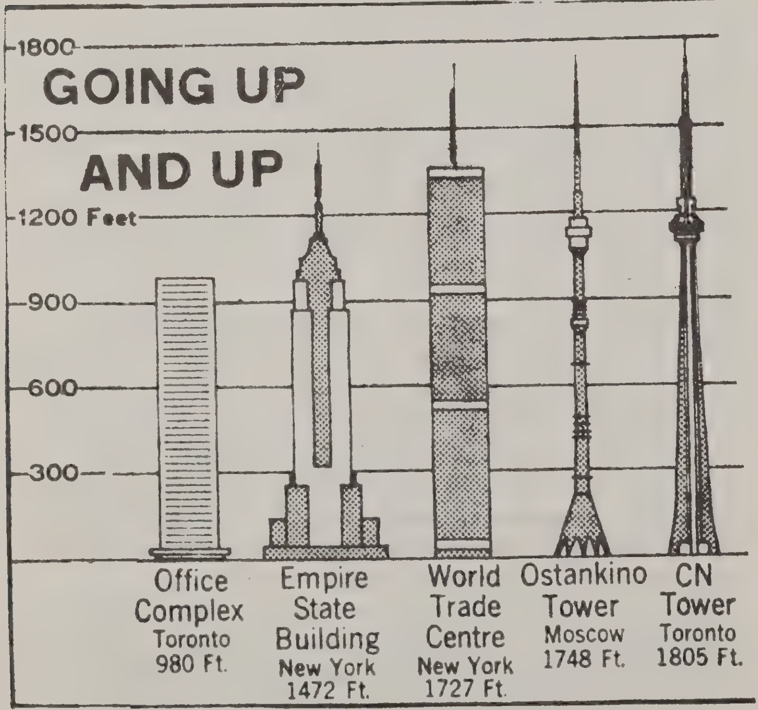
Months before our oldest boy went to school, I used to lie awake and worry about his walk to and from school. Then one night a few weeks before school started, I had a dream, too. He was walking down the road and a car was coming real fast directly toward him. At the last moment a very big arm came down and picked him up until the car was past. Then he went on his way. I took from this dream that I have to do the best I can and leave the rest to God. Our son is now in his third year and through these years, that dream has helped me.

-E.B., Ohio

STILL REACHING HIGHER

● I found the item in the October issue quite interesting concerning the tallest building. However, a few days later I found this picture in a newspaper. According to this article, the new C.N. Tower in Toronto will be the world's tallest building. (It is still under construction).

Yes, it looks like there is a race on to see who can be the greatest, but let's keep in mind that regardless of whether the tallest building is in Canada, Russia or the U.S., someday, perhaps in the near future, God will reveal with all power and might who is the greatest of all. Then these accomplishments of man will look very small and not worth mentioning. -H.D.W., Ontario



WITCHCRAFT IS COMING BACK

● Just read the item, "Marijuana Next" (October issue) and this brings to mind other things that should be brought to the attention of the plain people. Many of us do not get out enough to realize what is really happening.

Recently while waiting in a store we picked up a book and leafed through it. Our attention was drawn to one paragraph which read, "If you want to worship the devil, always do as you please, never do anything to please anyone else." After reading this, we looked at the title and saw that it was not a book for us to read.

I have heard that the devil has his own bible and that thousands of these books have been sold. There is also a report that witchcraft is coming back but I do not know in what form. I have heard there is an organization in California composed of witches. Just what is witchcraft and how will it affect us? I think we should have an article on the subject. -Tunas, Missouri

EDITOR'S NOTE- An article is being planned.

COMMENTS ON THE COMET

● I remember seeing the Halley Comet when I was twelve years old. Dad awoke us at about two o'clock at night to look at it. It was almost directly north, halfway up in the sky. The tail reached about halfway to the horizon. It was bright like pale moonlight.

The same summer we saw another comet; it was not so bright and smaller, more like a star with a tail, that seemed only a foot long. We saw it in the evening directly overhead. -Missouri

● With regard to your article on comets in October issue, one error should be mentioned. Aristotle was not a Christian writer. He lived in the fourth century B.C. His writings were used as the principle texts in scientific matters in European universities until perhaps 1850.

-G.F., New Jersey

● The article about comets and meteors was interesting. On November 17, 1966 in the Missouri Ozarks, where we live, we saw a wonder of God when the stars began to fall. From five o'clock until daylight, and some saw them earlier, there were streaks as the stars fell and made bright flashes like distant lightning. I saw one curved streak that stayed for some time. It was estimated that just before dawn several thousand meteors per hour were falling. Some reported seeing red and green flashes. -O.O. Swartzentruber, Missouri

● Where could I get a good telescope to look at the comet and the stars in general? What kind would you recommend? -Ohio

ANSWER- It all depends what you want it for and how much you want to pay. The reflector types are the best for astronomy, but they are not worth much for looking at objects on earth. The refractor type will cost more but they can be used for looking at objects around you although they will be too cumbersome to move around readily. The refractor types are also much easier to keep clean and in shape.

For around $100, you should be able to get one from companies like Sears, Roebuck or Montgomery Ward. If you want a low priced professional model we would recommend one of the following:

Six inch Reflector. Criterion Dynascope, RV6, Price $215. Weight, 48 lbs., has clock drive. Criterion Mfg. Co., 331 Church St. Hartford, Conn. 06101

4 1/2 inch reflector Mayflower 824, Price $190. ($265

with clock drive) Weight, 23 lbs. Colonial Optical Company, Inglewood, California

2 1/2 inch Refractor, Bushnell Sky Chief II, Price $211, Wt. 21 lbs. Bushnell Optical Company, Pasadena, Calif.

Usually a choice of magnifications are available. Ordinarily a 45 power lens is the best for amateur work. If you magnify the image too much you make it blurry. If you want more information, write Family Life.

■■

WORLD WIDE WINDOW

MODERN ISRAEL A SECULAR NATION

The birth and spectacular growth of the modern nation of Israel has been taken by many people as a fulfillment of prophecy that in the end time, Israel will again turn to God and be God's chosen people. Although it is true that thousands of Jews are returning to Jerusalem every year, there seems to be very little indication that they are turning to God. A recent feature story by the New York Times throws some light on the subject.

According to the Times writer, about 16,000 Jews have immigrated during the past two years from the Georgia region of the Soviet Union to Israel. In spite of severe persecutions in Russia, these Jews have kept up their religious traditions. They regard themselves as descendants from one of the tribes of Israel and were never assimilated into the Russian culture. In one case when the communists had ordered one of their synagogues to be demolished, hundreds of the Jews prevented it by lying down on the road in front of the heavy machinery sent to demolish it.

These Jews had been under the impression that the nation of Israel was keeping up the Jewish traditions, but were shocked to find out that this was not the case.

"While in Russia, we had heard that everything closes down on Friday evening and nobody does any work," a building contractor is quoted as saying. "But we found it to be altogether different than we expected. Now I'm even ashamed to say to my friends that I pray."

These Jews brought with them the copy of the Torah scrolls and their own rabbis. They send their children to religious schools and are quick to express shock at mini-skirts and other acts of immodesty.

But the secular influences in Israel are leaving their mark on these Jews. In Ashdod, for instance a few of them who are factory workers, have begun accepting overtime work on the Sabbath.

One young worker said he was a devout Jew in Russia but found this impossible here because of the shift he works on. "I can't get up at three o'clock to pray," he said.

One of the workers made the statement, "In Russia we were observant the way we should be. There was Jerusalem, not here."

All these things give us more reason to believe that the prophecies given in the Bible concerning Israel's return to God in the end time should be understood in a spiritual sense, that is, the spiritual Israel, the people of God. In the end time apparently should be understood as the last dispensation, the time since the first coming of Christ.

BAD NEWS FOR "SMOKE NOW- STOP LATER" PERSONS

According to the latest findings, those who keep on smoking with the thought that "I can quit any time I want to if it starts hurting me," are on dangerous ground. According to a recent article in Reader's Digest by medical authority Walter S. Ross, every cigarette you puff does some damage.

According to the article, the instant you start smoking a cigarette, it goes to work on your heart, your lungs, and your whole body. Your heart starts pounding an extra 15 to 25 beats per minute, your blood pressure jumps 10 to 20 points, the smoke starts to eat up the delicate membranes in your mouth, throat and lungs leaving a coating of cancer-causing chemicals. Chemicals are also deposited in your stomach, kidneys, bladder and other organs. It has been estimated that one third of bladder cancers in the United States are caused by cigarettes.

Smoking also produces carbon monoxide, a gas so deadly that health authorities have set a limit on the amount of this substance which is permissible in factories. When you smoke, you get 640 times as much carbon monoxide as the amount which is considered unsafe to work in. The worst part of this is that when this smoke eats up the lung tissue, the tissue is destroyed forever. Most body organs can regenerate themselves under favorable conditions, but your lungs can not. Today the terrible disease of emphysema is increasing by leaps and bounds, caused by smoking.

Yet there is hope for those who quit. The first benefit is that chronic brochitis and "smoker's hack" will clear up. If you quit smoking for a year, your chance of having a heart attack goes down sharply. After two years you start moving out of the lung cancer danger zone.

The thing to keep in mind is that every time you smoke you are doing a little bit of permanent damage to your body. When you quit, then this tearing down stops and whatever breathing capacity you have left, you keep.

We as Christians have a still bigger reason not to smoke. Our bodies are to be a temple of God, and anything we do to injure our bodies knowingly is a sin. We need all the strength and resources which God has given us.

■■

Christmas

'Twas weeks before Christmas and all through the house
What a mess and a hurry— no rest for a mouse.
Gifts were selected, wrapped fancy with care
In hopes of receiving an equal share.

The children were excited for many weeks ahead,
Visions of Christmas gifts danced in their heads;
Poor Ma all worn out from planning the whole matter
Found no time for the Gift from the heavenly Father.

God gave us the greatest Gift that e'er was sent,
But neglected is Jesus— the cause of the event;
He's far more important than the Christmas exchange
Yet forsaken He must feel in the great avalanche.

Let us ponder over this "Holy-Day" matter;
The sad fact may be found of many a father;
For a long period of time in debt he may be—
Is this laying up treasures for eternity? -Mrs. E. T

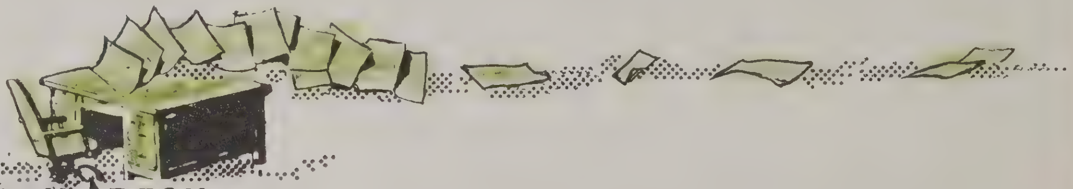
PATHWAY PEN POINTS

THE LORD SPEAKS WITH KIND WORDS

I am a hired girl. Yesterday as I was going about my work, the man I work for was preparing to go outside. Before going out, he came over to the stove and rebuked me for having the stove open so far the day before. In a kind way he told me it is not necessary to burn as much wood in a day as I had. That way the kitchen will not get so warm that we have to open windows and doors to let out the heat. I was about ready to say what I thought about it when he went on. He told me how the stove works when everything is open, also how it works when everything is closed. When he was through with his lecture he said he realized that I wasn't used to a wood burning cookstove. He just thought he would explain it to me so I would know how to regulate it better. After thinking about it awhile I knew the Lord had spoken to me through him. I was glad I didn't talk back to him.

Sometime ago at the place where I worked, the woman would occasionally rebuke me, too. But she did it in a manner that only angered me instead of helping me. Once when she was trying to tell me something and I didn't accept it very well, she rebuked me by telling me that the Lord is speaking to me through her. She wasn't really speaking in a nice manner but was speaking somewhat angrily.

After thinking it over that time, I realized I shouldn't have talked back to her like I did. But I had to wonder, does the Lord rebuke us with unkind words? It seems to me He would use kind words, which will capture our love for Him. -M.H., Ontario



ACROSS THE EDITOR'S DESK

This month we are starting something new. There has long been some interest in a "Farm Section" for Family Life. Up to now we have not let ourselves become involved in this because we just did not have the time or space to do it. However, we have decided to devote one page per month to a farm problem which we think can be of general interest. There will also be space for ideas for all around the farm.

If you have found any new way to save time or money, some short cut to doing anything around the farm, new or better ways to take care of livestock, or crops, then send it in. But it must be short and to the point, and of general interest. Send a drawing or sketch along to illustrate if necessary. For each one we use, we will pay one dollar. Unused suggestions will not be returned.

There seems to be a lot of interest in the circle letters. The trouble is there aren't enough categories. If you would like to be in a circle letter but don't fit into any of the categories listed, then send in your name and address anyhow. We will either try to fit you into a group or start a new category for you.

Views and Values

By Elmo Stoll

TURN OFF THE FAUCETS

Many years ago there was a mental institution that had an interesting way to tell if a person was sane or not. They called it the "mop test." Here is how it worked:

The patient was given a mop and sent to a room and told to mop the floor. The floor was being flooded by five faucets. If the patient turned off the faucets before he began mopping, he was considered sane!

At first thought we are apt to smile at the idea. It's hard to imagine that anyone would mop and mop and keep on mopping and never realize that if he turned off the faucets first, he'd make more headways. We'd think anyone would know that much.

But at second thought, maybe some of us wouldn't pass the "mop test" as easily as we think. The basic idea behind the mop test was to see if the patient had enough intelligence to work at the cause instead of at the results. In one sense, many of the problems in real life today by which we are surrounded are "mop tests" for us, to see if we know enough to turn off the faucets first.

If we take a look at the conditions in the world, we can soon see where people are failing the "mop test" in real life— they are trying to mop up floors without turning off the faucets. Take for instance the rising crime rates. It is a problem that nearly everyone is aware of. Many solutions are proposed. Get more police on the job. Give offenders stiffer fines, longer sentences. Bring back the electric chair. But most of these measures are like mopping the floor with five faucets continuing to spew out water. Not until society digs deeper and gets to what is causing the soaring crime rate will any lasting good be accomplished. People will have to face the fact that there is something drastically wrong in the world today. Some of the "faucets" that are contributing to the problem are the lack of values, of morals, of faith in God, and such things as broken homes, plus radio and TV that have for years been feeding youngsters with a constant diet of violence and glorified crime. Until and unless these things are corrected, more police and sterner judges will be fighting a losing battle- criminals will be produced faster than they can arrest and sentence them.

But the problems and mistakes of the world are not our main concern. As plain people, our responsibility lies closer to ourselves- in homes, schools, and churches. Let's ask ourselves, "Are there any ways in which we may be working on the symptoms instead of the cause of our problems?" The situations in each community differ, so solutions that may fit in our area may not apply elsewhere. And yet there may be some benefit in going over a few of the most common ways in which we tend to start mopping without turning off the faucets.

As an example, let's take the matter of drift, the way our churches tend to lose out on some standards from one generation to the next. This shows up in our conversation, in our living standards, in our dress, and even in our attitudes and ways of thinking. What causes a church to drift— to change slowly from Christian standards to more worldly ones? To dig down and find the root of this problem isn't easy. For one reason, there are many roots-- no one single thing is the cause. Like most problems, this problem traces back to a complex array of roots. One of these roots in many churches is the acceptance of a double standard— one standard for young people, and another one for married people. The idea that young people must have a good time, more freedom to do as they please and time to settle down later is a basic cause behind much drift.

With a double standard in a church, young people get used to something, and when they get married, they carry the influence with them. Soon the married look and act like the young people used to, and the young people act even worse. Each generation loses a little and the result is- drift. The drift is the result, but a double standard (along with the other roots) is the cause, and unless somehow the roots are dug out, these faucets turned off, the problem will keep showing up.

Another root from which much drift results is the lack of personal conviction against the things the church forbids. When people don't really see the danger themselves, but merely obey out of a sense of duty to the church rule, all kinds of inconsistencies will come up. Soon members will obey the letter of the law, but be trangressing the spirit. One person will justify himself by what another has, insisting on being allowed just as much as the other person. Thus little by little the line is pushed out of place, and the result is drift. Whereas if we all saw the danger ourselves, we wouldn't want something, even if others had it.

Drift is a very real problem, and one with many roots. A second problem that has long plagued our churches is in the area of young people keeping company with each other. When young people fall into sin, the church disciplines them, and that in itself is right. But if such cases turn up very often, it is time to find out what is causing them, to dig deeper and see what the root is. A young woman was once talking to a minister about the problems with courtship (unehelich Beischlaf) in the community where she came from:

"You mean the parents and ministers actually permit that kind of courtship and don't do anything about it?" the minister asked, finding it hard to believe.

"Yes, but they're supposed to keep themselves pure," she said. "The church puts them in the ban if any evil comes of it."

"That doesn't make it better," the minister said. "If the parents and ministers permit such a low standard, they are the ones who should be punished when evil comes of it, not the young people. That's like a father telling his child to play in a mudhole, then spanking him when he gets dirty- the parent is more at fault than the child."

Unfortunately, a low standard of courtship, like drift, has many roots, and some of them may even appear quite innocent. Some areas may be free of "unehelich Beischlaf," but still have other practices which cause much harm and grief. Perhaps one of the main such roots is young people spending simply too much time in each other's company. Becoming too familiar with one another removes natural barriers and restraints, and lowers resistance to temptation. Staying late hours is dangerous and unnecessary, and especially so when this occurs several nights a week, week after week.

Where a problem exists, it is a good idea to dig deeper than the surface and see if we can get to the root of it. But if we stop at the problem of drift and courtship, and things like that, we may still not be digging deep enough. For behind all our problems of whatever shape and form is the root that goes the deepest of all- our sinful nature. It is the root of all roots. Like dandelions that are mowed in the morning and in a short time are blooming again, so our sinful nature grows out again and again if cut off at the surface.

This root of evil within us can never be completely dug out in this life. But with God's help it can be brought under control. It is a root that should be crucified (Rom. 6:6) and put to death (Col 3:5). If we sincerely repent and daily continue to repent, God will put his new nature within us, and help us keep the old nature down.

Problems. Problems in our personal lives, problems in schools, church and community. And problems have roots. They have causes. The roots may be hard to find, and even harder to remove. Problems and their roots have been with us for generations, and we cannot expect to get rid of them entirely. But like the mental patients sent to mop the floor in the olden days- so we, too, will get farther if we turn off the faucets— those causes which are producing the results. ■■

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FIRESIDE CHATS

Joseph Stoll

WHAT HARD TIMES WE LIVE IN

I admit it came to me as a surprise– to hear what hard times we live in. You see, our family spent the summer in Ontario, and at no time did we lack good food to eat. I had no reason to believe that making a living was harder than it has always been. I figured the people of Canada (and the United States) had it pretty good, but then I guess I didn't know everything.

True, there was quite a bit of talk through the summer about sky-high food prices, with no end in sight. A lot of people were moaning about rising prices and inflation, and there were strikes everywhere. There was some discontentment around, but nothing unusual. So it kind of shook me up to hear that people were actually having such a hard time making a living.

The article telling about it appeared in a national magazine in early September, and the title was, "Learning to Live with Inflation." The article told about three Canadian families, and how they were coping with their money problems.

The first family in the article lives in Montreal, and the man of the house, Jean-Claude Tremblay, is vice-precident of an advertising company. He makes $30,000 a year, and says he could do more by working harder, which he may have to do if times get any tougher.

With an income like that, I couldn't imagine Mr. Tremblay having any financial problems, but he says, "Right now, it's taking everything I earn to live." The cost of running the household has risen a third in recent months, explains Mr. Tremblay, and he has found it hard to save any money.

If the Tremblays are having trouble feeding and clothing three children with an income of $30,000 a year, then there must be thousands of Canadian families that are suffering. The way the story ran, this must indeed be the case. I read on.

Family Number Two is Bill Thomas, 33, his wife and their two small sons. Mr. Thomas is a college teacher in Hamilton, Ontario, and he makes about $14,000 a year, less than half of Mr. Tremblay's income. But Mrs. Thomas helps out by working part-time in a library, and thus earns another $800.

The Thomas family seem to have a lot of pluck and common sense. They planted a backyard tomato patch this year, and started baking bread at home. They are eating less meat and more homemade vegetable soup as a main course. Even so, says Mr. Thomas, "We have to sit back and say, 'We can't afford this, we can't afford that.'"

But the third family has an even harder time. They are the Steward Hendersons of Toronto. Neither Steward nor his wife is able to work, so they live on welfare– $3,424 a year.

Buying wholesome food for the two children, 1 and 2 years old, is difficult on the Henderson's budget. "The only way we can make sure they get proper diets," says Henderson, "is going without." The parents, therefore, eat mostly cheaper starchy foods and bologna and sausage. Vegetables and fruit and milk are solely for the children.

Two other large expenses are for soap and cigarettes. With two infants, laundry costs are high, the Hendersons explain. They have decided, however, not to give up smoking. "If I had to give that up," says Mr. Henderson "I might as well lay down and die."

Inflation is Worldwide

I read the above hard-luck stories just before we left Canada and started back to Honduras. As I sat in the seat of the Greyhound bus, I had time to think. This inflation really sounded like a bad thing, all right. It was causing some hard times.

But you know, instead of feeling sorry for those poor Canadian families the magazine article told about, my thoughts kept running ahead to Honduras, and I wondered what the people down there were doing about inflation. I knew the Honduras currency floated right with the U.S. dollar, and if the dollar got devaluated, so did Honduras money.

Sure enough, when we got home we discovered that this great evil of inflation was making itself felt in Central America, too. Flour and sugar and other foodstuffs had gone up in price. We had been home barely a week when our hired man, Luiz Gonzalez, asked for a raise. "The money simply doesn't reach anymore," he said. He had been getting $9.00 a week, and he wanted $10.00.

Hard Times Nothing New

But hard times are nothing new. Since we're all in this together, we might as well look backward and gain some solace from the fact that our forefathers went through hard times too, and they survived.

Just a generation or so ago there was the depression. People had to be careful how they spent their money then too. There was a lot of penny-pinching to make ends meet. No sir, we're not the first generation to live through hard times.

The other day I was reading about pioneer days in Oscoda County, Michigan, back when the first Amish settlers moved in. One family practically lived on potatoes one winter, and for a couple of months, they didn't even have salt to put on them. There have been hard times before.

Back in the old days, when my great-great-grandfather Jacob Graber was a boy in France, the soldiers came and stole their cattle and their potatoes. They went through a hard winter, even worse than inflation. Many a day they roamed the fields in search of field rats and when they caught more than the family could eat, they shared with the neighbors.

The worse famine in the history of Switzerland took place from the harvest of 1816 until the harvest in 1817. In 1816 it snowed and froze every month of the year. Blight ruined the potato crop. Rents were raised and all living expenses increased. Hence, loaves of bread were made smaller, and herbs and roots were gathered and made into soup.

A Swiss writer described the hard times in a poem:

"Was soll ich fangen an
Das ich mit Ehren kann
Mein Haus ernähren,
Samt meinem Weib und Kind
Die mir gegeben sind
Von Gott dem Herrn.

"Hier in dem Schweitzerland
Wie manchen ist bekannt
Hört Man viel Klagen,
Weil es so volkreich ist
Und so viel schlechte Jahr
Nich zu ertragen."

Indeed, if history tells us anything at all, it tells us that our forefathers lived through many hard times. They suffered and struggled to make a living, to have food to eat and clothes to wear and a roof to turn back the rain and snow. They worked from early till late, and did not waste what little they had.

Sometimes I wonder if they weren't more content in those days than people are today. I wonder if they grumbled and complained like people do today. I really believe they took seriously Paul's advice, "Godliness with contentment is great gain. For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. And having food and raiment let us be therewith content."

You know, taking everything into consideration, I wonder if those three Canadian families are really as hard up as they think they are. I mean the Tremblays, the Thomases, and the Hendersons. If worst came to worst, they could probably sell their television.

* * *

SOMEBODY IS STRETCHING THE TRUTH

Susie wished she had never gone to the quilting. If what she heard was true, surely they ought to give up their trip.

-Mabel Burkholder

EZRA FISHER TOOK A DEEP BREATH as he counted the rows of corn. "Let me see, if I do eight rows every day, and if the children help on Saturday..." He looked at the blue, blue October sky and the fluffy white clouds in sharp contrast. "We should easily be done by Tuesday," he thought to himself, as he plunked the first ear of corn on the wagon.

Next Thursday Ezra Fishers were planning on leaving for Winfield County to look for a farm. It was a new community which had started up two years ago. From the start, Ezra had been interested in it but Susie had held back. "It's such a big step," she said, "and you know how my parents have always felt about one of their children moving to another community."

However, when Ezra had pointed out to her that two of her younger brothers weren't on the farm, Susie had agreed that her parents didn't like that either.

Ezra and Susie had discussed the matter together many times and finally decided they would wait two more years till they had a little more money. By that time maybe they could see whether the Winfield settlement would be a success or not.

They had it timed about right, Ezra thought as he smiled to himself. Ben Lapps, who owned the farm, had a boy who would be 21 till this spring and wanted to farm on his own. "Of course, Steve will just be farming it from home," Ben had told them some time ago, "so if you can't find another farm, you can have it another year. Steve can go with the carpenters, but-but you know, some of these carpenter gangs---."

Yes, Ezra knew what Ben meant. Some of the carpenter gangs were fairly decent but others... He almost shook himself as he recalled the filthy stories he'd heard when he helped out once for several days on a new house that had gone up down the road.

He tossed another ear of corn and missed the wagon. As he went to pick it up he saw Ben Lapp in his old buggy driving into the cornfield.

"Well, I see you're at home after all so I came back," Ben said as he let the lines hang loose so the horse could get a few bites of fodder.

"Yes, I'm at home all alone today for Susie went to a quilting," Ezra said.

"We saw your team pass so we thought you had gone away somewhere."

"Susie thought she ought to stay at home to help me to make sure we get done before next Thursday. But I saw she'd like to go as she probably won't have the chance too long anymore. But then sometimes I keep wondering..." Ezra sighed, "what IS really the best thing to do." He scratched his head.

"Well, I think I sorta know how you feel," Ben said. "I was sure in the dumps for awhile after I had bought this farm. It wouldn't have been near so bad if it hadn't been for what folks said. One of the neighbors down the road had intended to buy it, too, - and for a lot less. He told me later in a rather blunt way that I must think money grows on trees!"

Ezra smiled as he thought he knew who Ben was talking about. He hooked a thumb under a suspender and made a wry face. "What do you think he'd say if the farm were sold today?"

Ben chuckled a little. "I don't know, but I do know this. We couldn't buy it at the price it might bring today. We took a chance though when we did buy it, that's true, but I got over the blues when I talked with a few other fellows who had a different point of view. It made a big difference."

"Uhh, I was just wondering," Ezra inquired, "somebody said your brother Elmer was over in the Winfield settlement this summer. What did he think of it? How did the crops look? I believe they had a dry spell there this summer, didn't they?"

"Oh, yes, Elmer was there," Ben answered. "He said most of the corn was what you'd call a fairly decent crop, not real good, of course but he said most of them were surprised that it was so good considering the dry weather they had."

"What was his opinion of the settlement?" Ezra asked.

"He talked pretty good for it. In fact he said if it wouldn't be that his children are about grown already, and he has a farm of his own he might be interested in moving out there himself."

"Did he say that?" Ezra exclaimed. "Well, that makes a person feel a little better. The way some people talk...you don't know what to think."

Ben chuckled. "Well, I believe you're going to find it impossible to take advice from everybody, and you have to consider who says it and what their motives might be. Now when I look back to the time when I bought this farm, I think I was a little stupid to get so-o upset about a few remarks."

"You mean you should have realized that if it hadn't been for you, somebody might have gotten the farm at a real bargain? Ezra grinned.

Ben nodded as he picked up his lines to turn around. "Oh, I almost forgot what I stopped in for. I was just going to say that if youcan't get your corn all in by Thursday, maybe we can help you a little. We'll be done by tomorrow evening."

"Well, thanks for your offer, anyway," Ezra said, "but I think we can get it finished all right ourselves. That is, if it doesn't rain."

"Well, rain would do the wheat some good," Ben answered as he started to go.

Ezra reached for an apple at the back of the wagon and ate it as he watched Ben till his buggy was out of sight. "It was nice of Ben to offer to help," Ezra mused to himself, "but I suppose he wouldn't have if he'd thought I'd poke around now and leave most of it for them."

As he started up the next row, he recalled his father's advice when they had moved onto Ben's farm. "Now try to accommodate Ben a bit and I think he'll do the same for you." It had been good advice and he was glad he had tried to follow it.

Ezra thought of what Ben had said about trying to follow everybody's advice. He recalled how when he was about sixteen, his dad was interested in buying a farm up the road a mile but several of the people whom he had asked had discouraged him. "Wait a few years till it comes down a little," they had told him. Now Dad wished he hadn't taken their advice for he still didn't have a farm and Ezra had to rent from someone else.

"Life can be so complicated," Ezra sighed to himself. "At least I can be thankful that Susie and I can see eye to eye."

It seemed so lonesome without Susie helping and without the three little children on the wagon. He had thought one of them could stay at home with him, but no, they all had wanted to go along with Mother. They could ride on the wagon again tomorrow. As he came to the end of the field he saw their team turn in the lane. "Is it that late already?" he wondered as he pulled out his watch. "Well, no, not really. Susie must have come home early. The school children aren't home yet."

Supper's ready, Daddy!" sang out a small voice from outside the barn door just as Ezra was tying up the last horse. "Hi-ya, Daddy, we had lots of fun today. Jerry's got five puppies, three black ones and two black and white ones. And we had root beer and doughnuts and–"

"Do you think you will need any supper if you had that much?" Ezra asked.

"Oh, yes," answered Andy as he started to skip. "We're having pancakes and 'lasses for supper."

Later at the table as Ezra spread molasses on a large pancake, he looked at Susie. "Well, how was the quilting today? I don't think you've said a word yet this evening."

Ezra saw Susie's mouth tighten as she spread some butter on a piece of bread for the baby. Was that a tear glistening in her eye? "I wish I'd stayed at home and helped you husk corn," she said soberly.

"Well, I just asked," Ezra said soothingly. Susie brushed back a tear and looked at her husband. Then she made a circle around the table with her eyes. Ezra understood. She didn't want to start talking with all the children listening. The meal was finished in silence. Even the children seemed to sense their mother's tenseness.

Ezra and Susie both sat and listened as the last of the children went upstairs. Susie swallowed twice. "They sure picked the Winfield settlement to pieces this afternoon. I just don't know what to think. If it's like they said..."

"Who was doing the talking?"

"Well, mostly it was Henry's Amanda and Jake Lizzie."

"What all did they say?"

"Oh,you know Henrys were out there a few weeks ago. Amanda said that they were at a place she called Bill Joes and they were in cornfield and the whole field was nothing but nubbins. She said Henry claims there wasn't one decent ear in the whole field! But that's not the worst she said. What upset me a lot more was what she said about the church trouble. She said they can't have communion, so why would anyone want to move to such a place?

Susie put a handkerchief to her face to wipe the tears that were pushing across her cheeks before she went on. "And then Jake Lizzie said she knows that Joe's wife's parents did not want them to move. She said no one can have a blessing if they don't do as their parents want them to do and this proves it!"

Ezra's shoulders fell. "I do believe you would have been better off at home helping me husk corn. Ben stopped in and I had a nice talk with him. He offered to come finish husking corn if we don't get done by next Thursday."

"But, Ezra, do you think– do you think we ought to go next Thursday if it's like– like they said today?"

"But I think we should find out more about it. Ben's brother Elmer was there this summer and I asked Ben what his brother thought of it. He said Elmer said they have a decent crop."

"But what did he way about all the trouble they have in the church?" Susie asked.

"He didn't say anything about that. In fact, he said if he didn't have a farm of his own and if his children were still small, he would be interested in going there himself."

Susie's mouth fell open. "But–but Ezra, both stories can't be true. Somebody is stretching the truth!"

"Elmer's were out there only a few weeks ago. You don't think he would be untruthful about it, do you?" Ezra asked.

"No, I've always thought a lot of Elmer and he seems to be a level-headed man," Susie replied. "But I don't think Henry would make up a lot of lies either. And Amanda was very sure of herself, too. She said Joe's wife was so homesick she didn't know what to do."

Ezra shook his head as if to clear his mind. "I'll tell you what, Susie. Let's get up real early tomorrow morning and get an early start at husking corn. Then tomorrow evening we'll quit early and drive over and see what Elmer has to say. How would that suit you?"

Susie took a deep breath and cleared her throat. "Yes, that might be a good idea," she agreed.

Elmer Lapp pumped more air into the gas lantern and then sat back in his chair. "Ben tells me you're going out to the Winfield settlement next week."

"That's our plans, but we thought if it's true what some people are saying, maybe we--we--."

Elmer chuckled and clasped his hands as he asked eagerly, "I'd be interested in knowing just what people are saying."

Ezra shifted back and forth in his chair. "Well, is there someone out there called Bill Joes?"

Elmer nodded. "We were there. He's their blacksmith and he can fix about anything there is to fix."

"How about his corn crop?" Ezra asked.

"Well— let's put it this way. Joe is a real good blacksmith and a real good man to have a shop. But as far as his farm's concerned, well, if he put as much time and effort into farming as he does to his shop, he'd be a good farmer."

"That makes sense now," Ezra nodded. "How about the church trouble? We hear they can't have any communion there."

Elmer frowned. "I wasn't aware of any church trouble when we were there. I remember they said they didn't have communion the first fall. Some of them thought a few things ought to be changed that weren't as they should be where they came from and they thought this would be a time to change it. They did have communion in the spring and as far as I know they will have this fall. I heard them talking about when the bishop comes to hold communion this fall so I think they are planning on it."

"I'm glad to hear that," Ezra said. "That makes a different picture."

Soon Susie spoke up. "How about Joe's wife. Is it true that she is homesick?"

"Well, if she was homesick when we were there she didn't show it," Elmer's wife answered. "She told me they like it there. It could be a thing that she was homesick at one time and got over it."

"Somebody said that her folks were so hard against their moving," Ezra said, "and that they can't expect to have a blessing if they go against their parents' wishes. Don't you think there might be something to

The Precious Story

Tell me the story that never grows old;
  Tell me again, Mother dear.
Tell me of Jesus in heaven above
  And why that He had to live here.

Tell of that beautiful, glorious place;
  Tell of the buildings so fair.
And after you've told me all this and more,
  Tell me of God who lives there.

She told of the Baby who laid in the hay,
  Of the wise men who came from afar;
She told of the angels who sang of His birth,
  Of the shepherds, and also the Star.

She spoke of the Mother who tenderly cared
  For her Baby so precious and dear;
And also how Joseph had care for them both
  When times had looked dismal and drear.

And then she related how He lovingly taught
  The sinner and wandering one;
And willingly offered His life on the cross
  That we might have life through the Son.

And now that I've told you of Jesus, she said,
  I also must tell you of Hell;
That dreadful and horrible place that's prepared--
  Where devils and wicked shall dwell.

This is the place that has been prepared
  For all who reject His command;
For all who oppose the teachers of truth
  And will not be led by His Hand.

When children are carefully taught from the Word
  When young and so innocent yet,
And grow in obedience to parents and church—
  These children our Lord won't forget.

But if they grow stubborn and will not repent,
  But throw these good teachings aside
And say, "I am young; some day I shall change,"
  And live on in worldly pride.

If parents plead gently again and explain
  What waits at the end of this road,
And if they refuse to take heed and repent,
  In Hell they must take their abode.

And so, my dear children, although you can't see
  The dangers that lie in the way,
Obey your dear parents and church leaders too,
  And always remember to pray.

Your souls are most precious, they must not be lost
  Or sold to the master of Hell,
For one drop of pleasure this world provides men,
  And then in great agony they dwell.

But willingly follow the ways of the wise,
  Submissive continue to live,
For if thou be faithful, He said, until death
  A crown of sweet life I shall give.

-By a Reader

that?"

Elmer cleared his throat and studied over it a few minutes. "Well, of course, there could be something to that. If there are young folks that take their own way and don't listen to what their parents say, then we wouldn't expect that they could have a blessing. But— I think this is a little different. Bill Joes had to make the decision one way or the other, whether they ought to go or not. If you were to ask advice from three older people, perhaps all three would have different advice. Could you follow the advice of all three?"

"Certainly not," Ezra agreed.

"But if you pick out what you think is the best advice, the other two could still say you didn't take advice, couldn't they?"

Ezra nodded his head.

"Now take for instance," Elmer went on, "I never was in quite the same place as you are but I have an idea what it's like. When my oldest boy came out of school we felt it best if we could have him at home. I talked it over with my father, and because our farm was so small he said we could do one of two things. We can hire him out or else make work for him at home.

"So after thinking it over, we decided to put in ten more cows and put up another silo and my father loaned us the money. I was a bit upset when I found out what an older man said about it. He said he thought I ought to have my head examined, for putting up such a big silo without more land than we have.

"It was a chance we took but it has paid off well, in more ways than one. Our boy's been working at home and now he's got a girl and it looks like he's interested in the Winfield settlement, too. So maybe it wasn't such a bad idea after all. And the funny thing about is that the same man who thought I ought to have my head examined five years ago has put up another silo, and his son is working at home now too. They have even less land than we do. I guess it comes back to how it's often been said, whatever we make fun of is likely to grow in our own garden. Now don't get me wrong. I think the old people do have a lot of good advice but we must remember, they are only humans, too."

When Ezra was silent, Elmer went on. "I have to think about what the neighbor down the road told me some time ago. He said when his father bought the farm they are on now, his grandma cried about it and made a big fuss. She told him, 'We lost our money in stocks and you'll lose yours in land.' But he went ahead and bought it anyway because they needed it, and today it would bring ten times what they paid for it. It's just one of those things, we can't see into the future and for my part, I'm glad we can't."

"But just how was this about Bill Joe's wife's parents? Did they object so much that Joes moved out there?" Ezra asked.

"Oh, yes, you said something about that a while ago and I was going to tell you but I forgot. That's the funny part about it. Joe's wife's parents didn't want for them to move for they didn't like to see any of their children going that far away from home. And that is something to consider, too, for it isn't nice when our children are so far away from home. But Joe's parents thought they are doing the right thing by moving. Of course, they hated to see them go so far away but they thought at the same time they were making a wise move. So after all, it was up to Bill Joes to make the decision. If one set of parents said one way and the other set of parents said the other way, what could they do? It just goes to show that it's good to consider our parents' advice and to take it whenever possible. But it's not always possible, so each couple has to make their own decision after considering all the advantages and disadvantages."

"That certainly makes a completely different picture from what Susie brought home from the quilting yesterday," Ezra said. "We just didn't know what to think. We couldn't see how anyone could stretch the truth that far to make such different stories out of the same thing."

"A lot of times it depends on what we go to see," Elmer answered. "I guess I went out there to Winfield County to see what I could find that was good and I found a lot of things. If other people went out to find their faults, then no doubt they could also find some of those. If they saw ten farmers who had good corn crops they didn't remember that because they were so taken up with that one field of nubbins that was planted late and only cultivated once. If they found out that one of the women was homesick, they never stopped to think that perhaps she could get over it. If they didn't have communion at one time, that stayed in their minds and that was all they could thank about. It seems like some people are so taken up and worried about the problems that we have that they forget there is only one place without problems and it's not on this earth."

Ezra and Susie both nodded. "What advice would you have for us?" Ezra asked.

"Well, like I said, in the end you'll have to decide for yourself. You have to take the problems we have here, sky-high land, people crowded in on every side with more towns all the time, more factory work, more troubles all the time, and your children are growing up.

"Then take the other side, you will be moving away from your relatives, I won't say good neighbors for they say you take good neighbors with you. But the fact is that help won't be plentiful for awhile. The first years are usually a struggle, and then your own attitude. Will you help build up the church where you're going or will you tear it down? Then you will have to do like this.-" Elmer held up his two hands to illustrate, "You sort of weigh them like in a scales."

"I guess that's what we've been doing and we've kind of decided the problems we would face here are bigger."

Elmer nodded. "If land prices keep on going up I can't see that you'll be gaining anything by waiting and I don't see that they will come down as long as food prices keep going up. That is, unless there'd be a depression. I know a man who has been predicting a depression ever since I was a little boy and that's been thirty years ago. He was especially sure of it this last summer."

Ezra chuckled. "I think I know what you mean about waiting longer. We had kinda decided to wait for two years until we have a little more money to put down on the farm but the way it looks, land prices have gone up more than what we've been able to save during these two years. So I don't think we'd be gaining much by waiting longer. And then when I heard what Henry Miller said about the new settlement, I thought he must be stretching the truth but now I see it all depends on how we look at something."

"I was kind of discouraged the other day but now I think we have a better picture of the new settlement." Susie yawned as she reached for her bonnet.

"Yes, we've got to be going," Ezra said as he got up and started for the door. "We've still got some corn we want to get husked before next Thursday."

An Amish Church in France

Montbeliard
Switzerland

—Joseph Stoll
and
David Luthy

TODAY THE AMISH IN AMERICA speak two languages— a dialect of German, which is their mother tongue, and English, which is the language of the country where they live. But this was not always the case. When the Amish emigrated from Europe, most of them knew only one language— German, for they had been living in German-speaking areas. But a certain number did know a second language— French. Today it would be impossible to find an Amishman who speaks French. But the early settlers in Allen County and Daviess County, Indiana spoke it fluently. They likely often wished they could speak English as well as they could French.

Perhaps the most important Amish church in France was the congregation at Montbeliard. Although Montbeliard today belongs to France, the first Amish settled there precisely because it was not a part of France. It was a tiny, independent country— fifteen miles at its widest point and thirty-five miles long. It was almost entirely surrounded by France except where its southeastern border touched Switzerland. Since 1397 it had belonged to the German state of Würtemburg. Its citizens spoke French, but they differed from the French people in that most of them were Lutherans. Montbeliard was an island of Protestant tolerance amidst Catholic France.

Expelled From Alsace

In 1712 the King of France ordered the Amish to leave the territory of Alsace in the northeastern corner of his kingdom. The Amish had lived there undisturbed for sixty years, but now they were ordered to leave. One of the locations that they immigrated to was Montbeliard. The ruler of that country was Duke Loepold-Eberhard. Because of his bad reputation and his high-handed ways of dealing with people, he had lost the confidence of most of his citizens. He owned many large farms, or estates, and needed many renters to work on them. It was not because he pitied the Amish that he allowed them to settle on his estates; it was purely a business matter, and he was looking out for himself. He knew the Amish were good farmers, hard workers, reliable people. Because of their separate customs and language, the Amish formed a closed group which the Duke felt would not join with the protestors among his citizens. Because of their belief in non-resistance, they would also be slow to complain. The Duke felt they would make ideal renters.

In 1713 the Amish began settling in Montbeliard at the invitation of Duke Leopold-Eberhard. The Duke made certain, though, that he gave the Amish no written statements, lest in the future he would want to back out of the agreement. In fact during the many years the Amish then lived in his country, he entirely avoided written agreements. Whenever he wished to convey a message to the Amish, he would inform one of them to see that the others would assemble at a certain time and place. Then the information would be told to them rather than written down.

The Duke was wise in the worldly sense of wisdom, for he selfishly protected himself from any permanent commitments. But he was also quite odd or peculiar in some things he did. For instance: one day the Duke invited two Amishmen to his castle. One was named John Graber and the other's last name was "Rich". Perhaps he was a brother-in-law to John Graber since John's wife was Fannie Rich. At any rate these two men obediently reported to the castle. The Duke informed them that his wife wanted to have twelve cows as nearly alike as possible— spotted black and white. He asked the two Amishmen to go to neighboring Switzerland to hunt for twelve such cows. The Amishmen were not in the habit of refusing to work for the Duke, so they soon were on their way to Switzerland. After several days of searching for twelve identical cows, the men managed to find eleven, but they could not find a twelfth. Finally they decided to take a red and white spotted cow for the twelfth, hoping that the Duke and his wife would not be too displeased. When the men arrived at the castle's stable with the cows, the Duke and his wife came out to see them. They weren't altogether pleased.

Several days passed. The Duke sent word for the two Amishmen to come to the castle again. When Graber and Rich arrived, the Duke took them into the stable. He pointed proudly at twelve black and white spotted cows. Then he asked them what had become of the red and white one. But the Amishmen were not easily tricked. They remembered that the red and white cow had not only been a different color, she had also been better built. Soon they pointed her out to the Duke even though he had painted her red spots black!

Several more days passed. Likely the Amishmen had told all their friends about the queer stunt the Duke had done. They probably thought, too, that they would never hear about any payment for their labors. But the Duke summoned them to the castle and asked what he owed them. The two men talked it over privately. Graber thought they might ask for some land, as they were renters, not owners. But Rich was not agreed. He felt if persecution should come upon them as it had in Alsace, they might be tempted to stay because they owned land. So, the men told the Duke to pay them what he thought was fair. He paid them well.

The Amish Congregation

When the Amish church in Montbeliard was first organized is not known. Perhaps one of the early settlers in 1713 was a minister, or perhaps bishops from Alsace or Switzerland came to ordain leaders for the new congregation. Records of church matters are very scant up to 1750, but after that date very good records were kept.

The baptismal records for the years 1750-1850 indicate that the congregation was good-sized. The records also tell us what family names were most common among the Amish of Montbeliard. Graber was by far the most common last name with 91 persons having been baptized. Other names that interest us today are Roth 57 baptisms, Rich (Richen) -42, Hochstetler-37, Krähenbuhl (Kräbill, Gräbill)-30, Stoll-27, Lichti-21, Frey-20, Schmucker-17, Schwartz-16, Kauffman-12, Gerig-12, Jodter (Yoder)-10, Müller (Miller)-9, Kipfer 4, Schwartzentruber-1. Other family names were represented but are of less interest to us today, for they are names which are no longer found among the Amish.

The congregation's baptismal records also reveal something quite interesting about names— many people had the same first names. In fact, only six masculine and five feminine names were commonly used. Nearly half of the 407 boys baptized from 1750 to 1850 were named either Hans or Christian. There were 108 named Hans, 91 Christian, 80 Peter, 51 Jacob, 29 Joseph, 24 Daniel, and 24 assorted names. Among the girls more than half were named either Catherine or Mary. The next three most common names were Annli (Anna), Babbie (Barbara), and Freni (Verena or Veronica). These five feminine names made up over 90% of the girls' names.

Church Life

The Amish lived as renters on estates scattered throughout Montbeliard. Some estates had more than one Amish family living there. But most families were separated by several miles. This did not leave them with a close, compact congregation. Depending on where the church services were held, some families had quite a distance to walk to attend. Also it is quite likely that the tenant houses were small, too small for church services. Thus the most common place for the Amish church services was at the farm where the congregation's first and also second bishop lived. A special room was built for church services. It is probable that the farm was centrally located. All farms had names, and its name in French was 'des Gouttes." The congregation also assembled at several other estates, especially at "Gran Cerf" where there must have been a large room, for later the Duke took possession of it and made a ballroom out of it.

Even though the Amish families did not live as compactly as Amish do in America, their congregation was similar to Amish congregations today. Young people were baptized, couples were married, ministers were ordained, and people were buried. But in some ways its customs were different.

Baptism, then as now, was a serious matter. Unless the young men and women were willing to abide by the teachings of the church, they were not worthy of baptism. If they were submissive and of like faith, the church could give them its blessing. Baptisms were performed in every month of the year; however, most occurred in April and May. Records for the period 1750-1850 show that over 800 baptisms were performed. Some of these involved young people from neighboring congregations, but the great majority were from the Montbeliard church. Also the vast majority were children of Amish parents. The records, however, do mention a few converts from the outside society: Crist Wolf and his wife had been members of the Reformed Church before joining the Amish, and Jorg Keiser was formerly a Lutheran. But the trend for the Montbeliard Amish was to lose more to the churches around them than they gained in return. It was fairly common for a young Amish person to join the Lutheran Church, the state church of Montbeliard. And several joined the Catholics. The main reason for these losses was that the young people obtained marriage partners outside Amish society. This was undoubtedly the result of Amish families living as close neighbors to non-Amish families on the same estates.

For the period 1750-1850 there were more than 750 marriages performed by the Montbeliard bishops. As in the case of baptism, some of the marriages involved couples from neighboring congregations and were recorded in the Montbeliard church record because a Montbeliard bishop performed the ceremony. They also represented a wider area than the baptismal lists because one marriage partner often came from a distant Amish congregation. The young people of Montbeliard must have done much traveling in other areas, if the resulting marriages are any indication.

Today the Amish in America are accustomed to having weddings on either Tuesday or Thursday. But in Montbeliard the custom was Tuesday or Sunday. When the ceremony was performed on Sunday, it took place either during the regular church service or right afterwards. Another difference is that today it is common to have the wedding at the bride's home. But in Montbeliard the opposite was the custom—the wedding occurred at the groom's home. Weddings were held throughout the year with no particular season for marriages. And because the parents were often poor, the weddings were small. The people could not afford to feed a large group. Perhaps this is also the reason double or even triple weddings were commonly held at Montbeliard. This way one wedding meal could be given to the guests, many of whom would have been invited to each of the weddings if they had been held separately.

No church can exist without a ministry, and the Montbeliard congregation was no exception. It had four distinct church officers: bishops (Völlige-Diener), preachers (Diener zum Buch), deacons (Armendiener), and full-deacons (Völlige-Armendiener). The office of bishop was never referred to in German as "Bischof" as it is commonly today. Three different titles in German were used: Völlige-Diener, Völlige-Lehramdt, and Eltister. Even though the title may have differed from what is commonly used by the Amish in America, the records show that the duties and responsibilities were exactly the same: "...to have full authority in the church of God, to teach and preach, to baptize those that believe, to officiate in the Holy Supper, to join

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marriage couples, to bind and unbind according to God's Word, to ordain preachers for the church, and also deacons to care for the poor,... and also where there are irreproachable preachers who have served the church of God for a time, to ordain them as bishops."

Today it is common for Amish congregations to have a bishop, but at Montbeliard there were often two bishops and sometimes three at the same time. What the reason was for this is unknown today. Also just as puzzling is the office of full-deacon (Völlige-Armendiener). The Montbeliard congregation ordained 14 deacons between 1750 and 1850 but only 2 full-deacons. The office of full-deacon was at one time fairly common in America, but for some reason it fell into disuse, and the origin and purpose are no longer very well understood.

A church does not exist very long before the need arises to provide Christian burial. The Amish in Montbeliard at first buried their dead on the farms where they lived, for they were not allowed to have their own cemetery. But later permission was granted them to have a cemetery at one of the farms where they commonly met for church services, "auf der Burgerwald."

Most of the people died of natural causes, but some died from accidents. It might be interesting to list some, as it tells us what dangers the people faced.

1.) Hans Kauffman's son was drowned.
2.) Mattheis Willrich died after falling from a hay wagon.
3.) Christian Kauffman and his hired hand were drowned by the mill.
4.) Hans Eicher had the misfortune to get into swift water while fording a stream. He and his three-horse team and wagon were swept down stream. His body was recovered five days later by the mill.
5.) At the sawmill, the son of the operator of the saw got into the machinery and was killed.
6.) Catherine Roth was accidently shot and died three days later.
7.) Simon Eicher died from a fall.
8.) Jacob Gäumann was attacked by two men as he was walking between two towns. The robbers took his money and beat him so severely that he died.

A number of women died in childbirth, leaving motherless children and grieving husbands. The death rate among small children was very high; it was a rare family where all the children grew to adulthood. Epidemics are not mentioned in the congregation's records, but large numbers of deaths within a short time would surely indicate that they did occur.

A Bishop for Many Years

The credit for most of the known history of the Amish congregation in Montbeliard must be given to Hans Rich. In 1753 he was ordained minister and in 1761 bishop. For three years preceding his ordination and for 48 years in which he served in the ministry, Hans Rich kept a record of church events: baptisms, marriages, ordinations, deaths. Often he would pen a comment or two beside the names and dates he recorded. He wrote in German script, and his record was called the Gemeindebuch. It is the oldest known church record book among the Amish.

Today the "Rich" family name is unfamiliar to most Amish, for it is no longer present among them. But it is a very old Amish name originating in Canton Bern, Switzerland. It had various spellings: Rich, Riche, Richer, Richen, Riech. In fact the bishop, Hans Rich, signed his name in the Gemeindebuch sometimes as "Rich" and other times as "Richen." Traces of this once common family name can be found in America in several Amish family record books, for several early settlers had marriage partners with that name. At one time the name with the spelling as "Richer" was quite common among the Amish in Daviess County, Indiana. There is one lone Amish "Richer" yet living; he lives in Florida. Another place the "Rich" name appears in America is on the Ohio road map. Richville in southwestern Stark County was named after an Amish family which settled there with other Amish families. The settlement later became extinct.

Hans Rich was a capable church leader. Altogether he served the Montbeliard church as bishop for forty years. During the 1760's when he had scarcely been ordained a bishop, he was one of four Amish bishops in Europe called to settle the difficulties which had arisen in the Amish church in Holland. He also attended the general ministers meeting in 1779 when all the Amish bishops in Europe assembled in the Palatinate to discuss various problems. In records of that meeting his name appears as "Hanss Richer."

Relations with the Government

Duke Leopold- Eberhard had made it his policy not to give the Amish any written guarantees for the religious freedom they had in Montbeliard. With his death, the Amish were faced with a with a new ruler and the possibility that their privileges might be taken from them. But they weren't. In fact, when the Amish appealed to the government for permission to establish a private school, the permission was granted.

In June of 1780 the Amish requested permission to erect a church house, but this time the permission was not granted. Likely the government felt it would be too public a recognition of the Amish as a tolerated religious group. At that time in Europe there were only three officially tolerated religious groups: Catholics, Lutherans, and Calvinists (Reformed Church.)

In 1789 when a revolution broke out in the capital of France, Montbeliard was still an independent country. The Amish people were horrified when they heard that the French people had risen against the King and established a republic. Every day they heard of peasants all over France rising up and overthrowing their landlords. The French people were tired of paying taxes for the King's wars. They were tired of living in poverty while the King and the noblemen, their landlords, lived in luxury. They revolted and began claiming the land which they had rented as their own.

The Amish in Montbeliard were not directly involved in the French Revolution, but it did affect them greatly. The structure of government with the King and noblemen at the top had stood for centuries, but now it came crashing down. The Amish had no reason to believe that the same revolt would not take place in Montbeliard. The peaceful, passive Amish were abhored by the bloodshed and fighting they heard of taking place in France.

Quite likely as a result of this situation, the following year a number of Amish families left Montbeliard for

Central Europe. Their destination was Poland, Bishop Hans Rich ordained Samuel Stoll to be sent with the group as minister. A year later he ordained two more men, Christian Graber and Jacob Roth, to move with the next group that was settling in faraway Poland. Altogether 50 persons left Montbeliard for Poland.*

The French Revolution began in July of 1789, and by August of 1792 it had spread to Montbeliard. Hans Rich wrote in the Gemeindebuch "...it has become dangerous to live and sojourn in this evil world. Montbeliard was overrun by a senseless horde of beggar people from France, and on August 1st they took the town, and on the 2nd they led the Prince and his soldiers with their weapons to Belfort. On the 4th they brought the officers back to Montbeliard..."

So, Montbeliard became a part of France. This caused the Amish great concern, for the government of the French Republic demanded that all the citizens swear an oath of loyalty and serve in the army. (France was at war at the time with Austria and Prussia.) The Amish petitioned the government asking to be exempted from both the oath and military service. It was with prayerful hearts that they awaited word of the government's decision. Miraculously the government exempted them from military service and allowed them to substitute a handshake for the oath.

The famous cry of the French peasants during the Revolution was "Liberty, Equality, Brotherhood." The idea of "equality" among the citizens of Montbeliard must have been "sameness", for they felt the Amish should shave their beards off and look like them. The Amish kept their beards, and there is no record that they were molested. The ministers were likely quite thankful that they were not bothered on this doctrinal point. They had been having problems in the church about the beard, and weren't anxious for any pressure from their neighbors. Squeezed among the baptismal lists in the Gemeindebuch are the following words:

> "So it was agreed among the ministers and assembled brotherhood concerning the beard-shavers, if they will not let the beard grow as God has created us in His image, they shall be disciplined with the ban as disobedient and rebellious persons according to God's Word and His holy order. And this shall be done without respect of persons. I, Hans Richen, witness to the above."

The French Revolution changed the lives of the Amish in one major way. It brought it about that all common people could purchase land. Gradually the Amish became owners rather than renters. At this time the church in Montbeliard consisted of 36 families with 173 children. Even though the country named "Montbeliard" no longer existed, the Amish still referred to their congregation as the Montbeliard congregation, for the principal town of that area bore that name.

In 1801 Hans Rich died, but the congregation had a healthy supply of ministers and bishops. The Gemeindebuch was given to one of them to continue recording events. The congregation's membership grew. But then during 1820-1840 quite a few families left Montbeliard for America. They, like many Amish in other parts of Europe, were tired of the constant wars and taxes. They saw small countries being merged into larger ones with a tremendous stress being placed on militarism and nationalism. The Amish churches in Europe were thinned out by the migration, and some became extinct.

Not all the Amish in Montbeliard left. Some families were well rooted on the land they now owned, and perhaps they could not see that it was worth the risks and harships to move to America. Hadn't the people fled u necessarily to Poland?

As the years passed, the families which remained in Montbeliard gradually adjusted to the society around them. By the late 1800's they had given up their Germa language for French. Church services were still held i German until 1920. The church adopted the name of "Evangelical Mennonites" and joined the Conference of French-Speaking Mennonites. They lost many points of faith— doctrines and practices for which their forefathers had suffered much persecution. In a time of peac and prosperity, the Amish in Montbeliard had surrendered their heritage.

But one thing they took good care of— the Gemeindebuch, the church record which Hans Rich had begun in 1750. And they have it yet today.

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FOOD THAT ISN'T FIT (cont'd from back cover)

can not be detected by taste or smell.

The toxin from the staph infection causes sickness within 2 to 4 hours after eating. Symptoms are nausea, vomiting, cramps, diarrhea and headaches and sometimes a slight fever.

There is little that can be done by way of medication. Solutions of kaolin and pectate can be taken to help relieve the cramps. In severe cases a doctor may inject a salt solution under the skin or intravenously to reliev shock. The sickness is seldom fatal. In six hours the worst should be over.

SALMONELLA SICKNESS

The second most common cause of food poisoning is called salmonella. It is caused by a group of bacteria that get into the digestive tract and make us sick. Thes germs are usually carried by the food we eat but they can also be spread by other means.

Livestock and poultry get this disease, too, and when sick animals are slaughtered, the disease can be passe on by careless handling of the meat until it reaches epidemic proportions. The most common source is poultr products such as chickens, ducks, turkeys, and eggs. Health officials tell us that a large percentage of the raw meat which is sold in retail markets has some salmonella bacteria. As long as it is kept cool, the germs will not multiply to any extent. But at 70 degrees fahrenheit, the bacterium can turn into seventeen million in twelve hours time. Milk products may also contain the salmonella bacteria, but pasteurization makes it safe.

The only way you can get sick from this disease is by swallowing the germs. Not everyone who gets the germ gets sick. It all depends on the number of bacteria swallowed, your age, general health and disease resistance. Volunteers have taken as many as four million of the germs and experienced no more than a mild diarrhea.

An attack of salmonella comes on 7 to 48 hours after eating contaminated foods. There is nausea, headache, chills, cramps, diarrhea and fever. A severe attack can be fatal. Since it is caused by bacteria, the diseas responds well to injections of penicillin or streptomyci

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*A century later a remnant of this church in Poland migrated to America, settling in South Dakota. They brought with them common Amish family names, but they did not bring with them the Amish faith and practices they had taken to Poland. Over the years they had lost their nonconformity and many points of doctrine.

Pets can also be a source of salmonella infection. A man gave his six-year-old some chicks for Easter. Four days later the child became ill. The doctor who examined the little girl explained that chickens, turtles, and ducks often carry salmonella infection and can spread it to humans. Even toys made of feathers can spread the disease. Small children should not be given pets until they are old enough not to put their hands in their mouth.

Several years ago the Department of Health of the state of Maryland examined chickens and ducks and found that 90% of them were infected with salmonella.

The disease has no connection to salmon. It gets its name from a Dr. Salmon who discovered the bacteria in 1885. Recently representatives from the State of Oregon tried to pass a bill in Congress to change the name of the disease to something else. They claimed the widespread publicity was giving the salmon industry a bad name. The bill did not pass.

THE WORST OF THE LOT

The deadliest form of food poisoning is called botulism. Fortunately it is also the rarest. It is caused by tiny micro-organisms which live in the soil and are found almost anywhere around the farm. The spores are harmless as long as they remain spores. But like the spores of mushrooms, they can lie around dormant for years and then suddenly under favorable conditions, germinate and multiply rapidly. When this happens they can cause a lot of trouble.

The spores which cause botulism are similar to the tetanus germs in that they can not grow where there is oxygen. But inside a sealed jar, or in a can which is vacuum packed, the conditions can become just right. As these tiny organisms grow and mulitply, they produce a toxin which is one of the deadliest poisons ever discovered on earth. It has been said that one pint of the toxin would be enough to kill all the people on earth.

Most of the major nations have a supply of botulism toxin which could be used for germ warfare. It is one of the most dangerous weapons ever devised. In fact it is so powerful that no nation has yet dared use it for fear of reprisal. They realize that if they were to use it, their enemy would also use it in return.

Ordinary boiling does not kill the spores. They must be heated to a temperature of 250 degrees. Commercially canned foods are required by law to be canned by steam methods which do kill the spores. There have been no outbreaks of botulism from commercially canned foods since 1925. Since that time there have been numerous isolated cases, which have always been traced back to carelessness in the canning procedure.

Canned mushrooms have never been considered dangerous in this respect, but in the past year one person became sick from eating commercially canned mushrooms. Three other cans of mushrooms with bulging ends were spotted on the grocery shelves of supermarkets in three widely separated cities and upon examination were found to contain the deadly poison. As a result, thousands of cases of mushrooms have been recalled which were packed by the same company.

When the spores germinate and start growing, they manufacture a toxin and also a gas which may cause the ends of a tin can to bulge out. Any can which is bulged out should be discarded. Often times such food may have a peculiar odor and appear abnormal.

The spores which cause botulism can not grow in acid or sweet foods, therefore most fruits are safe from this poison. But canned vegetables and meats are fertile ground for the organism to grow. In a recent study of 483 cases of botulism from canned foods, string beans were found to be at the head of the list with 98 cases. Corn was next with 49, spinach 24, beets 24, meats 15, and sea foods 24. Most of these were home canned.

Symptoms from botulism poisoning appear suddenly and progress rapidly. It can strike from 2 to 4 hours after eating the contaminated food, but may go as long as 72 hours. In one case, a man did not become sick until the eighth day and died on the tenth.

The toxin affects the nervous system. The symptoms are double vision, labored breathing, and difficulty in speaking and swallowing. There may also be stomach cramps, nauses and diarrhea. Death results when the breathing muscles become paralyzed.

In any case where botulism is suspected, it is important to get the patient to a hospital as soon as possible. Antitoxin is available to help fight the poison. Surgery is sometimes resorted to and an opening made in the throat to make breathing easier.

All members of the family who ate any infected food should be given antitoxin, even though they show no symptoms of the disease. Once they become sick, it may be too late.

PREVENTION THE BEST MEDICINE

Common sense in preparing and serving food will go a long way in avoiding trouble with food poisoning. The plain people do considerably more canning than the average American housewife, yet they apparently do not have any more trouble with food poisoning. There is no way we can be sure of not being caught sometime. However, by avoiding the conditions which are favorable to bacterial growth, we can avoid most of the chances of becoming sick. It is of the utmost importance that we are acquainted with the different types of food poisoning so that we can recognize and avoid the conditions which are dangerous.

Three points should always be kept in mind in food preparation:

1. CLEANLINESS. Be sure your source of food is clean and pure. This means meat from healthy animals, fruits and vegetables which are wholesome. Food should be prepared in clean containers. Avoid meat slicers or utensils which may be contaminated. People with skin infections should stay away from the kitchen.

2. SUFFICIENT HEATING. See that all foods are properly cooked and boiled to kill the germs all the way through. Hamburger should be well done. Canned meats and vegetables should always be thoroughly cooked again on opening the cans. Although it is not possible to kill the spores which cause botulism, it is relatively easy to render the toxin harmless by boiling for three minutes. Staphylococcus germs, on the other hand, can easily be killed by boiling, but the toxin is not affected by any length of boiling. Salmonella bacteria do not make a toxin and the germs are easily killed by boiling.

3. PROPER CARE BEFORE SERVING. Food should be properly cooled and protected against contamination from the time it is prepared until it is served. If the food is to be kept for several hours before it is eaten, it should be cooled at once, and kept cool. Some housewives have the notion that food must be cooled to room temperature before putting it in the cooler. This is a

mistaken idea; the sooner it is put into the cooler, the better. If there is a large quantity of food, the container can be set into cold water and stirred a few minutes to hasten the cooling.

Special care should be taken in keeping salads and puddings from one meal to the next. At room temperatures, the bacteria can multiply fast.

In spite of all our precautions, it is still possible to become a victim of food poisoning. Remember that it has been around for many centuries and there is little chance that it will ever become entirely eliminated. So don't panic. The most common kind, the staph infection, is seldom serious and after a few hours of discomfort, should disappear. Salmonella may require the services of a doctor, but with proper treatment, should pose no serious problems. If, however, you should meet up with botulism, no time should be lost in getting to the hospital. If a poison is so powerful that it can kill you if you lick the end of your finger, then it should in no case be regarded lightly.

■■

Editorielles —

Ein Chriſttag Lied

Das Wort von Gott iſt g'gangen
Zu einer Magd ganz rein,
Vom heil'gen Geiſt empfangen,
Das Wort bleibt nicht allein.
Das Fleiſch und Wort zuſammen kam,
Menſchlich Natur und Arte
Von Davids G'ſchlecht es nahm.

Alſo ward Wort und Fleiſche
Ein wahrer Menſch und Gott,
Das Wort vom heil'gen Geiſte
Vermiſcht in menſchlich Noth,
Abrahams Samen nahm Er an,
Wie Ihm Gott hat verheißen,
So hat Er's auch getan.

Weihnachts-Feſt Und vom Ende der Welt

Da wir anfingen zu denken dieſen Editoriel zu ſchreiben gingen die Gedanken weit. Mit dem Ende von der Welt wohl als näher am kommen, Chriſt-Tag am kommen und das End vom Jahr am kommen, ſo können wir in ein weit Feld hinaus ſchauen.

Unlängſt hörten wir wieder ſagen von ungewöhnliche Sachen, Lichter von verſchiedene Farben die geſehen werden in die Himmelshöhen wo die Menſchen nicht wiſſen was es ſein ſoll. Anſtatt von denken wie die Schrift ſagt daß Zeichen und Wunder ſein werden in den letzten Tagen, und unſer Leben prüfen mit Gottes Wort, ob wir bereit ſind ſeine Wiederkunft anzutreffen ſo ſuchen ſie in ihrer Welt-Weisheit ſtudieren und ausrechnen was ſolche Sachen möchten verurſachen. Doch ſagt die Schrift dieſe Welt-Weisheit iſt Thorheit bei Gott.

Schon ein manches mal war ich draußen des Abends ſchaute ich gen Himmel und betrachtete die großen Wunderwerke Gottes. Es heißt Gott hat ein großes Licht erſchaffen welches der Tag regieren ſollte, und dann heißt es ein kleines Licht welches die Nacht regieren ſoll, und dazu auch Sterne. Der Mond iſt wohl viel kleiner als die Sonne, dann aber, was wegen die Sterne, ſie dünken uns noch viel kleiner zu ſein als der Mond. Wenn wir aber nahe wären, dann wären die Sterne noch viel größer als wir denken.

Berechnung giebt es daß die Sonne wär weit über ein hundert Mal ſo groß als die Erde und wär mehr den 91 Millionen Meilen von die Erde weg. Solche Lichter an die Feſte des Himmel können uns ein ſchönes Bild ſein von die große Weisheit, Allmacht und Gütigkeit und Allgegenwart und Heiligkeit und Herrlichkeit Gottes. Ja, was könnte noch alles genannt werden was wir aus dieſe Sonne, Mond und Sternen vernehmen können.

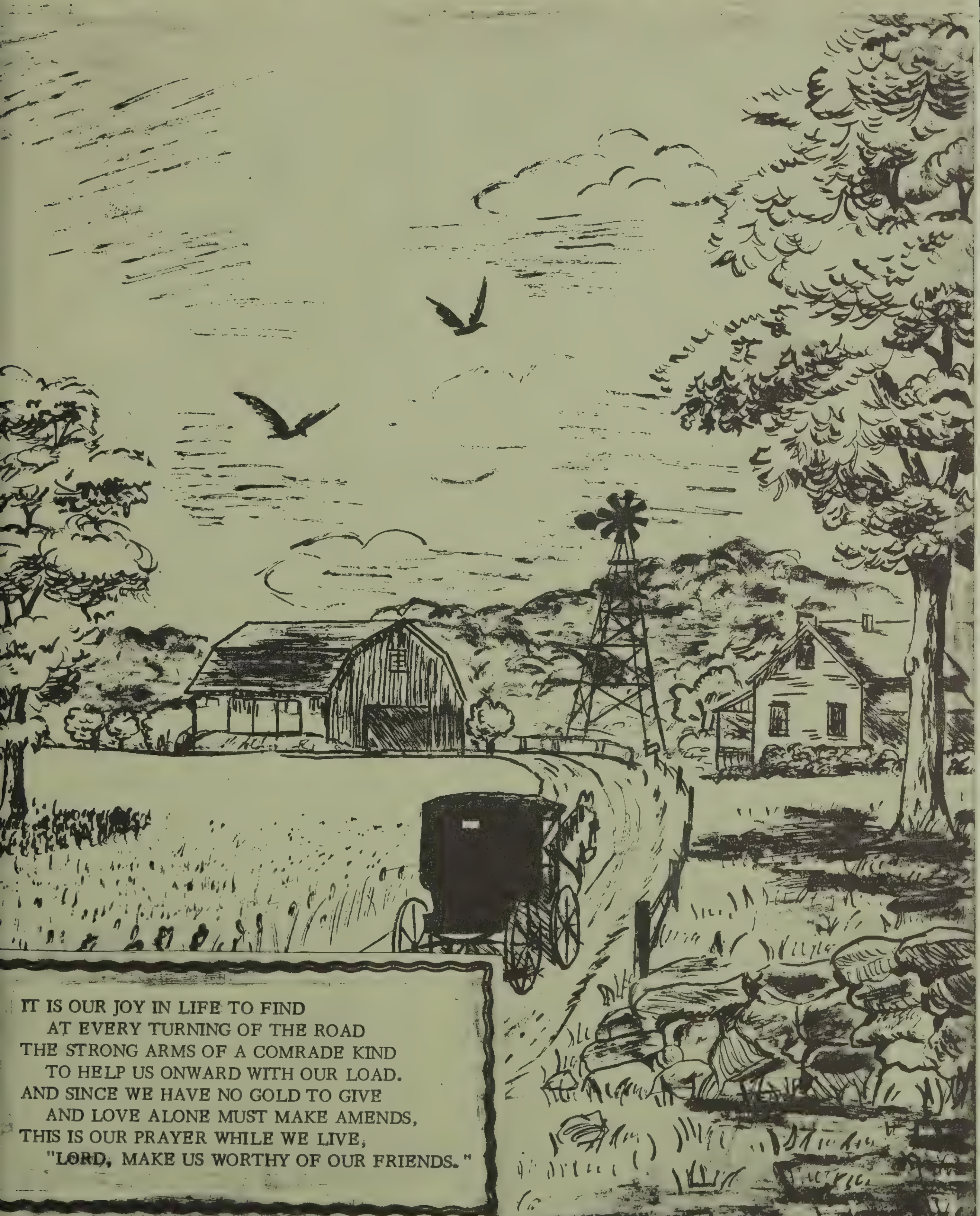
Wir denken noch an die Worte im 15ten Kap. Offenbarung, da ſie ſprachen: „Groß und wunderſam ſind deine Werke, Herr allmächtiger Gott; gerecht und wahrhaftig ſind deine Wege, du König der Heiden. Wer ſollte dich nicht fürchten Herr, und deinen Namen preiſen? Denn du biſt allein heilig; denn alle Heiden werden kommen und anbeten vor dir; denn deine Urteile ſind offenbar worden.“ Nun iſt die Frage, tun wir? tue ich? tuſt du, an ſolch einen allmächtigen Gott glauben? Vor welchem kein Gott gemacht iſt, und auch nicht nach ihm ſein wird, denn von Ihm, zu Ihm und durch Ihm ſind alle Dinge, Ihm ſei Ehre von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit, Amen.

Wir möchten uns ſelber fragen: Iſt unſer Glauben vollkommen geworden? Wir leſen von unſere Voreltern ſo wie Abraham und andere. Durch die Werke iſt ihr Glauben vollkommen geworden. Wenn wir nicht Werke haben wo es beweiſen, dann iſt unſer Glauben vielleicht noch nicht vollkommen worden, dann wäre noch etwas großes am fehlen.

Wir wollen ein wenig zurück kommen in unſerm Text, wir haben geſagt vom Weihnachts-Feſt, oder was wir Chriſt-Tag nennen. Wenn wir reden von Chriſt-Tag am kommen, zu was tun wir eigentlich vorwärts ſehen? Denken wir wie viel Candy wir eſſen wollen, wie viel Geſchenke wir andere geben wollen, wo wir vielleicht überall gehen wollen und eine gute Zeit haben? Laßt uns mol ein wenig an etwas ſonſt denken. Ein Jeſu-Kind in der Krippe am liegen, da ſie ſonſt keinen Raum hatten zur Herberge. Da wurde das Kind Jeſu geboren nahe an der Stadt Bethlehem. Wenn wir Kinder Gottes ſind, dann wollen wir Ihm doch etwas anders ſchenken als wie Candy, Firecrackers, ſtark Getränk und ſo weiter. Wo die Weiſen von Morgenland in das Haus gekommen ſind da das Kind Jeſus lag ſchenkten ſie Ihm Gold, Weihrauch und Myrrhe. In andern Worten zu ſagen, Glauben, Hoffnung und Liebe. Die aller teuers Sachen daß jemand Ihm ſchenken könnte, all das Gold und Silber das in der ganzen Welt wäre, wär nicht ſo viel wert als wie die oben genannte drei Sachen.

Es iſt kein ſchönerer und kein beſſerer Weg der Chriſttag zu feiern als wie wenn wir Gottes Dienſt haben können von Jeſu predigen, und dann die Abend Stunde zubringen mit geiſtliche Lieder ſingen. Wenn das getan wird im rechten Sinn, O wie lieblich muß es doch ſein zu Gott, wenn er hört daß ſeine Kinder intereſſiert ſind und eingenommen in die geiſtliche Sachen, daß der Geiſt Chriſti in ihnen ſein

HANDICAPS HANDCRAFTS 1973



IT IS OUR JOY IN LIFE TO FIND
AT EVERY TURNING OF THE ROAD
THE STRONG ARMS OF A COMRADE KIND
TO HELP US ONWARD WITH OUR LOAD.
AND SINCE WE HAVE NO GOLD TO GIVE
AND LOVE ALONE MUST MAKE AMENDS,
THIS IS OUR PRAYER WHILE WE LIVE,
"LORD, MAKE US WORTHY OF OUR FRIENDS."

er picture by: Laura B. Weaver of
twood, Pennsylvania)

This catalog is printed in the interest of the handicaps of the plain churches. It is intended to be for the benefit of those who must rely on the sales of their handcraft and other products for an income. Most of our people are interested in helping our handicaps in finding their place in society and becoming self-reliant. We are glad that so many people are anxious to do what they can in helping the handicaps establish their own business and making their own living.

Along with each ad in this catalog you will find the directions to the handicap's home. We would suggest that you take this catalog along while traveling and remember the handicaps in each community as you pass through. Your visit may be just as much appreciated as your trade. In this way you are helping the handicaps to help themselves.

Pathway Publishers
R. 4, Aylmer, Ontario

MICHIGAN

RIPPLE AFGANS. Will take orders.
Approx. size
45" x 60"........................$30.00
54" x 72"........................$38.00
60" x 80" ....$ 43.00
Postpaid.

LOCATION: 3 miles north, 1/4 mile west of Sturgis Airport.

HANDICAP: Muscular dystrophy. Confined to wheelchair since 1949. Keeps busy filling out income tax forms from January to April. Makes afghans during the summer and fall. Sister Becky is also on a wheelchair.

VICTOR EICHER
Route 5
Sturgis, Michigan 49091

ILLINOIS

CARPET WEAVING— custom weaving.... $ 1.45 per yard.

CARPETS from new material...per foot $1.20 (We try to keep ready made carpets on hand at all times.) A selection of colors to choose from. They are all 27 inches wide. We make any length perferred.

HILCOA VITAMINS AND MINERALS

LOCATION: 3 1/2 miles east of Arthur on Route 133.

HANDICAP: Paralyzed from farm accident, caused by runaway horses hitched to a wagon. Wagon wheel went over Joe's back and broke the 7th vertebra. The lower part of body is paralyzed from the 7th vertebra on down. Confined to a wheelchair. The rug weaving works as a therapy to help keep strength in hands and arms.

JOE N. SCHROCK
Route 2 Box 142 A
Arthur, Illinois 61911

CANADA

WOVEN MATS & WASTEPAPER BASKETS
Mats...$1.75 Baskets...$2.00

LOCATION: 2 miles west and 1 mile south of Medina, on the 8th con.

HANDICAP: Blind. Had tumor in his head when a child. Lives with his brother David.

AMOS GRABER
c/o David Graber
Route 4
St. Marys, Ontario

MATS made with a loom. 1 1/2 foot wide, 3 1/4 feet long..........$4.00 Postpaid

LOCATION: Lot 15, Concession 32, Elma township

HANDICAP: Blind. Her mother passed away April 31st. Rebecca keeps house for her father, and does the baking, cleaning, and anything in housework. She also knits mits, booties, scarfs—and crochets.

REBECCA STREICHER
c/o Rudy Streicher
Route 2
Milverton, Ontario

MISSOURI

BALL DOME LIDS—regular lids, per case ...$10.95 Widemouth lids...per case $6.99 63's per case... $4.75. Cases broken upon request.

WATCHES— 17 jewel Delemonts...$17.50 Small size 17 jewel Arnex with sweep second hand...$19.50 These are brand new. We also have good used watches.

WHITE MOUNTAIN ICE CREAM FREEZERS— 1 gal. $15.95 6 quart...$18.95 8 quart.......$25.25 10 quart...$33.25 12 quart...$49.95 (12 quart is made of very heavy material.)

is made of very heavy material)
BUGGY BLANKETS— 100% all wool, small size 5'x 6'... $5.50 large size 6'x 7'..... $6.50 These blankets are heavy and tightly woven and windproof.
FERRET, RAT & MICE POISON— 24 lb. case...$20.00 per lb...........89¢
LAUNDRY MARKERS— per marker...39¢
King-size marker...................69¢
BIC BALL POINTS...19¢ Refills 5 for 20¢
STRAW HATS mens...87¢ Boys......82¢
Child's............................77¢
CHORE BALLS— small size stainless steel, case of 12...$ 3.10 large size stainless steel, case of 12...................$7.68
SOCKS— mid-calf and knee-length nylon socks, black and navy....$1.25 per pair
HOT PADS— 12¢ Flavor chips...85¢ Tablecloth, plastic...................
AMWAY PRODUCTS— full line, including sprayers at $1.50 also wall despensers at $2.75 Handy for liquid soap.
SHOELACES 18" to 40", priced in bulk lots.
TIE ROPES— neck and halter snaps, white nylon....$3.50 Blue Poly.........$3.00
COWHIDE BILLFOLDS with alligator design..............................$4.75
RAZOR BLADES— stainless steel double edge, carton of 24 dispensers, 5 blade dispensers...$8.00 single edge blades, box of 4..............................10¢
ZMO LINAMENT— 12 oz. bottle...$2.25 per case of 12....................$24.00
UNION SALVE for burns, 8 oz. jar..$1.50
GREEN MOUNTAIN SALVE for pnuemonia, 5 oz. jar..........................$2.05
COUGH SYRUP, licorice flavor, natural ingredients, 6 oz. bottle............$1.15
CHORE GLOVES, yellow gloves, per box of 12...$6.36 Rubber gloves...36¢ per pair
ENDERS assorted hand and horse shoeing tools. Guaranteed.
Ball salt & pepper sets...45¢ Ball Blue books at 45¢ each.
Finger nail clippers...21¢ Combs, asst. blister pack.......................25¢
PARING KNIVES— good grade.......95¢
BERKLEY WOOL HATS— black well constructed 3 1/2" rim...$8.28 4" rim..... $8.55 These are a good grade hats.
We will ship anywhere. Please send no money until you receive the complete invoice. Prices do not include shipping or tax. After items are shipped, we will mail complete invoice including tax and shipping.
LOCATION: Take U.S. 54 west out of Springfield to Curryville. South out of Curryville on road M.
HANDICAP: David, Samuel, Peter and Josephine are all victims of muscular dystrophy. David, Samuel, and Josephine are confined to the wheelchair. They live with their widowed mother.

GIROD BROS.
Route 1 Box 193
Curryville, Missouri 63339

LEATHER BILLFOLDS, very good material. Plain and initialed...$8.25 Tooled...$9.25 Please state whether men's or women's sizes.
LOCATION: 1 mile west and 3 miles north of Clarence.
HANDICAP: Had open heart surgery 6 years ago and can't do much work of any kind. Alton is married and they have 7 children.

ALTON N. BONTRAGER
Route 1
Clarence, Missouri 63437

HAND-KNITTED BOOTIES (more stretchable than crocheted)...............$2.00
HAND-KNITTED GLOVES, for adults $3.00 Children...$2.00 Small mittens......$1.00
CROCHETED POTHOLDERS, set of 2, white with colored borders...$1.75 With roses in center....................$2.0
CROCHETED BOOKMARKERS with ribbon ...30¢ 4 for $1.00
GREETING CARDS— Baby congratulations ...14 in box...$1.10 Natural Colors (14) ...$1.25 Bible and Flowers (14) $1.25
These two kinds are also available in all occasion, get well, and birthday.
All products postpaid.
LOCATION: 2 miles east of Jamesport on F, then 2-1/2 miles south on gravel road.
HANDICAP: Had polio when 6 years old. Hips and legs partly paralyzed.

CLARA YODER
c/o Harry W. Yoder
Route 2 Box 239
Jamesport, Missouri 64648

PROPELLER BEADS, Assorted colors, clear or solid color. Fishline strung 70¢each
ALUMINUMIZED CHAIN, gold color. Nice for watch chains, shawl chain, or for children to play with. This chain hasn't always been available...10¢ per foot. State desired length.
BOOKMARKS, mitten shaped. Made from felt, with clip to clip on page. About 2" long. One bookmark is a pair of mittens. Assorted

colors............................30¢
All items are postpaid.
LOCATION: 2 miles west of Ten Mile Store.
HANDICAP: Reumatoid arthritis which has left legs, arms and hands stiff. Very painful. Oldest of 14 children. Born: October 22, 1952 Parents: Sam W. and Rebecca Schrock.

LYDIA S. SCHROCK
c/o Sam W. Schrock
Route 2
Macon, Missouri 63552

POTHOLDERS...14¢ each postpaid. Made with loom.
LOCATION: 3 1/2 miles south and 1/2 mile west of Curryville.
HANDICAP: Feet are crippled because of spastic paraplegia. Age 15. Goes with a walker and can help with the housework. Daughter of William K. Yoder.

MARTHA YODER
c/o William K. Yoder
Route 1 Box 155
Curryville, Missouri 63339

NOTICE—Ellis E. Borntrager and others who were listed in the 1972 catalog, have been unable to get the leather links for suspenders anymore. They have been receiving orders but cannot fill them.

IOWA

AMWAY PRODUCTS
LOCATION: 2 miles east and 2 miles north of Kalona. On the east side of road in a 1/4 mile lane.
HANDICAP: Polio in 1955. Has arthritis in legs. In 1969 the doctor diagnosed the case as muscular dystrophy. This ailment causes muscles to waste away and leaves its victim in a weakened condition. Spends time in reading which is limited because of weak eyes. Is married to the former Viola Yoder and has a family.

JACOB SCHLABACH
Route 2 Box 230
Kalona, Iowa 52247

ORTHO VENT SHOES will take orders.
HILCOA PRODUCTS, Food supplements of vitamins and minerals. 1 unit Golden Supreme (a 3 months supply)...$25.00 Sea Manna (a 6 months supply of vitamins and minerals)...$25.00 Complete line of Hilcoa products.
BILLFOLDS Hand made...$6.50 to $7.00
LOCATION: 2 1/2 miles west from Hazelton Bank corner. Across a bridge, on the south side of the road, on a hill called Bunker Hill.
HANDICAP: Muscular dystrophy. Has no strength in hands. Can still walk alone but goes more slowly in winter. Muscles seem to be deteriorating all over body. Lives on small farm. Married and has family. Forty-one years old.

URIAH M. SCHWARTZ
Route 1 Box 241
Hazelton, Iowa 50641

PLASTIC PROPELLER BEADS- fishline strung, assorted colors...89¢, per dozen...$9.60
PIGEON RINGS, assorted colors...80¢ per dozen.......................$9.15
All orders postpaid.
LOCATION: From Sunnyside Church, at east end of Kalona on highway 22, 3/4 mile north.
HANDICAP: Polio in 1952, when 46 years old. Paralyzed from hips down. Gets around on the wheelchair. Is able to take care of herself and to do her daily housework. Attends church during the summer time.

RUTH HERSHBERGER
Route 2 Box 252
Kalona, Iowa 52247

POCKETBOOKS made of genuine English morocco— a goatskin. Bill compartment folds into thirds with a snap enclosure. Size is 9 1/2 x 3 3/4 when opened and 2 3/4 x 3 3/4 closed. Also has a coin pocket attached with a snap enclosure...$2.50 postpaid.
MINI-SNIP SCISSORS— a folding scissors with surgical stainless steel blades. Has 1 inch sharp cutting blades. Scissors are 3 1/4" long when folded and 3 3/4" long in cutting position.........$3.75 postpaid.
BLUEBIRD BRAND BUTTONS size 24, 2 hole. Colors: white, lt. blue, med. blue, royal blue, grass green, lt. green, and lavender...........20¢ per dozen.
Size 20, 2 hole. Color: white, black, brown, yellow, pink, lt. blue, med. blue, royal blue, navy blue, lt. green, med. green, and orange..............15¢ per dozen.
Size 20, 2 hole. Color: clear, 10¢ per dozen.
Size 18, 2 hole. Color: white, yellow, pink, lt. blue, royal blue, med. green, purple, gold................15¢ per dozen.

POLYESTER SHIRT BUTTONS, 4 hole, size 18. Color: white, black, brown, yellow, pink, lavender, lime, orange, lt. blue, med. blue, navy blue........15¢ per dozen.
MOLDED PLASTIC "DRESS" PANTS BUTTONS. Size 24, 4 hole. Color: black...20¢ per dozen. Mail orders of 5 dozen or less, please add 10¢ extra. On orders of 6 dozen or more add 10¢ for the first 5 dozen and 1¢ for each additional dozen.
BOOKBINDING— Bibles bound with genuine English morocco approximately $7.00 depending on size and condition of pages. Pay after your book has been returned. Cloth-bound books priced according to the size and condition of the book.
GREETING CARDS— all occasion, birthday, get well, baby congratulation, sympathy, Christian correspondence notes, children's birthday. Most of these are available with Scripture text. $1., $2.50 or $1.50 per box. Please add 20% extra for postage on orders up to $5.00, 15% on orders of $5.00 or more.
LOCATION: From cheese factory north of Kalona on highway 1, 3 miles east and 1 3/4 miles south.
HANDICAP: Polio.

ALTA S. MAST
Route 1 Box 25
Kalona, Iowa 52247

FLORIDA

COVERED COAT HANGERS with dura-flex plastic, assorted colors...35¢ each, 3 for $1
DURA FLEX PLASTIC KEY CHAINS, with or without ring, assorted colors.....40¢; 25¢ each.
POT HOLDERS...15¢ 2 for 25¢
SMOCKED PILLOWS, assorted colors, with foam cushion, 12" x 12" x 3"...$2.50 each
BEADS, assorted colors and lengths...60¢ and up.
TYPING poems and songs, regular or script type...one penny a word, no charge on other marks.
All items postage extra.
LOCATION: 5 miles north of Pinecraft.
HANDICAP: Spinal meningitis at the age of 4 months, which affected sense of balance. Has difficulty in hearing of one ear, and seeing from one eye. Twenty five years old.

MARY BLANK
3030 N. Oriente Ave.
Sarasota, Fla. 33580

NEW YORK

ENGLISH MOROCCO LEATHER BILLFOLDS, size 3 7/16 x 9 1/4, has 2 bill compartments, 2 wing inserts, with or without coin purse. Black. Price $10.00
FRENCH BILLFOLDS, top grain cowhide. size 5 x 3 1/2 closed. Black. Price $10.00
Suit case tags, natural leather, size 4 x 2 1/2...price $1.00
PROPELLER BEADS, fish line strung, $1. per string.
POT HOLDERS, jersey loops...50¢ a set.
POODLES & DOLLS KEY CHAINS, made with wire and propeller beads...$1.00
FLAVOR CHIPS (barb-q, onion, cheese, and bacon)...one box $1.25
LOCATION: on Seager Hill road, 2 miles east out of Conewango, off U.S. 62.
HANDICAP: Wagon on which he was riding was hit by pickup truck February 5, 1968. Received broken neck and is paralyzed from the chest down. Is confined to wheelchair. Married to the former Katie S. Troyer. Have one daughter, Susan. Harry was born: January 25, 1947

HARRY M. HERSHBERGER
Route 1 Box 274-A
Conewango Valley, N.Y. 14726

PENNSYLVANIA

LAWRENCE COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA

CHAIR CANING
LOCATION: Route 158 north out of New Wilmington 1 mile, turn left, one more mile; on right side of road.
HANDICAP: Polio. Has been using a wheelchair since 1933. Has own apartment and does most of her work herself. Does some quilting.

PHOEBE BYLER
Route 1 Box 123-A
Mercer, Pa. 16137

LANCASTER COUNTY, PA.

REED WOVEN ITEMS
12" x 7"x 2 1/2 Oval bun basket with handles...$1.85, (The following sizes give the diameter of the baskets)
8"- Casserole basket with handles..$1.60
7"- Casserole basket with handles..$1.35
6" (3" high) - Easter basket (handle over top)..........................$2.25

6" (4" high)- Easter basket (handle over top)............................$2.30
6" (2" high)- Sewing basket........$1.10
6" Hot mats...35¢, 7" mats...50¢,
9" Hot mats...75¢ Mat sets (includes 1- 9inch and 2- 7 inch).............$1.65
3 1/2 inch (1" high) handle basket (casserole type)...60¢
Also makes other sizes and shapes not mentioned.
BROOMS- Light house brooms....$2.20
Heavier house broom.............$2.35
Homegrown corn broom...........$2.10
Barn broom (style of house broom)..$2.75
Wisk broom.........................$.95
Please add 20% postage. Excess will be refunded.

LOCATION: From Lancaster take Route 222 to Quarryville,from Quarryville take Route 472 east to the crossroad before you get to Kirkwood turn left. First buildings on the left; on Noble Road. (Or inquire in Kirkwood at village store or Post Office for blind Crist Beiler.)

HANDICAP: Blind. Was kicked by a horse at the age of 15. Can read and write braille. Does most anything around home. Birthdate: September 14,1950

Christ A Beiler
c/o Levi E. Beiler
Route 1 Box 197
Noble Road
Kirkwood, PA 17536

PROPELLER BEADS...90¢ per string. Postpaid.
TYPING

LOCATION: On route 23 from Lancaster. At Forest Hill Road turn left. Go to second crossroad and turn left onto Center Square Road. Go to Zook's lane and down this lane to first lane left.

HANDICAP: Muscular dystrophy. Is confined to wheelchair. Born: December 26, 1953.

AARON F. ZOOK
c/o Abner S. Zook
Route 1
Leola, Pa. 17540

ROSE, PINWHEEL, & DAISY POTHOLDERS $1.25 each
Rose doilies.. ..14" with 10 flowers...$3.25, doily with 8 flowers...$2.50, oblong rose doily with 14 flowers...12" x 18" at $4.25 each.
CROCHETED BIBS with edging...white or colored...$1.25 each.
PINEAPPLE CHAIR SET...$7.00 Butterfly chair set...$6.00 (also in pineapple pattern) Doilies and potholders in any color.

LOCATION: 15 miles east of Lancaster on Route 30, turn left on Route 772 at Gap. Second road right (at a crossroad) on Amish Road. Two story red brick house on left (at bookstore).

HANDICAP: Rheumatism in joints for 24 years. Single. 58 years old. Enjoys reading. Doesn't do much more than get own meals. Walks with the aid of a cane.

KATIE K. STOLTZFUS
Route 1 Box 211
Kinzers, Penna. 17535

PAINTED TOY ANIMALS, 19 different kinds, large harness horse, light brown $1.35; Small harness horse, Light brown...$1.10; Driving horse (no harness) dk. brown...75¢: Regular horse, in 3 colors...50¢; Mule, light brown, or gray...50¢ Colt, light brown or white...35¢: Cow...45¢: Calf...35¢: Steer...50¢: Big dog, yellow with white...40¢: Small dog, yellow with white...30¢: Cats, white with yellow, or gray, or black...40¢: Kittens, (same as big cats)...25¢: Big pig, white with black spots, or black with white strip...35¢: Small pig (same as big ones)........25¢ Sheep...20¢; Duck...25¢; Rabbit.....35¢ Chicken, in dk. brown, or white...35¢: Rooster, in dark brown, or white...35¢: All animals are able to stand and have green at the bottom for grass.

LOCATION: 10 miles east of New Holland on Route 23. At Blue Ball take Route 322 to Churchtown Road, 2 miles south on Churchtown Road to Meadville Road, turn right. First lane right. Or 5 miles north of White Horse off Route 340.

HANDICAP: Paralyzed in accident, when a bale of hay fell on his head. Confined to wheelchair. Does farming with the aid of the family.

CHRIST L. STOLTZFUS
Route 2 Box 96
Narvon, Penna. 17555

PROPELLER BEADS, assorted colors...90¢ each; 1 dozen...$10.00 Postpaid.

LOCATION: 4 miles south of Intercourse on Road 772. After you pass Pequea Valley high school, turn left at the next crossroad; look for name on the mailbox. Home is on the left side of road. At Amish Road Book-

store.
HANDICAP: Almost totally blind for about five years. Had a stroke three years ago and lost some sense of touch. Also sells books to meet expenses. Has 7 children—3 girls married.

HENRY K. BLANK
Route 1 Box 211 Amish Road
Kinzer, Penna. 17535

AMWAY PRODUCTS, full line in stock.
STAINLESS STEEL COOKWARE sets. Send for literature and prices. If anyone would be interested in selling these products, I would be glad to help you get started.
FISHER FAMILY HISTORY BOOKS
LOCATION: 2 miles west of New Holland, turn south from Road 23 on South Groffdale Road. Go east on Musser School Road. We live on the first farm left at Musser School.
HANDICAP: Quadreplegic. Confined to a wheelchair since 1969. Born July 18, 1951.

REUBEN B. BEILER
Musser School Road Route 1
Leola, Pa. 17540
c/o Elias S. Beiler

POTHOLDERS, heart shaped, made with rug yarn. Assorted colors trimmed with white...50¢ each. Postpaid.
LOCATION: From route 40 in Grantsville, Maryland take 669. Keep this road until you come to the sign for St. Paul. Take this road 3 or 4 miles, to our mailbox on the hill. Two houses. Inquire at store in St. Paul for Urias Kinsinger.
HANDICAP: Rheumatic heart. Can be up and around and do different things. Braids rugs, plaits straw into scallops for baskets and mats.

LENA B. KINSINGER
Route 1 Box 310
Salisbury, Pa. 15558

KNITTED ITEMS—made to order.
POTHOLDERS that look like corncobs, to strip over pan handles...55¢
SCARFS (about 6" wide) 36 in. long...$1.35; 48 in. long...1.75; 60 in. long...2.10
CHILDREN'S CAPS knitted in shape of regular caps...$1.50
Stocking caps (with or without earlaps)...$1.65
MITTENS, any size...$1.10
GLOVES, any size...2.20
When ordering by mail please enclose outline of hand for mittens and gloves. ALL ITEMS POSTPAID. State color, size and whether you want orlon or wool yarn used.
LOCATION: Go to village of Summit Mills. Take the road that turns off at the bridge. About 1 mile from Summit Mills.
HANDICAP: Allergic condition which causes severe muscle spasms. as to be careful about various foods, dust, and pollens. In fall from August to November has to stay in her room with everything closed because of the pollen. Parents: Yost S. and Emma (Kinsinger) Summy. Both deceased. Nancy is living with sister Katie. Birthdate: November 7, 1931.

NANCY Y. SUMMY
Route 1 Box 225
Meyersdale, Pa. 15552

OHIO

FOOD AND VEGETABLE CUTTERS
WATCHES
COMING SOON— HAND OPERATED SLICERS
Write for prices.
LOCATION: 2 miles east of Applecreek on Route 94-A. I mile south of 250 or 3 miles south of Route 30.
HANDICAP: Rheumatoid arthritis. Uses crutches to walk. Married to Mary J. Miller.

JACOB A. Miller
Route 1 Box 3-A
Applecreek, Ohio 44606

FARM SEEDS, FERTILIZER, LIME, ADVERTISING MERCHANDISE such as pens, pencils, thermometers, rain guages, calendars, and a variety of other things for business places. Prices vary about 10¢ to $2. or $3. each, depending on the merchandise and the quality and quantity.
LOCATION: 3 miles south of Fredericksburg, on County Road 214.
HANDICAP: Crippled since birth. Can walk but it's hard to keep balance. Lost one eye in a cataract operation. Married to Amanda J. Yoder. No children.

WYMAN J. COBLENTZ
Route 1 Box 62
Fredericksburg, Ohio 44627

WATCHES AND CLOCKS Sales and repairs. In business since 1958.
NEW SWISS 17 JEWEL shock proof pocket watches...$22.00 and up (postpaid), plus

4 1/2 % sales tax for Ohio residents.
NEW REPRODUCTION old fashioned wall clocks...$75. and up. Will send pictures of clocks and watches upon request.
BESTLINE PRODUCTS. This is a bio-degradable organic soap. A real good cleaner, yet harmless if children should drink it. (No mail orders on Bestline products)
LOCATION: 3 1/2 miles south of Kidron, on County Road 52. First place south of County Road 2, on west side of road.
HANDICAP: Had polio in 1952 which left him with a curved and humped back. Gets around without the aid of a brace or crutches. Youngest son of Levi J. Hershberger. Married to Anna, daughter of William D. Millers. Has two children. Born: September 29, 1938.

MENNO L. HERSHBERGER
Route 2
Applecreek, Ohio 44606

GROCERIES IN BULK. All prices per pound unless otherwise mentioned.
Baking powder...25¢
Clear jell...25¢
Cocoa...60¢
Corn starch...16¢
Cream of tartar...$1.00
Chocolate and Butterscotch chips...60¢
Dates...40¢
Donut mix...21¢
Hi Lite cake flour...15¢
Prunes...55¢
Raisins...55¢
Quick rolled oats...12¢
Soda...box 55¢
Spaghetti...29¢
Cashews...65¢
Coconut...50¢
Coconut (unsweetened)...42¢
Cinnamon...$2.00
Cloves...$3.20
Allspice...$1.80
Ginger...$1.65
Home Maid noodles...12 oz. 40¢
Instant Pie filling...box 88¢
Macaroni...27¢
English walnuts...$1.30
Wheat germ...16¢
Whole wheat flour...15¢
Red Star yeast...$1.00
Nutmeg...$1.00
Tapioca, small pearl, minuature, and fish eye...35¢
Jello—orange, strawberry, cherry, raspberry, pineapple, lime, lemon, peach...43¢
Lite Karo...5 gal. $8.20
Old fashion rolled oats...5 lbs. 70¢
Peanut butter...48¢
Lemon flavor...8 oz. 75¢
Coconut flavor... 2 oz. 25¢
Red food coloring...2 oz. 25¢
Graham crackers...box 39¢
Powdered sugar...18¢
Vanilla dark, and clear...8 oz. 75¢
Marshmallows...bag 25¢
Pecans...$1.67
Pineapples (crushed)...gal. $1.50
Pineapples (sliced)...gal. $1.80
Peaches...gal. $1.30
Sour cherries...gal. $1.95
Marshmallow topping...4 lbs. $1.80
All prices subject to change.
LOCATION: 2 miles southeast of Mt. Hope on Twp. Road No. 210.
HANDICAP: Polio. Wears a brace, a built up shoe and uses crutches. Spine is S-shaped. Back is very crooked.

ALMA L. HERSHBERGER
Route 5 Box 114
Millersburg, Ohio 44654

HOUSE BROOMS... $1.85 Warehouse brooms...$2.25
LOCATION: Turn north from State Road 557 at Farmerstown Cheese factory onto Route 114. Fourth home on the right side. One mile north of the cheese factory.
HANDICAP: Almost blind since birth. Attended Ohio State School for the Blind until 16 years of age. Learned to read and write Braille. Spent 6 months in 1970 at Ohio's Goodwill Industries in Zanesville to learn the art of broommaking. 36 years old.

SYLVANUS HERSHBERGER
Route 1 Box 217
Sugarcreek, Ohio 44681

MAST'S HOUSEWARE SUPPLY-dishes, graniteware, Fenton glass, toys, gift items, health foods, etc.
MAST'S SHOE STORE- (located in Mt. Hope) shoes, clothing, and vitamins.
LOCATION OF HOUSEWARE STORE AND HOME- 2 miles south of Mt. Hope; 2 1/2 miles north of Bunker Hill on County Road 77.
HANDICAP: Injured at birth. Is married to former Mary Troyer. Have three little boys.

HENRY C. MAST
Route 5 Box 151
Millersburg, Ohio 44654

LEATHER BILLFOLDS & CHANGE PURSES, in different colors. Billfolds... $5.00
Change purses- from 50¢ to $2.00
KNITTED HOUSE SLIPPERS... all colors. $2 and $3.
CROCHETED POTHOLDERS, all colors... 2 for $1.00
RUG WEAVING... a yard $1.20
WOVEN RUGS
LOCATION: On Route 39, about 1 mile east of Berlin. The first farm east of the Car Wash.
HANDICAP: Born blind. 34 years old. Lives with parents, and a sister.

FANNIE BEACHY
c/o John Beachy
Star Route
Millersburg, Ohio 44654

CROCHETED BIBS- made white cotton thread, in white, trimmed with lt. blue, pink, yellow, or green. Or all white... 85¢
CROCHETED BOOTIES- made of yarn in lt. blue, pink, yellow, or tan. All trimmed in white. Also plain black... $1.25 per pair.
PROPELLER BEADS fishline strung... 85¢ each or $9.00 per dozen.
PIGEON RINGS- 65¢ or $6.80 per dozen.
GREETING CARDS- all kinds... $1.25 per box.
DISHES and other gift items COME IN AND SEE.
QUILTS made to order, or bring and send your own top.
LOCATION: First farm S. E. of Farmerstown on state road 557.
Gift shop is in the basement of the small house.
HANDICAP: Polio. Wears braces and walks with crutches. Lives with mother.

SUSIE MILLER
Route 1 Box 56
Baltic, Ohio 43804

ENGLISH BOOKS
Confession of Faith and Minister's Manual, Compiled by J. S. Coffman and John F. Funk............................$2.50
Doctrines of the Bible, edited by Daniel Kauffman.........................$4.50
SMITH'S BIBLE DICTIONARY, with 4,000 questions and answers.............$4.95
With thumb index..................$6.95
Egermeier's Bible Story Books, by Elsie Egermeier, Standard edition, 576 pages... $7.50 Deluxe gift edition, 672 pages, with a gift box.......................$9.95
MARTYRS MIRROR, by Thielman J. Van-Braght.........................$15.75
Songbooks with shaped notes. Christian Hymnal, 657 songs, by Church of God in Christ Mennonite...............$2.75
Church Hymnal, 657 songs, edited by S. F. Coffman... $3.25 50 or more $3.
Church and Sunday School Hymnal, 532 on songs and 50 German songs, edited by J. D. Brunk $3.10 50 or more..........$2.80
Life Songs No. 2, 343 songs and 16 pages of responsive readings, edited by S. F. Coffman... $ 2.85 50 or more.....$2.60
ENGLISH BIBLES, NEW TESTAMENTS, and Chain Reference Bibles which is called the Thompson Bible. The Bibles and the Testaments are all King James Version. For more information on the Bibles and Testaments write and tell what you want and I will try and help you.
POSTAGE add 10% if your order is less than $5 but if your order is $5 or more, add 5%. Prices are subject to change. Please print all orders and letters.
LOCATION: 4 miles south of Shreve on 318 and then turn left into a long lane.
HANDICAP: Cerebral palsy— injury at birth. Confined to wheelchair. Hands are unsteady so types with his feet. Father, Jonas E. Miller, died in January 1969. Lives with mother, Lizzie Miller.

JONAS J. MILLER JR.
Route 2 Box 179-B
Shreve, Ohio 44676

WATCHES AND CLOCKS New and used. Sales and service. 17 jewel watches from $15 and up. Mantel clocks $48 and up. Battery clocks $12 and up.
HILCOA PRODUCTS— COLEMAN APPLIANCES— SPRUNGER WOODWORKING TOOLS Write for prices and literature.
LOCATION: Between Trail and Walnutcreek off state Road 515 on County road 172. First home on right hand side.
HANDICAP: Polio. All work done on wheelchair. Is self dependent. Lives with Mother. Father, Crist I. Wengerd, died recently.

ELI C. WENGERD
Route 5 Box 34x
Millersburg, Ohio 44654

GEAUGA COUNTY, OHIO

GREETINGS— Flowers-in-the-round, 18 cards in all birthdays, or all get-well, printed on luxurious, glossy stock, in colors............................$2.00
Remembering You— Cheer and Hello— 16

cards ass't......................$1.50
Bible Verses Sympathy, 14 cards assortment $1.50
Thoughts of Faith—with Scripture text in all birthday or get-well...14 cards assortment $1.00
Christian Correspondence Notes with Scripture..................14 cards $1.
Baby Congratulations Scripture text...12 cards.......................$1.00
Thoughtful greetings, all birthday, and all get-well.................14 cards $1
Sympathy Scripture......12 cards $1
Stationary, Scripture text...22 sheets and envelopes $1.25
KINDER LIEDER...................30¢
PARADIES GARTLEIN gebetbuch...$1.50
PIGEON RINGS in 3 bright colors...per string 79¢
PERFECTION DYES...............25¢
HAPPY BABY FOOD GRINDERS...$4.50
and extra rubber rings, pack of 8...$1.00
KWIK-KUT ideal food chopper, plain edged ...95¢ each, or $10.00 per dozen
TRAVEL TOYS—Colorful little vinyl tote filled with puzzles, miniature toys...69¢
POSTAGE- Add 45¢ extra for each item when ordering; for pigeon rings add only 8¢ per string extra. Excess postage will be returned.
LOCATION: 2 miles west of Middlefield to Burton-Windsor Road, one mile north to Durkee Road, turn to left; first house.
HANDICAP: Can't walk since 1946. Knee is locked because of arthritis. Spends most of time sitting in bed, writing and sewing. Can sit on chair and use the sewing machine. Was unable to go to school. Uses typewriter to write.

LENA D. BYLER
15940 Durkie Road
Huntsburg, Ohio 44046

GREETING CARDS all occasion, birthday, get well, Cheer and Hello, Sympathy and Correspondence notes...$ 1.25 and $1.50, some $2.00
CUSTOM RUG WEAVING—
READY MADE RUGS....$6. 1 1/2 yards, new material, any color, order first.
SHAKLEE vitamins, instant protein, vanilla or chocolate flavor, a month's supply... $9.05
Vitamin E—100..................$6.22
Vitamin C—100..................$4.35
Vita Lea—180 tablets.............$9.05
Postage extra.
LOCATION: About 5 miles east of Middlefield, south on Road 313, at Amish school turn left, first lane to left on the Levi E. Miller farm.
HANDICAP: Lost one eye. Does not see well out of the other. Had a nervous breakdown, and has colitis. Has never been strong.

WILLIAM (SONNY) TROYER
Route 2 5474 Clark Rd.
Middlefield, Ohio 44062

BOOTIES AND CAPS made of nylon yarns
Booties.........................$1.35
Baby caps.......................$1.45
Bibs.............................90¢
In assorted colors, trimmed in white, or in solid colors. Please state colors when writing.
PROPELLER BEADS-nylon strung. Assorted colors............................90¢
LOCATION: 2 1/2 miles east of Middlefield and 1/2 mile south on Hayes Road. First farm south of school house.
HANDICAP: Poly-arthritis. Is able to help with light house work. Takes chiropractor treatments to help relieve pain. Parents: Dan E. and Lydia H. Miller

FANNIE D. MILLER
15267 Hayes Road Route 2
Middlefield, Ohio 44062

INDIANA

ADAMS COUNTY
KRISTEE DRY CLEAN.........80¢ a box.
Other Kristee products like ironing board, pad and cover, shoe shine spray, soap holders, room deodorant, mending tape, spot remover also.
Peter Graber family record book...$7.00
Jacob C. Schwartz family book......$2.00
David A. Wickey family book.......$1.00
GREETING CARDS and stationaries of all kinds.
SIGN PAINTING and name plaques.
Add for Postage.
LOCATION: 3 miles south of Berne on Road 000 to Road 900s, then 1 mile east.
HANDICAP: Muscular dystrophy. Is confined to the wheelchair.

CHRIS I. SCHWARTZ
Route 2 Box 258
Geneva, Indiana 46740

AMISH DOLLS—8" girl dolls........$3.7
14" girl dolls...$5 14" boy dolls...$5.75
Plus Postage
HANDICAP: Muscular dystrophy (same as

Mary (Wickey) Schwartz.

LEAH I. SCHWARTZ
Route 2 Box 258
Geneva, Indiana 46740

BILLFOLDS—with coin purses. Genuine leather, hand-laced. With initials, or plain ...$5.00 With design...............$6.00
LOCATION: 300 east, 650 south of Berne
HANDICAP: Muscular dystrophy. Can get around by himself in the house, but can't go outside in winter time.

JOE T. SCHWARTZ
Route 2 Box 24
Berne, Indiana 46711

CROCHETED ITEMS—hankies with initials, all colors.....................$1.25 each
Scarfs, with rope design...........$4.00
PURSES—made of detergent bottles, can also be used for little doll cradles, all colors $1.50
HOT PLACE MATS made from jar rubbers, all colors.........................$2.00
HOT PADS, made with wash cloths...$2.00 per set.
RUGS, made from bread wrappers, oval shaped............................$2.50
BEADS—fishline strung, assorted colors... 95¢
PIN CUSHIONS—royal, gold and red...80¢
FLOWERS—made with fur, all colors, a bouquet of 2 flowers and 1 leaf.......$2.00
GREETING CARDS—all kinds
AMWAY PRODUCTS—full line
RAWLEIGH PRODUCTS—full line
WILLEX PRODUCTS—full line
All items postpaid.
LOCATION: 2 miles south, 1 mile east of Monroe, turn north, first house.
HANDICAP: Muscular dystrophy Joe 20, Mary Ann 23, Lucinda 17. Can get around by ourselves in the house.

JOE, MARY ANN & LUCINDA HILTY
c/o Andrew A. Hilty
Route 1 Box 271
Monroe, Indiana 46772

HAND-LACED BILLFOLDS.........$6.00
Designed and with name............$7.00
3 different kinds of coin purses, (with bill pocket—$4.00) $2, and $1.
AMWAY PRODUCTS
HOOKS & EYES, pant buttons, and pins.
SUSPENDERS vinyl plastic.............85¢
AMISH WOOL HATS
Potholders..........................20¢
LOCATION: 1 mile east and 3 1/2 miles south of Berne, on road 50 east.
HANDICAP: Muscular dystrophy. Chris was 30 on July 10th and is on a wheelchair since July 1957. Elizabeth will be 28 October 23rd and is on a wheelchair since January 1959. Elizabeth helps around the house what she can, and sews for others.

CHRISTIAN & ELIZABETH N. SCHWARTZ
Route 2 Box 251
Geneva, Indiana 46740

MARTIN HOUSES—made of 1/2 in. plywood, painted, doors on each side for cleaning. 10 hole box.............$18.00
8 hole box........................$16.00
BIRD FEEDER.....................$6.50
DOLL CRADLE...................$7.50
SMALL CLOTHES RACK..........$9.50
COMB BOX.......................$3.50
LITTLE CHAIRS..................$5.50
SALT BOX.........................$3.00
SMALL ROCKING CHAIR..........$11.00
LARGE-SIZE CLOTHES RACK.....$12.00
POT STANDS.....................$18.00
SMALL BARN, hip roof, 18" high, 24" long, 16" wide........................
HORSESHOE BOX—with casters...$10.50
SMALL HORSESHOE BOX with a handle to carry around....................$7.00
All items are postpaid except the large-size clothes rack and the pot stands.
LOCATION: Lives 1 mile east of Angola, Indiana on U.S. route 20. 1 mile south, 1/2 mile east, 2 miles south. The barn is on the opposite side of the road from the house.
HANDICAP: Muscular dystrophy, but is still able to go on short walks. 23 years old. Is diabetic. Brother Enos has muscular dystrophy also.

RUDY N. SCHWARTZ
c/o Enos E. Schwartz, Sr.
Route 2 Box 232-A
Hamiliton, Indiana 46742

AMWAY PRODUCTS-CONKLIN PRODUCTS-GRAY SEAL PAINTS (Dealers welcome)
LAWNMOWER SHARPENING
MOROCCO BILLFOLDS
CASHEWS, PECANS, WALNUTS in November and December. Cashews sold in 25 lb. cans or less.
MASON SHOES
LOCATION: 2 miles east, 1/2 mile north of Middlebury, on county road 43, second

house on the east side of the road.
HANDICAP: Polio when 11 month old which affected left arm and foot and right leg. Wears one short leg brace and one long leg brace. Helps along on the farm.

FREEMAN L. YODER
c/o Leo F. Yoder
Route 2 Box 22
Middlebury, Indiana 46540

OLD FASHIONED HICKORY ROCKING CHAIRS— large size... $36. medium size. ... $34. Plus freight when shipped. Will take orders.
LOCATION: 6 1/2 miles southwest of La-Grange or 6 1/2 miles northeast of Topeka, or 2 miles east and 1/2 mile south of Emmatown.
HANDICAP: Right hand amputated in a silage cutter when 15 years old, in 1932.

AMOS F. MISHLER
Route 4 Box 153
LaGrange, Indiana 46761

CLOTHES PIN BAGS— shaped like little girls' dresses.................... $2.00
BIRD HOUSES from Readers Digest Magazines, with flowers and a bird on top$2.00
BEADS.............................89¢
HANDICAP: Born with club foot. Walks with crutches.

CELESTA L. HOCHSTETLER
401 S. Main St.
Nappanee, Indiana 46550

BESTLINE- detergent, washing powder, and cleansers
HILCOA- food supplement, and vitamins
GREETINGS- all kinds and stationary, notes, etc.
CRYSTALS- console sets, pen sets, letter holders, and napkin holders. Assorted colors.
BABY FOOD GRINDERS- all white. $4.50, plus postage.
NOTIONS- scissors, snaps, S & P sets
(The only thing I will send by mail is the Baby Food grinders.)
LOCATION: On CR. 37 about 1/2 mile south from U.S. 20. From S.R. 13 and U.S. 20 go west till you see a sign Artisan; turn left, first house on the left.
HANDICAP: Had polio in 1952. Wears a leg brace and uses two crutches to walk. Is also a dwarf. Birthdate: June 19, 1950.
Parents: Ervin C. Millers

EDNA E. MILLER
R.1 Box 18
Middlebury, IN 46540

WAYNE COUNTY, OHIO

QUILT TOPS, EMBROIDERY WORK (cross-stitch only)
LOCATION: North from the Kidron, Ohio square to the first crossroad, turn left, on the first crossroad, turn left, first home to right.
HANDICAP: Multiple sclerosis

DORIS GEISER
c/o Mrs. Martha Geiser
Route 1 Box 192
Applecreek, Ohio 44606

LANCASTER COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA

PROPELLER BEADS of all colors. 11" long strings....80¢ each.
TINY TOY ROCKING CHAIRS, varnished with flowers painted on. 4 1/4" high.
BROOMHOLDERS-painted white. 9" x 4 1/2"
WOODEN ANIMALS. Large 35¢, small 25¢
BOOKENDS OF different animals, $1 per pair.
WREN HOUSES, painted brown. 5 3/4" x 7 1/4". Bottom opens up for cleaning...$2.
OAK LEAF varnished combholders. $2.50 each. 9" x 10"
MITTENS, assorted colors. For 8 to 10-year-old children. ......$1.50 per pair.
BEDROOM SLIPPERS, different colors. Small and med. sized- $2 and $2.50. (Mittens and slippers available only during the winter.)
WINDMILL CORNER SHELVES - 11" x 9" ....$1.50 each
KITTEN CARD HOLDERS, or other animals...3 3/4" x 5 1/4"............75¢
COMB HOLDERS, broom holders, tiny rocking chairs, two different kinds of corner shelves, two kinds of half-circle shelves, mittens (in winter time).
DIRECTIONS: Between Red Run and Terre Hill. Go over the short uncovered bridge leading from Leroy Sensenig's Camping Ground, turn left and drive in at the first farm.
HANDICAP: Born with a bone disease and could never walk. Gets around well on the wheelchair.

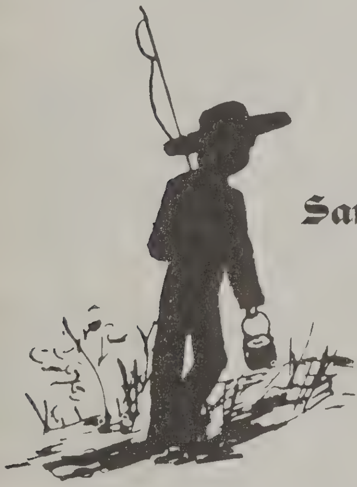
Ivan H. Zimmerman
New Holland, PA 17557
Route 1 % Reuben N. Zimmerman

Wohnſitz hat. Wehe aber für die wo in aller fleiſchliche Wege am wandeln ſind.

Nachdem daß Chriſt-Tag vorüber iſt ſo kommt bald das End vom Jahr. Es iſt nur ein paar Tag, und O wie köſtlich iſt es daß wir die vergangene Zeit überdenken. Wiewohl wir können allezeit zurück denken, aber in ſonderheit wenn wir wieder ein Jahr zurück gelegt haben. Wie viele von die unſern ſind es wo das Jahr nicht überlebt haben. Ihre Leiber liegen in das kühle Grab wo ſie warten für der Auferſtehungs-Morgen, wo alle die in den Gräbern ſind die Stimme des Sohnes Gottes hören werden. Und ſie werden dann leben und auferſtehen, die da Gutes getan haben zur Auferſtehung des Lebens, die aber Uebels getan haben zur Auferſtehung des Gerichts. Hier müſſen ſie alle auferſtehen, keiner ausgenommen. Hier iſt ein Ort und eine Zeit wo wir nicht unſere Wahl haben können. Heute, wenn der Herr mein Leben ſchenkt dann gedenke ich in die Stadt zu gehen und dann auch ein wenig arbeiten; aber an jenem Gerichts Tag wird es anders ſein.

Ich war jetzt ein wenig aufgeſtanden und zum öſtlichen Fenſter gangen, da ſahe ich daß das große Tageslicht wieder am aufkommen iſt. Ich ſah das Licht noch nicht aber die Helling die es machte kann ich ſchon ſehen. Da bringt es wieder ein Tag herbei, und erinnert uns wieder an die Worte Moſe: „So lange die Erde ſteht ſoll nicht aufhören, Samen und Ernte, Froſt und Hitze, Sommer und Winter, Tag und Nacht.“ O wie treulich ſind Gottes Verheißung.

Dieweil das Tages Licht wieder herbei kommen iſt ſo iſt es Zeit für mich wieder an meine natürliche Arbeit gehen. Gedenket meiner in dem Herrn, wie Ich auch geſonnen bin, wachet alle ſammen, das durch Jeſum Chriſtum, Amen.



Sammy will an Knecht ſein

„O du lieber Auguſtine, Auguſtine, Auguſtine, O du lieber Auguſtine . . .“

„Sammy, ſchtop dein ſinges und ſei nicht ſo ſchloh,“ zankte ſeine Mutter, die Maud Miller. Sie heifelt Grumbeeren auf ihrem Eimer, dann geht ſie für es ausleeren. John Miller, der Vater hebt den Sack weil ſie es ausleert.

Sammy ſchtoppt ſein ſinges und probiert mehr fleißig ſein. Er denkt daran es der Dan Hoſtetler, ihr Nachbar, gefragt hat für Hilf Grumbeeren aufzuleſen. Vielleicht, denkt der Sammy, wann ich nicht ſo ſchloh bin dann kann ich der Dan helfen. Ich will an Knecht ſein ſome Tag, und ſchaffen für andere Leut.

„Dat, darf ich helfen Grumbeeren aufleſen ans Dan Hoſtetlers Morgen?“ fragt er ſein Vater. „Es iſt Samstag und kein Schul.“ Er ſchmeiſt ein Grumbeer in die Höhe und fangt's wieder.

Der Vater ſteht und denkt ein wenig als er ſein Bube watcht. „Ich glaube er will Hilf es gut ſchaffen kann,“ antwortet er. „Er hat zwei Acker gepflanzt. Du ſchickſt dich an es wann es ſchon ledig biſt uns helfen und wir haben nur fünf Roy-ah.“

„Ja, aber es ſind lange Roy-ah,“ ſagt der Sammy.

„Der Dan ſeine ſind aber viel länger es die.“ Dies kommt von die Mäm als ſie zuhört. „Fünf Roy-ah ſind wenig gegen zwei Acker. Ich fürchte du wirſt es ledig werden.“

„Darf ich geh?“ fragt der Andy und Amos bald miteinander.

Dan hat gefragt für Hilf aber er will Hilf es gut ſchaffen kann,“ ſagt der Vater.

„Ich will gut ſchaffen,“ antwortet der Sammy geſchwind. Er probiert zwei große Grumbeeren aufheben in ſeine Hand und geſchwind in ſein Eimer tun. Eins läßt er aber fallen. „Ich will an Knecht ſein und fort ſchaffen,“ ſagt er weiter.

„Darf ich geh?“ tut der Andy wieder fragen. „Ich hab viel mehr aufgeleſen es der Sammy.

„O nein, du haſt nicht!“ tut der Sammy ſich defenden.

„Du warſt am ſingen und Poken,“ beſchuldigt der Andy.

„Das iſt genug, Buben,“ ſagt der Vater. „Ich weiß nicht wer die menſte aufgeleſen hat aber ich weiß ein Ding: Der Dan Hoſtetler will nicht Kinder haben es zarten. Ihr bringet mir viel Scham wann ihr das tut.“ Er dreht gegen der Sammy. „Sammy, ich gleich dich hören ſingen, aber deine Hände ſollen gehen mit dem Maul. Wann du luſtig biſt dann ſollſt du geiſtliche Lieder ſingen.“

„Auguſtine hat er gelernt von der Larry Troyer,“ explaint der Andy.

„Du ſingſt es auch,“ beſchuldigt der Sammy der Andy.

„Du beſchuldigſt der Sammy wann du es ſelber tuſt.“ Der Vater ſchwetzt ſtreng zu der Andy. „Keins von euch ſoll ſolches Lied mehr ſingen.“

Andy ſchluckt hart als er ſich zu ſeine Arbeit macht und antwortet nicht.

Der Vater nimmt ſein Eimer und geht für es ausleeren. „Ich will mol ſehen wie gut ihr helfet heut-abend. Wann ihr gut helfet dann könnet ihr zum Dan Hoſtetler gehen am Morgen. Wer nicht gut ſchafft daheim, ſchafft nicht gut für andere. Wer faul iſt daheim, iſt auch faul fort.“

„Ach nein,“ antwortet der Sammy als er ſein Eimer geſchwind füllt, „Ich werde fleißig ſein wann ich ſchaff für der Dan Hoſtetler.“

„Wir werden mol ſehen,“ ſagt der Vater, aber nicht mit viel ernſt.

Früh der kommende Morgen war der Amos, Sammy und Andy an die Lane naus gehen für der Dan Hoſtetler helfen Grumbeeren aufleſen. Es war friſch und Kühl. Der Nebel hängt wie eine leichte Wolke über die Valley. Die Sonne guckt wie ein großer rother Balle es ready war für über den Hügel nunter rollen.

Sammy zieht ſein Ueberhem tight um ſein Hals für die Feuchtigkeit abhalten. Er war fröhlich denn er dünkt ſich ſchon wie ein Knecht. „Was denkſt du gibt der Dan Hoſtetler uns für Grumbeeren aufleſen?“ fragt er.

„Ich wunder ob er nicht bald zwanzig Cent der Buſchel geben wird,“ antwortet der Andy.

„Ihr tut gut wann ihr etwas krieget,“ ſagt der Amos. „Wann wir etwas verdienen dann iſt es der Dat ſeins.“

Amos ſeine Antwort tut der Sammy provoken. Es dünkt ihn der Amos hätte nicht müſſen ſagen was er hat. „Ich weiß es das Geld dem Dat ſeins iſt,“ ſagt er, „aber ich hab juſt gewundert was er bezahlt.“

„Der Dat hat geſagt wir ſollen mehr ſchaffen für Leut zu helfen es für das Geld," ermahnte der Amos. „Haſt du das vergeſſen?"

„Ich hab es nicht vergeſſen," ſagt der Sammy zurück. „Ich will probieren viele Grumbeeren aufleſen für die Mäm und Dat helfen ihre Schulden bezahlen."

Amos lächelt ein wenig. „Ich kann jetzt ſchon ſehen wie du wirſt viel Grumbeeren aufleſen, und du brauchſt mir nicht weismachen es du bekümmert biſt um die Mäm und Dat ihre Schulden."

Amos ſeine Worten tut der Sammy weh in ſein Herz.

„Ich glaube aber es der Sammy bekümmert iſt wegen die Schulden," tut der Andy der Sammy defenden. „Der Dat hat geſagt wann wir mol unſere Schulden bezahlt haben dann kriegt er uns einen neuen Schlitten."

„Ho, ho," lacht der Amos, „bekümmert wegen die Schulden . . . Ich habe denken können es etwas anderes ihn bekümmert macht." In eine freundliche Stimm ſagt es: „Ich bin aber froh wann wir der Dan Hoſtetler helfen können, denn er hat nicht gewußt wo er genug Hilf kriegt."

Der Amos iſt mean, denkt der Sammy. Er meint er iſt immer ſo g'ſchickt; Ich will ihm weiſen es ich viel Grumbeeren aufleſen kann . . . Ich will ihm mol weiſen. Ueber ein weil ſagte er: „Der Larry Troyer hat ein neuer Schlitten kriegt. Er muß nicht ſchaffen und kriegt gerad was er will."

„Sein Dat wohnt nicht auf der Bauerei und der Larry hat nichts zu tun," ſpricht der Andy.

„Ich bin froh es der Dat uns lernt wie zu ſchaffen," ſagt der Amos. „Sind ihr nicht froh? Und ſo wie wir ſchaffen daheim ſo ſchaffen wir fort." Er ſieht der Sammy an als er dies ſagt.

Sammy fühlt als wann er an ein Lecture kriegen wär. Er weißt fürwas der Amos dieſes ſagt. Amos denkt, ich will poken und nicht gut ſchaffen, denkt der Sammy. Ich will ihm weiſen es ich aufleſen kann ſo gut wie er kann.

Der Dan Hoſtetler war froh wo er die drei Buben g'ſehen hat kommen. „Nun krieg ich Hilf," ſagt er. „Es war aber recht ſchön es eure Vater euch geſchickt hat."

„Wir wollen alle gern kommen dir helfen," antwortet der Amos. „Du haſt uns auch oft geholfen."

„Ich habe viel Grumbeeren aber ich will euch nicht zu hart machen ſchaffen," ſagt der Dan Hoſtetler als ſie gegen das Feld laufen.

„Wir ſind gewöhnt hart ſchaffen," tut der Sammy geſchwind antworten.

Amos gückſt ihn in die Seite hinten dem Dan ſein Buckel. Dies macht der Sammy bös.

„Hier ſind Körb," ſagt der Dan. „Ich will der Digger nehmen und mehr Grumbeeren graben wann ich ſo gute Hilf hab."

Wo der Sammy dieſes hörte und ſehnt das große Grumbeer-Feld dann wünſchte er, er hätte nicht geſagt es ſie gewöhnt ſind hart ſchaffen. Bald ein drittel von die Grumbeeren waren aufgeleſen, aber die Arbiet guckt ſehr groß zum Sammy.

„Ich ſehn es du haſt Hilf gehabt," ſpricht der Amos als er über die leere Roy-ah guckt.

„Ja, und ich glaub es ich nächſt Woch auch Hilf krieg, aber ich bin ſehr froh es ihr mir helfen könnet. Ich will die Grumbeeren verkaufen an dem Markt." Er geht gegen die Scheuer. „Ich will die Gäul kriegen und mehr Grumbeeren graben."

Es dünkt der Sammy es wären ſchon ein Million Grumbeeren auf dem Feld am liegen. Er wundert ob es der Amos und Andy verlät war. Sie gucken ſober als ſie jedes ein Korb kriegen und fingen an aufleſen.

Sammy hebt ein Korb auf und lauft zu ſeine Roy. Ach, vielleicht nimmt dies nicht lang, denkt er. Ich nimm juſt ein Minut auf a-Mol, und viel ſchaffen. Ein Minut macht ein Stund. Wann ich alle Minut viel aufleſe, dann wird ich viel aufleſen in eine Stund. Die Stunden machen ein Tag. Wann ich viel aufleſe in alle Stund, dann werde ich viel aufleſen in ein Tag. Ich will mol der Amos weiſen es ich viel Grumbeeren aufleſen kann . . . viel Geld machen für die Mäm und Dat und helfen mit die Schulden . . . und das neue Schlitten kriegen.

„Zählſt du helfen, oder zählſt du nicht?" ſchimpft Amos der Sammy.

Sammy kommt mol geſchwind aus ſein Tag-Träumen, und fingt an Grumbeeren aufleſen. „Dies iſt nicht hart. Wir werden glei fertig ſein," probiert er ſich ſelber ſagen. Er war glei ſo weit es der Amos. Schier gerad hat er ſein Korb voll. „Es iſt ſehr ſchön für ſchaffen den Morgen," ſpricht er zu die andere mit eine fröhliche Stimm. „Es iſt nicht zu heiß und nicht zu kalt; die Grumbeeren ſind ſchön . . ."

Amos guckt mol gegen ſein Bruder jünger denn er. „Biſt du an probieren dich Freude machen? Es iſt wohl ſchön für ſchaffen. Ich gleich beſſer Grumbeeren aufleſen es ausmiſten." Er lächelt gegen Sammy und geht an, „. . . die Sonn iſt ſo ſchön, und iſt ſo geſund. Dies gibt uns Vitamin D . . . und die Luft iſt ſauber und nicht polluted . . ." Er nimmt ein tiefer Odem.

Andy lacht aber der Sammy meint es war nicht ſo funnig. Amos iſt an Zarten, das iſt alles, denkt der Sammy.

„Ja," nimmt der Andy es an, „. . . wir haben ein ſchöner View. Dort iſt der Buſch." Er ſtreckt ſeine Hand gegen dem Horizon. „Und ſiehe die ſchöne Millere da herum fliegen, und hier iſt ein ſchöner roth und ſchwartzer Keffer . . ."

Andy und Amos lachen laut. Sammy lächelt ein wenig aber innerlich war er trockenes Muth. Sie ſind an ſpotten aber ich will ſie weiſen. Wann ich müd bin, oder es ledig wäre dann tue ich nicht klagen. Und ich werde ſo viel Grumbeeren aufleſen es ſie. Ich hab gut geholfen Geſter-Abend und der Vater hat geſagt wann wir gut ſchaffen daheim tun wir auch wann wir fort ſchaffen.

Sammy läßt an er wird ſich nicht bekümmern über was die andere ſagen. Aber tief in ſein Herz fühlt er ſie tun ihn nicht recht uſen. Er brummt ein Lied, eins nach dem andern, es wann er fröhlich wär. Ob er es weiß dann fängt er an zu ſingen: „O du lieber Auguſtine, Auguſtine . . ."

„Sammy, du weißt was der Dat geſagt hat," ermahnte der Andy ihn. „Wir ſollen geiſtliche Lieder ſingen."

„Ach, ich hab es vergeſſen," antwortet der Sammy.

„Das iſt kein Excuſe — ſagen wir habens vergeſſen," ſchimpft der Amos.

„Es iſt an Excuſe wann wir die Wahrheit ſagen," tut der Sammy ſich rechtfertigen. Er dummelt ſich mehr als er ſieht es der Amos ein wenig ferner her geht. Der Andy war noch hinten dem Sammy nach.

Die Sonne war als höher am ſcheinen. Die Buben tun ihre Wömas aus, aber es war als noch heiß. Sammy ſteht auf und macht ſein Buckel grad. Er watcht der Dan Hoſtetler durch's Feld gehen mit die Gäul. „Was meint der Dan es mir ſind?" denkt der Sammy. „Denckt er wir werden ſchaffen bis Mitnacht?"

Sammy bückt ſich und tut aufleſen mit Fleiß. Der Amos darf nicht vor ihn her.

„Amos," bettelt der Andy, „Helf mir in meine Roy ſo es ich bei euch ſei kann.“

„Verwas ſtehſt du dort,“ antwortet der Amos. Er langt nieber in der Andy ſeine Roy und fingt an aufleſen. „Du biſt juſt am poken.“ Er ſieht mol der Sammy ſeine Roy. „Siehe, der Sammy iſt weit vorne dich her.“

Wo Sammy hört es der Amos ihn lobt, macht es ihm mehr Mut, er tut noch fleißiger ſchaffen.

„Aber ich bin müd,“ wimpſelt der Andy, „und die Sonne iſt ſo heiß.“ Als Amos der Andy helft, war der Sammy glei vorne der Amos. Der Schwitz lauft über Sammy ſein Geſicht nunter.

„Sammy, helf du der Andy auch,“ ſpricht der Amos, er nimmt ſein Schnuptuch von ſein Sack und reibt der Schwitz von ſein Geſicht. „Ich will ins Haus gehen und Waſſer trinken; Ich werde auch mitbringen für euch.“ Sammy antwortet der Amos nicht. Er tut wenig Grumbeeren von Andy ſeine Roy leſen. Bis der Amos zurück kommen war, war der Sammy weit vorne her, und war an die nächſt Roy zurück kommen.

„Was iſt letz mit der Sammy?“ fragt der Amos wo er zurück kommen war mit dem Waſſer. Er ſteht und watcht der Sammy an die Arbeit. „Er iſt ſehr fleißig heut. Denkſt du es iſt alles weil er hofft ein Schlitten kriegen?“

Andy trinkt ein wenig Waſſer, dann ſagt er, „Sammy ſchickt ſich an wann dieſe Arbeit eine Freude wär.“

„Meinſt du es iſt nicht Freude?“ fragt der Amos als er wieder Waſſer nimmt ſelber. Er lächelt ein wenig gegen der Andy.

„Nein,“ tut der Andy bald kreiſchen, „es iſt warm und ich bin müd. Ich kann nicht ſehen wie der Sammy es gleichen kann.“

„Du haſt helfen wollen,“ tut Amos der Andy reminden. „Du haſt gemeint es iſt groß für der Dan helfen.“

„Denkſt du das iſt verwas der Sammy ſo hart ſchafft?“ fragt der Andy.

„Nein, ich glaub nicht. Es iſt ein Myſtery zu mir. Er hebt mehr auf es ich tue.“ Er ſtellt das Waſſer auf dem Boden, und denkt der Sammy wird glei dabei ſein.

„Die Mäm und der Dat werden mol ſurpriſed ſein wann ſie hören wie gut der Sammy ſchafft.“

„Sie werden wohl froh ſein für das hören, aber wir warten mol bis der Tag vorüber iſt. Vielleicht haben wir nichts mehr zu ſagen wegen ſeine Fleißigkeit bis Abend.“

Sammy war froh wo die Mittag Stund kommen war. Er probiert nicht anlaſſen wie müd es er war, und wie es ihn verlät. Er eſſt ſeine Sandwitches unter dem Baum im Hof mit der Amos und Andy.

„Ich hab nicht geglaubt es wir ſo viel Grumbeeren aufleſen müſſen,“ ſagt der Amos in eine leichte Stimm ſo es der Dan Hoſtetler und ſeine Frau es nicht hören.

„Wir haben juſt zwölf Roy-ah aufgeleſen und es ſind noch zwanzig mehr zu tun,“ antwortet der Andy mit wenig Mut.

„Du biſt es ledig oder du hätteſt ſie nicht gezählt,“ lacht der Amos.

Sammy lacht auch. Er nimmt ein Apfel aus dem Eſſ-Korb. Er ſtreckt ſich aus auf dem Gras mit ſein Geſicht gegen dem Himmel und fingt an ſein Apfel eſſen.

„Mein Buckel fühlt ſehr müd,“ ſpricht Amos in ein lauter Wiſper. „Ich weiß nicht ob ich es machen kann bis Abend.“

„Sammy und du müſſen mir mehr helfen,“ klagt der Andy. „Ich kann es nicht allein tun.“

Amos ſieht der Sammy an. Es wundert ihn ſehr verwas der Sammy nicht klagt über die Hitz, oder es er müd is, oder wegen etwas. Iſt ſein Bruder bald an aufwachſen, wundert der Amos. Er denkt daran wie er und der Andy geſchwetzt haben am Morgen und fun gemacht von der Sammy. Vielleicht meint der Sammy es doch gut, denkt er.

Die Sonn ſcheint heißer und heißer auf der Sammy ſein Buckel. Er ſtreckt ſich. Kommt der Abend niemols mehr, denkt er. Er wünſcht er hätte Kopf-Weh ſo es er ſtoppen könnt. Er wünſchte es würde ſtürmen. Er guckt über das Feld. Die Grumbeeren Roy-ah ſtrecken ſich weit über ein Hügel naus. Sammy war es ſehr ledig, und er war müd. Eins war er aber froh. Der Dan Hoſtetler war jetz auch am helfen Grumbeeren aufleſen. Sammy probiert mit ihm ſchaffen. Sie helfen Andy auch mit ſeine Roy.

„Gucket mol dort,“ kreiſcht der Andy zu die andere. Er ſtrecket ſein Finger gegen den Weg.

Draus auf dem Weg war der Larry Troyer am gehen mit ſein Fiſch-Gerät. Er ſchlenkert ſeine Hand wo er der Sammy ſieht.

Das iſt nicht fair, denkt der Sammy. Hier bin ich und muß hart ſchaffen und er kann fiſchen gehen, und gerade tun wie er will.

„Der Larry wäre groß genug für auch da ſein und helfen Grumbeeren aufleſen,“ denkt der Andy laat.

Dan Hoſtetler guckt der Larry nach. „Ich weiß nicht wegen ſell,“ ſagt er. Ueber ein weil ſagt er weiter, „O vielleicht tut er beſſer ſchaffen es er hat letzt Jahr. Er iſt älter.“

„Haſt du Grumbeeren gehabt letzt Jahr?“ fragt der Amos.

„Und hat er geholfen?“ kommt die Queſtion von Sammy.

„Ich hab nicht Grumbeeren gehabt,“ antwortet der Dan. „Ich hab aber Welſchkann gehabt. Der Larry war ſuppoſed für mir helfen baſten.“

„Hat er dir nicht geholfen?“ wundert Amos.

„Ach, er war es glei ledig und hat mehr geſpielt es geſchaffen. Er hat geſagt er hat Kopf-Weh und iſt heim gangen. Ich glaub es war juſt Faulheit.“

„Er muß nicht ſchaffen daheim,“ explaint Sammy.

„Ja, der arm Knabe,“ ſpricht der Dan. „Er kann es nicht helfen. Sein Vater ſchafft fort und der Larry hat keine Arbeit. Er lernt auch nicht für fort ſchaffen.“

„Der Dat ſagt wie wir ſchaffen daheim ſo ſchaffen wir wann wir fort ſind,“ ſagt der Amos.

„Das iſt recht,“ antwortet der Dan. Er knuckt ſein Kopf. „Ich kann ſehen es der John Miller ſeine Buben gelernt hat für ſchaffen. Wei, der Sammy kann ſo viel Grumbeeren aufleſen es ich.“

Sammy fühlt für ſeine Bruſt naus ſchieben. Er denkt nimme an ſein müder Buckel. „Ich will mol ein Knecht ſein und fort ſchaffen,“ ſagt er.

„Du wit mol ein Knecht ſein?“ ſpricht der Dan. Er lächelt gegen Sammy. „Ich hab heut gedenkt ich will dein Dat fragen ob du mir helfen kannſt als am Samſtag dies Spät-Jahr.“

„Ich glaub es ich kann,“ antwortet der Sammy geſchwind. „Nun kann ich Geld verdienen für ein neuer Schlitten.“

„O! ſo willſt du ein neuer Schlitten,“ lächelt der Dan. „Wel, ich ſchwetz mol mit der Dat dawegen. Iſt ſell recht?“

Sammy gnuckt ſein Kopf. Er weiß es ſein Vater froh wird für hören wie gut er geſchaffen hat. Er ſpiert nimme ſo müd es davor. Er wünſchte nimme es ſein Kopf weh wäre. Es iſt gerad wie der Vater geſagt hat, denkt er. Wann wir gut ſchaffen daheim dann werden wir gut ſchaffen wann wir fort ſind. ■■

CHILDREN'S SECTION

WAS IT FAIR THAT A HUSKY MAN LIKE HENRY SHOULD HAVE SUCH AN EASY JOB WHILE A 13-YEAR-OLD BOY HAD TO WORK SO HARD?

THE GREENER GRASS

-Elmo Stoll

"SPLUSH- SPLUSH- SPLUSH." The warm milk splashed into the pail that Sam Beachy held clamped between his knees. And then his hands slowed. "Why does Flossie have to milk so hard anyhow?" Sam wondered. It seemed she milked harder every time, especially since he had spent an evening last week with John Burkholder. John didn't have to milk a single cow; his dad just kept a lot of pigs and didn't have any cows. Sam had thought it was so much easier choring with no milking to do.

Flossie moved her foot a bit, stepping forward. The move reminded Sam where he was and he started milking again. But it took him a long time before he was finally finished. His older brother, Alvin, was milking his second cow before Sam finished with his first.

Sam got to his feet and carried the milk to the strainer.

"My, it took you a long while to milk Flossie," Alvin commented. "Did you fall asleep?"

"No," Sam said. "It's just that she milks so hard."

Alvin laughed. "She milks hard, does she? When I used to milk her, you always claimed I had the easiest cow. And now after I've traded, you claim she milks hard. Isn't that interesting." Alvin chuckled to himself and got up to empty his pail.

"You can just laugh," Sam said, not taking the teasing too well. "But she milks harder than she used to--I almost know she does."

"Of course, of course," Alvin said. "That's just it."

Sam bit his lip and sat down beside Star and slowly started milking her. Soon Dad came in and sat down to milk the young heifer which had just recently freshened. She kicked too much for the boys.

Bang! The heifer kicked and sent the pail flying from Dad's hand and bouncing on the floor. Dad picked it up, went to the tap and washed the bucket. "You better be a little careful," Dad said to the heifer. "If you don't do better soon, we'll have to sell you. I've never liked to have a kicker in the barn."

"Why don't we sell all our cows?" Sam suggested. "The Burkholders don't milk any cows at all— they just have pigs, and we could, too."

"Oh, now, that's quite a suggestion," Dad said. "Surely you wouldn't want to sell all our cows."

"I wouldn't miss them," Sam said. "And I bet the Burkholders make just as much money on their pigs as we do with our endless milking twice a day."

"That could be," Dad said. He sat down and started milking again.

"Yeah," Alvin spoke up from the far end of the barn. "It wouldn't be two weeks until Sam would be tired of taking care of pigs, too."

"I wouldn't either."

"'Course you would—that would be like you."

"Stop arguing about it," Dad said, "because we aren't going to sell our cows anyway. Our barn's fixed for cows, and we're doing well enough with them--we'll stick to it."

Sam choked back his disappointment. "Anyone knows pigs would be a lot less work," he thought to himself. "You wouldn't have to milk them twice a day." Sam decided if he ever had his own farm he certainly wouldn't keep a dairy herd. But of course, that was still a long way off— Sam was just thirteen, a long way from being on his own.

"Pass the potatoes," Dad said as the family sat at the supper table.

As Alvin handed the potatoes, he said, "Hey, Dad, where are we going to put that new calf? He's in the way in the feed aisle."

"Yes, that's a poor place for him," Dad agreed. "We'll have to find a better place."

"If Sam's rabbit pens weren't taking up space behind the cows, we could tie the calf there," Alvin suggested.

"That's an idea," Dad said. "You're not using the pens anyhow, are you, Sam?"

"No," Sam said. "I don't care if we tear them out. There's no money in rabbits— I never want any again. They're too hard to keep healthy."

"We couldn't have told you that at one time," Alvin reminded Sam. "You claimed we would soon be rich if we filled our whole barn with rabbits."

"But that was before I knew they get sick all the time," Sam justified himself. He wished Alvin would be quiet. He didn't have to rub it in. "So what if I did make a mistake going into the rabbit business," Sam thought to himself. "There aren't many people who have never made mistakes, including Alvin." But Sam kept his thoughts to himself. He didn't want to start up that argument again, since even Dad had told him when he sold his rabbits that it was own fault he lost money. Dad had blamed him for not taking better care of them. "If you would have taken as good care of them all the time as you did the first while," Dad had said, "you wouldn't have had many sick ones."

The early winter sun shone weakly in the morning sky as Sam Beachy walked toward the barn with a wrecking bar. The rabbit pens were nailed to the wall and he would need something to pry them loose. He turned as he heard the rattle of buggy wheels behind him. For a moment he was puzzled, and then he recognized the man on the buggy. It was their new neighbor, Henry Kauffman, who had just moved into the settlement.

"Hi," Henry greeted Sam.

"Hello," Sam said. "Chilly this morning."

"Sure is," Henry laughed. "Especially when the woodshed is empty. Is your father around?"

Before Sam could answer, Dad came around the corner of the barn. Sam hung around, curious what Henry had come for. After awhile Henry said, "Ah, with winter coming on, we're going to have to do something for wood. We don't have any woods on our place at all— well, it's not our place anyhow, since we just rented— but it's all cleared, so we don't have a place to cut firewood. I was just wondering if we could make a deal with one of the neighbors that did have wood to cut."

"We should be able to work out something," Dad said. "You need some right away?"

"Before too long."

Dad told Henry he was welcome to cut some trees in their woods, plus if he helped them buzz a day or so, he could take some dry wood home, too. That way they wouldn't have just green firewood to burn.

Sam hurried on out to the barn with his wrecking bar, his curiosity satisfied.

The steel-wheeled wagon bounced and rattled over the frozen ground. Sam turned his back to the cold wind, and slowed the team over the uneven ruts in the cow lane. He could see the other two wagons up ahead of him, also heading for the woods at the back of the farm. Just ahead of him was Alvin. Farther down the lane was Henry Kauffman and Dad on the first wagon.

The wind wasn't so strong when Sam reached the woods where the large pile of poles were stacked. Dad and Henry were busy getting the saw set up and the motor lined up and the belt tight. When everything was ready, Dad suggested that Alvin and Sam bring on the long poles and he would saw them, with Henry throwing the chunks of wood onto the wagon.

"Ummm, this is fun," Sam thought. He liked to hear the high pitched whine of the whirling saw blade, and the zinnnnng-zing as it sliced easily through the dry wood.

Alvin had taken the end of the poles closest to the saw, since that was where the heaviest ends were, and Sam carried the smaller ends. Sam thought at first that Alvin had given him the easier job, but soon he began to wonder. Because all Alvin had to do was lift his end onto the saw platform, and then let Dad take over. But Sam had to hold his end much longer.

After a half hour of work, Sam said, "I wish the saw were a little lower, or a little higher. Where it is now is an awkward height for me— makes my arms tired to hold the poles in place."

The work went on. Nobody paid much attention to Sam's complaint. But Sam couldn't forget how easy Alvin's job looked. "Sure wish Alvin would trade jobs with me," Sam thought. "After all, Alvin is older, and it wouldn't be more than fair if he let me have the easier job."

Soon Sam put his thoughts into words and dropped another hint. "Wish I could just lift up my end and not have to hold it, like you can yours, Alvin."

"You should be thankful your end isn't as heavy as mine," Alvin said.

"I'll trade with you if you think my end's so easy," Sam said.

Alvin looked surprised. "You mean you want to trade?"

"Sure. Why not? You don't have to hold your end very long, do you?"

"No," Alvin said, "I don't. If you want to trade, it's all right with me."

They traded. Sam grabbed the first piece eagerly and heaved it up to the platform. It was heavy, but just as he thought, he didn't have to hold it long. This was more fun any day than handling the other end. He lifted several more poles. Some were quite a bit heavier and larger than the first piece, and they were about all Sam could manage.

Zinnnnng-zing. Zinnnng-zinnnnnnng. Piece after piece was sawn off in rapid succession. Dad had sawn a lot of wood, and he knew how to make the firewood fly. In a few hours the first wagon was filled and they were at work on the second.

Sam's arms ached and his back hurt from the heavy lifting. He realized now that he had made a bad trade when he had switched jobs with Alvin. But he wasn't ready to go back to his first job. Instead he had noticed how easy Henry's job seemed. All he had to do was stand there and throw those short stove-length chunks of wood on the wagon as fast as they were sawn off. It didn't seem fair that a man as strong and husky as Henry should have such an easy job while a 13-year-old boy had a much harder job. "Anyone knows those short chunks aren't as heavy as lifting the whole pole at once," Sam thought to himself.

Finally when they stopped for a few minutes, Sam said to Henry, "Is it very hard to throw those chunks onto the wagon?" Sam rubbed his arms. "My job's really tiresome."

Henry couldn't very easily miss a hint like that. "Would you like to trade?" he asked. "I'm willing to trade if it's all right with your Dad-- he might be afraid you'll get your hand in the saw."

Dad hesitated a moment. Sam thought he was about to say no. But then he said, "Well, okay, Sam, you can take Henry's job if you're careful. But you have to stay on your toes and grab each piece before it falls to the ground."

"That won't be hard," Sam thought. "The pieces will be light."

So Sam traded jobs with Henry. Zinnnng-zing--zinnng. Sam could hardly believe how light the pieces felt. They seemed to weigh nothing compared to what he had been lifting. But he soon discovered there was more to the job than he had guessed there was. He had to move quickly to keep up. Dad sawed fast, one slice after the other. Sam had to grab a piece firmly, then turn and throw it onto the wagon, and hurry back in time to grab the next piece. It kept him busy, and soon he was tired. To make things worse, the wind blew bits of sawdust into his eyes.

What a job. Sam wished he had never asked for it, but he was too proud to admit it out loud. Surely it must be time for dinner soon.

At last, when Sam thought he wouldn't be able to stand it much longer, Dad said, "Whoa, I think it's time we headed for home. Quarter to twelve on my watch."

Dad drove a wagon toward home. Alvin drove the second, and Henry the third. Since Henry's wagon was piled the fullest, he had asked Sam to ride with him and help him watch that no chunks bounced off on the way home.

The wood seemed to be riding well, and no pieces were falling off, so Sam went to the front of the wagon where Henry was driving. He felt a bit awkward. "What do I have to talk about with Henry?" he wondered.

They rode in silence a while, then Sam said, "Have you gotten many hens yet? Someone said you plan to fill your barn with laying hens."

"We got about 800 hens now," Henry said. "I guess we'll have room for about twice that many, but I'll have to do a little fixing first."

"Eggs are a pretty good price, I guess," Sam said, trying to keep the conversation going. "Did you keep a lot of hens where you lived before, too?"

Henry shook his head. He smiled. "No, we bought our eggs. I wasn't on a farm, you see— I had a blacksmith shop and shod horses."

"Really," Sam exclaimed. "That's going to be quite a change for you, after shoeing horses all these years. Won't you miss it?"

"Sure won't," Henry grunted. "It was a dog's life. Besides I didn't do it very long— I was only shoeing horses a little over a year."

"I never thought about it," Sam agreed, "but I guess shoeing horses would be hard work. Were you maybe farming before that?"

"No," Henry said. "Before that I lay blocks with a construction gang for almost two years— there was good money in that, but I had to be away from home too much. Before that I had a sawmill, but there wasn't really enough timber around for as many mills as there were in our area. And the work was pretty dangerous, so I decided to let other people do that."

"I don't think I would enjoy running a sawmill either," Sam said.

"The work I liked about the best was the summer I had a lot of bees and sold honey," Henry said. "I really enjoyed that, but it seemed the farmers around sprayed so much that a lot of the bees died. So I couldn't see much future in that. Actually, the best-paying job I ever had was when I worked in a cabinet shop soon after we were married, but I decided I didn't like to have someone telling me what to do all the time. It's a lot better to be your own boss, I think. But I guess some people like to be told what to do better than I do."

There were almost at home now. Sam hopped off at the house. Henry drove on out the lane. He would take the load home and eat dinner, then come back again to help in the afternoon.

The table was loaded with good food. Mom had guessed that the men would be hungry, and had cooked accordingly. "You mean Henry isn't going to stay for dinner?" she asked when she saw the rest come in without him.

"I told him he would be welcome," Dad said, "but he said he has to take the wood home anyhow, so he might as well eat while he's there."

"Don't worry, Mom," Alvin said. "The rest of us are hungry enough to make up for it."

Mom just smiled. She didn't seem too worried that she wouldn't have plenty for everyone. After they were settled down and eating, Mom said, "Well, how did it go? Did you get a lot done?"

"It went real well," Dad said. "I hope we get along as well this afternoon and we shouldn't be far from half done."

"Is Henry a pretty good worker?"

"Seems to be," Dad said. "He kept up his end, anyway."

"He must be a pretty handy fellow, good in a lot of things," Sam said. "He used to shoe horses, and one time he was a bricklayer, another time he worked in a trailer factory, he had his own sawmill, and once he had a lot of bees."

Alvin laughed. "I don't know if that proves that he was good in doing all those things," he said. "Maybe it's the other way— if he had been good at any of them, he wouldn't have been changing work all the time."

"Oh, but there was a reason each time why he switched to doing something else," Sam said. "He didn't like working in the cabinet shop because he couldn't be his own boss; he went out of the sawmill business because there wasn't enough timber around, and I forget why he stopped laying bricks — oh, yes, now I remember, he didn't like to be away from home so much."

Dad smiled and looked at Mom, but he didn't say anything, he just looked as though he were thinking to himself.

"You sure got a lot of information out of him in a hurry," Alvin said. "You must have been popping questions all the way home. He's probably telling his wife right now how nosey you are."

"I didn't ask so many questions," Sam defended himself. "He told me some of that without being asked. And besides, we had to talk about something, didn't we?"

"I just hope he makes a go of it on the farm here," Dad said. "He rented it at a reasonable price, and it's good land, so he should make it."

Dad went on eating, but somehow Sam was sure that

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there had been a touch of doubt in his voice.

"If he doesn't stick to it longer than he has at other jobs, I don't think he will," Alvin said. "Because it's going to take a while to get things going."

Sam didn't think it was quite fair to blame Henry for not having stuck with his former jobs when each time he had a good reason for stopping. "Well, it's true that a bricklayer is away from home a lot," Sam said, "and for all I know, there wasn't much timber around when he had his sawmill. Surely it isn't fair to blame him for not sticking to something when he had a reason for stopping."

"That's true," Dad said. "It's just that every job and kind of work has its advantages and disadvantages. It's pretty hard to find a job that is perfect in every way."

Alvin chuckled to himself as if he had just thought of something funny. "Sam and Henry should get along great," he said. "It sounds like Henry is like Sam is— the grass is always greener on the other side of the fence."

"Alvin, that's not very nice," Mom rebuked him.

"Well, maybe it isn't," Alvin half-apologized quickly. "But I couldn't help thinking there was a likeness. It sounds like Henry has gone from one job to the next. And we all know Sam is like that— no matter which job we give him, some other job looks easier to him."

"Well, we all have to learn as we grow up," Dad said quietly. "Sam still has time to learn before he's as old as Henry. Who knows, Alvin, he might overcome his weakness for 'greener grass' before you outgrow your haibt of teasing people more than you should."

Dad said it good-naturedly, but it silenced both boys for a while. Sam felt some better that Dad had reproved Alvin for his teasing. "But then Dad didn't say that what Alvin said about me wasn't true," Sam thought uncomfortably. Alvin had said Sam always thought the grass was greener on the other side of the fence. Sam knew well enough what he meant by it. That was saying he was like the cows were who were always reaching across the fence to eat from the other field. If you put them into the other field, they were as apt as not to reach across the fence again right back into the field where they had been before!

"But anyone knows I'm not like that," Sam thought to himself, indignantly. "Alvin always did like to give me a hard time." But then Sam remembered how the forenoon had gone. He had thought Alvin's job was easier until he traded, then Henry's looked easier. But when he traded with Henry, he had found himself wishing he were back at the first job he had.

"The grass is always greener...." Sam found his thoughts going to other things, to how he had lost interest in his rabbits, and decided he would rather raise pigeons, and then had grown tired of pigeons, too. He thought of Flossie, she was an easy cow until he milked her, then she seemed hard. He thought of the way he had always wanted to milk cows as long as he was still too young, but now that he was old enough, he wanted Dad to sell the whole herd. Were these the things Alvin had had in mind? "But surely I won't grow up to go from one job to the next and not stick to anything, will I, always thinking something else looks better, will I?" Sam asked himself. He picked up his knife and spread his bread with butter, pretending to be very busy eating. But the truth was that suddenly he had lost some of his appetite— for some reason he just wasn't as hungry as he had been before.

■■

Along Nature's Paths

The Warm White Blanket

By Agnes Ranney

If someone asked you to name something very cold, you might be very likely to answer "Snow!" But one of the very useful functions of the fluffy white substance that means winter in large areas of the world is to keep things warm!

"How can snow keep anything warm?" you ask. "My hands freeze when I play in the snow without my mittens. And when I stay out in the snow too long, my feet get so I can't even feel them, they're so cold!"

It is true that snow is cold. But snow is full of tiny pockets of air, and, like a thick soft blanket, it helps to keep heat from escaping.

In November and December it falls, covering woods and fields and orchards with a deep layer of fluffy white. Then in January and February, when the really cold nights come— when the thermometer falls to -20 , -30 , or even -40 or -50 — the plants under the snow are protected. The ground temperature may be only a little below the freezing point. Hardy plants do not mind this, and even delicate plants whose tops freeze to the ground have sturdy roots that can stand quite low temperatures. When at last the snow cover melts, the new grass and tender leaves are ready to shoot up to meet the first spring sunshine.

Birds and animals, too, need this white cover through the cold winter. Many of them could not survive without it. Rabbits hide in snow caves formed under the snow-draped lower branches of the spruce and cedar. Partridges and quail plunge into the snow and make themselves hollowed-out retreats. There the covering snowbank and their fluffed feathers keep them warm through the bitter winter nights.

The bears choose the time just before the first real snowstorm of winter to find themselves homes in hollow logs or caves. The snow helps them in two ways. It covers the entrances to their homes with an untouched white blanket, so that no enemy can track them to their homes while they sleep away the winter. And the deep white cover keeps out the driving wind and the intense cold of the mountain wilderness.

The snow has its place even in areas where really cold winters are rare. Here in the Willamette Valley of Oregon, winters are usually mild. But I shall always remember one very cold night. It had snowed all day, with the north wind whirling the flying flakes among the evergreens, and the snow piling ever deeper on the ground. The snowbirds and chickadees flocked around the food we put out for them— suet, sunflower seeds, cut apples, bread crumbs and chick feed. They stay through the winter in places much colder than this, and we knew that so long as they had food, they would be able to take care of themselves through the cold night. We were not so sure about the one robin in our front yard. His feathers were fluffed against the cold wind as he pecked at the food, and then we watched as he huddled miserably against the foot of a tree, his head drawn down into his feathers. Where would he sleep, we wondered? Could he survive the winter night? It was growing colder— by bedtime, it was several degrees below zero. Where was our robin?

I don't know what made me take the flashlight and look into the pine tree near the bedroom window. But look I did. And there on a branch, his head under his wing, his breast puffed up as round and bright as an orange, the robin was sleeping. Branches heavy with snow hung all about him. He did not move as I looked at him. I turned off the light, thinking of the verses in Job 37: "By the breath of God frost is given...For he sayeth to the snow, Be thou upon the earth."

I have never forgotten that small bird, safe and warm in the freezing night, protected by the very snow that we think of as the symbol of winter. God's love and care are shown in so many ways! If our eyes are open to His gifts—the morning sun, the rain, the warm white blanket of snow— how can we do other than lift our hearts in thanksgiving to Him? ■■

ANSWERS TO CHILD TRAINING

NO. 9

Aaron Keim and Lena Beachy had been dating a year and a half, and their thoughts were turning seriously to marriage. In fact, Aaron had asked Lena to be his wife, and she had begged for time to think about it. That had been a week ago, and now it was Sunday evening again, and Lena would have to give her answer.

Aaron had grown up in a happy home, and it was hard for him to understand Lena's hesitancy. As the evening wore on, Lena tried to explain what was troubling her. Somehow she did not feel mentally and emotionally ready for marriage.

"It..it's the way my parents...Oh, Aaron, you can never know what it's like to grow up in a home where the father and mother don't get along. The idea of getting married scares me. I feel so...so unsure, so worried that it'll go the same with us. Oh, Aaron, I don't know what to say." Lena put her face into her hands and cried.

Aaron chewed his lip. "But Lena," he objected, "I can't see what your parents' problems have to do with our marriage. We're both of age and old enough to know what we're doing."

"But you just don't understand," insisted Lena. "Your parents got along well, and you don't know from experience what I'm talking about."

THIS WAS PROBLEM NO. 9, in child training. Did Lena have a reason to be worried about marriage? What effect does trouble between parents have on the children? A special invitation was given to Family Life readers who grew up in homes such as Lena Beachy's, and experienced the doubts and struggles she is experiencing. What advice would they have for Aaron and Lena?

Following are some of the answers:

1) I also came from a home where there was a lot of tension and the parents didn't get along very well. It has helped us children to see where our parents have failed, and then try harder to not make the same mistakes.

You need the Lord's help to always have the right attitude. Don't permit tension to build. Living in an atmosphere where you have to watch so closely what you say for fear of starting a fuss is terrible. The strain can cause illness.

One thing that has helped me is: If I esteem my husband like I should in my heart and mind, it's not hard to submit to him, and if I stay in my place it makes it easy for him to fill his place in the home.

-Kansas Homemaker

2) Since I came from a home similar to Lena's, I feel I should write. I have a happy marriage, for God gave me a kind, loving husband who is very good to me. However, I believe that because of my background, I have bigger problems to overcome than I would otherwise. I feel unloved, unstable and too easily insulted. I try and pray for help, but sometimes it gets the best of me.

Children who grow up in unhappy homes have greater problems adjusting to marriage than children from happy homes. But I believe Aaron's and Lena's marriage can be a happy and rewarding one if both are loving and understanding of each other's feelings.

-Happily Married, but Not Without Problems

3) Aaron may need to be patient and Lena not so fearful. We cannot over-emphasize the importance of good childhood home examples, yet it is possible with God's help to rise above the bad ones. In fact, sometimes when children grow up and realize what caused the problem, they try so much harder in that area. One daughter whose mother was constantly finding fault with the way the father did things, resolved she would often ask herself in marriage, "Did I mistrust my husband's judgment today?"

The same daughter became convinced it is much more important to retain the beauty of the marriage friendship than to have everything done her own way. The two lives must blend according to God's order, with the husband as the head and the wife at his side in love. Together we should consider and take advice from both sets of parents, but we can't be Mama's little girl anymore.

-Mother of ten

4) Our family life at home right now runs parallel with Lena's. There is a tenseness for us children who have it that way. Our thoughts are often, what can or should we do that would help make it better?

I feel sorry for Lena and her boyfriend. I have met a wonderful boy, but I do not feel like she does concerning marriage. We have shared many problems with each other. We both feel if we yield ourselves to God and do His will, this would not happen to a marriage. I feel to gain a happy marriage, one must start while he is young to go against his own will and desires.

-Hoping for a Happy Marriage

5) I had a similar problem, only I took a different attitude. I was so tired of my parents nagging at each other I decided there are better ways, and was determined with God's help to have a home where there would be no

scolding.

If Lena and Aaron feel they are for each other and ask God for guidance, I'm sure God will see them through their problem. -Mother of Eight, Ohio

6) I could write a book about my childhood, but I won't go into detail. I'm happily married now. What sympathy I have for poor Lena Beachy! The big difference between us is that instead of being scared of marriage, I was glad to get married to get away from it all. There are five of us children married now, and as far as I know we all have good marriages.

-Glad to be Married

7) What does it do to a child to grow up in a less-than-happy home? My heart is filled with answers to that question and yet, a deep sense of love and duty to my parents almost makes me want to stop before I start. I don't know what it's like when parents don't speak at all but I do know how it feels to see your Dad leave the house in a black mood. And I know what it is to stay in that house and hear a frustrated mother lay out the shortcomings of her mate.

It seems to me that children who live with too much tension and discord in the home either lose reverence for marriage, or else they build up for themselves an imaginary ideal of a perfect marriage.

Whatever one's reaction to such a home life is, it is something that, when your call to marriage comes, you have to face it and deal with it before you can go on in peace. How many times, when my partner first started to plan marriage with me, my thoughts became wrapped up in this problem. How I longed to pour out my fears to him! And yet— would I be dishonoring my parents if I did that? So easily I could say too much and perhaps cause him to lose respect for my folks.

Like Lena in your problem, I was sure my friend could never know what it's like to live with all that tension. When I visit his home it is like I have come home to something I've always longed for and needed.

But we must look at the positive side. Put your boyfriend's happy home background and your deep desire for such a home together. Surely that is a hopeful combination. If you are very sure that this is God's choice for you, then you have the help of heaven on your side. Seek to keep God's commandments, strive for a pure courtship, and God will surely help you.

Take your eyes off any unsuccessful marriages you think you know of. (They may not be as bad as they look to you.) At any rate, such things are surely an exception in any Christian community. Instead of brooding over these, treasure every example of a happy home that you have ever met.

Study the Bible on the subject of marriage. Listen to every wedding sermon you have a chance to hear. In the Bible, husbands are admonished to love their wives as Christ loved the church and because she is the weaker vessel. Women are instructed less frequently on love. So, while love is important and natural, there must be something more important for a woman to do toward a holy happy marriage. As you read the Scriptures about women you will repeatedly meet the word submit.

That is the key. Are you willing in all things to submit to a godly husband? Be sure he is a sincere Christian before you marry, because marriage will not make him one. If you are meek and willing to obey, it is unlikely that he will fail you in any lasting way. And just as unlikely that he will ever be completely disappointed in you.

One more very important thing, I think, is to learn to accept your home background, no matter what it was or seemed to be. Learn to truly believe that God is working in all and through all for the good of all. If you had been meant to have any other parents than your own, you would not be where you are now. Think of the millions of children who grow up in worse situations. The time may even come when you can thank God for this present anxious problem.

As I read this over, seems to me I sound almost like someone older, handing out advice. But I'm not. I am just a young girl who is thankful that God has heard the many prayers and soul longings it has cost me to continue our courtship. I still need a lot of help, but at least the problem is not so frightening anymore, and I look forward to marriage now with a more

-Hopeful Heart

8) Child Training Problem number 9 could have been written about myself. Beacuse of our unhappy home situation, I developed a severe inferiority complex in the process of growing up. At the age of sixteen I had the false belief that everyone else had much better ways of doing things.

Thanks be to God for His mercy and love which spoke to my troubled heart. At the age of 19 I was converted and turned from seeking after selfish pleasure. After committing my life into God's hand, my problems, including the inferiority complex, diminished greatly.

At a later time I met a sincere Christian young man. When he asked me to marry him, I felt the same despair which is evident in the child training letter. Only by seeking the certain will of the Lord with all my heart, and exercising continual prayer along with fasting, was I able to discern His will. He was able to change my bitterness against marriage into love, founded on the Solid Rock.

In Leviticus 26:40 and in Nehemiah 9:2, we can observe the children of Israel confessing the sins of their fathers along with their own sins. Could this be a lesson for us in keeping from repeating the failures of our parents? Someone has said, "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it." -Mrs. S.

9) I couldn't refrain from shedding tears on our wedding day. It wasn't because I was uncertain about taking this step, nor was it from apprehension, for we both felt God had prepared us for each other and led us together. The tears flowed because of painful childhood memories, memories of a home where Satan had gendered strife between parents.

Today our children are not yet grown and our work is not complete. We do not know what lies in the future, but after these years of working together, trying to provide an environment where the children can be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord and be pointed to Christ and the church, we feel more than ever that with the help of God it is possible to establish a Christian home where each lives for the other and both live for God, where misunderstandings do not have to bring disorder and bickering, and where the children learn that what one parent says, both say.

-Pennsylvania Parent

10) My dad would often not talk for days, except in an unkind way. Often we didn't know why, or what had happened. This caused me to often pray for a partner to love and who would love me, one I could trust and tell

all I know. God has blessed me with just such a husband. After sixteen years of marriage, I feel I can say that none of our children has ever heard us talking angrily together.

-Mother of Twelve

11.) Some Points to Consider Before Marriage So Peace and Harmony Will Have a Place in Your Home

* Marry only in the Lord

* Have a courtship of sufficient duration to learn your partner's various moods and feelings

* Do not expect a happy marriage if you or your partner shows only a half-hearted obedience to parents or the church

* Your partner should have ideals which you admire, not habits which you think you can put up with

* Look to Christ and His Word for your guide through life

Mothers, Do Not weep

The small article in the October issue under this title, inspired another mother to write the following:

You have laid your little one under the sod, your home is so quiet, your arms are empty, you think your heart is breaking,—but listen to my story and perhaps by the time I am finished, you will have even more reason to cease mourning that your little one is gone.

We, too, were blest with a beautiful child, like yours, a son. Like the other children in our family, he seemed to have received from the Creator an almost perfect and healthy body. Oh yes, he had the usual childhood sicknesses, some minor accidents and we watched over these with care. We wanted to spare nothing to guard and discipline him through those formative years. We taught him from the Bible, we attended church together, we had family devotions and worked together. He attended parochial school and he had friendships with other families of like faith. We did all we knew to follow the instructions in the Bible to bring him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

When he grew up to the years of accountability, we looked for fruit. At the age when most young people begin turning to Christ, we saw no indication of his turning that way. Instead, what we saw alarmed us. There was no visible interest in the Word. That beautiful, eager, innocent face gave way to a look of guilt. The childish voice that once sang spiritual songs no longer sang.

We prayed, we put forth extra efforts to guide him in the right direction. We kept hoping, for we knew that not all come to God so young. We waited and worked with mounting anxiety as the years sped by and the heart became harder, the will more stubborn, the face more sullen.

Tonight we weep in sorrow for his soul. No, he is not asleep as your little one, in the grave. He is in a spiritual sleep, in death, nigh unto eternal death.

If you could look with us into that hovel which our son calls "home", you would see a long-haired creature wallowing in rock music, wierd lights, pornography, TV, cigarettes and beer. What more, we do not know. Has he forgotten his childhood teachings? Does he ever think of God, or eternity, or his sorrowing parents?

Our home is quiet, a place is empty at our table, and a space is void in our hearts. The room that should be his, contains an empty bed. The clock ticks steadily through the silence of the night, a grim reminder that time keeps moving on.

Tonight we weep. We think we can understand at least in part what Christ suffered on Gethsemane. As His heart went out to the whole world so our heart goes out to our son who is lost in sin.

As far as we know, God's mercy is still open for him if only he will repent. This is our ray of hope. At the same time there is a dark shadow of which we do not like to think. What if the summons which called home your son, should come to ours,— in his present state? Are you surprised that we should weep?

Tonight, as many times before, we wonder how we have failed. We bow ourselves before our Heavenly Father and ask for forgiveness,—and for wisdom that we might from now on be better able to do His will.

Fathers and mothers, do not weep for your babies which have gone before. They can never be lost. Compared to other scenes in this world, a baby's grave is a peaceful picture.

-Another Mother

FARM PROBLEM FOR THIS MONTH

Melvin Miller hurried to the barn as the sun came peaking over the horizon. The sky was red, the air was crisp, and the ground under his feet was covered with snow. As he started to fill the big wheelbarrow with silage, his mind went back to what Dad had said a few weeks before. This was February 2, Groundhog Day. They had been talking about whether there would be enough hay and silage to last till spring. "Spring is just around the corner," Melvin had said. "Surely we will have enough feed this year."

Dad had scratched his head and replied, "Oh, I don't know about that. They always said when I was young that we ought to still have half of our feed left on Groundhog Day."

Melvin had thought that surely more than half the winter was already past, but when he figured up how long it would be before they would turn out the cows to pasture, he decided that maybe this Dad was nearer right than he had thought. At any rate, he had made up his mind that today he would find out whether they still had half of their silage left.

It was a new silo, they had put it up only the summer before. Melvin was particularly pleased with the silo because it was at his insistence that Dad had decided to put one up. Melvin had seen several articles in Farm Journal telling how that silage is one of the best and cheapest feeds which can be grown on the farm. The article said that a good crop of corn will produce 25 tons of silage.

Dad had bought a corn binder last fall, and they had also made two special wagon racks to load the bundles onto. The wagon racks were 20 feet long and were only 28 inches off the ground. It was much easier to load the bundles onto these racks than it would have been on the regular hay racks.

Harley Hostetler was Melvin's friend and lived down the road a half mile. Melvin had told Harley what Dad had said about having half the feed left on Groundhog Day and Harley said he was going to measure how much silage they have left, too.

That afternoon Melvin was going past the Hostetlers so he decided to stop in and talk with Harley. "Did you remember to measure the silage you have left in your silo?" Melvin asked.

"Yes, I measured it this morning," Harley answered. "I think we still have half of our silage left."

"I don't know whether we do or not," Melvin answered. "We're a little more than half way down."

"We're more'n half way down, too," Harley said with an air of confidence. "But there's a lot more silage in the bottom half than there is in the top half."

"I wish we had a table to tell how much is in it," Melvin said.

"I think there's a table in our Feeds and Feeding book," Harley answered. "I'll go in and get it."

The boys went into the house and got out the Feeds and Feeding book and found the table. "But how do we tell how much is left?" Harley asked.

Can you help the boys decide whether they were right or not? The silo on the Miller farm was 14 by 40 and it had been filled to the top and refilled. But when they started to feed it, the silage was 4 feet from the top. Now on February 2, when he measured it, Melvin found there were still 16 feet of silage left.

The silo on the Hostetler farm is 12 by 45. They had also filled and refilled but by the time they started feeding, it had sunk 5 feet. Now on February 2, they had 16 feet left. Using the table below, can you figure out how much silage was in each silo when they had started to feed, also how much was left in each silo on Groundhog Day? But remember that you must first find out how much silage was in the portion that was already fed off, and this must be subtracted from the total number of tons of silage. We will print a list of those who send in the correct answer, but your letter must be postmarked on or before December 31, 1973.

TONS OF SETTLED CORN SILAGE IN CYLINDRICAL SILOS.

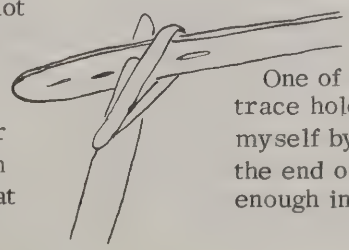
Inside diameter of silo in feet	Depth of silage in feet																		
	4	6	8	10	12	14	16	18	20	22	24	26	28	30	32	34	36	38	40
10.........	5	8	11	15	19	23	27	31	35	39	43	47	52	56	60	64	68	72	76
12.........	7	11	16	22	27	33	38	44	50	56	62	68	74	80,	87	93	100	107	114
14.........	9	15	22	29	37	44	52	60	68	76	85	93	111	110	118	126	135	143	152

IDEAS FOR ALL AROUND THE FARM

Do you have any time or labor saving ideas which would be of value to others? If so, send them in. But they must be short and to the point. If necessary, include an illustration or sketch. For each one accept for publication, we will pay one dollar. Unused suggestions can not be returned.

The best remedy we have found for minor sores or chapped teats on cows is to wetten the teats well after each milking using the strippings. The last milk from each quarter is very rich in butterfat, and the butterfat is what does the healing. D.W., Ontario

To break the habit of cows standing with their hind feet in the gutter, put a slanting plank in the gutter. After a short time the plank can be removed. E.S., Ontario.



One of the simplest and most effective trace holders I have ever found, I made myself by bolting a loop of leather around the end of the whippletree. It must be far enough in so the trace cannot come off. Ont.

Deadline for Answers: December 30th

WHAT DO YOU THINK

???

Question:

We hear a lot about things which are habit forming, such as tobacco, coffee or drugs. Is there such a thing as being a vitamin addict? Wouldn't it be better to just eat more raw foods than to take so many pills?

-One Who Would Like To Know

???

ANSWERS TO THE COON HUNTER'S WIFE-

I FEEL A LITTLE COON HUNTING shouldn't hurt as long as it's not carried too far. If we get involved in it so much that we have our whole minds on it, then it will take us away from God. If we neglect the spiritual needs of the family through something like this then we can't expect to have a blessing. It can make a person feel refreshed to have a walk with nature. Perhaps the husband can baby-sit some time while his wife does some things she wants to do, too. There is a happy medium.

-Mrs. In-Between

THIS IS AN INTERESTING QUESTION. I never went night hunting after we were married, but many do. Some wives object to it and some get a thrill from seeing the coon hanging in the wood shed and to hear hubby tell tall coon stories.

But I did quite a bit of fishing at night already. My wife did not need to care for little children. She did not care if I left after she was sound asleep but wanted me to be there for the evening prayer and to go to bed.

As she was hard of hearing, I often went out around 3 A.M. and came in about daylight with a nice big catch of fish. She was always thrilled to see the big fish but got tired of the fish stories and I don't blame her. If she would have objected to my going, then I would have quit. I never went away on a fishing trip for more than one day. I would say the coon hunter's wife is right.

-M.B.M., Florida

MY BIBLE READS "Wives submit yourselves unto your own husband as unto the Lord." I do not believe that this means in that which is sin. Sports is among the main things that lead to the downfall of mankind. I think coon hunting is no exception.

Some husbands leave their wives and children for more than a week to go deer hunting. I know of one case where the children took sick with the measles and the neighbors had to do the milking. The husband had gone deer hunting.

Dear husbands, if you would be a true follower of Jesus, why would you want to be a partaker of the sins of the world? If any man love the world, in him is not the love of the Father.

-Fredericksburg

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO HUNTING and trapping were a way of life. It put meat on the table and brought in money for furs. Today it is somewhat different. I work indoors in a factory. On a clear starry night with a chill in the air and a full moon riding high in the heavens, it really makes life so much more pleasant to listen to a pair of hounds working a hollow or a cornfield. To sit on the side of a hill and listen to the dogs running the old ringtail and then there it is, that old familiar tree bark telling you, "Here he is. Come and get him."

After working hard all day, it really relaxes me to go for a hunt. It makes you so much closer to nature; you look up at all the stars and the Milky Way and know the greatness of the Master.

Also besides exercise, it puts meat on the table, which is good, and brings in extra money. Hides are to be worth eight to twelve dollars each. I would suggest to the coon hunter's wife, get a neighbor girl to baby-sit and go along. Try it, you'll like it. Here are several recipes for coon. You might want to try them. Coon meat is good.

-J.B., Pennsylvania

COON HUNTING APPEARS TO ME to be mostly for sport and pleasure. One might say, "We can make money by selling the hides." True, but is there any profit after feeding two or three hungry dogs? About the only thing that would justify it, it seems to me, is if the coons were damaging crops. Then I have learned from experience, they can be trapped and it takes only a fraction of time that hunting does.

Of course there are other things which are much like coon hunting such as going on hunting trips, or to sales, or to other places where we have no business. I'm afraid too often these things are done just to "get away from it all."

Yes, it says in Ephesians that the wives shall submit themselves to their husbands, but if we read several verses farther we find where it says that the husbands shall love their wives even as Christ also loved the church and gave himself for it. Jesus crucified his flesh all the time He was here on earth and suffered much and finally let himself be crucified. He did this all out of love. Isn't this way, one way in which we as husbands could show our love for Jesus as well as for our wives by crucifying the yearnings to go hunting or to other places which are not necessary.

The wife that wrote the question should try to discuss this with her husband. Perhaps he has never thought of it as being harmful to the family. But she should talk to him out of love and in a humble way. I think the ministers and the church also have a responsibility to teach against such things. Not only to teach, but if taken too far and no repentance is shown, then discipline should be used.

-G.H., Pennsylvania

I WAS JUST WONDERING if the coon hunter then has time for prayer with his family on arriving home in the middle of the night or in the early morning hours? Or will it be completely neglected? Our time is too short to neglect the family and children. When the children are young is the time to take time to try and help them. When they are older it may be too late to begin.

I am afraid a coon hunter will neglect his children and waste his precious time which God has given him on earth. If he's out late in the evening then he will probably be grouchy and sleepy the next day.

-Not A Coon Hunter's Wife

I THINK IT CAN BE OVERDONE if he goes night after night. On the other hand I have seen where the husband ould have liked to go to a special sale where he would ave to be gone all day and the wife would invent all inds of excuses for him to stay at home. But she'll exect him to baby-sit when she has other things to do. I on't think this is right.

I think every one has things they like to attend like ales, quiltings, etc. If one wants to go the other one hould try to make it easy for the other one to go.

-Still Young, Ohio

I THINK IT CAN BE OVERDONE especially if they go o often that when they are at home they are sleeping all vening, and have no time with the family.

I don't care if my husband goes once in a while, for e women like to go on special occasions, too, but how illing are these coon hunters to watch the children ome evening while their wife goes away. Do they do it illingly or do they complain?

-Glad Mine's Not A Big Coon Hunter, Ohio

YES, YOU CAN READ THAT A WIFE should be subect to her husband in all things. But does not the husand promise to take care of his wife like a Christian usband should, and the wife promises the same thing o her husband before God and many witnesses.

I am no coon hunter's wife, or fisherman's or deer unter's wife. I think it would be better if a trip could e planned where both the husband and wife can go toether, even if it would cost more. I think you'd have ust as much money in your pocket and more peace in our mind and heart.

I have heard preachers say if the man is to be the ead of the house, he should set a good example. How an this be done if he has to go coon hunting about every vening, which I feel is more for pleasure than for neessity.

My husband is a farmer. We try to plan things toether but we are not perfect. We hope and pray that ith God's help we can keep working together.

-Ohio Mother and Grandmother

I'M ANXIOUS TO SEE THE ANSWERS to the coonhunting question. I feel most any man is away from home nd his family enough in the day time that he should be t home at night if there's nothing more pressing to ake him away than coon hunting.

-Holmes County, Ohio

WE CAN'T READ ANYWHERE THAT JESUS did anyhing just for his own pleasure. "Wo ihr esset oder rinket oder was ihr tut, tut alles zu ehre Gottes." Can oon hunting be included in that?

-Pennsylvania Wife

COON HUNTING COULD BE ALL RIGHT for the boys. Our neighbor's boys went out one night and they caught ix coons, just in the neighbors' barns. The hide is worth around eight dollars each so they had nice wages or the nights' work.

-Missouri

WHEN I READ THE QUESTION the first time, I hought, "Well, that doesn't concern me for I'm not a oon hunter's wife." Then this morning while doing the dishes, I thought about it again and decided maybe I ave something in common after all. My husband is gone a lot in the evening on business but usually they get to talking and it takes much longer than necessary. It seems to me that there is much lost in such absence but I have come to accept it. Instead of begging him to stay at home each evening and causing hard feelings, I've found life more pleasant if I try to make the best of it.

I read till I get too sleepy and then nest down on the couch and sleep till he gets home. I always keep a light burning, too. At one time I'd put out the light and go to bed, in hopes he'd come home earlier the next time, but it didn't work. So I decided to make his homecoming more pleasant, for who wants to come home to a dark house? It seems to work out better. At least the feelings are better.

-In Same Boat, Ohio

I THINK IT IS OUT OF PLACE for a man to roam the woods night after night and leave his wife and children alone. When night comes, a man's place is at home with the family. I could also add that I think in deer hunting season it is overdone by some of the plain people who leave home early in the morning and don't come home until way late at night, then they will expect the wife and and children to have the chores well started or perhaps all done. What would us men say if our women went to a quilting and wouldn't come home until late at night?

I hunted and fished ever since I was ten years old but I laid it away when I saw that my wife was against it. Now as I look back over the years, it looks to me like it was mostly a waste of time.

-Happy Now And So Is My Wife, Pennsylvania

The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor man perfected without trials.

HOME REMEDIES and suggestions

WHOOPING COUGH SYRUP

1 lemon sliced thin
1/2 pint flaxseed
1 quart water

Simmer 4 hours. Do not boil. Strain while hot. Add 2 oz. honey. If there is less than a pint of mixture, add water to make 1 pint. Dosage: 1 tablespoon four times a day; in addition, a dose after each severe fit of coughing. This remedy has never been known to fail if given before or when the child first whoops. (This is also good for croup.)

Tip: For ours it worked well to add extra honey to the tablespoonful and put it in a little dish and let them "lick out" the dish with a spoon.

-Holmesville, Ohio

SCIATICA

Apply hot fomentations three times a day then rub with the following liniment: Tincture of green soap 20, Chloroform 25, Methyl salicylate 25, water 45.

For quick relief, flex the knees on the abdomen, and with the hands bring the knees as far up to the chin as possible. A pulling sensation should be felt in the lower back. When sitting on a chair, reach underneath it between the feet as far as possible to stretch the lower back.

Another exercise is for the patient to lie on his back and keep his knees straight. One of the family then raises the whole leg, bending it from the hip only. This stretches the sciatic nerve. The raising should continue very slowly until the patient complains that he is unable to stand it further. This should be done three times (2 or 3 times a day) and increasing as improvement occurs.

Across the Window Sill

by Aunt Becky

Are All The Children In?

I think ofttimes as the night draws nigh
Of an old house on the hill,
Of a yard all wide and blossom-starred
Where the children played at will.
And when the night at last came down,
Hushing the merry din,
Mother would look around and ask,
"Are all the children in?"

'Tis many and many a year since then,
And the old house on the hill
No longer echoes to childish feet,
And the yard is still, so still,
But I see it all as the shadows creep
And though many the years have been,
Even now, I can hear may mother ask,
"Are all the children in?"

I wonder if, when the shadows fall
On the last short earthly day,
When we say good-by to the world outside,
All tired with our childish play,
When we step out into the Other Land
Where Mother so long has been,
Will we hear her ask, as we did of old,
"Are all the children in?"

And I wonder, too, what the Lord will say
To us older children of His;
Have we cared for the lambs? Have we showed them the
A privilege joyful it is. /fold?
And I wonder, too, what our answers will be
When His loving questions begin:
"Have you heeded my voice? Have you told of my love?
Have you brought my children in?"

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Not very long ago I received a letter which mentioned about the many things we have to be thankful for. This is true, but there's one blessing that I don't think I've ever heard anyone mention being thankful for, and that is for the sense of taste. Guess people don't mention this for we seldom meet with anyone who has lost this sense.

Have you ever tried to imagine how different life would be if no one was able to taste anything? If it were so, then we would not be needing candy for Christmas-- or at any other time. There would be less rheumatism and running to dentists. The sugar industry would come to an end. There would be no overeating which would give the doctors less work. Mother would not have to tire herself in an effort to prepare tasty dishes.

Now we've named some advantages in not having a sense of taste; yet, since God has given this gift to serve a good purpose, we can know the advantages far outweigh the disadvantages. Were people minus the sense of taste in this "rush" era, they wouldn't often bother to take time to eat. Their bodies would be neglected— underindulged, instead of overindulged. Therefore, the sense of taste when brought under control is something to be thankful for. When uncontrolled, it makes drunkards and gluttons of men. God, who gave us the five senses, can also give sufficient grace so they will not be misused. And considering the advantages and disadvantages, who would like to sit daily to a table of tasteless food— so let us be thankful for the sense of taste.

Sirach wrote: Eat, as it becometh a man, those things which are set before thee; and devour not, lest thou be hated... A very little is sufficient for a man well nurtured, and he fetcheth not his wind short upon his bed (31:16, 19).

At one time an English friend of ours raised a considerable amount of buckwheat. He had it ground and put into small paper bags to sell. On the front of the bags was printed a recipe for buckwheat pancakes made with yeast. They are the most delicious buckwheat pancakes that I have ever tasted. The recipe follows:

YEAST BUCKWHEAT CAKES

1 cake yeast
1 qt. lukewarm water (approximately)
2 t. salt
2 T. sugar or molasses
1 pint sifted buckwheat flour
1 pint sifted wheat flour
2 T. melted shortening
1/2 t. baking soda

Dissolve the yeast in 1 cup warm water, add 1 teaspoon sugar and let set about 5 minutes. Dissolve the salt and sweetening in remaining water, add shortening and beat all together until smooth. Let rise in a cozy warm place until light and full of bubbles. This will take about an hour or more, depending on the temperature. After it has risen dissolve the soda in 2 tablespoons water and stir into batter. Bake thoroughly on a heated griddle. Serve with butter and syrup. If the cakes are wanted for breakfast, prepare the batter in the evening, using only 1/2 cake yeast. Do not keep too warm. Add the soda and the 2 tablespoons warm water in the morning before baking.

***

MOCK TURKEY

2 lb. hamburger, browned in butter
2 cans cream of chicken soup
1 can cream of celery soup
4 cups milk
1 loaf of bread

Add salt and pepper to taste. Mix together and place in pan. Bake at 350 for 45 minutes.

-Mrs. J. M. S., Monroe, Indian

***

COCONUT CRISPIES

1 cup butter or 3/4 cup oil
1 cup raw sugar
1/2 cup honey
2 eggs
1 t. vanilla
2 cups whole wheat flour
1/2 cup wheat germ
1/4 t. salt
1/2 t. soda
1/2 t. baking powder
1 cup unsweetened coconut
2 cups rolled oats
1 cup bran flakes (optional)

Mix in order given. Form in ball size of a walnut. Place on greased cookie sheet. Bake at 350° 10 to 12 minutes. —Mary Troyer, Ohio

ORANGE COOKIES

1 cup butter or shortening
2 eggs
2 cups white sugar
1 cup sour or buttermilk
1 t. soda dissolved in sour (milk
2 t. baking powder
4 cups bread flour
Juice of 2 oranges

Mix all together then drop by spoonsful on greased cookie sheet. Bake at 375°.

Frosting

Juice of 1 orange, 1 box powdered sugar, and butter. Ice when warm. —Priscilla Byler, Pennsylvania

CHEERIOS BARS

1/2 cup light corn syrup
1 pkg. 16 oz. semi-sweet chocolate pieces
1 t. vanilla
4 cups cherrios

Heat syrup to boiling. Remove from heat. Add chocolate pieces and vanilla, stirring until chocolate is melted. Add cherrios. Stir until well coated. Put into buttered pan 9 x 9 x 2. Cool 1 hour. Makes 3 dozen.

—Mrs. Lawrence Martin, Ephrata

BUTTERSCOTCH NUT TORTE

6 eggs, separated
1 1/2 cups sugar
1 teaspoon baking powder
2 teaspoon vanilla
1 pint whipping cream
1 teaspoon almond extract
1 cup broken nut meats
2 cup graham cracker crumbs

Beat egg yolks well; add sugar, baking powder, and flavoring. Beat egg whites enough to hold a peak. Fold into yolks. Add crumbs, then nuts. Line two 9-inch layer pans with wax paper. Pour in cake batter. Bake at 325° for 30 to 35 minutes. Cool. Whip cream and sweeten with 3 tablespoons powdered sugar and put between layers on top and sides. Put the following sauce on top.

Sauce

1 cup brown sugar
1/4 cup butter
1/4 cup water
1 tablespoon flour
1/4 cup orange juice
1 well-beaten egg
1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Mix well and boil until thick enough to pour. When cool, pour over whipped cream.

—Mrs. Obed J. Troyer, Ohio

LEMON SPONGE PIE

Grated rind and juice of one lemon
1 cup sugar
2 eggs separately beaten
1 cup sweet milk
1 tablespoon butter
2 tablespoon flour

Pour into unbaked pie crust and bake like any pie with a top crust.

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BEATITUDES FOR A HOUSEWIFE

BLESSED IS SHE whose daily tasks are a labor of love; her willing hands and happy heart translate duty into privilege, and all her labor becomes a service to God and to mankind.

BLESSED IS SHE who opens the door to welcome both stranger and well-loved friend; her gracious hospitality is a test of brotherly love.

BLESSED IS SHE who mends stockings and toys and broken hearts; her patience and understanding is a balm to humanity.

BLESSED IS SHE who scours and scrubs; for well she knows that cleanliness is one true expression of godliness.

BLESSED IS SHE who sings while she works; for music lightens the heaviest load and brightens the dullest chore.

BLESSED IS SHE who dusts away doubt and fear, and polishes each task with prayer; her faith will triumph over all adversity.

BLESSED IS SHE who serves laughter and smiles with every meal; her buoyancy of spirit is an aid to both mental and physical digestion.

BLESSED IS SHE who thanks God for all her many blessings, and has made Him her honored guest in every activity of the home.

BLESSED IS SHE who preserves the sanctity of the home; hers is a sacred trust that crowns her with honor and with dignity. Author Unknown.

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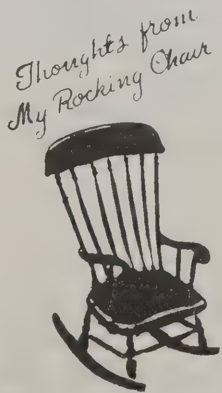
Some Mothers Write

My 3-year-old son, without realizing it, received a few scratches on his chin from a tumble. Before lunch I washed up some dirty faces with a new washcloth. John whimpered a little when his turn came. About a week later I got out the same washcloth to wash their faces. John backed up and held his hands up to his chin, and cried, "Mommy, don't! That washcloth hurts!"

—Mrs. E.S.

When my husband eats an apple, he eats the seeds and all. One evening our then 4-year-old daughter came into the kitchen with the stem of an apple and said, "Look, Dad eats even the bones." -Mio, Michigan

◆◆◆



It's a miserable home where parents always try to please the children, instead of the children trying to please the parents.
Aunt Becky

A PAGE FOR Shut-Ins

GROWING OLD

They say that I am growing old,
I have heard them tell it times untold:
In language plain and bold—
But I am not growing old!
This frail old shell in which I dwell
Is growing old I know full well.

But I am not the shell.
What if my hair is turning gray,
Gray hair are honorable they say;
What if my eyesight's growing dim
I can still see to follow "Him"
Who sacrificed His life for me
Upon the cross of Calvary.

What should I care if times old plough
Has left its furrows on my brow,
Another house not made with hands
Awaits me in the glory land.
What though I falter in my walk,
What though my tongue refuse to talk
I can still tread the narrow way,
I can still watch and praise and pray.

My hearing may not be so keen
As in the past it may have been,
Still I can hear my Saviour say
In whispers soft "This is the way."
The outward man does what he can
To lengthen out my life's short span.
My life shall perish and return to dust
As every thing in nature must.

The inward man the Scriptures say
Is growing stronger every day,
So how can I be growing old
When safe within my Saviour's fold?
Ere long my soul shall fly away
And leave this tenement of clay.
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To sieze the everlasting prize;
I'll meet you on the streets of gold
And prove that I'm not growing old.

-Submitted by 90-year-old Mrs. Christian Frey
Wallenstein, Ontario

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Memories of KATE

Kate was already an old woman when I met her for the first time. It was after church services, soon after I was married. Kate wished us well in our married life and had expressed regret that she had been unable to attend our wedding. I learned through this that she was one of the widow ladies my husband had suggested we'd invite.

Many years ago Kate had nursed a sick husband. He was sick for a long time before he died. Through her years of widowhood Kate had become a very self-reliant woman.

At one time she was seriously ill in the hospital. While she was there a young mother of five children was brought in.

"Oh, why does the young mother have to die?" Kate thought. "Why can't it be me? I have raised my children; they are grown and my husband is gone..." Kate felt she wasn't needed anymore.

But the Lord had not been ready to give Kate the death summons. She was released from the hospital, went home and again regained her health. Kate kept a tender spot in her heart everafter for the little girl whose mother had died in the hospital. The child was only eight weeks old at the time.

The years passed and again a serious ailment sent Kate to the hospital. Her message to the church was, "Do not pray for my recovery but that I may be ready to meet Jesus when He calls me."

But again Kate was released and went home to keep her house and make her garden. (Every summer she planted plenty of vegetables so that she would have extra for a blind man and his wife.)

On Sunday mornings Kate was always ready for church in time. She would come out the door as her son arrived to take her to the services.

One Sunday morning she didn't come out through the door. Something was definitely wrong! Upon investigation she was found ill from a stroke. Kate's days of hard work were done. Her mind was befuddled. For many days she lingered in this state until death finally came. Her wish was granted. But one thing remained. That inner determination which kept her going through all those years was reflected on her face. In death that look remained to remind her friends of the kind of life she had lived, and endured. -F.M.B.

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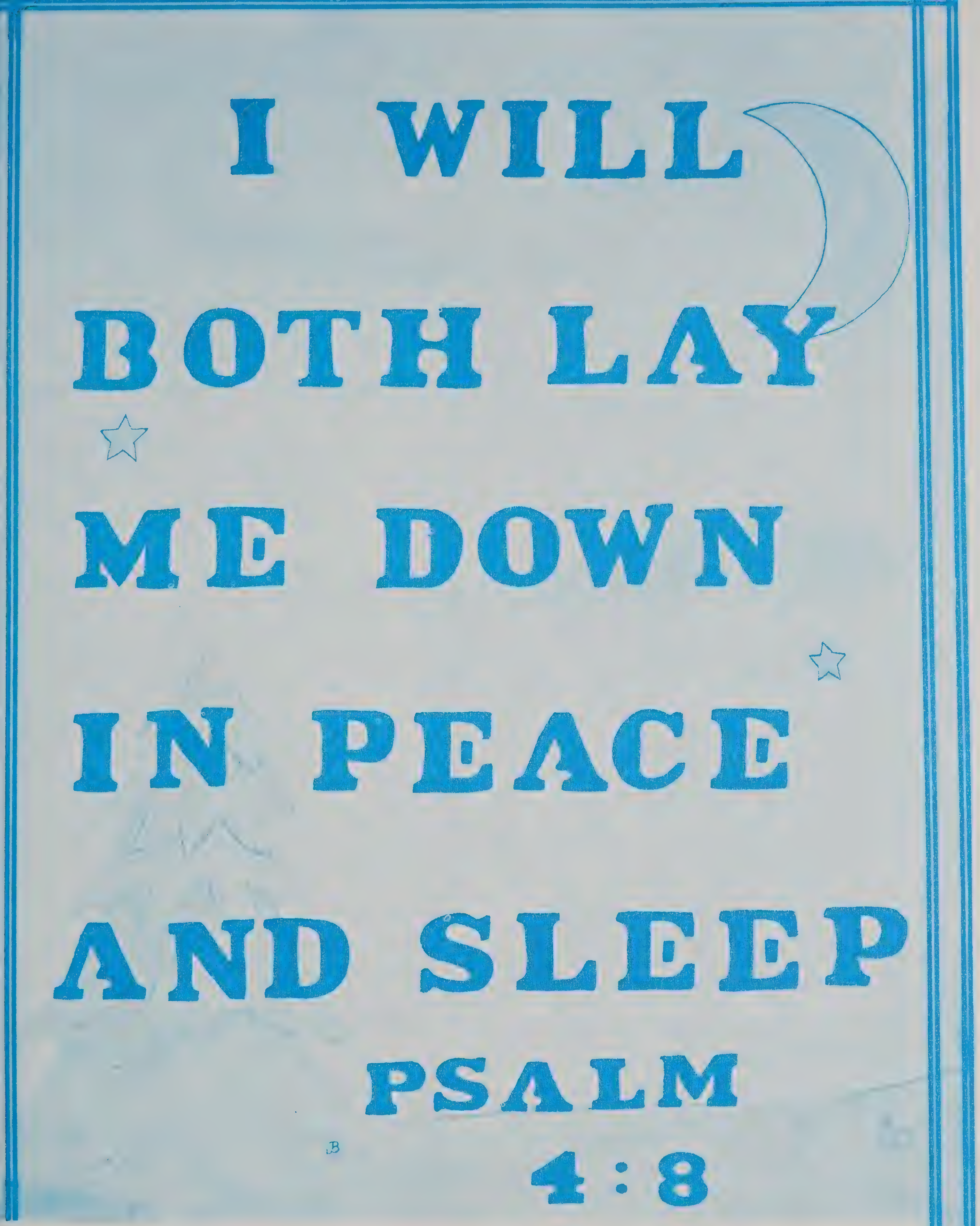
LIFE IS A VAPOR

Generation after generation have felt as we now feel. Their lives have been as active as ours. They passed like a vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator first commanded her to be. The heavens shall be as bright o'er our grave as they are now around our path. The world will have the same attractions for others as it has now for us.

Yet a little while and all will have happened. The throbbing heart will be stifled and we shall be at rest. Our funeral will wind its way and prayers will be said; and then we shall be left alone in silence and darkness. And it may be but a short time we shall be spoken of: for the things of life will creep in and our name will soon be forgotten.

Days will continue to move on and laughter and song will be heard in the room in which we died. And the eye that mourned for us will be dried and glisten again with joy; and even our dearest friends will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lisp our name.

Selected by L. E. L., Pennsylvania



I WILL
BOTH LAY
ME DOWN
IN PEACE
AND SLEEP
PSALM
4:8

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT- The cover art work for the November Family Life was sketched by our friend from New Wilmington, Pennsylvania. The November full-page art was made by Ellen Kratzer of Honduras. Ellen was born with an open spine but is able to walk and to do light house work. Our full page for December was made by Mrs. Jeanne Brown of Seven Valleys, Pennsylvania

FOOD THAT ISN'T FIT

The mason jar full of canned corn which the young Holmes County housewife brought up from the cellar looked good enough from the outside. But when she opened it, there was a suspicious looking layer of mold on top and also a slight discoloration. Not really a lot, but enough to make this young woman decide not to use the corn. At home she had been taught "When in doubt, throw it out." This is what she did.

Not wanting to waste the corn altogether, she mixed it with the feed she was getting ready for the pigs. A few hours later the pigs started acting funny. Soon they began to die. Dr. John Rehm, the veterinarian from Millersburg was called, but before he got there, ten pigs had died and also a riding horse and six chickens.

Dr. Rehm suspected food poisoning immediately so he called the State Health Department at Columbus. They told him to have the one pig which was still alive sent in as well as a sample of the corn. On the way to Columbus, the remaining pig died which was a great disappointment to the people at the labratory as they had very much wanted to examine the pig alive.

After analyzing the canned corn, Dr. John Ackerman of the health department said it was so full of poison that it "could have wiped out the entire city of Columbus." It was determined to be botulism, the rarest and also the most deadly kind of food poisoning known. Dr. Ackerman said a taste from the tip of her fingers would have killed the young woman.

There are dozens of different kinds of bacteria and molds which will cause food to spoil. But the majority of these pose no problems since they are readily detectible. A potato which is rotten or a piece of meat which is decaying will make a person sick, but no one will eat it because the taste and the smell are repulsive.

There are, however, three kinds of food poisoning which do cause a lot of trouble. It is estimated that more than two million people in the United States become ill from food poisoning every year. There are also a number of deaths.

If we want to avoid these poisons, it is important that we have at least a general idea how each one works and be able to recognize the different types.

THE STAPH BUG

The most common and the least dangerous of all food poisoning is caused by a bacteria called staphylococcus. This pronounced "staff-y-low-cock-es" with the accent on the first and the fourth syllables. For short, it is called a staph infection. It is not the bacteria which make us sick, but a toxin which the bacteria produce.

Staphylococcus are tough, resistant bacteria which will live under conditions where other kinds of bacteria cannot survive. such as in salt or sugar solutions. They are responsible for skin infections like boils and impetigo (summer sores), and can also cause sore throat and pneumonia. When these germs come in contact with food through careless handling, they can cause a lot of trouble. Foods which are commonly infected can include ham and other meats, poultry, fish, milk, eggs, cream, pastries, custards and particularly salads.

Several years ago 1364 school children became sick from eating a chicken salad at a school cafeteria. Authorities found that the salad had become contaminated with staph germs in the refrigerator. Later the salad was stored at room temperatures for several hours before serving. The germs multiplied and made the food unfit for eating.

Seventeen people on board a ship became sick. It was found to have been caused by a cook who mixed a salad with his hands while he had minor cuts and infections on two of his fingers.

Return Addresses:
In U.S.A. — Family Life
LaGrange, IN 46761
In Canada- Family Life
Aylmer, Ontario

Stephen ~~xxx~~Scott
1097 Stony Battery Rd.
Lancaster, PA 17601

Out of 306 people who attended a picnic, 244 became sick after eating ham which had been sliced by a man who had a skin rash. The ham had been wrapped in foil and kept at room temperature for several hours, thus making ideal conditions for the germs to multiply.

At 68 degrees, the staph germs multiply very slowly. But if contaminated food is kept at 84 degrees for five hours, chances are you will have trouble. At body temperatures of 98 degrees it takes only an hour for contaminated foods to become unfit for human use.

Boiling the food for several minutes will kill the staph germs but the toxin is still as strong as ever even after 30 minutes of boiling. Food can also become reinfected after boiling, especially if it is not properly cooled. It is not possible for us to avoid the staph germs altogether but we can see to it that they do not get a favorable chance to multiply. Food infected with staph germs

(Continued on page 16)

Wert
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